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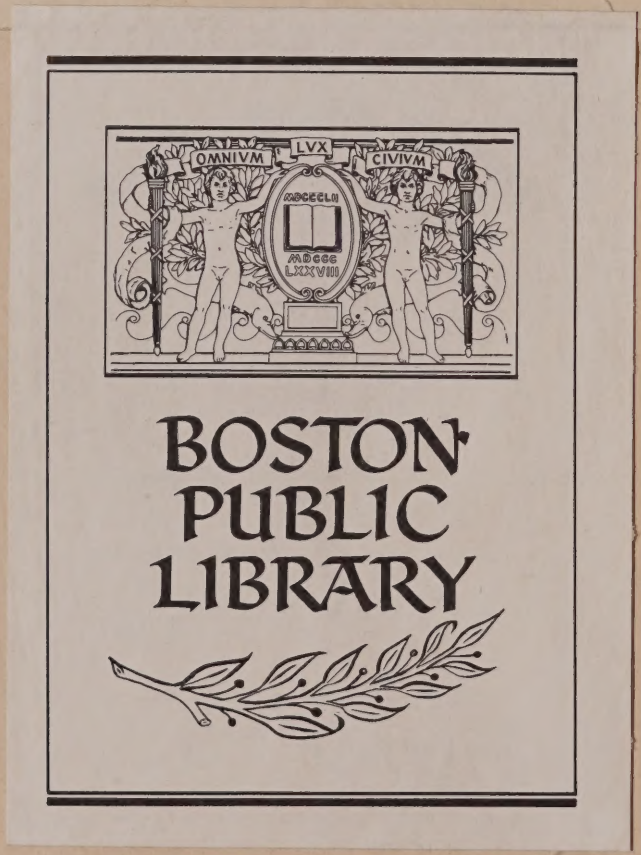

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ERRATA.

Page 62, 1st column, line 2. For "Navy" read "Treasury."
Page 96, 1st column, line 32 from bottom. For "Rome" read "Home."
Page 162, 1st column, line 20 from bottom. For "calculation" read "intimidation."
Page 283, 2d column, lines 30, 50. For "Ashton" read "Ashworth."
Page 345, 2d column, lines 16, 28. For "Landeer" read "Zander."
Page 511, 2d column, line 38. For "Phosphorous, not phosphoric, acid" read "Phosphorus, not phosphoric acid."
Page 514, 2d column, line 24. For "Toby Adam's" read "Fitz Adam's."
Page 527, 2d column, line 12. For "slaves" read "Slaves."
Page 536, 1st column, line 14 from bottom. For "we" read "he." 2d column, line 3 from bottom; For "favorable" read "formidable."
Page 537, 1st column, line 3. Insert "French" before "contributors." Line 11; for "Bruce" read "Bence." Line 12; for "Clement" read "Clements." Line 23; for "now" read "read." Line 34; for "prowl" read "growl." 2d column, line 25. For "cunningly" read "commonly." Line 27 from bottom; for "birds' eggs" read 'birds, eggs."
Page 541, 1st column, line 18. For "was" read "were." Line 24; for "cannot" read "can."
Page 542, 1st column, line 21 from bottom. For "men" read "folks." Line 18 from bottom; for "for" read "of." Line 10 from bottom; for "ever" read "more." Line 6 from bottom; *dele* "alligator." 2d column, line 16 from bottom; for "even" read "soon."
Page 543, 1st column, line 10. For "they attack" read "she attacks."
Page 563, 2d column, line 26. For "Galesbury" read "Salesbury."

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The Week.

ANYTHING makes talk in this dull season, and the papers have utilized Mr. Borie's resignation thoroughly—one enterprising gentleman going so far as to invent for Grant the note in which he accepted the Secretary's resignation. The real note is to be published—to his shame, we were going to say, but that would be doing the gentleman injustice. Of the various rumors most seem to be false, and none of their authors appear, at any rate, to have more than scanty information. Indeed, the most remarkable thing, and perhaps the best thing, about the whole affair was the secrecy of the resignation and of the choice of a successor. Grant thus escaped a great pressure, and probably the country escaped a "statesman;" for we should have had more of Ohio's Favorite Son, and Pennsylvania's Man for the Place would surely have been brought forward by special train and in great numbers, and the unsatisfied Pacific Coast would have begun telegraphing, and there would have been a candidate for every Congressman in Washington—and it is said that, in spite of the heat, a good many were lying there in wait for the President, calculating that his vacation trip would strengthen him and placate him. Perhaps the choice will turn out to have been equally good with this praiseworthy circumstance of the secrecy. Mr. Robeson is spoken of as a man of ability, character, and force of character, and, being a good lawyer, and apparently a selection of Mr. Borie's, it is probable that, what with his energy and legal abilities, and the practical naval experience of Mr. Borie's friend and adviser, Admiral Porter, we shall have the Secretaryship better filled than it was before. That it was ill-filled before we have never seen any evidence at all. Our own taste and Mr. Borie's were not in agreement in the matter of the ships' names that he changed; but we can mention nothing else in which we think he went wrong; and the manner in which he, next after Grant, has been made to bear the brunt of the dissatisfaction of the "disappointed" has been disgraceful. Nothing could be said against Mr. Hoar, little or nothing could be said against Mr. Fish, or General Rawlins, or General Cox, or Mr. Creswell; Mr. Boutwell was let alone at first, because he had so much to give away, and was giving it away after the old fashion, and since, he has been pretty much let alone—except, of course, by the Bulls and Bears, who cannot hurt him—because he has been seen to be doing well. But Mr. Borie, who really had little or nothing to do but take good advice from capable men, and who did that very well, has been so abused, and his superior has been hit so often over his back, that it would be no wonder if he had retired to Philadelphia for the mere sake of getting from under fire. And this, we take it, together with somewhat infirm health, and a lack of love for office, is at the bottom of his resignation—an act which deprives Grant of an honest counsellor, in whom he may well have reposed confidence.

A public reception in honor of General Sickles's appointment as Minister to Spain has been contrived by some of that gentleman's friends, and the correspondence relating to the affair has been published in the papers. There is nothing specially remarkable about it except some of the names appended to the invitation. Several of them are those of men as far "inside politics" of all kinds as General Sickles himself, but there are others which it is a surprise to see at the end of such a document. We presume the list is intended as a sort of informal ratification of the General's appointment, which the Senate is to act upon next winter. But probably there was no need that a whitewashing so expensive to those who engage in it should have been done; the confirmation is reasonably certain, although, to be sure, there is a legal technicality which may perhaps serve the Senate as a means of escape. Still, if men are to be made this and that one of the half-dozen great representatives of the United States abroad for the reason that they have "rendered services to the party in the last campaign," General Sickles's "claims" are so good that he and his friends have no cause for alarm; the Senate has no right, on such a supposition, to reject so accomplished and laborious a speech-maker, and there is very little cause for suspecting it of such an intention. It was hardly worth while, then, for men whose acts are examples to stretch their credit so far as to pay honors to a man who stands publicly accused of many crimes, and who, whether or not he is as guilty as is told of him, has not, so far as we know, made any effective vindication of his character. It is common in his case to point his accusers to his "war record." Of this we are not going to say anything except that, if it covers over his previous political and social record, it does all that can be required of it, and that it affords insufficient reason for making him an observed custodian of our national dignity. A more glaring instance of the sacrifice of everything to the doctrine of "soundness on the main question" which has been at the root of so many misfortunes, and which we have just seen pretty well illustrated by General Sickles's predecessor in Spain, has not for a long time been furnished us.

The preparations for the canvass in various States are bringing out all that the Democrats have to say against the Administration, and all that its friends have to say for it, and the discussion therefore furnishes some interesting reading. The main charge against the Administration is, as might have been expected, the badness of its appointments, some of which are exceedingly bad; but its defenders meet these by a set-off in the shape of great improvements in the *work* of the Administration. Six hundred clerks have been dismissed from the Treasury since March last, and the new fiscal year will begin with a reduction of $26,000,000 or thereabouts in the cost of the army, owing to a reduction in the number both of soldiers and civilian employees. The present quarter—the last of the fiscal year—will yield, it is announced, $100,000,000, or $20,000,000 more than any quarter under the rule of Andrew Johnson; the whiskey tax, which under that potentate produced but $1,500,000 in May, 1868, in May, 1869, produced $4,500,000, with thirty-six collection districts still unaccounted for; and the results in other departments, though not so remarkable, because in none was the old state of things so bad, are equally satisfactory. The reduction of the debt, too, continues steadily, the decrease in June having been not less than eight millions. This is a very good

show; and if we could remove Messrs. Washburne, Sickles, and some others from the foreground, the scene would be one of the fairest which has met the eye of the tax-paying citizen for a long time. The platforms in Maine, Pennsylvania, and Ohio show, however, that no question of deep interest is agitating the public mind. The parties are either too languid even to offer the time-honored guarantee that the pensions of the soldiers and sailors will be punctually paid, or else the unscrupulous persons who have been for so many years trying to cheat them out of their pensions have at last given up the attempt in despair. But the truth appears to be that there is a universal disposition to political repose, and unless we except Maine, where the Temperance party have nominated an independent candidate, there is very little prospect of excitement in any State before the advent of cool weather.

What are the probable results of the contests in the various States which vote early in the fall, it seems impossible to say. It is, of course, early as yet to be making predictions for next October, but it would be nothing astonishing if the Republicans were to lose Pennsylvania and Ohio. In the latter State there is the issue of the ratification or rejection of the pending Constitutional Amendment; and good a Republican State as Ohio is, she seems to have a "scunner" for negroes, and for the sake of preventing the voting of some eight or ten thousand new voters—for that is about all the addition would amount to—she may very likely send up to Columbus a Democratic Legislature. This may put off the adoption of the Amendment for years, and put the Republican party in the somewhat ridiculous attitude of having adopted as a whole what several of its more important parts reject—to say nothing of the failure of the Southern negro's "irrevocable guarantee." We cannot see, either, that there is any satisfaction for anybody in the prospect; even the Democrats, who, *ex officio*, will have to congratulate the noble yeomen of the Buckeye State for having freed themselves from the party yoke, will have an unagreeable sense of rather yeomanlike logic in the reasoning which, if a man is nine-sixteenths negro, denies him the ballot which he would have without question if he were seven-sixteenths colored and nine-sixteenths white. Pennsylvania is in the hands of the accomplished politicians of that State, and no prophet—of good character—knows anything about the coming election, for no such person could be familiar with the secret counsels of Philadelphia and Harrisburg. The McClure kind of men are belied, or else they want General Geary defeated for the sake of teaching Grant their power. Probably Grant will lose a great deal of sleep when he discovers exactly how strong they are; Pennsylvania's loss of her only place in the Cabinet he seems to have taken with much equanimity, considering his anxiety about the result next October. On the whole, the Democrats have rather more to work for than the Republicans who are not disaffected; and as the Republicans are doing no work at all, we may, before the year is out, have a Governor Hancock in training for 1872.

In the South there is more activity in the political field. How rapidly the disfranchising policy is becoming discredited, and how natural it is that it should fall to pieces under the stress of party contests, is illustrated by the fact that the party of enfranchisement have appeared in still another State; in Texas, the notorious "Jack Hamilton" is up for Governor on his own nomination, and announces himself as a Republican in favor of removing all disabilities. His Radical opponent, Davis, is not a candidate of a regular convention any more than he is, and it is not easy to say what is the opinion of the Texan Republicans upon this important subject. *Flake's Bulletin*, a journal of ability and conducted with courage, and probably more influential than any other Republican paper in the State, supports Hamilton, though grudgingly, and we suppose his election is likely. It would be worth while to know how much of the apparent willingness of some of the Republicans to remove political disabilities is due to the trucking and dickering of politicians, and how much of it is based on a belief that the late rebels are now to be trusted. Both these causes seem to be at work; but on the whole we are inclined to think that the first is rather more effectual in the South, and that it is up here, away from the border, that the other makes itself felt most forcibly. The Tennessee vote will be valuable as affording indication of the opinion of the Southern portion of the party on this subject. There the voters certainly cannot complain that it has not been put fully before them. The candidates have been all over the State "stumping" from the same platform and drinking whiskey out of the same pitcher, and each proving the other, to the satisfaction of delighted audiences, to be a perjured rebel, a former slaveholder, a coward, and other forms of the incarnate fiend. Mr. Johnson, too, is momently expected on the scene, and the political education of the Tennesseeans may be expected to go on rapidly. Virginia inclines more and more towards Walker, apparently, and away from Wells. The white voters outnumber the black in the registration by an increased majority, and Walker may be expected to get the white vote nearly "solid," it is said; and Hunnicutt will draw off some of the colored vote from Wells. We should say that Mr. Hunnicutt may very probably afford an early instance of what we expect to see quite a number of instances of before many years have passed away—namely, a Southern Radical made the subject of biographical sketches more readable than flattering, written by his whilom political friends. It is a fate that we should be rather sorry to see overtake any of them, as well on account of the material for the biographies and the tone the biographers probably might take; but still it would have a certain instructiveness, and might be useful.

The unfortunate results of allowing the Chief-Justice, or indeed any Judge of the Supreme Court, to be eligible to the Presidency or any high office, we see exemplified now every day in the case of Chief-Justice Chase. As a consequence of his having been an aspirant to the Democratic nomination last summer, and his being still talked of for the same position, he never pronounces a decision in a case possessing the slightest political bearing without being vigorously denounced by one party or another, and the decision ascribed to a desire to help his political prospects. In the recent habeas-corpus cases in Virginia, Judge Underwood pronounced counter-judgments in opposition to them, and was taken up, with all his ignorance and folly, and patted on the back by various journals at the North, just as if he were a rival stump orator, and were "dividing the time" with the Chief during a hot canvass. Suspicion on one side, too, naturally begets confidence on the other; and when the Chief-Justice shows himself anywhere at the South, both parties conclude that he is electioneering, and one calls him out to make balcony speeches, and the other abuses him for making them. The Washington correspondent of the New York *Times* writes, denouncing these imputations on him, on behalf of his friends—but there is no use now trying to put an end to the stories against him, though their currency is certainly a great scandal.

The bad reputation for veracity which struggling nationalities, especially when of the Latin race, have established for themselves, is still fully maintained by the Cubans, so far as we can tell, and inasmuch as the Spaniards are not much behind them, if indeed they are not probably quite abreast of them, and possibly a little ahead of them, it is as difficult as ever to come to any conclusion as to the prospects of the two parties. Rodas, the new Captain-General, has arrived and made his proclamation, in which, it seems, he had nothing to say to the insurgents; told the volunteers that they had reason to be proud of their past action; and announced that his "platform embraced but three words—Spain, justice, and morality;" which makes a vague enough platform of it. But then it is action that is expected of Rodas, and not words, and he is likely enough to gratify expectation, as he did at Cadiz. He brought with him about a thousand troops, and probably will not be reinforced to any great extent till colder weather. Various small skirmishes are reported, which it is not worth while to pay any attention to, even if they are all that the reporters represent them; and that they are not, everybody will believe till we cease to get Cable news to the effect that "the Cuban army is said to be in good fighting condition, and the leaders are determined to follow up their recent victories, and are confident of success." Yellow fever, which has long been a chief reliance of the insurgents—this is cheering news to the friends of patriot Americans who have gone over—has been making some headway among the Spanish troops, while the insurgent

force, being in the mountains, is said to suffer not at all. Here in New York the Junta has come to grief—a steamer of theirs ready for sea having been seized by Marshal Barlow, and all the members of the Junta having been twice arrested. The Spanish Government is apparently well served in this city, and Secretary Fish appears to be doing his duty efficiently, though we do not observe that from the beginning of the trouble the Government has been over-zealous. There has been, on the whole, singularly little talk that anybody regards in favor of our violating our obligations as neutrals; and much of what talk there has been, has been mere talk. The people may be said to be well satisfied with the Government; certainly it has behaved better than our House of Representatives gave it credit for being able to behave when that body paid the country the compliment of passing its "resolution of sympathy," expecting to be applauded for doing so.

The Chicago *Tribune* says that amongst the good results of the completion of the Pacific Railroad will be the settlement of the question of polygamy in Utah, from meddling with which Congress has so long shrunk. It says the miners, who have up to the present time been kept out of the Territory by Brigham Young's prohibitions, will now pour in in such numbers as to make his prohibitions useless; and once in, they will turn their attention, as they usually do, to the moral reform of the district in which they find themselves. Polygamy they are pretty sure to object to and suppress, on two grounds. One is its sensuality, and the other is its want of fairness as between man and man—giving many wives to the few, and leaving the many wifeless. We are inclined to think, without meaning to cast any imputation on the miners, that it is the last objection to the system which will weigh most powerfully with them. Brigham Young's "sensuality" is no doubt very disgusting; but the mining population of the West, if we have read their history aright, concern themselves but little with the reform of individual character; and if Brigham Young and his followers and a certain number of women choose to maintain improper relations, would not seriously object to it, unless it entailed some inconvenience on the community at large. But there is probably no offence against the general weal which in a young settlement is more likely to be felt and resented than a monopoly of wives. A man taking more than his share of anything an average miner strongly objects to; but by the sight of an individual man making a beast of himself he is only slightly affected, as anybody may satisfy himself by a short sojourn in any mining village. The Mormons are, however, likely to be brought to reason in more ways than one, as the discontented subjects of Young are escaping rapidly by the railroad.

The correspondent who discusses the relations of the Massachusetts Legislature to the railroads, in another column, seems to cherish the idea—which to most New Yorkers, we regret to say, will wear the appearance of an amiable hallucination—that when a committee of the Legislature enquires into the truth of charges of corruption against its members, and declares that it can find no trace of corruption anywhere, it must needs be that the charges are false. The popular impression here, we are sorry to confess, is that in all such proceedings the committee follows the example of Mr. Samuel Weller when he was looking for his father in the gallery of the court-room, in order that Mr. Justice Stareleigh might commit him for contempt; or of the late lamented Admiral Nelson, K.C.B., when he was looking for the signal of recall at Copenhagen; in other words, it either looks up at the ceiling or puts the spy-glass to the blind eye. There are many rural districts in this State which are now familiar with the spectacle of lawyers and farmers going poor to the Legislature and coming back in comfortable circumstances, and indeed making no secret of the accession to their means; and if you suggested to anybody familiar with Albany legislation the possibility that there was no corruption at Albany, or only a little, he would laugh at you, and refuse any longer to talk politics with you, as too simple a person to be worth interchanging ideas with. Nevertheless, there is a corruption enquiry nearly every session, and the committee, strange to say, always report in very much the same terms as the Massachusetts committee. There is a great deal of talk about corruption, they say; and there is little doubt the lobby-men are bad fellows, and by false accounts of their influence on legislators do get money out of the unsuspecting people; but not a cent of it ever reaches the members. This result, however, leaves us in the presence of a greater mystery than any—that is, the existence and growth of the lobby, year after year, and the extraordinary number of cases in which the bills the lobbyists advocate are passed—and passed, too, without debate and in the teeth of public indignation. The "apathy" of the public in this State is largely due to sorrowful experience of the hardened indifference of both lobbyists and legislators to newspaper and pulpit denunciations. By the time the newspapers begin their thunders, the peculators are either in Europe enjoying their plunder, or are busy in erecting churches and almshouses with part of it at home, and could at any time collect a crowd of pious and well-meaning people to stone the editors who assail them.

The news from England relates chiefly to the proposed amendments, by the Lords, of the Irish Church Bill, the plan of concurrent endowments seeming the most definite of any, and perhaps likeliest of adoption. The *Alabama* discussion has subsided with Mr. Motley's entrance on the scene, and has only been recalled during the week by the Confederate bondholders, who met and protested against certain parts of Mr. Sumner's speech. The reappearance of these unhappy gentlemen is, like the letter of the Laird Brothers, better calculated to excite unpleasant reminiscences than to further a settlement between the two countries. In France, the popular disturbances being over, the Emperor has betaken himself to his customary "glittering generalities" in letters to various persons, and in speeches at the camp at Châlons and at the town of Beauvais. The courts, meantime, have been busy in punishing violations of the press law, Rochefort being visited with a sentence of three years' imprisonment, a fine of 3,000 francs, and loss of citizenship, whether as a voter or a candidate, for three years. A serio-comic incident attended one of these prosecutions. The printer of the *Rappel*, a M. Schiller, having been seized with a reasonable fear of the tribunals, in view of the probable obnoxious contents of the paper, had refused to keep his agreement, and the conductors, being unable to compel him to it by procuring a judicial order, at length brought an action against him for breach of contract. The court was impartial enough to say that as he deliberately engaged to print the paper and take his chances with the Government, he must pay a fine of 1,000 francs for his breach of contract, notwithstanding the fact that he had just been sentenced by another court to pay a like fine and suffer a month's imprisonment for printing the first of a series of prosecuted articles in the *Rappel*. M. Schiller is doubtless sure of the sympathy of his fellow-craftsmen wherever his pitiable dilemma is related. The laying of the French Cable has met with uninterrupted success, and its landing at Duxbury, Massachusetts, may be looked for in the course of the next ten days.

The disturbances which broke out in Parma on the night of the national holiday, have been reported in various places during the week, chiefly in the north of Italy—the seat of the late Mazzinian conspiracy—but in Naples of course. What definite aim they have, except to excite hostility to the monarchy, it would be hard to determine. They occur during the recess of Parliament, which certainly did nothing to set an example of concord and self-restraint. Its closing hours were devoted to the appointment of a committee of enquiry into the Civinini-Crispi scandal, of the result of which, if it had any immediate result, the mails have not yet informed us. In the wrangling over the selection and form of proceeding of this committee, the Right seemed to recover something of its previous consistency, but not enough to allow of any important business being transacted after the inquest was fixed upon. The Cabinet had little or nothing to do with even this slight improvement among its natural supporters, and the *Permanente* voted so independently of it that the Right, as was said, had gained but one vote by the coalition—that of the Minister taken out of the ranks of the Opposition. In the almost universal lamentation of the Pope, in his allocution delivered on Sunday, he might have found some consolation in the present state of Italy, which is certainly not the best that the Kingdom has known, though, as we believe, far from desperate.

THE ADVENT OF THE SOUTHERN BOY.

THE *Tribune* has of late been offering some very sensible advice to the Southern Unionists in the matter of disfranchisement. It advises them to give it up, partly on the ground that it has done all the good it can be expected to do, and partly on the ground that they will shortly have to give it up whether they will or no; and it declares very truly that the question in all Southern States will very shortly be, not whether the Radicals shall disfranchise the rebels, but whether the rebels will not disfranchise the Radicals. It has to be remembered that it is now four years since Lee laid down his arms, and the sons of the men who fought in the Confederate armies, or are in any way disqualified for voting under the Constitutional Amendment, are rapidly attaining their majority; and the Southern ranks are now receiving every year such reinforcements from this source alone as will, before long, enable them to carry all before them at the polls. Those who were under age during the rebellion cannot be disfranchised; and if anybody supposes that they are reaching man's estate full of love for the Union, and of fraternal affection for the white and colored Unionists of their neighborhood, he cannot know much of the nature of the influence exercised on young minds for some years back by Southern mothers and sisters and Southern clergymen. In fact, we doubt if there be one of the influences—domestic, educational, or social—to which a Southern boy is exposed which has not, since 1865, been instrumental in making him hate Radicalism and Radicals in every shape and form, and in developing in him a firm determination to do what he can to overthrow them, and even to be avenged on them, when he gets an opportunity. The Southern Boy of the last fourteen years is now the Southern man, and he is coming rapidly to the polls; the Constitutional Amendment does not affect him, and he is impervious to the influence of either "speeches" or "documents" from this part of the country. There is nothing surer than that he will shortly have the upper hand, and that when he gets it he will try to "pay off" those of his neighbors who, during the last five or six years, have been keeping his father in "subjection." The Southern Radicals are therefore advised by their friends at the North to make terms with him as speedily as possible—or, at all events, to appease him by letting his father vote at once.

It was the knowledge that the Southern Boy was on his way to political life, and that the state of mind in which he reached it would be a matter of considerable importance to the rest of the country, which made a great many people desirous of having the reconstruction process made as conciliatory as was consistent with its main object; of having wild threats and denunciations banished from Congressional debates upon it; and of having it conducted with at least a show of caution and deliberation, and of anxiety to confine the work of arbitrary interference with local self-government within the narrowest possible limits. For two or three years, however, the ordinary counsels of prudence on these points were totally disregarded. The orators and journals who are now advising the Southern Unionists to make terms with the enemy not only stimulated their bitterness of feeling towards the men with whom they had to live, and on whose good-will they were shortly to be dependent for their safety, but excited amongst them the most extravagant hopes of protection and support from the Federal Government—hopes which they knew well could not be realized. Severe abuse of the Southern Boy and his father became the staple product not of newspapers simply, but of men calling themselves statesmen; and the whole force of the Republican majority was occasionally devoted either to the passage of measures which were utterly without value, except as irritants—such as Mr. Boutwell's great bill to prevent Southern lawyers practising in the Supreme Court—or to creating expectations in the minds of the Southern Radicals that the Union army would be at their backs for an indefinite period, and that, therefore, it was of comparatively little consequence whether they cultivated the ways of peace or not.

We know very well that the leaders in these performances dislike to have them recalled, and consider anybody who does so a very malignant and ill-conditioned person; but then we must remind them that a large part of the value of their performances lies in the material they supply for warning and illustration. The threatening aspect of the Southern Boy is, however, not the only unpleasant sign in the Southern sky. The reports of the general condition of Southern sentiment and society are far from favorable. There are evident signs everywhere of a revival of political life. The dogged apathy which followed the interference of Congress with the Presidential policy of reconstruction is rapidly passing away. The most rabid extremists are making up their minds to adapt themselves to the situation, accept such constitutions as are acceptable, and, having once got the States into their own hands, drive their enemies out of office and manage their affairs in their own way. When even Mosby, the guerilla, announces that he now holds it to be his duty to register and vote in Virginia for the adoption of the new constitution as about to be submitted by Grant, we are warranted in fearing that the ultra-Radicals all over the South have troublous times before them, and that the last five years' disfranchisement, gratifying as it may have been to the sense of justice, was not a very valuable piece of policy after all from the practical politician's point of view. The story goes, too, that a trustworthy correspondent of the *Tribune*, who has been travelling in the South for that journal, has been compelled to request the suppression of his letters till his return, owing to the bad accounts he had been obliged to give of the state of society and the unpleasant indications of the existence and activity of the Ku-klux which he has met with in various places. On the other hand, we receive from others whose business or pleasure has happened to lead them into Virginia and other parts of the South, the strongest assurances that "it is perfectly peaceful and tranquil, as much so as any Northern State." The probabilities are that the experience of each traveller depends somewhat on his way of looking at things and on his character. A man going down there with strong Radical prepossessions would doubtless find a great deal to discourage, if not alarm him; while one who sympathized with the Southerners, if not in their political sentiments, at least in their sufferings, would be most impressed by their air of resignation. On one point we have found no difference of opinion amongst trustworthy witnesses, and we have examined some whose sole object in remaining at the South is the education and elevation of the freedmen, and that is, that the character of the active politicians who have gone down there from the North under the Radical régime, and of the officers whom they have put into power, might be better than it is. Whichever story be the more correct, we think there can be little doubt that we are approaching a period once more of considerable disturbance, in which black and white Unionists will have to take some very hard knocks, and in which the Southern Boy will behave in a turbulent manner. What ought we to do with the Young Man? We honestly confess we do not well see what can be done with him, except trust to time and the various educating influences which are now at work in the South to civilize him. There are various reasons, too, for feeling hopeful about him. One is, that he must hereafter be industrious. He cannot live, as his father did, on the labor of other people, and he will never again find the post-office and custom-house of his country the sure refuge from the storms of Southern life which they once were. Moreover, he cannot very long shield himself from the influence of Northern books and newspapers. The addition of the negroes to the free reading population would alone be sufficient to open the floodgates and let the pestilential waters in upon him. Even if he does not read himself, he will breathe in the very air the doctrines on which modern states live. Moreover, he will find out, before he has been very long engaged in business for himself, that he cannot make money unless he behaves well and lets his neighbors alone; that turbulence "depresses values," as they say in Wall Street; and that the way of the rowdy in free societies is exceedingly hard and uncomfortable, owing to his having to "wait upon himself," and keep his own clothes in order, and procure the money to pay for them. It will be better, we are satisfied, to let him get his political and social training in this way than by laying the country around him waste every time he commits an outrage, or governing him for an indefinite period by martial law. What he has had of martial law has, we are satisfied, done him good. It has made him, bad as he is, a philosopher and a Christian compared to what his father and grandfather were, and has given him views of justice and of law and of the ends of civilized society which he could

never have got from books, nor even from speeches, which in the South have always stood higher than books.

MR. BOUTWELL AS SECRETARY.

Neither Mr. Boutwell's individual antecedents, nor the common characteristics of the class of professional politicians to which he belongs, led us to anticipate, when he was appointed Mr. Stewart's successor, that his career as Secretary of the Treasury would furnish much occasion for our approval. After four months' experience of his financial administration, we do not hesitate to admit that, as far as his measures are concerned, we are agreeably disappointed. No brilliant strokes of genius, no enunciation of broad financial theories, no startling changes of administrative policy, no bold and flattering promises, have marked his course. But intelligible, business-like purposes, frankly announced in advance and faithfully adhered to, a consistent recognition of the law as his only and imperative guide, and an equally consistent disregard of that kind of popular clamor which is almost always due only to the selfishness of influential individuals, and which is so often pleaded as an excuse for official vacillation and tergiversation—these characteristics of Secretary Boutwell's administration up to the present time have gone far towards vindicating Gen. Grant's wisdom in the selection of a man who certainly at the outset did not inspire very general confidence. It is doubly interesting at this moment to examine the recent doings of the Secretary, because the indiscriminating abuse of his partisan opponents and the indiscriminating praise of his partisan friends have so obscured the facts in the case that no two intelligent people can be found to agree as to what he has really done. The intuitional financiers of the "On to Specie Payments" school, who look upon a Secretary of the Treasury only as a supremely endowed fighting missionary sent forth by the rural districts forcibly to convert the wicked gold-gamblers of Wall Street into competitors for strawberry prizes, who danced with joy each time the Treasury sold a million of gold, and shouted themselves hoarse with their demand for "double and treble doses," have made many thoughtless people believe that Mr. Boutwell was engaged in a blind but successful crusade against a special and essential, but really rather insignificant, part of the financial community; while the brilliant *frondeurs* of the opposite political camp have persistently sought to explain his every move as part of a corrupt organized plan to break down the price of the Western farmers' wool in the interest of New England cloth manufacturers, and have converted every unsuccessful merchant into a helpless victim of the Secretary's infatuated contraction policy. These are specimens of the various interpretations put by friend and foe upon official Treasury measures which, in the nature of things, cannot be readily understood by the great majority of even intelligent readers. The facts are these:

In the first place, let Mr. Boutwell have credit for the attempt to restore to our financial management that first and most essential element of purity—official secrecy. Few persons outside of the limited inner circle of the financial world can form even a remote estimate of the corruption growing out of what has been aptly termed "Treasury leaks." It is evident that the complicated arrangements involved in important Treasury transactions will necessarily make any proposed transaction known to several officials before it can be publicly announced. It is equally evident that such transactions must necessarily produce important changes in the market value of gold, bonds, or other securities. Now, it is scarcely too much to say that for years past certain men have been regularly and systematically in possession of knowledge concerning proposed Treasury transactions, hours and sometimes days in advance of their official publication, and have been enabled thereby to reap enormous profits at the expense of the community at large. This system the present Secretary has, if not yet entirely abolished, certainly reduced to far less formidable proportions. It is true that grave suspicions rest on the Department somewhere of having betrayed the most recent of Mr. Boutwell's orders in relation to purchases of bonds and sales of gold; but the authorship of the wrong is limited to one or other of a very small number of persons, and we trust the Secretary, out of regard for his rising reputation and the public good, will not rest until the wrong-doer is discovered and severely punished. But, on the whole, the last four months of Treasury administration stand conspicuous for an absence of corruption and jobbery that is alike encouraging to the public and creditable to the Secretary. Every important operation has been announced to the public a reasonable time in advance of its execution, and every announcement has been rigidly adhered to; and to-day every citizen interested in the national finances knows what the important transactions of the Treasury will be during the coming months, and can regulate his affairs accordingly.

The principal official act of the present Secretary has been the purchase of about ten millions of United States bonds. The manner of buying these bonds, from the lowest bidder at regular public sale after sufficient previous announcement, leaves nothing to be desired. The wisdom of the step is a different question. On Mr. Boutwell's accession to office, he found over $115,000,000 in coin and currency in the Treasury, which were lying entirely idle, producing nothing to the Government or to the country, and involving an annual loss of interest to the people of $7,000,000 or $8,000,000. There was but one opinion among all classes, that measures must be found to utilize this immense accumulation of cash, and relieve to that extent the burden borne by the people in the payment of the interest. Congress, the only law-making power, had provided only one single method by which this object could be accomplished, and that was the purchase of bonds for the Sinking Fund. Not only was this the only method of legally employing a portion of the surplus funds of the Treasury, but the law actually enjoined the Secretary, without reference to his having surplus funds or not, to purchase a certain amount of bonds annually, one per cent. of the total amount of the debt, for the purpose of creating a sinking fund. This injunction of the law had been—excusably enough, perhaps—entirely disregarded by Mr. McCulloch, and it is very probable that Mr. Boutwell would have been similarly excused for disobeying it, had similar good reasons existed therefor. But there is not one single valid reason for failing to comply with the law; on the contrary, obedience to this particular law was and is the sole legal means open to the Secretary for complying with the just wishes of the people, and profitably employing a portion of his idle cash balances. It is, as far as any action of the Treasury is concerned, entirely futile to discuss the various measures proposed for accomplishing this end, for the Secretary had no authority to adopt any of them. The only measure open to him was the one prescribed by law, and that measure was imperative on him, even if his judgment had been opposed to any employment whatsoever of his surplus funds. It is, then, in obedience to an imperative law of Congress that Mr. Boutwell has purchased during the last ten weeks about nine millions of 5-20 bonds, at a cost to the Treasury of about ten and one-half millions of dollars in currency.

During the same period of time the Treasury has sold—and this is the second important measure of Mr. Boutwell's administration—fifteen millions of gold, which have brought into the Treasury about twenty and one-half millions of currency, or about ten millions more than were expended in the purchase of bonds for the Sinking Fund. It is on this subject, more than on any other connected with the national finances, that the public mind is persistently befogged by partisan writers and prejudiced theorists. Habitual readers of these columns need not be reminded that the currency revenues of the country are below its currency expenditures, and that the receipts in gold coin, on the contrary, exceed the requirements for coin. It is, therefore, under existing laws, at all times an imperative necessity for the Treasury to sell a portion of its coin receipts, in order to meet its current requirements for currency expenditures. Foolish friends have praised, and foolish enemies have blamed, the Secretary for these very sales of gold which were an absolute necessity. He has been praised for their supposed injury to the gold-gamblers—of whom, by the way, just as many are benefited by a decline as are injured by it—and he has been blamed for the injury and inconvenience supposed to accrue to the whole mercantile community from the scarcity of money consequent upon the large sums of currency going into the Treasury in payment of the gold sold. We have seen that the Government has paid out for bonds bought somewhat less than eleven millions, and has received for gold

sales less than twenty-one millions, making an excess of receipts of about ten millions of dollars. This is the total amount of the currency withdrawn from the market by the Treasury during four months, in consequence of its purchases of bonds and sales of gold. On the 1st of March, a few days before Mr. Boutwell went into office, the currency balance in the Treasury was seventeen millions. According to the last advices from Washington, the currency balance is now twenty-nine millions, an increase of twelve millions during the four months. Of these twelve millions, ten are, as we have seen, due to the excess from gold sales, showing that during the last four months the regular currency receipts have exceeded the regular currency expenditures by only two millions. This period includes the collection of the income-tax, which furnishes the largest amount of currency receipts by the Treasury during an equal period of time. During the period, therefore, of the heaviest regular currency receipts, the latter exceeded the regular currency expenditures by only two millions, showing clearly how largely the expenditures will exceed the regular receipts during the months when the latter are light. It is for these months that the currency has to be provided in advance, and there is no other method of obtaining it than by the sales of surplus gold revenues. The time for making these sales is, and must be, left to the discretion of the Secretary; and Mr. Boutwell has undoubtedly used his discretion well in selling a liberal amount of gold during the summer months, when business is dull, when the trade of the country requires least currency, and the currency itself can best be spared to be locked up in the Treasury for future use.

It is very true that during the time of the Secretary's gold sales money has been far from abundant; has, on the contrary, been scarcer and more difficult to obtain than at almost any period since 1861. But it does not necessarily follow that that scarcity has been caused by the operations of the Treasury. It has not; the true causes are different, and are well known. Misled by many reckless writers and interested speculators, the Western farmers refused to sell their crops last fall as they should have done, and have consequently been compelled to throw them upon the market this summer in great haste and in unprecedented quantities. The money required to move the grain crops alone is probably double the amount withdrawn by the Treasury—the single city of Chicago having received six millions of currency from the East since the summer crop movement began. In addition to the permanent drain of currency to the South, there has been an extra demand for currency from all parts of the country, to carry on the various speculations in grain, and wool, and real estate, and railroad enterprises; and, besides all these, the feverish and desperate speculation in securities of all kinds at the great financial centres has required this summer more money than ever before. These causes are sufficient to account for any scarcity of money, without reference to the additional ten millions gone into the Treasury. But even if the scarcity had been wholly due to the operations of the Secretary, it would still have been prudent in him to gather in the currency now; for if money is tight now, in the dull summer season, it is likely that it would and will be much more so in the fall; and to have postponed the bulk of the gold sales until then would have exposed the money market to much worse complications than it has now had to contend with.

To resume: the purchases of bonds for the Sinking Fund have been made in accordance with an imperative law, and in a manner perfectly satisfactory to the business community, and conducive to the best interests of the country. The most of the gold sales were unavoidable in order to procure the currency to pay for the bonds so purchased without further reducing the already dangerously low currency balance in the Government vaults. The rest of the gold sales, netting to the Treasury about $10,000,000 in greenbacks, were equally necessary, but might have been postponed until later in the season. In making these sales now the Secretary has, we think, shown good judgment; for, although they no doubt somewhat aggravated the prevailing monetary stringency, their influence in this direction has been very much exaggerated, and would have been far worse had they been postponed until the fall. So far, then, we think Mr. Boutwell's management of the financial affairs of the Treasury entitled to our sincere commendation.

RAILROADS AGAIN.

In commenting two weeks since on the apathy of the public on the subject of railroad corruption, we made a misstatement which, though it had no bearing on the general truth of our remarks, we are glad to take an early opportunity to correct. It was not true that the $10,000 paid by the president of the Boston, Hartford, and Erie Railroad as hush-money was given to a member of the Legislature; it was paid, however, as the published testimony of the president shows, to influence legislation. We might be content, as this is a local matter, chiefly of interest to the taxpayers of Massachusetts, to let it drop here; but the letter of our correspondent, published in another column, makes it necessary for us to justify our remarks at greater length; and for that purpose we propose to give a short account of the rise, progress, and present condition of the Boston, Hartford, and Erie Railroad. We are all the more glad to do so, inasmuch as the State which encourages the practices we are about to describe has heretofore borne a reputation, if not above reproach, at least above the reproach of those who live in New York, and it is much to be wished that she might continue to do so.

Two years ago the Boston, Hartford, and Erie Railroad was a half-built line, anxious to get money from some quarter for the purpose, its friends alleged, of enabling it to complete its road to Fishkill in this State, and here it was to connect with the Erie. It went before the Legislature, and the arguments of eminent counsel, seconded by the general feeling that this new road would develop the resources of the State, were strong enough to procure the passage of an act lending $3,000,000 in gold to the company on certain conditions. For every $200,000 properly expended in the construction of new road, and in the purchase of equipment, scrip to the amount of $100,000 was to be delivered to the company; but it was made necessary for the company to show the propriety of their expenditure to the satisfaction of the Governor and Council and *three commissioners appointed under the act.* For every $100,000 of scrip so issued, the company was to "put up"—or, in other words, deliver—to the Treasurer of the Commonwealth, as security, $133,333 33⅓ in its bonds. By Section 6 of the act, the Governor and Council were to appoint three commissioners, one of whom was to be a competent civil engineer, to ascertain the amount of work performed, and the expenditures properly incurred, "and to advise and inform the Governor and Council in reference to all matters and things they are called upon to ascertain or verify under the terms and provisions of this act." By Section 7 of the act, the issue of scrip was not to begin until it should be made to appear to the satisfaction of the Governor and Council and Commissioners that the company would be able, either alone or with the aid of parties other than the State, to complete a line of railway from Boston to Fishkill; and the issue of scrip was to stop if at any time it should appear that a through line would not be so completed in five years. On the passage of the act, three commissioners were appointed—Judge Bigelow, late chief-justice of the State; Mr. Washburne, late governor of the State; and Mr. S. Ashburner, "a competent civil engineer." Under the provisions of the law, these gentlemen proceeded to make an investigation into the condition of the company, in order to see whether it would be able to complete its road to Fishkill; and it was while this investigation was going on that $10,000 were paid by J. S. Eldridge, president of the road, to a Mr. Thomas Drew, as hush-money, to prevent the publication by Mr. Drew of statements which Eldridge was afraid would influence the commissioners' report. Drew was a journalist, who had entered into a conspiracy to depress the price of the stock of the Boston, Hartford, and Erie by means of the publication of certain statements about the condition of the road, which Judge Bigelow, Mr. Washburne, and Mr. Ashburner were then investigating. According to the testimony taken by the Committee on Corruption to which we referred in our last article, Eldridge sent for Drew, and procured the destruction of the statements by paying him $10,000. As to one of his objects in paying this same, we give Mr. Eldridge's own words (Evidence, p. 12):

"Q. Was the matter of the loan at that time before the Governor and Council?

"A. No, sir, except in this form. I think that the commissioners had

been appointed, and that Governor Washburne and Judge Bigelow were then examining our various matters. They were making an investigation. We had nothing to conceal from the commissioners.

"Q. This money was not paid to have any influence upon the Governor and Council, or to prevent his stating anything that might influence them?

"A. I don't know but all that might have entered into my mind. I thought the influence everywhere would have been temporarily bad."

Now, when money is loaned to a railroad on condition that the company shall furnish proof to commissioners that its finances are in such a condition as to enable it to complete its line, and when, while the commissioners are making their investigation, the president of the company pays a large sum of money for the destruction of papers purporting to contain facts injurious to the credit of the road, we ask whether it can be said that this money was not paid to "influence legislation." The fact that this was what Mr. Eldridge calls a "personal matter," and does not appear on the books of the company, may be true, but is without point. That the money was not paid to a legislator, we are very glad to admit; but the assertion of our correspondent that it had "no reference whatever to legislation," we deny. We repeat that we are amazed at the audacity of the committee's report Let us quote a few words from it:

"The committee in their several investigations are satisfied that the influence of the lobby (so-called) is greatly overestimated. A certain number of persons, known as lobby members, receive very considerable sums of money from corporations and other parties having business before the Legislature. In the opinion of the committee, this influence is not legitimate in matters of legislation.

"The parties referred to as lobbymen are not lawyers, and have no legitimate professional calling at the Capitol; but are supposed to have more or less influence in private talks and conversations by partial presentation of matters to individual members."

Does the committee really expect the public to believe that the influence of these lobbymen is exerted through a commanding personal appearance and attractive manners? The best of the whole thing is that the witnesses summoned before the committee were, with not more than one or two insignificant exceptions, all lobbyists and railroad men.

To return to the Boston, Hartford, and Erie: After Eldridge had settled his "personal matter" with Drew, nothing of importance occurred until the commissioners made their report, in which they stated their conclusion to be that the company could build the road as the act of 1867 required. Payments under the act now began; but not more than $660,000 scrip had been issued when the commissioners, becoming doubtful as to the financial condition of the road, made a new investigation, and discovered that some two millions of dollars, which they had relied upon as making it possible for the company to finish their road in five years, had been quietly invested in speculations in the company's own stock. It could not be reached; it was useless. This fact the commissioners reported to the Governor and Council, who decided that payments under the act might be continued if a certain number of the richest directors would file a bond with the State Treasurer, obliging themselves personally to produce this two millions when it might be needed for the completion of the road. Under this state of facts, the company applies to the State for a new loan of $2,000,000, urging its poverty as an excuse; and the Governor, instead of making the obvious suggestion that, if $2,000,000 were needed for the completion of the road, the signers of the bond had better produce the amount, actually engineered the bill through the Legislature. So our correspondent informs us, and so we have every reason to believe. And through all this, the commissioners appointed two years before to protect the interest of the State are not summoned to give evidence on the subject. Eldridge is summoned; and, as we said before, without one scintilla of evidence before it except Eldridge's testimony, the Railroad Committee report a bill. That two or three persons besides Eldridge may have appeared and spoken in the committee-room subsequently to the writing of our former article, is very possible; but they uttered Eldridge's words and spoke with his voice. It will be seen from what we have said before that there could have been no real evidence in the case. Besides all this, notwithstanding the statement of our correspondent, we still doubt the fact. But the whole matter is of the most trifling importance. The fact of real importance is that the bill was hustled through in the last days of the session, without any hearing on the part of the commissioners—three gentlemen specially appointed "to advise and inform the Governor and Council"—and that this was done simply on the faith of representations made by Eldridge, a man who testifies that he paid ten thousand dollars to procure the suppression of statements likely to exercise an unfavorable influence on the first report of the commissioners. Governor Claflin's policy with regard to the South Boston flats we care nothing about. He may convert South Boston into a garden of delight; yet those who care more for the credit of Massachusetts than for the rise in value of her taxable property will forget that, and remember only the means which were taken to accomplish it.

We have gone at some length into this matter, and we believe we have made good all our assertions in connection with the loan to the Boston, Hartford, and Erie, except the charge brought against the Legislature that Drew was a member of it; and we must say again that the apathy of the public with regard to this kind of legislation is indeed astonishing. We have had no intention of accusing Massachusetts of the same unblushing corruption that is practised in this State. But affairs like that of the Boston, Hartford, and Erie loan pave the way for worse things. The "men inside politics" come from just the same class in Massachusetts as elsewhere. They are ignorant they have no sense of responsibility, they are in the hands of great corporations. Governor Claflin's honesty is not doubted, yet we have seen what operations he considers admissible. Let us mention, as an illustration, that he is now director on the Boston and Albany Railroad—a corporation perpetually making contracts with the State; in case of any negotiation between the two, he "trades with himself." Nothing wrong comes of this, doubtless; but what should we say of a broker or lawyer who acted for both parties in a transaction? Yet a governor does it without attracting even passing attention. So it is in other cases: Mr. Richardson, now Assistant-Secretary of the Treasury, still holds his office as Judge of Probate in Massachusetts, though it is manifestly impossible for him to discharge properly the duties of both; and we must say that he can hardly be blamed for doing it, as nobody seems to care. Of course, if the public is indifferent to the spectacle, the spectacle will go on. We have taken as instances men whose integrity no one doubts; if the public permits its governors and judges to do these things, what does it suppose is going on in the lower walks of politics? Log-rolling is going on; wire-pulling is going on; and very soon open bribery will come into fashion.

Our assertion about the three other railroads which were mentioned in our last article, we can only repeat. The Massachusetts Central scheme was defeated because the apathy of the public did not exist in that case—papers like the Boston *Advertiser* denounced it, and it fell through. When we wrote, it was still uncertain whether it would pass or not. The statement that the scheme was to give "to the rest no one knew precisely how much" was a true statement, and we could not have a better proof of this than the assertion of our correspondent that the object of the bill affecting the Boston and Albany Railroad was simply to enable it to "get to deep water on paying for the way." It was not quite so simple; it authorized an increase of the capital stock of the company by eight millions. The act incorporating the Great Northern authorized an increase of stock by fifty millions, and the "proper restrictions" which, according to our correspondent, "have been put in to secure the public against the watering of stock," are the appointment of "commissioners." What kind of restriction this will be if the road is dishonestly managed, may be inferred from the history of the Boston, Hartford, and Erie. That there was a combination to press these bills may be inferred from the fact that the Boston and Albany is a rival of the Boston, Hartford, and Erie, and yet did not oppose its new bill. As to our use of the word "give," any one may see by the context that we used it, as it is frequently used, as a synonym of "loan." We did not mean to say that the Legislature was so infatuated as to present gratuities of two millions to railroad companies.

ENGLAND.—THE PROSPECTS OF THE PEERS.

LONDON, June 11, 1869.

THE long days of summer are beginning, and some of us are already casting our eyes towards the pleasant country fields of England or planning trips abroad. Indeed, we have had one or two of those rare days on

which we may say, with a good conscience, that it is rather too hot to be pleasant. But members of Parliament must dwell upon no pleasant dreams of vacation. A struggle may begin in a few days which will far exceed in interest anything that we have witnessed in recent years. There are even dark forebodings, which would indicate that peers and commoners may have to desecrate the sacred days of August and September, when the shooting season opens for grouse and partridges, by attending to their legislative duties. The question is now before us, what will the peers do in the matter of the Irish Church? A meeting was held a few days back, at which most of the Conservative members of the House of Lords were present, and an animated discussion took place. The most courageous course was advocated by Lord Derby and Lord Cairns, who proposed to throw out the bill on the second reading. Cooler counsels were suggested by a sensible minority, represented by Lord Cranbourne and Lord Carnarvon; but the sense of the greater number appeared to be impressed by the feeling of resistance at all hazards. There will probably, it is admitted, be a secession from the Conservative ranks; but it is doubted whether in sufficient numbers to turn the scale. All sorts of rumors have been flying about. The *Standard*, as the Tory organ, committed itself at one moment to the propriety of concession; but its courage has since been rising. The *Times* has oscillated according to its nature, and one day positively asserts that the peers will be reasonable, and on the next asserts as positively that they will hold out. What will be the end?

It is useless to prophesy, inasmuch as before you get this letter you will learn the result by that objectionable telegraphic wire which is always cutting away the ground from under the feet of correspondents. Yet I will venture, at the risk of being confuted by anticipation, to say one thing I have always held, that the peers would give way; and I have thought so, not so much from any loftier considerations, as from the simple reason that it is obviously the interest of the Conservative party. It will remove from the Liberal platform the one topic upon which they are unanimous, and give a chance to Mr. Disraeli and his friends of profiting by the divisions of their opponents. Moreover, there is always in the background the unpleasant question, what is the good of the House of Lords? which it is not desirable to bring into prominence. I therefore believe—though I think its present indications are perhaps the other way—that the peers will allow the bill to pass by a small majority, and trust to taking the sting out of it by amendments. In short, I shall not believe, until I see it, that our hereditary legislators will have the courage to oppose themselves to the pronounced opinion of the people. If I am right, there may still be a good deal of skirmishing, but not a pitched battle.

As, however, I am very likely to be wrong, I will just notice the probable course of the contest which would ensue upon a rejection of the bill. The old-fashioned plan of bringing the Upper House to reason by refusing the supplies, is obviously impossible. We have got beyond the time at which such tricks can be played with the credit of the country. The next mode of warfare would be the creation of enough peers to carry the measure; or, as in the case of the Reform Bill of 1832, the threat of creating them; for probably, if the intention were known, the peers would save their order from pollution at the expense of their principles. It seems, however, more likely that a different scheme would be adopted, which would probably produce the desired effect. The same bill cannot be introduced twice in the session; but Parliament might be prorogued for a short time; a new session would be held in August, and the same bill would be passed without any discussion from the Liberal benches, and sent up as a summons to the House of Lords. Under this pressure, it is supposed that they would probably submit, without venturing to provoke any more dangerous expedients. This, at any rate, is the device most in favor at present; and it would amount to giving the Upper House one more place of repentance. I hope, however, that the necessity may be avoided, if only that we may waste no more precious time over the wearisome debates, which are stopping the way of all useful legislation. I confess to being heartily sick of the subject; and I fancy that my disgust is shared by the great majority of mankind. The Irish Protestant Dissenters have been agitating against the bill, and have stirred a certain number of bishops and lay peers into spasmodic excitement; but to discuss the matter seriously has long become an impossibility, and the only interest concerns the possible effect of the contest on the future of the House of Lords. Symptoms are not wanting of coming danger.

A bill which I mentioned some time ago, for permitting the creation of life-peers, is getting through the Upper House, though so mutilated by the jealousy of that assembly as to be of little value, unless as the "thin end of the wedge." A certain light has been lately thrown upon the subject from a very different quarter. The Duke of Newcastle, whose father was a liberal and intelligent minister, has succeeded in following the steps of the Marquis of Hastings. He has managed, that is, to ruin himself hopelessly by keeping race-horses and betting on the turf. How many thousands of pounds he has thrown away, I know not; but he has nothing whatever left except the income secured to his wife. The moral which, I need hardly say, has been drawn for his benefit in numerous leading articles, is twofold. In the first place, his fate is only one more illustration of the thoroughly disreputable condition of the turf. Upon that topic I need not enlarge, beyond remarking that it seems rather inconsistent to suppress gambling-tables when a system far more generally demoralizing is left in public operation, and patronized by our highest nobility. But, secondly, the event makes the absurdity of a hereditary peerage very inconveniently palpable at the present moment. Here is a young gentleman of whom we know this fact alone: that he has managed to waste a fine property in a very few years in a disreputable amusement. We may presume, from the general habits of his class (I know nothing about him personally), that his mind was probably a blank on all subjects except the state of the odds, and, it may be, a few scraps of Latin and Greek painfully drilled into him at Eton. This youth has a right to a voice in the most important legislative questions which is equal to that of Mr. Disraeli or Mr. Gladstone; and he and his like are threatening to throw the whole business of the nation out of gear because they are too stupid to understand certain first principles of politics. I do not mean to argue the general political question, but it must be admitted that such instances bring out the weak points of the institution in such a way that he who runs may read; and if he does n't, there are plenty of people to read it for him. Lord Carnarvon, who is a very intelligent Conservative, said the other night that a great defect of the House of Lords was the absence of a censorial power: no peer could be deprived of his dignity, however much he might have disgraced his order. The defect is indeed a marked one; yet it indicates one much greater. A censor might turn out peers who have created scandals; but what censor could get rid of the stupidity, thoughtlessness, and want of reasonable education which is characteristic, not of one or two individuals, but of a large proportion of the House? The Duke of Newcastle is a frivolous youth, who has got into a scrape; but frivolous youths who have kept out of scrapes are not a bit better fitted for legislation. The fact is that our peers, having lost the influence which they once possessed, have also lost the chief stimulus for exertion; and they are deficient in the energy and spirit which well-nigh redeemed the theoretical defects of an aristocracy. Lord Derby shows the high courage of a genuine noble; and if there were a few more such men as Lord Cranbourne, the peers, with their strong hold both on the snobbishness and the honest conservatism of the nation, might look forward to a long lease of power. Unluckily, when they do distinguish themselves, it is too often after the fashion which a groom or a gamekeeper might be expected to exhibit on receiving an unexpected inheritance. The eminent lawyers or statesmen who come to them from the Lower House frequently give importance and value to their debates; but the peers are losing in moral weight, and changes may come sooner than we had generally expected. The progress of the Irish Church Bill may stir some awkward questions, though I am still inclined to think that the difficulty will, in one way or the other, be tided over for the present. The action of the peers is at present the one subject of much political interest. The *Alabama* question has been partly forgotten. Mr. Motley has said nothing, except his answer to an address on arriving at Liverpool, and intends, I believe, to avoid public dining. Indeed, we have had a lesson on that subject which will be a check upon orators for some time to come. Debates turn upon questions of compound householding, union rating, poor-law amendment, army reserves, and other points which I should almost despair of making intelligible to transatlantic readers; nor does any one pay much attention to them here. Perhaps, however, I may mention one matter which is beginning to excite a good deal of interest—the boat-race between the students of Harvard and our Oxford and Cambridge crews. I wish the Harvard men all good fortune short of absolute victory, for which my patriotic feelings are not sufficient. But I can promise them, with great confidence, that they will receive a welcome which I hope can be open to no misconstruction. The international struggle will, on this occasion at least, excite nothing but good feeling amongst us, and they will have every chance that our crowded and narrow rivers will permit. The athletic mania which has taken possession of us shows no symptoms of declining. Every

boat-race at Oxford or Cambridge is attended by greater crowds of spectators than its predecessors. The passion for running, walking, jumping, and the enthusiasm for cricket-matches, seem to increase daily. We are all going mad after velocipedes; and the ordinary English youth is devoted to every species of muscular exertion with a zeal which shows no symptoms of decline. The American oarsmen come at a bad season of the year; but they will probably find themselves greater heroes, especially if they do well, than they could be in their own country. Whether this enthusiasm is a good or a bad symptom, I shall not venture to pronounce; certainly in its excesses it threatens to turn our schools into gymnasiums instead of places of learning; but I confess to a sneaking regard for athletics of all kinds; and though our tone is often exaggerated, there are, I think, some undeniably good points about it. One of them, I feel sure, will be the extension of very general hospitality to our expected guests.

Correspondence.

THE BURNING OF PRIZES.

To the Editor of the Nation:

Sir: In your remarks (June 3) on my letter to the Hartford *Courant*, you make two points—one of fact, the other of law.

As to the first, in saying that the rebels *had* Courts of Admiralty, you were right so far as the establishment of them by the Confederate Constitution goes; and when I said they had *not*, if I had explicitly added, *not to any practical effect* (through the operation or alleged operation of our blockade), I should have expressed my meaning with verbal as well as substantial correctness.

As to the second point, in asserting that the proceedings of the rebel cruisers were "piratical in their nature," I assumed that public law is against such proceedings. This you contradict. The question is, of course, one not to be settled by assertion or counter-assertion, but by reference to the established convention of nations. What you advance in the way of authority and argument does not seem to me to settle it.

You say, "Prize courts exist, in fact, for the protection of neutrals." Suppose it to be so, to the exclusion of every other consideration, would that preclude or determine the question whether the general rule of public law obliges belligerent cruisers to carry in their prizes for adjudication? I take it, not.

Equally inconclusive as to this question, it seems to me, is the quotation from Mr. Dana. It is undeniably true that, as he says, "a trial by a prize tribunal is not a right that enemies can claim, nor a duty to them;" but what of that? Does it follow that there is no reason for carrying enemy's property to a prize tribunal? Mr. Dana intended no such inference to be drawn. It is no less undeniable that "if it be assumed that all captures are enemy's property, there need be no prize courts." But what of that? Who is there that holds that all captures *may* be assumed to be enemy's property? Not Mr. Dana, nor anybody else. Public law has established prize courts, and presumably upon the very ground that it has no right to assume or grant to belligerent governments the right to assume that all captures are enemy's property. That is the only proper inference.

Public law allows, indeed, a lawful cruiser to capture a vessel under an enemy's flag. But what then? What after it becomes a capture? You say it is "the principle of international law that enemy's property captured at sea vests instanter in the captor, to keep or destroy as he sees fit." I find no such doctrine anywhere laid down in the books. If such be the principle of the law, the law is at variance with its principle.

On the question *when* the property of a captured vessel vests in the captor, authorities are divided. Voet says the title passes immediately to the captor; Bynkershoek that a firm possession vests it in the captor. But Grotius and other writers, and the ordinances of France and of the United States, make twenty-four hours' quiet possession the test of title by capture. Lord Stowell says it "has been the prevailing doctrine" that twenty-four hours' possession, or the bringing of the vessel *infra præsidia*, is necessary. Phillimore lays it down that, "by the modern usage of states, neither the twenty-four hours nor the bringing of the prize *infra præsidia* is sufficient to change the property of a captured vessel;" and this, he thinks, is "not matter of regret" (Phillimore, "International Law," iii. 339).

From this it appears that the *instanter* vesting of the title is not an established doctrine of international law. But no matter for that; the more important question for my purpose is, whether the vesting of the title in the captor—be it *instanter* or not—is such a vesting as, by public law, to allow the commander of a cruiser who has, or avers that he has, no doubt about his capture being enemy's property, "to keep or destroy it as he sees fit," arbitrarily or for any reason of convenience? I find no where in the authorities a line or a word that gives the shadow of such an allowance. On the contrary (see Dana's "Wheaton," p. 480 *et seq.*, and Phillimore's "International Law," iii. 340), it is expressly and clearly made obligatory on all belligerent sovereigns to decide, in certain established modes, on the lawfulness of all captures made by their agents, and on all cruisers to bring in their prizes for adjudication as soon as possible, and that nothing but "some reason of necessity" (and not any consideration of mere inconvenience or difficulty) can excuse a commander for disobeying the law.

Such appears to be the law of nations on this subject. And to me it seems to have good reason in the nature of the case. Only through the operation of such a law can the responsibility of sovereign belligerents be well ascertained; and by holding commanders of cruisers to obedience to it, the commonwealth of nations obtains a measure of guaranty—otherwise impossible—against the piratical plunder and destruction of vessels not the enemy's, on the high seas.

The rebels in the late war do not seem to have questioned the obligation imposed by public law as here laid down. The justification alleged by them for not attempting to obey it was the blockade of their ports by the United States—although private merchant vessels were constantly incurring the hazard of running the blockade. But I am of opinion—and Mr. Dana's authority (*v. ut sup.*, p. 487) is certainly not one to be cited to the contrary—that belligerents who have in effect no ports or courts to which they can go, or who allege that they have none, and therefore go roaming over the high seas, plundering and destroying their prizes, should not be held to be lawfully employed. On mere general principles, as Lord Stowell says (Phillimore, iii. 346), it is lawful to destroy your enemy in any way; but public law makes a distinction, allowing some and prohibiting other modes of destruction, and belligerents are bound by the law. I am still of opinion that such proceedings as those of the late rebel cruisers were piratical in their quality, and that the commonwealth of nations should unite in treating them as piracy under the law of nations.

C. S. Henry.

[The cases which occur in the books touching the formalities necessary to vest captured ships in the captor, have all arisen out of claims of neutrals against captors, or of owners against recaptors. A legal controversy between belligerents, as to the ownership of a vessel actually taken possession of, has never arisen, and, as Kent says, "can never arise." Therefore, prize courts do exist for the benefit of neutrals; one of the parties to all suits about prizes must be a neutral, or a recaptor. That a cruiser ought, in justice to neutrals, to carry his prizes in for condemnation, we do not deny; but even about this the commentators differ, and the English decisions (see Dr. Woolsey) and the practice of every maritime power justify a cruiser in destroying a prize, if it be inconvenient or difficult for him to carry her into port. If he does this, his Government becomes responsible to neutrals, but *to neutrals only*, for any damage done to neutral interests; if he does it to excess, as Semmes did, he and his Government become proper objects of moral reprobation, but not of legal pursuit at the hands of the other belligerents. That Semmes's course was barbarous in the extreme, we do not deny; all we want to accomplish in criticising Dr. Henry at all—with whom our difference is really not so great as it seems—was to prevent that mixing of moral and legal considerations in this *Alabama* question which renders it, or any question like it, so difficult to settle satisfactorily. The impression produced on the popular mind by the usual mode of denouncing Semmes's operations is that not only did he carry his business to the point of excess, but that to burn a prize at all at sea is "piracy;" that is, an offence against the human race, of which the other belligerent may complain. Unhappily there is not another maritime power, as we have said, which has not burnt prizes—the captains of their cruisers being the sole judges of the necessity of the measure. We should gladly see the practice prohibited by agreement of all civilized countries, and have little doubt it will be; and it is a disgrace to civilization that such a man as Semmes should have a particle of legal justification for his course; but facts

are facts, and law is law. Dr. Henry's distinction as to prize courts we do not understand. Does he mean to say that Russia had no prize courts during the Crimean war, when her ports were hermetically sealed, or that the United States would have no prize courts if the "tripartite alliance" of the New York *Tribune* should institute a rigorous blockade of our ports? The doctrine that the blockade of a port is equivalent in the eye of the law to the physical destruction of the port seems to us a very dangerous one, especially for small powers, or powers with a small navy. Our own theory about Semmes, as we have frequently said, is that he was not a lawful belligerent; that the English proclamation did not, and could not, make him a lawful belligerent; and that his burnings were wholly illegal, but not "piratical," because, if they were, England would not be responsible for them. No Government can be held to answer for the depredations of a pirate. In discussing the question, therefore, from the point of view of those who have adopted Mr. Sumner's notion that the proclamation gave the *Alabama* a legal status, in spite of the facts of her history, we are discussing it for argument's sake only.—Ed. Nation.]

CORRUPTION IN THE MASSACHUSETTS LEGISLATURE.

To the Editor of the Nation:

Sir: In the *Nation* of June 17 an article, entitled "Railroads in the Legislatures," does great injustice to the Legislature of Massachusetts, to the management of her railroads, and to most of the respectable newspapers in that commonwealth. It begins with the assertion, "In the last days of the Massachusetts General Court, it is understood that one of the most gigantic of 'railroad combination' schemes—a scheme which gives two millions to one half-built road, three millions to another not even half-built, and to the rest no one precisely knows how much—that this scheme is going to be hustled through."

The whole and every part of that allegation is in substance untrue. The combination exists only in the imagination of the writer; it is strong evidence that there has been no such combination that one of the bills has been defeated, while the others—which, with some proper amendments, commend themselves to the judgment of most intelligent and unbiassed minds—have passed almost unanimously. The scheme does not, as you say, give two millions to a half-built road. It simply provides that the State shall lend its credit to the Boston, Hartford, and Erie Railroad to the amount of two million dollars, in consideration that the corporation shall purchase certain flats of the commonwealth and make upon them extensive and costly improvements, which it is believed will enhance the value of other flats of the commonwealth. The loan is to be secured by a mortgage of this and other flats and by a pledge of bonds. This is understood to be a plan devised by Governor Claflin for the benefit of the State and to reduce taxation, and he is not supposed to be wanting either in financial shrewdness or integrity.

The Boston and Albany Railroad is to receive, it seems, "no one knows precisely how much." It is to receive simply a right to get to deep waters on paying for the way, and it is well known that, so far from "combining" to get it, the directors are very reluctant to take the grant which the merchants of Boston have for years demanded for them.

The act incorporating the Northern Railroad Company is passed to secure economy and efficiency by consolidating several short roads, and proper restrictions have been put in to secure the public against the watering of stock. As the other bill has not been "hustled through," but rejected, it is unnecessary to consider its merits.

The statement that "one of the prominent railroad men of Massachusetts testified that he had presented a certain legislator with ten thousand dollars, as hush-money," is grossly unjust. The evidence is all printed, and your writer could have seen it. The money was not paid to a legislator, was not paid when the railroad had any bill before the Legislature, and had no reference whatever to legislation. It was a payment of a little more than ten thousand dollars to buy off a combination of brokers, who had formed a plan to depress the stock of the company.

The writer is "amazed" at the audacity of a committee which made a report that there is no such thing in the State as a corrupt influence on the part of railroads. That committee reported the facts as they appeared. They did not follow in the footsteps of a late Congressional investigating committee, and report, in substance, that there must have been bribery because they could find no evidence of it. It is a fact that the respectable papers of Boston endorse the report, and that the intelligent and honest men of Massachusetts, who know her railroad managers and her Legislature, believe it. It is easy to say that Governor Clifford, or the Stearnses, or Brown, or Coggswell, or Stark, or Chapin, or Eldridge, or some of them, have used corrupt means to secure legislation, but there is not a word of evidence to prove it; and those who know best the character of the Legislature and these men do not believe it.

It is true that most of them have employed men to influence legislation by communicating with legislators who are not upon committees. There are undoubtedly evils attending this, but as long as it is not only the right but the duty of legislators to get information from any proper source—from newspapers or from their constituents—and as long as committees do not report the evidence presented to them or the reasons on which they act, and as long as amendments to bills are acted upon without going to any committee, some kind of lobby will continue to be a necessity. No modern legislative assembly ever existed without it, and it is safe to say that none like ours ever will. Nothing has a stronger tendency to make lobby-men corrupt than to assume that every one who lobbies uses corrupt means.

The statement that the Railroad Committee "summons before it the financier, to whose legislative liberality we have already alluded, hears what he has to say, and, without another scintilla of evidence before it—without summoning either the State commissioners or any one except this person—reports a bill which gives five millions instead of three, and abolished the commission," is remarkable. The committee did examine several witnesses; but the fact that no one of the commissioners was summoned before the committee on this matter does certainly give cause for grave suspicion. This probably arose from the fact that the bill was reported and carried through as a part of an arrangement made by Governor Claflin and his Council for the sale and improvement of certain flats owned by the commonwealth. Under acts of the Legislature, these flats, which are near the terminus of the Boston, Hartford, and Erie Railroad, have been advertised for bids. In 1867, several bids were made, but, for various reasons, none were accepted. In 1868, they were again advertised, and there was only one bid; and Governor Bullock and a minority of the Executive Council were in favor of its acceptance, while Lieutenant-Governor, now Governor, Claflin opposed it, taking the ground that the terms offered were not high enough. The matter was fully and publicly discussed, and the bid was finally rejected, but under such circumstances that Governor Claflin was undoubtedly very desirous of selling the flats at a higher price. No purchaser at a satisfactory price could be found except the Boston, Hartford, and Erie Railroad Company. They have agreed in substance that if the State will lend its credit for $2,000,000, on a pledge of that amount of their bonds and a mortgage of the flats, they will pay the State three or four times as much as they paid for similar flats to private parties last fall. In substance, the State receives two or three times as much as any one else would give for the flats, and the railroad company receives par for $2,000,000 of its bonds, which it could have sold in the market at only about sixty. This is probably a good arrangement, pecuniarily, for both parties, and it was carried through as the Governor's measure. No one suspects his integrity in the matter.

You will pardon me for the length of this reply, but the importance of the matter seems to me to demand it. The "apathy of the public" under all charges of corruption is due in part to their wholesale and indiscriminate character. The people of Massachusetts do not believe their Legislature is corrupt, and will not sit easily under charges like those in your paper. **

Boston, June 21, 1869.

Notes.

LITERARY.

The Broad Churchmen have established an organ called the *Living Church*, of which the second number has appeared. Some of the ablest ministers of the school are among its contributors, and as the paper appeals to a class in the Episcopal Church which the movements of the Ritualists will doubtless rapidly enlarge, and—as an article in the last number indicates—inasmuch as one of its objects is to bring the Church into closer practical relations with the reformatory movements of the day—in other words, to make it much more of a social force than it has hitherto been in America—we have little doubt it will prosper. Its literary merits, as far as it has gone, are very considerable, and there is one in particular which is worth calling special attention to, and it is this: that the writing is tough and fibrous, and will bear pressing and pulling, which is more than can be said of that of many

of our religious contemporaries. Their greatest defect, if we may be allowed to say so, is the perfunctory air with which they discuss things—the signs of commercial fear of offending subscribers, or of saying the wrong thing, or of saying it in the wrong way, which appear in their articles—so that one does not always expect to find an earnest or thinking man behind the pen, but a good business manager, who knows what his customers do *not* want, and is determined to keep it faithfully from them. A religious organ, therefore, which should hit hard, without being abusive or personal—that is, fight as *men* can fight, and as none others do, with positive opinions—and should keep old sermons and cheap morality and the "potato gospel" out of its columns, would be a real gain to the community, and we think the *Living Church* gives very good promise of being such.

—The *Harvard Advocate*, the best of the collegiate periodicals, has been able to make two hundred dollars over and above its expenses during the past year; and in pursuance of its announced intention, has given that sum to the college to be used for the increase of the library. The books to be purchased are designated by the donors. It is in Williams College, we believe, that each class as it graduates makes the library a present of books, and the custom is perhaps a better one than that which the supporters of the *Advocate* are trying to establish at Cambridge. Chronic insolvency is the condition of too many college papers and magazines, but the classes are usually well enough off to make an annual gift of real value; and if the Cambridge classes are not, they might profitably retrench some such expenses (say) as those attendant on one of the most disagreeable of American college customs—the presentation of "the class cradle," a piece of furniture which is given to the first member of the class who shall become a father, and which, it is to be hoped, he and his wife receive with complacency. The *Advocate* is kindly spoken of, we see, by the Acting President, Doctor Peabody, who, taking a tone rather different from that usually adopted by misguided professors when speaking of undergraduates' periodicals, expresses the wish that the paper may become "the medium of communication between the teachers and students as to those subjects of common interest in which a college literary organ is an undoubted need." But this would be to spoil the paper for outside readers, at any rate; and we suppose there are no subjects, or very few subjects, upon which the professors cannot talk to the students to better advantage through the columns of some paper other than the undergraduates' own. As the *Advocate* stands, it is the mouthpiece of the students' discontents—so far as they have any; and the place for the exercise of their literary abilities; and, apart from all that, it is pleasant, too, as expressive of the humors of undergraduate life. To let in the Faculty as contributors would not improve it in any of these respects. However, there is not much danger, probably.

—Messrs. A. S. Barnes & Co., publishers of "Worman's Complete German Grammar," send us a copy of their *Educational Bulletin*, containing a reply, such as it is, to Prof. Fischer's first criticism of that text-book. In our allusion last week to this controversy, we implied that the publishers avoided meeting the specific allegations of their critic, which, of course, we should not have done if the *Bulletin* had been published at that writing, and had been in our hands. Without undertaking to side at every point with Prof. Fischer, we have no hesitation in saying that the Messrs. Barnes's reply is wholly inadequate to relieve Mr. Worman and his book from the serious charges of ignorance, carelessness, and plagiarism, while the tone of it is both undignified and discreditable. One-half of the *Bulletin* is wasted on a disingenuous statement of "facts," quotations from and lists of incompetent or unwary endorsers, and an advertisement of the Worman Series. In the remaining two pages, such points of Prof. Fischer's criticism are selected for answer as are thought capable of it, and those only, while the reader is left under the impression that space alone prevented a rejoinder to every item of allegation. Of course, the most is made of those cases in which the authorities differ, Mr. Worman, we remark, appearing to have no independent knowledge; but the authority on which he relies is often merely distorted into agreement with him. We may say, finally, that there is not a scholarly or pedagogic tribunal in the world that would not condemn the book and the author solely on his treatment of the word "Deutsch," either with or without the benefit of his "defence" of it.

—A very original and striking Revolutionary character is portrayed by himself in "Col. George Rogers Clark's Sketch of his Campaign in the Illinois, in 1778–9," published, with a portrait, as part of Messrs. Robert Clarke & Company's Ohio Valley Historical Series, already more than once referred to in these columns. The value of this campaign, and of Col. Clark's services generally along the Ohio, in extending the domain of the United Colonies, and afterwards of the United States, is probably not exaggerated by Mr. Pirtle in his Introduction to the sketch. Clark's military capacity was certainly of a high order, and it is seldom one reads of a commander possessing such boldness, resource, and tact. He understood perfectly, for military purposes, the Indian nature, and how to exhibit at the right time courageous defiance and magnanimity. "It may appear otherwise to you," he writes to the famous George Mason, of Virginia, "but I always thought we took the wrong method of treating with Indians, and strove as soon as possible to make myself acquainted with the French and Spanish mode, which must be prefferable to ours, otherwise they could not possibly have such great influence among them." This mode is illustrated a little further on: "Gave harsh language to supply the want of men; well knowing that it was a mistaken notion in many that soft speeches was best for Indians." The operations at Kaskaskia and Vincennes are described in a very graphic but truly modest manner—the march from the former fort to take the latter being one of extraordinary hardship and enterprise. The odd spelling of the French, Spanish, and Indian names mentioned by Clark, and his ordinary orthography too, make his narrative quite amusing. Some persons may guess what "Messicippa," "Laprarydrush" (La Prairie du Rocher), "Canoweay" (Kanawha), "adjutated," and "adgetation" stand for. Major Bowman's journal of the expedition against Vincennes is appended to Col. Clark's letter, and the notes of the editor of this volume add very much to its readableness and historical completeness.

—In the last number of the *Historical Magazine*, Mr. H. B. Dawson congratulates Massachusetts because, recently, at the Lowell Institute, there has been an "application by her own family physicians of literary poultices and sticking-plasters to her poor, old, tottering carcass." The doctors, having been called in by the friends of the patient, who, it seems, are much terrified at the injuries inflicted on her by Mr. Dawson, "proceeded to discharge the grave duties to which they had been respectively called—one probing a deep-seated mass of corruption, and relieving the patient's system of the long-accumulating rottenness of her pretended primitive '*Freedom* to worship God;' another applying the restorative of Roman and Grecian slave-codes, so much worse than the patient's," etc. We say Mr. H. B. Dawson; but quite as likely it is Mr. G. H. Moore who reports the sad condition to which Massachusetts is now reduced. Removing the figures of speech, we suppose that what the writer of the article means to say is that Judge Parker and Dr. George Ellis have recently been delivering some lectures in which they told things concerning the early history of their native State which have often been lost sight of by the ordinary run of our historians—a class of writers about whom it is perhaps easy to trouble one's self too much, but whom it is, after all, just as well sometimes to trouble in the way in which Mr. Moore and Mr. Dawson have for some years troubled the historical societies of New England. We are not sure, but not impossibly it is to the burning wrath of these two gentlemen that we owe these late researches and lectures that give the *Historical Magazine* so much pleasure; and we are, therefore, not too eager to find fault with them. Still, they sometimes—not to say habitually—go wrong, and commit various literary sins to which their attention should be called. For example, there is no good excuse for the writing of such a passage as this one, which we quote as we find it—italics, capitals, and all:

"The 'Puritan Fathers' of Massachusetts ARE ADMITTED to have been persecutors as well as prosecutors; and, *notwithstanding Dr. Washburne was pleased to* CONCEAL *the important paper which was previously sent to him and then remained in his hands*—the same that was published by us in our last number as the RITUAL OF SLAVE MARRIAGES IN MASSACHUSETTS—these Puritan Fathers ARE ADMITTED to have been man-stealers, man-whippers," etc., etc., etc.

Now, as a matter of fact, Professor Washburne, in his published lecture, refers in a foot-note to the important paper which the *Magazine* says was put in his hands, and the charge that he "CONCEALS IT" must not be listened to. Then, again, even if he had "concealed it," if he had taken not the least notice of it, there would have been no harm done; it is so far from being "important" for any purpose of controversy between Massachusetts and the rest of the world, that it is of no importance at all. Everybody knows that once there was slavery in Massachusetts; nobody ever supposed, we should hope, that, slavery being in existence in that religious commonwealth, there were not in regular use forms for slave marriages; suppose certain things in certain places, and you suppose certain incidents; so to lay hold at this time of day of a form which as it happens was used by this or that Massachusetts minister, and attempt to make it seem of extraordinary value as evidence that Massachusetts was once a slave State, is to show that one does not well understand the position of one's case. And

to charge Professor Washburne with fraudulently concealing evidence that would make against him is a piece of indecency, if the accuser knows that gentleman's reputation and character—and a piece of indecency, too, if he does not know it. It is such displays of party ill-temper and injustice that make people laugh at the *Historical Magazine* and cause its influence to be less than it should be. It is a work to be valued, for this reason if for no other, that it utters the protest of the rest of the country against the claims to respect which New England sometimes urges with more arrogance, so to speak, than good right. It does real service in this way, if in no other way, to American historiography. But it is frequently childish in its rages; it hurts its own cause by its heat and abusiveness; it cannot be unreservedly depended upon in its statement of facts, to say nothing of its inferences from facts; and not seldom it makes grossly unjust charges against the characters of men of probity and honor. Even as it is, we would not have it reformed altogether—reformed out of existence—but it is a great pity that it is not reformed into good manners at least, whether or not into perfect reasonableness. It is an honor to American periodical literature by reason of its erudition in its own field, and its devotion to historical research, but then, there is no denying it, it has also some characteristics which make it disgraceful to our journalism.

—The April number of the *Journal of the Ethnological Society of London* has for its opening paper an account of flint instruments from Oxfordshire and the Isle of Thanet, which may be recommended to the student of Cæsar or the student of English or North American history; and Sir John Lubbock's paper on stone implements from the Cape of Good Hope should also be read in connection with it. Both papers have illustrations. Mr. Howorth's paper on "The Westerly Drifting of Nomads" would be easier reading if its style were improved as one would think a proof-reader, *ex-officio*, would improve it. Mr. Westropp's paper on "Cromlech and Megalithic Structures," and Col. Lane Fox's extended remarks upon it, are good reading, and open up important vistas of prehistoric times. Dr. Hooker's paper on "Child-bearing in Australia and New Zealand" is an admirable compilation of scientific testimony on a subject which civilized peoples should not be above examining for light and guidance. Finally, we may call attention to Mr. Lamprey's method of measuring the human frame, and to the photograph of a young African from Sierra Leone in illustration of it.

THE VILLA ON THE RHINE.*

Compared with its predecessor, "On the Heights"—which is the only novel to which it bears sufficient likeness to make a comparison at all appropriate—"The Villa on the Rhine" does not seem to be a successful novel. It contains much powerful writing, however, and will be found interesting and suggestive reading even by people who do not usually occupy themselves with novels. Auerbach has some admirable qualities as a student of character, and has written works in which his powers as a story-teller and as a thoughtful observer of men and manners were the most obviously attractive features; although, so far as we know of his earlier works, there was always present in them the germ of such speculative moralizing as has of late years been the most prominent characteristic of all that he has written. The artist and the moralist in him seem to have kept pretty even step together up to the time of his writing "On the Heights," which sometimes seems to us the noblest and most charming of modern novels. The theme with which it deals—the rehabilitation of a fallen soul through such aids only as are offered by philosophy—was, we suppose, one which would be more naturally suggested to, and more temperately handled by, a man like Auerbach, who had passed through Judaism only on his road to philosophical speculation, than by a writer who, at any period of his life, had been accustomed to measure himself and others by more arbitrary standards. Certainly, the tone of the book, which was perfectly tolerant and unaggressive, was as admirable as its artistic treatment of the subject; and even readers who necessarily rebelled against its theory and its conclusions must have been charmed by its purity and its at times pathetic beauty. One objection which has been brought against it—that it has little or no value as a picture of actual human nature, and that the people who are most apt to sin are precisely the people who have no recuperative power—does not seem to us well founded, nor, even if it were true, to diminish the excellence of the book. Portrait-painting is not, after all, the most important work of art; and it is certain, also, that, although they drive a most flourishing business in it, a monopoly of sinning is not enjoyed by morally and intellectually weak people. There seems to us to have been utility as well as beauty in this presentation of the moral law, made plain by reason and enforced by sanctions which have over many minds more force than any others.

In his present novel, Auerbach discusses a problem fuller of suggestion, and at the same time more difficult, than that of "On the Heights:" Can a free man be educated without the aid of religion to a full recognition of, and a willing obedience to, the laws which govern civilized society? So stated, the question does not appear an overwhelmingly difficult one; but Auerbach, who shows himself in this case more moralist than novelist, increases the difficulty in various ways. He does not propose to show how a man with exceptionally good chances for raising a luxuriant crop of wild oats shall gather it without the aid of the approved implements, but how he shall be prevented from willing to sow it at all. Roland is made, in the first place, as absolutely free as a human being can be. He knows that he will inherit enormous wealth, and has neither the need for exertion nor the ordinary incentives to it. Although born in America, his father is a German; and until his fifteenth year, when he and his tutor are first presented to the reader, most of his time since his birth has been spent in travelling from one country to another, and he feels tied to none by either duty or affection. He must, however, be trained so that the duties of citizenship shall appear imperative to him, while he is still left at liberty to choose where he will fulfil them. He has been taught by his father's precept and example that wealth is the only power, that hypocrisy is the unfailing characteristic of all mankind, and that every one has his price. Yet he is to be made not only to recognize his duties to his kind, but to learn to identify his interests with theirs, and to use wealth wisely and unselfishly. He is to be made capable of resisting temptation, and up to the close of the novel he is never represented as yielding to it; indeed, he can hardly be said to be tried in any way.

It will be seen that our author has presented to himself a very difficult subject, and his peculiar fair-mindedness has prevented him from representing the difficulties at less than their real value. He shows no want of power until, after having stated the problem at great length, giving it nearly or quite a third of the novel, he attempts to solve it. Of course every reader will have his own opinion both as to the possibility of any adequate solution and of the value of the particular one offered by Herr Auerbach. Ours is that he complicated the matter in a needless fashion. Perfect virtue, which is a thing quite different from ignorant innocence, is not a plant of hardy growth, and cannot be produced except under limiting conditions. The conception of duty must come from the performance of duties; as Auerbach expresses it, "You can make spirits from grain, but not grain from spirits." A thoughtful man may deny the force of the ordinary sanctions of the moral law, and yet yield the law itself unquestioning and full obedience; but, setting aside the consideration that the church itself makes its saints out of sinners, and does more hospital than hygienic service, it seems absurd enough to suppose that any man can stand when all supports have been removed from him. And Auerbach carefully cuts away from under Roland's feet every sentiment of duty, and even, at last, such slight restraints as had been imposed by his natural filial ties. He leaves him, it is true, a passionate love for and confidence in his teacher; but this, if the thing is to have any permanent moral value, can only signify that without love and faith there can be no right education. Good citizens we must have, and good members of society; and it is impossible to give each of them a Herr Erich as a personal guide.

As to the modes of education suggested by the novel, they are, briefly: scientific instruction in the laws of nature and of human nature—the presentation of noble models; the endeavor to make plain the duties of man as a member of society; and, further, the cultivation of the sentiment of humanity or philanthropy—against which we have no objections to offer. Our statement, however, is a general one; in the novel the thing is stated specifically, and Roland is brought up on Benjamin Franklin and Theodore Parker, and gets a good deal of satisfaction and of moral impulse from Longfellow's "Hiawatha."

As a whole, the book disappoints us; and Auerbach shows himself less of a thinker and more of a sentimentalist than is altogether pleasant. Still, his novel contains some good thinking and some powerful statement, and is worth attention also as a study of character. His fairness and his shrewd observation give his characters great vitality; but, from one point of view from which most great novelists have studied life and character, his method of considering both appears to have cut him off—latterly at

* "The Villa on the Rhine. By Berthold Auerbach. Author's edition. With a Portrait of the Author, and a Biographical Sketch by Bayard Taylor." New York: Leypoldt & Holt. 1869.

"Villa Eden: The Country House on the Rhine. A Romance. By Berthold Auerbach. Translated by Charles C. Shackford." Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1869.

least—almost completely. He looks at human beings as almost absolutely free, depending for their virtue and their happiness not nearly so much upon others as upon themselves, and capable, if they will consider things fairly, of disentangling themselves from all but the necessary consequences of their own acts and those of others. On the heights of contemplation, that is, the opinions of one's neighbors do not weigh very heavily—which is true enough—but on those heights one loses a part of one's own weight also, which is regained on coming down to the ordinary level. It is possible to remain there long enough to write a novel, however, and so omit to take into consideration the tragedy which comes from the fate which obliges us to accept the good or evil opinions of our neighbors as part of the utterly unescapable consequences of our deeds. It seems probable, moreover, that the fact of Auerbach's birth and training as a Jew should have unconsciously disposed him to take the view of life which is peculiar to him. Accustomed to social ostracism without any accompanying feeling of guilt, a Jew might naturally set a lower value on social estimates, and a higher one on purely human worth, than people who have been accustomed to regard the one as, in most cases at least, the result of the other.

In an artistic point of view, also, "The Villa on the Rhine" does not seem to us a perfect success. It is a novel which depends for its interest mainly upon the suggestiveness of its central idea and the delineation of a few of its characters, and in no sense upon its plot, and but slightly upon its incidents. But its great length, which was necessary to the development of neither its idea nor its characters, and the multitude of personages who do nothing but distract the reader's attention, prevent a pleasant impression of the book as a whole. Then, too, there is much irrelevant matter—or what seems so—as, for instance, the chapter called "In the Brotherhood," where Freemasonry appears as the ultimate refuge of culture and humanity; and the conclusion falls flatly, is hastily written, and quite unworthy of much that preceded it.

As to the two translations, the differences are so slight that, taking chapter by chapter, there is little to choose between them. For our own part, we prefer the New York edition; the whole of the first part of it seems nearly unexceptionable; and afterwards, in critical passages, such as Sonnenkamp's confession, where a certain vigor and swing of expression are necessary, it seems to us at once more smooth and more forcible than Mr. Shackford's version.

THE LIFE OF AUDUBON.*

THE fact that Audubon, like all discoverers and explorers who have published an account of their labors, has been to so large an extent his own biographer, giving so many details of his doings and habits, and so many illustrations of his spirit and character, in the great work which is the monument of his fame, has perhaps made the public less eager for a life of him than it otherwise would have been. It is now eighteen years since his death, and this biography, edited by his widow, is the first and only one that has appeared. And this is essentially an autobiography, being made up almost entirely of extracts from his private journals, which seem to have been very copious and full, containing often a minute account of the doings of each day.

We learn from the introduction that this volume was first published in London in 1867, and that it comprises only about one-fifth of the matter which was placed in the hands of the publisher by the widow. We are further told that should Mrs. Audubon recover her MSS. from the London house, between whom and herself some unfortunate misunderstanding seems to have arisen, other volumes similar to the present one may be looked for. Within a reasonable limit, say to the extent of one more volume at least, we should be glad to see this purpose carried out, because the book before us is one of unquestionable interest and value, not only for its relation to the life of the illustrious naturalist, but also on account of the spirited and graphic pictures which it contains of the border and backwoods life of this country. If other matter equally good and entertaining remains, it should be given to the public.

Audubon lived in a period of our history which is fast receding from view, and of which the personal memoirs and portraitures are by no means abundant. He was a keen, sympathetic observer not merely of the birds and animals, but of men and things generally; and, though by no means a first-class literary workman, there are yet at times wonderful vividness and truth about some of his off-hand sketches which, of their kind, it would not be easy to match. How clearly the coon-hunter of Kentucky, loading his rifle, stands before one in the following passage:

"The hunter has taken an axe from the wood-pile, and, returning, assures us that the night is clear, and that we shall have rare sport. He blows through his rifle to ascertain that it is clear, examines his flint, and thrusts a feather into the touch-hole. To a leathern bag swung at his side is attached a powder-horn; his sheathed knife is there also; below hangs a narrow strip of home-spun linen. He takes from his bag a bullet, pulls with his teeth the wooden stopper from his powder-horn, lays the ball on one hand, and with the other pours the powder upon it until it is just overtopped. Raising the horn to his mouth, he again closes it with the stopper, and restores it to its place. He introduces the powder into the tube, springs the box of his gun, greases the 'patch' over some melted tallow, or damps it, then places it on the honeycombed muzzle of his piece. The bullet is placed on the patch over the bore, and pressed with the handle of the knife, which now trims the edges of the linen. The elastic hickory rod, held with both hands, smoothly pushes the ball to its bed: once, twice, thrice has it rebounded. The rifle leaps as it were into the hunter's arms, the feather is drawn from the touch-hole, the powder fills the pan, which is closed. 'Now I am ready,' cries the woodsman."

It is worthy of note that neither of the great American ornithologists was in the strict sense an American. Wilson was a Scotch weaver, who came to this country when a young man; and Audubon, though born in Louisiana, then a French colony, passed his youth, and was educated, in France, of which country his father was a native. His mother was a Spanish lady. Wilson brought out his work in this country, but Audubon was compelled to seek the patronage of British capital.

Audubon seems to have conceived his passion for ornithology while a youth in France, where he received lessons in drawing from David, and first exercised his hand in tracing objects of natural history. He also made collections of European birds, and displeased his father, who was a rigid disciplinarian, by his wild and wandering habits. His subsequent career presents a series of experiences and adventures remarkably curious and animated. At the age of seventeen we find him, a gay, handsome youth, established in the country on one of his father's estates, called Mill Grove, in the vicinity of Philadelphia, passing his time in hunting, fishing, drawing, attending balls and parties, and raising all sorts of fowls. He is an admirable marksman, an expert swimmer, a good dancer and skater, plays on the flute and violin, is skilled in training dogs, and in stuffing and preserving animals and birds, has great bodily strength, and great beauty of form and feature. At this age he was preposterously fond of dress, and loved to hunt in black satin breeches, pumps, and ruffled shirts, obtained from Paris.

This is his May-day, his flowering season, and the efflorescence is quite extraordinary; but the bitter winds and storms and the nipping frosts are sure to follow. He marries at the age of twenty-eight, moves to the West, and in various business ventures at Louisville and Hendersonville his property, which is considerable, is entirely swept away, mainly because of his own preoccupation and distaste for business. Then follows the Æneid of his life—his wanderings in the West and South-west; his struggles to earn a livelihood, which he does as a crayon portrait-painter and teacher of drawing; his passionate pursuit of his beloved birds; his adventures in Kentucky and along the Mississippi—twelve checkered years, putting his patience and purpose to the severest tests, but rich in ornithological studies and experiences. At one time, in New Orleans, he is too poor to buy a book to write his journal in; but, on hearing that an expedition is talked of to survey the boundary line between Mexico and the United States, his spirits revive, and, thirsting for new fields of adventure, he writes to President Monroe for an appointment as draughtsman and naturalist to the expedition. The project lightens his heart instantly, and in imagination he sees the new and rare birds which await him in those unexplored regions. He seeks a recommendation from Vanderlyn, the historical painter, then living in New Orleans, and, with the perspiration streaming down his face, the obscure naturalist opens his portfolio, and lays his drawings out before the critical eye of the famous artist. Vanderlyn is impressed, and gives him a complimentary note, evidently feeling that he is not the mendicant he at first sight took him to be. But, unluckily, Audubon does not go to the Pacific, and, a few years later, desperately bent on improving his financial condition, he turns dancing-master at Bayou Sara, where his wife holds a position as governess. His music and instructions are appreciated, and his pecuniary prospects brighten. On one occasion he is requested by his delighted pupils and their festive parents to dance to his own music, which he does till the whole room comes down in thunders of applause.

He is forty-six years old before his own earnings, added to those of his brave and hopeful wife, furnish him with the little capital with which he hopes to take the first step toward publishing his drawings. Meeting only with discouragement in this country, he sets sail for England, where he arrives in July, 1826.

* "The Life of John James Audubon. By Mrs. J. J. Audubon." New York: G. P. Putnam & Son. 1869.

The story of his labors and trials, and his final complete success abroad, as told by himself in this volume, is specially interesting, but we have no room to detail it here. His drawings are published by subscription, and in a style that eclipses anything of the kind before known. When completed, he undertakes in Edinburgh his "American Ornithological Biography," the first volume of which is brought out in 1831, and which is also a great success. Before the final completion of his works, he makes several return visits to this country, and extends his rambles North, South, and West in quest of new material. In 1846, the first volume of his "Quadrupeds of North America" is published, but he is not able to complete the work. His mind and strength fail him, and in January, 1851, he passes peacefully away. The second volume of the "Quadrupeds" is mostly prepared by his sons Victor and John, and has been published since their father's death.

We find no confirmation in this volume of the story generally current that two hundred of Audubon's first drawings were destroyed by mice while stowed away in a chest in Philadelphia. The only allusion to any accident to his works is in his journal of March, 1822, where he says that he "opened a chest with two hundred of my bird portraits in it, and found them sorely damaged by the breaking of a bottle containing a quantity of gunpowder." A fact of such moment as the total destruction of the labor of years would certainly not have been passed over in silence by his widow, who must have known of such an occurrence.

Audubon seems to have been a flowing, picturesque character, not profound or imposing, but ardent, luxuriant, and genuine, and reaching his goal through great hardship and difficulties less by force of will and iron tenacity of purpose than by his copious animal spirits and his unquenchable enthusiasm. He is indeed the ideal of the hunter-naturalist, and the halo of romance surrounds his whole career. Ordinary worldly people looked upon him as more than half-mad, and his long hair and beard and his strange goings and comings confirmed them in the theory; but he was only madly in love with his pursuit—his ideal. He had the stuff in him of which poets and prophets are made; and in his enthusiasm, his impressibility, his unworldliness, his simplicity, his love of nature, his good faith, etc., he suggests and is allied to some of the finest characters in history. He had a lively and a picturesque but not a profound or comprehensive, sense of things; on hearing Sidney Smith preach he was led to think more deeply, he said, than ever before in his life.

However, he was, perhaps, just what he should have been for the work he had undertaken. His inspiration was genuine; and we mean no dispraise when we say that love of nature and of copying natural forms, rather than the love of science, was the mainspring of his career. To his delight in the rod and gun and in wild sports and rambles, his ambition to do something for science came as the finish and crown, utilizing and sanctifying the whole. And herein we have an important clue to his success. In the pursuits of natural history, above all others, a born lover of the chase for its own sake, and of the exhilarations of streams and woods, has a great vantage-ground to begin with. This vantage-ground Audubon originally had, though, as stated, his passion in the end was entirely bent into the service of science.

His work is most unrivalled, perhaps, in the department in which his artist faculty for copying nature comes into play—namely, in his drawings. It is here that he distances Wilson and all other competitors at home or abroad. The more his drawings are studied by the light of nature, the more wonderful will appear their spirit and truth. He not only paints the form and color of the bird, but its manners also. Its most characteristic and instantaneous attitude is seized with a grace and a completeness all but marvellous. There is no end to the observations that may be made upon the birds, or to the biographies of them that may be written; but all future artists in this field will copy more or less Audubon's groups and figures.

In painting the birds with his pen he does not achieve the same relative success. His ear is less skilled than his eye. His "Ornithological Biography" is a monument of industry and acute observation, and its value in that particular field is beyond price; but the reader may be excused if he feels at times that many unimportant facts are given—facts which are not characteristic or interesting, and which do not help him to identify and "place" that particular species. His style is generally graphic and well-timed, yet it seldom rises into any literary importance, while it occasionally degenerates into a goody-goody strain, that may do credit to his heart but not to his head. Nuttall, though he lacked Audubon's ambition and enthusiasm, had a much more discriminating ear, and is far more successful in reporting the characteristic notes and songs of the different birds.

Compared with Wilson, Audubon has not only the advantage of being much the superior draughtsman, but his text is much more copious and full, and his list of species fuller. Wilson began to publish at a much earlier day relatively to his studies and observations. Audubon's researches not only extended over a longer period of time, but comprised within their range a much larger extent of territory. In point of accuracy of observation and manner of presentation, there is not much choice between them.

Audubon was twenty-eight years old when Wilson began to publish, and though he had then long been known among his friends and acquaintances as an ardent naturalist, he seems never to have heard of Wilson or his book until the latter came into his store in Louisville in 1810. Neither had Wilson any knowledge of Audubon, and he opened his eyes very wide when the Louisville merchant, from whom he wanted only a subscription to his work, showed him a collection of drawings superior to his own, and containing birds he had never seen or heard of. It is evident that Wilson thenceforth looked upon Audubon with a jealous eye. He was silent to all of Audubon's generous offers, treated him coldly when they met afterward in Philadelphia, and in the ninth volume of his "American Ornithology" speaks of his visit to Louisville in terms unusually severe, and conveys an impression very wide from the truth, if Audubon is to be credited.

In person Audubon was finely formed, and in his mature life, with his hair falling to his shoulders, his open throat, his keen eye, and animated movements, was a figure of mark wherever he appeared. In the streets of Edinburgh he attracted much notice, and says that his hair gave him as much notoriety as his drawings did. He was perhaps a little boyish and immature in certain phases of his character, and his eagerness for fame, which occasionally breaks out in his journal, is hardly consistent with his really noble and fervid aspirations. But it must be remembered that he has not the cold reserve and the caution of the Anglo-Saxon character, and the stories of his vanity and self-glorification have their origin in his boyish frankness and a certain transparency, rather than in any undue preponderance of conceit. Take him all in all, he is one of the most striking figures in our history, while the service he has rendered to ornithology surpasses perhaps the work of any other one man who ever lived.

CURRENT FRENCH LITERATURE.

REGNIER, one of the few French writers of the sixteenth century whose fame has survived the poetical hecatombs of Boileau, and one of the very few whose *verve* and originality have brought his productions down to our day, through modifications of style, of language, and of customs, is now honored by a new edition of his complete works—"Œuvres de Mathurin Regnier: texte original avec notice, par L. Courbet." An old man at thirty, and dying at forty, Regnier unfortunately leaves in his poetry too many traces of the irregularities that sent him to an early grave, and made Boileau denounce the

> ———"son hardi de ses rimes cyniques
> Qui alarmait souvent les oreilles pudiques."

The Duc d'Aumale's historical work, "L'Histoire des Princes de Condé au seizième et dix-septième siècles," is at last out. It was ready for publication more than two years ago; but on the 19th of June, 1867, the entire edition in the hands of its publisher, M. Lévy, was seized by the Prefect of Police. A lawsuit resulted, which has been lately decided in favor of the plaintiffs, the Duc d'Aumale and M. Lévy. The materials used for the work, consisting of letters and papers of the family, and documents of every kind from the archives of Geneva, Rome, Simancas, Paris, and the State Paper Office of London, are particularly full and rich. Louis, son of Charles Vendôme, born in 1530, was the heir of the house of Condé. Its last descendants died in 1830, making precisely three centuries covered by this history. Each of these centuries has for the Condés its culminating points: the first in the religious wars, the second in the Fronde, and the third in the French Revolution. In all these great events the Condés participated, and generally as leading actors. The royal author merits high praise for industry, clearness, and impartiality; apparently he rises above all prejudice of caste and family; as, for instance, in the passage where he denounces the treachery of Louis in surrendering Havre and Calais to the English ("Condé accepta le honteux marché") and justly brands the memories of Condé and Coligny for their participation in the treachery.

M. Paul Féval's "Les Parvenus" is not a decided success, although containing some good passages, one of the livelier and more ingenious of

which is in the preface, *à propos* of the title. "Why is it that this word 'parvenu' is not the most admirable of all the words alphabetically arranged in our dictionaries? What, after all, does this word express, if not successful and victorious efforts, obstacles overcome, journey completed, mountain ascended, and its steepest heights scaled? Why is it that in our language a word so triumphant as this should be one of reproach? We might say to our language that she herself is a *parvenue*, the daughter of such parvenus as Montaigne, Malesherbes, Corneille, Molière, and Bossuet. And our language might reply that the Academy founded by a parvenu for parvenus sanctions the abuse, and that a beautiful language, like a pretty woman, has the privilege of indulging in caprices."

The student of Grecian history will recollect the unpleasant surprise with which he comes upon a noted void in its narration precisely at one of the most important epochs of its entire annals. Herodotus, Thucydides, and Xenophon, closely following each other, present an unbroken chain of historical events from the heroic period down to about 360 B.C., the date of the accession of Philip of Macedon. For Alexander and his successors there is no want of chroniclers, but for the period from 360 to 336 B.C., we are without the testimony of any contemporary historian. The mere biography of Demosthenes is far from giving us a sufficiently clear idea of this period of a quarter of a century, in which, slowly but surely, the servitude of Greece was prepared. It does not connect the main events of the life of the great orator with the general history of the time. Plutarch is far from filling the void; other writers of antiquity, Dionysius of Halicarnassus, Lucian and Libanius, have looked upon Demosthenes rather as the orator than the statesman, and general historians, such as Photius and Suidas, throw no light upon him. Nevertheless, M. Boullée, the author of the "Histoire de Demosthène" before us, claims that we have an admirable historian contemporary with the epoch of Philip and Demosthenes; we have Demosthenes himself. The result of M. Boullée's learned, critical, and penetrating study of his subject is a connected history of the period referred to—a luminous exposition of the personages, events, and political manners of the period.

"The Man with the Iron Mask" is the subject, and, probably, the title of an announced work by M. Marius Topin—the opening chapters of which have appeared in the *Correspondant*. By long and careful study of all the official papers and despatches relating to the famous masked prisoner of state, from 1660 to 1710, M. Topin announces that he has succeeded in solving the iron mask problem, so long and fruitlessly labored upon, although he does not as yet reveal the name of its wearer. The work proceeds by elimination; taking up in succession all for whom the mask has been claimed, and disposing of their several pretensions. Of these claimants, the number is so large that our historical and material patience will be sorely tried before the name is announced. M. Topin is by no means a beginner in historical research. His "Panegyric of Cardinal de Retz" and his "L'Europe sous Louis XIV." were both crowned by the Academy.

The latest work of M. Brasseur de Bourbourg is entitled "Quatre Lettres sur le Mexique." Since the *fiasco* of the Abbé Domenech, the results of French authorship in Mexican antiquities are so hesitatingly received that the reputation of M. de Bourbourg for successful and scientific investigations is absolutely requisite to give the present volume any authority at all. He has already given to the scientific world seven enormous volumes, remarkable for their erudition and ingenuity, if not for their philological soundness, in the field of Mexican and Central American history and philology. These four letters form the eighth volume of the series. Referring to the opinion of Oppert on the aborigines of Europe anterior to the Aryans, and to the method successfully employed by that philologist to discover in the Latin and Greek languages the proportion of Semitic and other roots, M. de Bourbourg states that he has made a similar calculation for the Latin in connection with the languages of the Mexico-Guatemalan group, and he finds that America has the decided advantage not only in the majority of Latin roots unknown to the Aryans, but also in a large number of Sanscrit roots. He adds that Bopp and Chavée do not, in fact, look upon the Sanscrit as a mother tongue. From this it results that, for M. de Bourbourg, the New World is the Old. That the ancient myths of the two continents are analogous he had already endeavored to show. He had remarked the complete connection of these myths in Mexican theology, while those of Europe were mere disjointed fragments. This opinion has been expanded into demonstration, as he thinks, by the translation of an old Mexican manuscript whose text he has at length deciphered. This MS. is the well-known "Historia de los Reyes de Colhuacan y Mexico" of the Boturini Collection, otherwise known as the "Codex Chimalpopoca." Hieroglyphic copies of it have survived the destructions of the Conquest. One of them, the "Troano," is in the Royal Library at Dresden.

"Un Naufrage Parisien," by Claude Vignon, is a story of the social life of to-day in Paris, and a sad one. It is well told, and worth reading.

"La France sous la Terreur" is an historical *étude* by Ernest Merson. Appreciations of the French Revolution abound in the literature of every language. Few of them, though, are more thorough and more damaging than that of one of its greatest admirers and boldest advocates—we mean Louis Blanc. "Liberty was indeed a lie when she was invoked axe in hand. Equality sent a cold shudder through even its admirers when it simply meant equality on the scaffold. Fraternity, a hollow enigma when men in its name slaughtered each other."

"La Vie de Madame Elizabeth," by M. A. de Beauchesne, tells the story of the unfortunate sister of Louis XVI. who underwent the same revolutionary martyrdom suffered by her brother and Marie Antoinette. The work contains some interesting documents of the Reign of Terror, now for the first time published.

"Études sur la Poésie Latine" is by M. Patin, a member of the French Academy and Dean of the Faculty of Letters. His work is not, as the title might lead us to suppose, a mere collection of extracts, but a succession of treatises as rich in thought as in material. The second part of the work, in which the author analyzes in detail the most remarkable specimens of early Roman literature, is of striking merit, and many of its chapters, previously published from time to time in the *Journal des Savans*, have attracted the attention of German and English classical scholars. His essay in particular, on Lucilius, which is based on the few fragments that have survived of this earliest satirical Latin poet, is a model of literary analysis and redundant erudition. M. Patin shows him cited and eulogized by Cicero, Horace, Persius, and Juvenal, by the early apologists of Christianity, and by Lactantius, who refers to Lucilius as one of the first interpreters of pagan wisdom. He almost reconstructs the vital body of the pagan poet's creation from the few skeleton remains, chiefly preserved by grammarians for reasons purely grammatical. In like manner, he almost restores Livius Andronicus, Nævius, Ennius, Pacuvius, Afranius, and others, and this not merely as a matter of grammar and rhetoric, but from the standpoint of philosophical study of the ideas, passions, and essential characteristics of antiquity.

The new "Dictionnaire Japonais-Français" is mainly translated from the Japanese and Portuguese Dictionary originally compiled by the Jesuits, printed by them at Nagasaki in 1605, and subsequently at Manilla in 1630. The present work was commenced under the patronage of M. Drouyn de Lhuys, formerly Minister of Foreign Affairs. The publishers—MM. Didot & Co.—have lately made enquiry here as to the probable sale in the United States for a Japanese-English Dictionary which they intend to publish, with reference to the probable demand for such a work expected to arise from the openin of trade between Japan and our Pacific coast. Some sale for such a work there would doubtless be; but it seems improbable that the American demand would of itself justify the publication of it. It would take up a certain number of copies; but we should say that, to dispose of an edition, the publisher should have some other reliance.

The "Étude sur les Maladies Éteintes et sur les Maladies Nouvelles" by Professor Anglada, of Montpellier, is a work most interesting not only to the special but to the general student of science. Professor Anglada is a believer in *vitalism*; that is to say, in the doctrine that maladies are determined not only by accidental circumstances, but are often the result of the mere evolution of life or vitality in any given temperament. He begins by establishing the difference between maladies of *reaction* and maladies of *affection*. The first are those whose primary phenomenon is a morbid manifestation immediately answering to an exterior injurious impression, as, for instance, the poison of deleterious miasma or an inflammation of the lungs resulting from cold. These are *reactive* maladies. Our organization reacts against them, and the resulting fever is one of its modes of reaction. *Affective* maladies, on the contrary, represent a general morbid condition of slow and gradual growth, whose origin is ordinarily obscure, intangible. No connection can be traced between them and ordinary morbid influences. In vital activity itself must be sought the cause of the change effected in the normal condition of the functions and organs. Thus, gout and cancerous affections, except in rare cases, are never the result of an exterior stimulant. Are there maladies that disappear never again to be seen? Are there others that, for the first time, make their appearance? These are questions we cannot answer. Is the source of *affective* maladies perennial, and are we to expect new ones as long as the

human race exists? Charles Bærsch, of Strasbourg, asks—since there are races of animals and of vegetables that no longer exist in their primitive form, and we daily see their gradual transformation around us—why should there not be historical maladies just as there are fossil animals and vegetables? Why should not new and temporary diseases arise from temporary circumstances, just as new varieties of plants and animals come into existence? And admitting that this assertion of new generations and transformations in the animal and vegetable kingdoms cannot be controverted, can the same assertion be made concerning maladies? That is the question; and it can only be decided by examination of the facts. But there lies the difficulty. It is not as easy as it might be supposed, with the testimony of history before us, to pronounce with certainty on the novelty of a morbid manifestation until then undetermined, nor on the disappearance of a form well known and established. This is no question concerning our ordinary maladies, to which men in all ages appear to have been subject, and which continue to afflict humanity without interruption; that is to say, neither rheumatism, nor apoplexy, nor cancer, nor gravel, nor phthisis, nor consumption. These diseases are tributes that poor humanity seems destined to pay everywhere and in all ages; and if they had a beginning, as doubtless everything human has, their origin is lost in the night of ages, and is confounded with that of society itself. No: the question is as to those pests which, under the name of epidemics, come at long intervals to scourge and desolate the earth. M. Anglada treats with erudition and eloquence the histories of the pest of Athens, the Antonine pest, those of the third and eighth centuries, the eruptive epidemics of the same epoch, the gangrenous epidemic of the Middle Ages, the black plague of the fourteenth, the sweating sickness of the fifteenth, and, finally, of the cholera in the nineteenth century. He is of opinion that these horrible things will never again recur, and that they have disappeared from the face of the earth. But who can answer for this, and what surety have we that the English sweating sickness, now dead three centuries, may not again revive? Length of interval is not a sufficient protection, and nothing proves that a conjunction of certain climatic conditions and certain deleterious influences may not again bring it forth. The cholera, now some thirty years old, has for a time disappeared, but who can say not to return? Among new diseases, M. Anglada's history of the small-pox is a most interesting chapter. Its advent is fixed in the sixth century (570), although the erudite Littré, with his characteristic reserve, declines to say positively that this disease was unknown to antiquity. Freind, the historian of medicine, affirms it positively to the contrary, and is supported by Mead and by Sydenham. A fresh and striking argument is also presented by M. Anglada. It is, substantially, that if such a disease as small-pox existed among the ancients, it is impossible that they should have passed over in silence the marks and cicatrices that characterize it. Among a people who worshipped the human form and erected altars to beauty, the physical degradation worked by this terrible disease would have raised a concert of maledictions, the echoes of which must certainly have been transmitted to us by the writers of Greece and of Rome. The Latin satirists especially, who appeared to take special delight in the portraiture of cutaneous diseases and the hideous stigmata with which they mark their victims, would never have neglected the opportunity of allusions to "colander visages." Leprosy M. Anglada looks upon as nearly extinct, although in the thirteenth century there were two thousand lepers in France, and nineteen thousand in Europe: that it is not quite extinct, however, and is to be found in all quarters of the earth, is still true.

"Paris en 1794 et 1795, Histoire de la rue, du club et de la famine," is a new book by C. A. Dauban, a writer not now for the first time at work on the French Revolution as a theme. Last year appeared his "Demagogie en 1793," of which the present work is in reality the supplement. The history here presented, which covers the end of the Reign of Terror, the Thermidorean reaction, and the last days of the Convention, is not taken from the proceedings of the Convention, nor from Government bulletins, but from the events of the street and the Jacobin clubs. The author cites several letters of Gouverneur Morris to George Washington, describing what he saw of the Revolution, and gives letters of Santerre, Kleber, Baron Trenck, and others. His documents and citations form the most valuable part of his work. His material is certainly excellent. Too many of his 600 pages, though, are filled with digression and declamation, in which he makes display of no very enormous capacity for the writing of history.

Seats and Saddles, Bits and Bitting. By Major Francis Dwyer, Austrian Hussars. (Philadelphia: Lippincott & Co.)—The spring of 1869 will be memorable as a season unusually productive of sporting books of all kinds and of works on the horse. Indeed, if the production of works of the former class continue to increase as is promised, we shall shortly have a sporting book to each game-bird of the country and on every kind of fire-arm, and unpractised young maids may go out with a full descriptive list and kill creatures they have never seen in the flesh.

Amid the desert of such books we find a very bright sort of an oasis in the work of Major Dwyer. Beside the introductory chapter, which is an essay on various styles of riding and uses of the bit, we have in Part I., subdivided into chapters, a thorough treatise on the horse itself; on the saddle and its influence on the seat; on seats and the military seat. Part II. treats of bits and bitting—the general principles of bitting; of the various forms of bits, nosebands, halters, and bridles, and of a new method, invented by the Major, of measuring the mouth for the bit. Part III. treats of the cure and prevention of restiveness in horses, and is the most valuable and instructive portion of the whole book; it deals with the subject in a manner entirely original, and is in direct opposition to the established practice of the modern horsemen and grooms—the latter a class of beings bigoted to the last degree. In view of the growing taste in the Eastern and Middle States for equestrianism, we recommend every one about to mount himself to purchase and carefully read Major Dwyer's little book, and we are greatly mistaken if thereafter more men than before do not sit, ride, and manage their horses with more comfort to themselves and the beasts, than if the new riders trusted to the light of nature or the advice of the average instructor.

Aspen Court. By Shirley Brooks, author of "The Gordian Knot," "Sooner or Later," etc. (Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1869.)—For a clever man who knows certain parts of his business tolerably well—who has, for instance, a knack of expressing himself clearly, and an air of knowing what he is about, and the faculty of describing, with much show of detail and accuracy, characters which have, however, no actual or possible reality—Mr. Shirley Brooks is as unsatisfactory a writer as we remember. One reason for this—in the case of the present novel, at least—is to be looked for in his constant use of absurdly illegitimate means for the production of his effects; as, for instance, where Paul Chequabent, on attempting to purloin some valuable papers belonging to his employer, is prevented from entering the strong room by a hyena, who has been "in a kind of a casual way" locked up there for one night only. The hyena is, in its turn, accounted for by the introduction, in an early chapter of the novel, of a sleeping partner in the law firm by which Paul is employed, who amuses his leisure by maintaining a private menagerie at his country-seat.

Another case in point is the skeleton placed by a mad priest in one of the rooms at Aspen Court, and so arranged that it shall be impossible for the new inmates to avoid coming suddenly upon it. Of course they do so come upon it, and, of course again, little Amy is frightened by it into a consumption of the lungs, in the course of which her flesh becomes lambent and phosphorescent and what not. It appears to us that such machinery is too cumbrous, and the effects sought to be produced too vulgarly sensational, to be employed by a writer who, in his general tone and manner, lays claim to such knowledge of his art and of life in general as does Mr. Brooks. The exigencies of serial writing—"Aspen Court" was, we think, first printed as a serial several years ago—may be pleaded as partial extenuation of faults of this description, or it might be if most of the best novels of late years had not been published in the same form, and if it were not also true that there are not only legitimate effects which may be created by a novelist, but legitimate means of creating them. Mr. Brooks, however, seems never to know when or in what way he is trenching on forbidden grounds. He has, too, a sort of whining morality—to give it a bad name—and, altogether, the experiment of reprinting him does not seem to have been very well worth the making.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Authors.—Titles.	*Publishers.—Prices.*	
Auerbach (B.), Villa Eden	(Roberts Bros.)	$2 00
" " Part III., swd	" "	0 50
Burgon (Rev. J. W.), England and Rome	(E. P. Dutton & Co.)	
Forster (J.), Walter Savage Landor	(Fields, Osgood & Co.)	3 50
Kingsley (H.), Stretton: a Tale, swd	(Harper & Bros.)	0 40
Latrobe (J. H. B.), Hints for Six Months in Europe	(J. B. Lippincott & Co.)	
Leland (C. G.), Hans Breitmann's Ballads, with Glossary	(T. B. Peterson & Bros.)	2 00
Loomis (Prof. E.), Elements of Astronomy	(Harper & Bros.)	
My Daughter Elinor: a Tale, swd	" "	1 25
Newby (Mrs. C. J.), Married: a Tale, swd	(Turner Bros. & Co.)	0 50
Southworth (Mrs. E. D. E. N.), The Bride's Fate: a Tale	(T. B. Peterson & Bros.)	1 75
Steele (J. D.), A Fourteen Weeks' Course in Astronomy	(A. S. Barnes & Co.)	
Thackeray (W. M.), The Virginians	(Fields, Osgood & Co.)	1 25
Watson (J. W.), Beautiful Snow, and other Poems	(Turner Bros. & Co.)	1 25

The Nation.

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The Week.

SINCE our last issue, news comes that the capture of the *Catherine Whiting* was a heavier blow to the Cuban Junta than it had previously received, although the police have been very busy with it of late, and most of its members have been in jail and have had to find bail-bonds more than once. District-Attorney Pierrepont having learned that two (or three) steam-tugs had sailed up the Sound, telegraphed for orders, and was answered by Secretary Fish that the men were to be captured and turned over to Admiral Godon, at Brooklyn. This was done, the tugs having spent a good deal of time in the Sound waiting for the *Whiting*, the men meantime starving for food and water. Some of the talk about American sympathy would be quieted a good deal by running over the list of the prisoners' names; the very large majority of the hundred and fifty of them were Cubans, and of the other score or two most were Irishmen, while American names are of very rare occurrence. The leading spirits of the expedition seem to have been Colonels Ryan and Byron—apparently typical Irishmen, full of courage and adventurousness, and with as much coolness on some occasions as heat on others. After Byron's capture he twice, it is said, attempted in vain to make his escape, and then, nothing daunted, tried it a third time and succeeded—as some say, by coolly taking his place in a boat which was bringing away Marshal Barlow and a couple of newspaper reporters from the Navy Yard. Meantime there seems to be nothing of consequence from Cuba, unless there shall turn out to be some truth in a story which is told by the *Times*, and which might give things a black look for Spain. It is to the effect that of two "filibusters" who were executed by the Spanish authorities the other day, one, Speakman by name, was a sailor, who declared that he had shipped in the *Grapeshot* for a voyage to Falmouth; that he knew nothing of the voyage to Cuba till he was at sea; that he was left on Cuban territory against his will; that he would not join the filibusters after the vessel's departure; and that he surrendered to the Spaniards at the first opportunity. He was shot, however—the American consul at Santiago laboring hard, it is said, to save his life, and the British consul assisting.

General Barlow, the United States Marshal in this city, is having a curious experience. The Republican organization is split into two sections, one known as the "Twenty-third Street Gang," headed by Charles S. Spencer, Esq., of the criminal bar, whose acquaintance with the "inside of politics" is probably surpassed by that of no other citizen of any bar whatever. The other section is of inferior influence and ability, and has its headquarters we believe in Twenty-second Street, and wages an unequal war with the Spencer "gang." The zeal of both, however, for the rights of man, for the extension of the area of freedom, and their hearty hatred of tyrants are such as would draw tears of admiration from a gorgon or other fabulous animal. Under their auspices, we need hardly say, the Republican party in this city is a great, flourishing, and aggressive body, much respected by all who know it. The State and municipal offices it allows to be divided amongst our foreign-born citizens of the Democratic party, partly to attach them more firmly to the country of their adoption, and partly to make them more familiar with the working of our political machinery; the Federal offices it endeavors to keep for itself. Marshal Barlow, however, who is a crotchety man, with little experience of "politics," and a most ridiculous sense of personal honor, and a kind of simple, feminine respect for duty, has appointed his deputies as he pleased, selecting them from various parts of the State, and with reference to their fitness solely. On hearing of this outrage, the two "gangs," whose combined force is known as "the Republican Central Committee," visited him by deputation, and enquired of him what he meant, and whether he was really going to pay heed to their recommendations for office or not; to which he made a saucy reply, to the effect that he was not responsible to them, and would do as he pleased. They have accordingly met, considered his case, and have asked the President to remove him for bad manners and indifference to party traditions.

We are waiting for the result with considerable anxiety, because it is quite plain that if General Barlow's offence should be passed over, there is no knowing to what lengths the disobedience of officials may go. What will become of the "workers" if there is uncertainty that the recommendations of committees, editors, and prominent politicians will be attended to? Is there not danger that we shall see before long a large body of "faithful men," now usually supported gratis by the public, engaged in some form of useful but repulsive industry? The Albany *Journal*, commenting on the affair, indulges, we regret to say, in some disgraceful abuse of Mr. Spencer, of whose conduct, career, and character, and, indeed, of those of the whole Republican committee, it takes a low and ill-natured view. The Hartford *Courant*, on the contrary, says that the course of the committee "seemed to the members just and wise"—of which, we suppose, nobody entertained any doubt—but that "it will not bear the test of criticism." That depends, however, on who the critic is. It *will* bear the criticism of a "practical man," who understands party management; it will not and was never expected to bear the criticism of visionary people like the *Courant*, whose childish admiration of the man Barlow is really pitiable. The damning fact that the latter has disregarded "party claims" remains, and cannot be explained away by any shallow and flippant sophistry.

In Virginia, after a most exciting contest, the Conservative Republican Walker is elected Governor, and the expurgated constitution is ratified. In Georgia, Mr. Stephens seems to be in as high a state of political activity as anybody else. We suppose he will never till the end of his life cease to tell us that the Federal Government is a government of delegated limited and specific powers; and we do not know that it is desirable he should. But one would like to hear it said once in a while that some of these grants of so-called limited powers carried with them, by necessary inference, powers so sovereign that the coexistence of fate and free-will is not harder for the natural man to understand than the coexistence of any Federal sovereignty with any State sovereignty. Anyhow, Mr. Stephens admits that "secession is a dead

issue." We are glad to see, too—for his influence is very great with the people of Georgia—that Mr. Stephens tells General A. H. Wright that, in his opinion, the Supreme Court decision, affirming the right of a negro to hold office, is a sound one. Characteristically, he shows that the Court is right; and that the Legislature also had a right to turn out its colored members; and that the Legislature's decision is irreversible, and that of course the Court also is supreme and its decision is binding. Then he says that it is true, however, that as the Legislature asked the Court to settle the question, it will be very proper for it, when it has to settle such questions, to pay regard to the Court's opinion. So the knot is untied; but there was no need of tying it apparently. The Legislature, as long as it exists, can reverse its own decisions as easily as it can adjourn—omnipotence within their sphere being as much a characteristic of Legislatures as their right to judge of the qualifications of their own members.

In Tennessee, the fearful Stokes and Senter canvass goes on. Senter was so withering the other day that Stokes told him that although he (Stokes) was the father of a family and the husband of a wife, he would fight him any time within thirty days after the election. This gallant offer was accepted, and Senter even offered to fight there and then, which was a happy thought, but Stokes declined. "There's a pair of them," as the Irish say, and it would be a pity to lose one without losing the other. We believe, however, there is no danger of a fight, as Mr. Stokes is understood to have said that his challenge was only for the crowd, and was not intended to affect unpleasantly his relations with Mr. Senter. The latter gentleman has just removed thirty registrars, and replaced them by others of his own, so that his chances seem to be quite good, we should say. On the whole, it is not difficult to understand Andrew Johnson with this stream of Tennessee light thrown on him.

Our correspondent in another column may be right in thinking that Senator Casserly does not truly represent the public opinion of California when he denounces the Chinese, and favors the policy of exclusion. But the Legislature of the State, then, also misrepresents public opinion, for the statutes in relation to the Chinese are very much the same as if Mr. Casserly had inspired them. The San Francisco *Bulletin* of the 25th of last month contains a report of a meeting of the delegates of six Chinese Emigration Companies with Senator Conkling and the House Committee of Ways and Means, when a merchant of position, Fung Tang by name, made a speech which is worth attention as showing how we are disgracing ourselves in California. It is of a piece, too, with all the evidence that has ever been offered on the point in question. "Most of all," he says, "we feel the want of protection to life and property when courts of justice refuse our testimony, and thus leave us defenceless and unable to obtain justice for ourselves, and often for others." He complained of other things; but when that one thing is said, everything is said that is necessary; except, perhaps, it should be remembered that the race thus given over to the tender mercies of anybody who chooses to oppress and plunder it, is one of the most inoffensive in the world, even a Digger Indian being haughty and overbearing in his intercourse with it; and, secondly, that California boasts a breed of ruffians which it would be hard to match anywhere else, because all earthly rascaldom has contributed choice specimens to it. We dare say that next winter, when the Chinese question comes up for discussion, Mr. Conkling and his associates may find the information they are collecting quickened with enough of moral indignation to be very effective as speeches. Fung Tang went on to promise that if Chinamen could have the protection which the law accords every other inhabitant of the country, they would cultivate rice and cotton in the South, would raise silkworms and tea in California, would invest heavily in American business enterprises, would enlarge greatly the trade between this country and Asia, and in many other ways would be of service to the United States as well as to China. No doubt the Chinese question is a large one, and it may not be a sufficient answer to it to say that we will take all the Chinamen that may come and work them into the body politic; but in this one aspect of it, it is small enough to be easily comprehensible: we have no right, if we let them come in, to let our native cut-throats and robbers take them to practise on, which is what we are now doing to a considerable extent.

It looks probable that when the Chinese question is regularly ventilated by the Congressional lawyers, our friends of the California Democracy may find that their legislation is as illegal as it is inequitable, as being overridden, to say nothing of the Civil Rights Act, by the treaty-making power of the General Government. It would be no more surprising than a good many things that have happened since the beginning of the world, if one of the salutary and important results were to be some fluent speeches from Mr. Casserly in Pigeon English. We partly expect to live to hear him declaring from the stump that "brack man killy up we too much;" it would be good, sound Democratic doctrine, and the form in which it is put ought to make it effective. And what objection could there be to Judge Axtell's flying kites from the top of his dwelling, or walking out to the graves of his ancestors on the other side of the Chinese quarter, scattering small pieces of paper on which prayers are written? It would be no worse than owning a pew in a joss-house, or buying a barrel-full of hideous idols for presentation purposes, and any "man inside politics" knows there is no harm in that. Or, what would be the harm of Mr. Conness's putting on a conical hat on the day of the Feast of Lanterns or learning sentences out of the writings of Confucius? There is a vast fund of moral truth in Confucius—or Con-fut-zee, as Mr. Conness will find that our thriving, our industrious, our ancient, our light-colored fellow-citizens, who invented the compass and the art of printing, designate a man whom we are proud to acknowledge as the greatest of sages—which it would not hurt any Congressman to assimilate—or would not hurt him after he had assimilated it. A good account of him may be found in Dr. Legge's "Life and Teachings of Confucius;" and Mr. A. W. Loomis's "Confucius and the Chinese Classics" is a good little compilation, to which it is all the more appropriate to call the attention of the Pacific coast members, as Mr. Loomis is a San Franciscan, if we are not mistaken.

The New York *Times* contains a long summary, with extracts, of the Clarendon-Johnson negotiations, which contains, however, little in regard to them with which the public is not already familiar. One or two remarkable facts, however, leak out in it. Mr. Seward seems to have made up his mind, about the time Mr. Adams came home, that the negotiations were closed, as far as the United States were concerned, and could not by them be reopened. Nevertheless, when Mr. Johnson went out, he (Mr. Seward) deliberately reopened them, and suggested the convention of 1853 as a model for the machinery by which the *Alabama* claims were to be settled; and this poor Mr. Johnson kept steadily in his mind and constantly referred to throughout the transaction, and yet it was their taking this convention as a model, and putting the *Alabama* case in the category of a mere pecuniary claim, that did most to prejudice the public mind against the treaty. Moreover, strong as Mr. Seward was during the war on the "belligerent rights" question, it was he who first dropped it out of sight; and though Mr. Johnson appears to have been under the impression that his treaty secured its submission to the arbitrators, Mr. Seward expressed no desire to have the point made clear. In fact, there does not appear to be a scintilla of evidence that Mr. Johnson in any way departed from his instructions. If we are rightly informed, Mr. Sumner now admits this himself, and admits, moreover, that he wrote a letter some time ago to John Bright, acknowledging that had the treaty been submitted to the Senate six months earlier, it would undoubtedly have been ratified. This sets one to enquiring what occurred in that interval to make it appear so preposterous to Mr. Sumner when it actually came up, and we can discover nothing except Reverdy Johnson's foolish speeches. If it was really they which led to Mr. Sumner's demand for consequential damages, all we can say is, that it shows that post-prandial bunkum is rapidly becoming dangerous to civilization, and that blatherskite orators may henceforth be ranked among the "enemies of the human race," an elevation to which many of them aspire, but none, so far as we know, have hitherto attained.

The Labor Reformers have held a great convention near South Framingham, Mass., at which they did not mince matters. Mr. Legro, President of the State Lodge of Shoemakers, who was the first speaker, gave the discussion its tone. He chastised the Republican party in the State very severely for its refusal to charter the Knights of St. Crispin, and its subservience to speculators. The resolutions pronounced labor the only source of property, and denounced all interest on capital as "a vast scheme of organized theft;" called for the "immediate withdrawal of the notes of the national banks," "to be replaced by Treasury certificates of service," and the provision of free banking associations, "whereby money based on commodities may be furnished anywhere at cost;" decided that men who combine to rule women against their will are tyrants; and demanded "the immediate and unconditional payment of the war-debt by assessment on the whole property of the nation, including Government bonds." One of the speakers—not a man, we are glad for the honor of our sex to be able to say—made a ferocious attack on Wendell Phillips. "Who," said this dreadful creature, meaning Mr. Phillips, "I should like to know, used to humbug the people during the entire war?" She then added, bitingly and sarcastically, that "he had never worked a whole day in his life, and was nothing but a great baby, and never yet had played the part of a man"—sentiments which the degraded crowd received with laughter and applause. Similar liberties were taken with other prominent public men, showing that a spirit of severe, searching "criticism" begins to pervade all classes of the community.

The demand for "Treasury certificates of service," and for "the supply of money at cost" to anybody who wants it, is really the only important point in the platform, and does not present as many real difficulties as may appear at first sight. It would, it is true, be difficult to withdraw the national bank-notes as long as anybody wanted them; but why not issue "certificates of service" also for those who prefer them? Of course the Labor Reformers do not intend to force people to part with their goods "for certificates of service;" and, on the other hand, there is no reason why those who choose to give beef and cloth in exchange for them should not be permitted to do so. We fear the number of such persons would be found in practice to be small; but this would not, of course, make any difference. The Labor Reformers are wrong in asking to be supplied with "money at cost." Arrangements for that purpose already exist: they can procure both gold and silver coin at any broker's for almost the exact cost of procuring a similar weight of either metal at the mines. Greenbacks, it is true, bring more than the cost of the paper and printing, but this is solely because they are promises to pay gold. Remove the promise, and any poor man will be able to provide himself with a good, substantial five-thousand-dollar bill for about two cents, or even less. We doubt if a well-engraved, well-printed note can be supplied for less; but doubtless special arrangements could be made with trades unions, co-operative associations, schools, and boarding-houses, at lower rates. There is, however, a painful side to these doings and sayings of the convention which is obvious enough. That men constantly occupied with the study of the economic conditions of human society, and capable of speechifying about them in public, should possess so little acquaintance with even the history of some of the leading economic problems, shows how defective popular education still is.

The "Central Asian question" seems to be rapidly rising in England into the position of importance once held by the Turkish or "Oriental question." The progress made by Russia is still a mystery; that is to say, it is known how far the Russian troops have penetrated, but it is not known in what force they are holding what they have conquered or what their intentions are, and the Russian press keeps up a series of pleasant reminders that their presence in Asia must prevent England hereafter playing a prominent part in any European war. It begins to be doubted now, too, in India, whether Shere Ali, the Ameer of Afghanistan, has not received more encouragement than is good for him and for his patrons; that is, whether he may not be led by the support he expects from England to make attempts to push his dominion towards Turkestan and thus provoke Russia, and bring on a collision either too soon for English convenience or altogether unnecessarily. In the meantime, there appears to be little doubt that the Russians are pushing reinforcements out to Samarcand, and that, whatever may be the ultimate political fate of that region, their occupation is a great gain to civilization. Russia, on the other hand, has been greatly startled by finding that Prussia has quietly built up an iron-clad fleet in the Baltic, which seems capable, should the occasion arise, of playing the Russian fleet the same unhandsome trick which the Prussian army played the Austrians in Bohemia.

The Irish Church Bill is working its way out of the House of Lords under a load of amendments, none of them of importance, but the process has lost most of its interest since it became certain that the House would not venture to reject the measure. The two important results of the debate on the bill may be said to be that the Lords have proved that their loss of political influence is final and irretrievable, and that their debating powers are greater than they were supposed to be. One or two of the bishops made good speeches, but the intellectual feebleness of the junior occupants of the right reverend bench, as compared with the older men, is said to be a subject of general comment. Few of the later appointees rise above the rank of exemplary and irreproachable and rather dull parish priests. The Bishop of Peterborough, however, who is one of the new men, distinguished himself to such a degree as to lead the spectators in the gallery to applaud—an offence which, in the House of Lords, stands in much the same category as "speaking out in meeting."

The London *Daily News*, after a year's trial of the penny experiment, pronounces it a great success. The *Pall Mall Gazette* has now followed its example, and, since the 1st of July, sells also at a penny, and reproaches itself for not having sold at that rate from the beginning, the reason of its fixing the price high having been a want of confidence in the goodness of the popular taste. The *Daily News* came down in price without coming down in tone or quality, and the *Gazette* promises to do the same thing, which suggests the enquiry whether it is necessary for publishers of very cheap papers in this country to be as wildly sensational, and vulgar, and slangy as they usually maintain that it is. We suspect the consumers of cheap literature in America can, if fairly tried, stand as much good sense, good English, and decency as the same class in England; but the purveyors for them seem to dread nothing so much as overestimating their capacity. One of the curses inflicted on the country by the New York *Herald* was that its immense pecuniary success as a low buffoon set an example which most seekers of quick returns have ever since been imitating. One of the good things done by the late H. J. Raymond was, however, his demonstration of the possibility of being popular without being vulgar, or trashy, or sensational. The *Herald*, however, bred the "lively writer," and he has propagated his kind with fearful results to the press.

Although Dutch politics do not often press upon the attention of those who study the course of European affairs, they are found, when examined, to have much the same complexion as those of neighboring states, and to be subject to the same tendencies at any given period. Just now, accordingly, they are showing not only the struggle between Liberals and Conservatives, Protestants and Catholics, Heterodox and Orthodox, but the triumph of liberal ideas. The parliamentary elections have just taken place, returning thirty-eight new and five additional members to the Chamber, and the Liberals have made a clear gain of eight, besides increasing the "doubtful" members from one to seven. Even Amsterdam was carried by them. The Government now has a firm majority on which it can rely to carry out its reforms. The party which has really been beaten is the clerical, whose aim and hope was to unite Orthodox and Conservatives in an effort to hand over the public schools to the control of the clergy. The Liberals cheerfully took up this issue, and obtained the encouraging verdict just mentioned in favor of keeping the school-system, as now, unsectarian and secular. To the majority of the people no satisfactory reason could be given why the educational establishment of 1806 should be reversed; and as time goes on it will probably be still harder to furnish one.

OUR SUPPOSED SYMPATHY WITH CUBA.

In all the discussions which we have seen on the subject of the disturbances in Cuba, one point has always been taken for granted. It is always assumed by the orators, newspapers, and clergymen who approach the topic, that whatever hindrance the neutrality laws may place in the way of active intervention, or however little the proverbially cool blood of marshals and deputy-marshals may dispose them to violate their official oaths for the sake of struggling patriots, still one thing is clear, that a profound sympathy is felt by all true Americans with the inhabitants of the "Queen of the Antilles" in her attempt to throw off the "Spanish yoke;" we may feel compelled to enforce our neutrality laws, but we should like to see them broken; Grant may have to direct the seizure of the tugs, but Grant is sorry; what Grant would like to do would be, not simply to sympathize with Cuba, nor even merely to administer a little belligerent rights to Spain, but to go to war instanter with Spain, and show her that the monarchies of the past need not expect fresh, vigorous, young republics to respect the traditions of a diplomacy invented by those very monarchies for their own base purposes of insult and oppression. The main idea of the persons who urge the plea of sympathy seems to be to apologize for the existence of the neutrality laws by showing that Grant and the whole people are filled with a loathing of them, that they all long for an opportunity to fly at the throat of Spain, that they weep at every defeat of the Cuban forces, and clap their hands over every disaster which the Spaniard meets—in other words, that "America sympathizes with Cuba."

Now, after giving the subject much careful attention, we find ourselves believing that this supposed sympathy hardly exists except in the imagination of our prominent "statesmen," wire-pullers, and manufacturers of issues. Of course we cannot say what feelings Grant may have, but as for any general feeling on the part of the American public, there is simply a feeling of indifference. We have not yet had the pleasure of seeing any person of education and influence in any part of the country who was not free to admit that he knew little about the result of the Cuban struggle, and that he thought he did not care very much. We have heard the atrocities of the Spaniards deplored, but we have heard it intimated at the same time that the Cubans were probably just as bloodthirsty. We have heard regret expressed that Spain left it to Cuba to abolish slavery in the island, but we have heard doubt expressed at the same time as to whether the island had done it or would do it. We have heard the Cubans called the "lazy Cubans" and the "dirty Cubans," but never the noble, or the brave, or the generous, or the chivalric Cubans. And we cannot say that such specimens of the population as are now engaged in pouring forth fury and war upon Spain from the lower part of this city appear to have that calibre, intellectual, moral, or physical, which would lead one to sympathize with them in the present or any other undertaking. We have, it is true, read numerous fiery editorial articles denouncing Spain and proclaiming a warm love of her colony, but we never met any one who had read these editorials, or signified his attention of being about to do so. Most people whom we have met appear to have a horror of the whole subject, as a bore, and an unintelligible bore, too; those who express any other feeling than weariness express disgust, saying that Cuba is as totally devoid of interest as any colony in America—without a history, without literature or art, without great names in war, politics, or science, sunk for generations in slavery and ignorance, her inhabitants divided sharply into two classes, the indolent rich and the degraded poor—what is there in all this for us to sympathize with?

The reply generally made to this question is that we sympathize with her "noble effort to get rid of her debased past, and substitute for it the progressive career of a modern nation." But then these disgusted persons say Spain has been doing just the same thing, and according to the latest accounts is in a highly progressive condition, having cut quite adrift from feudalism, and established in its stead institutions fully in harmony with the spirit of the times. If Cuba, then, wished to show herself a foe of feudalism and a friend of liberty, it was not a very happy moment to choose for the exhibition—the very moment when Spain was beginning to show the temper most favorable to her objects. If Cuba wished to obtain reforms, the disgusted claim that the cue for her was to wait and take advantage of the liberal movement in Spain. The disturbances in the island of course now prevent any Spanish government from making concessions. In the face of an insurrection, the only thing that Spain can do is to rivet her chains. Suppose in 1775 George III. had been suddenly driven from the English throne, and a moderate party headed by Chatham come into power, would it have been a very intelligent thing for the colonies of England to declare their independence and make war? Would any one have either sympathized with their patriotism or applauded their intelligence if they had done so? We say all this on the supposition that it is Cuba that has declared war, and not Broadway and Houston Street. The doubt which exists in the minds of most people, however, on this last point, makes sympathy still more difficult. It is absolutely necessary to make sure of the identity of the person with whom you sympathize.

Those who suppose that any acute feeling is at work in the hearts of the American people, either for or against the insurrection, appear to make the mistake of relying on traditions which have lost their vital forces. One of these traditions is that we sympathize with every dependent people, no matter what its character or its fitness for self-government, which rises in a struggle for its autonomy. No doubt we used to do so, but in the last twenty years we have seen so many insurrections which, however holy and patriotic in themselves, were not productive of anything but misery and ruin to the people engaged in them, that we have become a little sceptical as to insurrection in the abstract. And, then, insurrection before 1861 meant to American ears a rising of a down-trodden, freedom-loving people against a European despotism; but the experience of that year showed that there might be insurrections against liberty-loving republics as well, and this has rather changed the force of the word. Besides this, the annexation fever, which some years since might have been very potent in fomenting trouble between ourselves and Spain *apropos* of any colonial rising, has latterly quite died out. We are not, thank heaven! the annexers we once were; we have come to see the folly of mere territorial expansion; and the scheme of adding Cuba to the United States, so popular in the filibustering times of twenty years ago, neither fires the heart nor even attracts the attention of the community of to-day. We have so much land now, and so little good government in it, that an increasing number of people would, we fancy, prefer to sell off a few acres or so, rather than acquire any more. As for enlarging the country by the island of Cuba or the Dominion of Canada, we believe very little more interest is felt in the proposition than was felt in Mr. Seward's polar-bear purchase.

As we said before, it seems to us that those who think it necessary to apologize to Cuba for the enforcement of the neutrality laws are laboring under a mistake. The time may have been when a party could be got up on an issue of sympathy with the "Queen of the Antilles," but that was in the old days, when she was needed not in the interests of freedom, but for the sake of slavery. We have something else to do now than to be going up and down the earth seeking whom we may annex. If any one expresses interest in anything connected with the Cuban troubles, it is, so far as our experience goes, in the rigid enforcement of the laws, and not in the success either of brawling desperadoes in New York or of their unknown confederates in Cuba. It may indeed be that the "men inside politics" sympathize with the insurrection, but how much the opinion of these gentlemen is to be valued we all know. As for real active interest, on the part of independent and honest men, there is not nearly so much as there was with the Cretan struggle; let those who remember the zeal of Dr. Howe and the passionate interest of Mr. Stillman in that contest tell us where to look for the like feeling on the part of like men now. Who is the Dr. Howe of Cuba? Is it Col. Ryan? And who is their Stillman? Consul-General Plumb, perhaps.

THE SICKLES TESTIMONIAL.

We suppose few intelligent persons read the extraordinary "testimonial" sent to General Sickles, and signed by a number of "prominent citizens," previous to his departure for his post in Spain, without

feeling, if not saying, that it is high time that there should be a plain, general understanding as to the nature and extent of the relations existing in the United States between morals and politics. We cherish no delusions on this subject. No politician need fancy that in opening the subject we are going to furnish him with a laugh at our expense, by arguing from the assumption that none but the pure and good should fill places of honor or profit. What we seek, and what the community seeks, from the class of people who signed this Sickles testimonial, is a plain answer to these two questions:

1. Would it be possible for a man to commit any crimes so heinous, or lead any life so debased, as to disqualify him for a political office in the United States?

2. Supposing that there exists no such disqualification, what is your real opinion as to the effect on social order and on morality—putting politics aside altogether—of a public announcement, such as has been made in this Sickles case, by lawyers, editors, merchants, and philanthropists, that a man of infamous character is not only not unfit for a high public position, but is deserving of "the personal respect and esteem and friendship" of his fellow-citizens!

Lest it should be supposed that we are indulging in mere declamation, with nothing but a hypothesis for our text, let us briefly state the facts of the case. General Sickles was—in so far as his public life was concerned—up to the outbreak of the war a New York politician of the lowest order, which is saying a great deal. But in addition to this, his private life was from early manhood down to the same period—that is, to the age of forty-five or thereabouts—infamous in the literal, generally accepted sense of that term. We are not going to sully our pages by reiterating the leading incidents in his career. It is sufficient to say that they are such that, to match them in the case of a public man, one has to search not the historical literature of modern Christendom, but the pages of Tacitus or Suetonius. This, we admit, is strong language; but we mean it to be strong. Considered in relation to the facts, of which it is intended to give the reader an idea, it is mild language. Moreover, we are not in saying this giving the results of mere rumor. We are giving a version of his career which we have had from men who knew him well in his youth and manhood, which hundreds in this city could confirm on oath, which is, in part, of judicial record, and which nobody—neither he nor those who last week attempted to fête him—has had the courage to deny. In short, the year 1861 found him a man with whom men of honor in civilized countries do not associate, and whom no respectable woman could meet under any circumstances in social life. The war opened to him a chance of partial redemption. The advice which honest men who attach any importance to character would have given him when he was entering the army, was to expose himself freely, and earn the silence and forgetfulness of the community he had lived in by an honorable death. He served bravely, was badly wounded, and survived the war. We have no desire and no occasion to underrate his military exploits. His mistakes or misconduct at Gettysburg cannot affect his moral character, and there are few purely military errors which are not atoned for by a desperate wound. But all that he earned by his military career—all he could have earned by it, had it been twice as brilliant—would have been, as we have said, the silence of the public about his past. In serving in the army, and serving well, he did no more than hundreds of thousands of men of pure life and unblemished character. To mention him in the same breath with thousands who entered the service, not as a refuge from disgrace, but as the seal and confirmation of long-cherished convictions, as the last and noblest sacrifice to duty, would be to insult them if living, and dishonor their memory if dead. In short, all that his fighting entitled him to was silence and oblivion. If it gave him a claim to anything more than this, that claim was amply satisfied by his receiving rapid promotion to all but the highest military rank. This attained, a proper regard for decency and morality required that he should, during the remainder of his days, obtrude himself as little on the public notice as possible, and that his friends should call as little attention to his existence as was consistent with the proper discharge of his duties.

A portion of the public, therefore—and we are glad to believe it is still by far the larger portion of the public—were both astonished and shocked by his selection for the Spanish mission, particularly when the relations of the two countries were in a most delicate state. They were astonished and shocked, first, because his military career had not been such as to entitle him to extraordinary distinction or to any of the more valuable prizes of civil life; secondly, because the selection of such a man for any high office was nothing short of an insult to the multitude of men all over the country who had served as well as he and from far purer motives, whose character was unsullied, and whose qualifications for diplomatic functions were at least as good. The appointment of Sickles, in short, would have only become legitimate when the position had been offered in vain to all other Americans of good character and education. As it is, his appointment was an outrage on every gentleman—we do not use the word in the narrow, conventional sense—who wore a sword or carried a musket in the war.

The appointment, however, is not the worst of it. After seeing some of the men whom certain constituencies send to Congress and place in other high offices, and whom professed Radical "moralists" pat on the back, and even cover with laudation, we cannot be too hard on the Administration if it now and then puts a pimp, or bully, or murderer, or peculator in high office. There are lower depths of shame for the country than this; and we have in the Sickles case reached them. There are, we take it, two great restraints on vice in our day—the fear of God and the fear of man. Doubtless some men are kept in the strait and narrow way by a philosophic love of virtue in itself; but this motive must influence at best only a very small number; has never in any age influenced many, and is never in any age likely to influence many. The great defences of society in our time, and for all time to which it is worth our while to look forward—the sanctions which maintain faith between man and man, respect for family and for property, for truth and chastity and justice—are the religious sentiment and the dread of public opinion. Of the importance of both of these, nobody who remembers how small a class of offences against society can, after all, be reached by judicial pursuit, and how much the law is always dependent for its efficiency not simply on the support it receives from public opinion, but on the personal character of the men who administer it, needs any argument to convince him. Courts and laws and constitutions, however perfect theoretically, are, as has been a hundred times shown in the history of the world, worthless, unless the people who stand behind them are on the whole virtuous, and use their influence, their power, their public honors, their praise and blame, for the support of virtue. There is a great deal of talk amongst stump orators of late about the resemblance between the life of a man and the life of a nation. They evidently believe, though the fallacy has been repeatedly exposed, that the life of a nation is a physical life, and that, barring the occurrence of accidents or acute disease, a nation may count on youth, maturity, and old age as a foreordained right. The life of a nation is, however, wholly moral, and if its moral tone sinks below a certain point—that is, if the moral standard of the individual men who compose it be obscured and debased—it may die at any age, and may die though its treasury be full, its armies and fleets gigantic, and its territory immeasurable.

Now when leading merchants, leading lawyers, and leading editors come forward and deliberately sign a paper, as was done in New York last week, not only approving of the selection of a man like General Sickles as the representative of the nation at a foreign court, but expressing—we quote their own language—their "personal respect, esteem, and friendship" for a man whose career up to the decline of life had been what is usually called infamous; and when leading newspapers load him with eulogy on account of services to a political party which were not half so valuable as those of thousands of respectable men, they do what they can, we have no hesitation in saying, to break down one of the strongest protections against political and social degradation. No merchant who "esteems" or "respects" Sickles has a right to ask his son or clerk to be honest, or pure, or faithful, or industrious. No public writer who lauds him can expect his expressions of zeal for reform to be treated as anything better than an outburst of snivelling hypocrisy. Some of the papers report "clergymen" as having been present at the "reception" by which the written testi-

monial was followed up. If this is true, we ought to have been favored with their names, and they owe it to themselves to make them public. They must be, in more senses than one, remarkable men, who have been led by their study of the Evangelists not only into "esteem and respect" for Daniel E. Sickles, but into deeming it their duty to hold him up publicly as a model for youth. The affair will, we believe, serve one useful purpose. It will open the minds of the people at large more clearly than ever to the moral and political abyss which the "men inside politics" are preparing for them, and into which they will lead them if let alone, and the blinding effect of party discipline and party fidelity on the moral sense of even good men.

We have no doubt many of those who signed this shameful testimonial did so out of sheer cowardice. The number of persons who have the courage or honesty to refuse their names when asked to help a political adventurer into office is daily declining. Large numbers now endeavor to reconcile their weakness with their sense of duty to the public, by writing privately to the dispensers of patronage, asking them to disregard their signatures to testimonials. But this device, though it may in some cases prevent the direct mischief of the "testimonial" system, does nothing to neutralize the effect on the public mind of the daily endorsement of worthless persons by men of character and influence. A weak and timid man who finds himself tempted to sign a glowing testimonial for a good-for-nothing, might better steel himself for a refusal by a moderate potation than to give way. Better go home with a foul breath than foul hands; for hands which have helped, in never so slight a degree, to diminish the contempt and hatred of one's fellow-citizens for knaves and profligates, and to lower their appreciation of honesty and purity, are always foul. The salvation of this nation and of all other nations must come not from either labor or capital, climate, soil, or products, but from individual character. It is the confidence in this—which history, reason, and revelation all justify—which sustains and consoles those who are disposed to be appalled by the growing magnitude and importance of material interests. Lasting national prosperity is the reward and result of the general devotion to high ideals, of the general love of truth and justice, and the general faithfulness to duty. All reforms which do not rest on this as a basis are superficial and evanescent, and it is this tremendous fact, which explains the rise and fall of a hundred states, which makes the importance attached by some of our reformers to the help of any rascal or hypocrite they can rope into their ranks so supremely childish and ridiculous. Our constitutional amendments and acts of Congress are but as the flowers of the field, unless they are rooted in the general integrity. He who does anything to efface the distinction in the popular mind between the honest man and the rogue, between the unselfish patriot and the self-seeking rowdy or demagogue—he, and not the armed rebel, or malignant copperhead, or foreign tyrant, is the real enemy of the Republic. No party triumph is worth anything if, in winning it, you have in never so slight a degree depraved the popular taste or perverted the popular judgment.

THE WAGES IN THE PUBLIC SERVICE.

A CASE recently before the Court of Claims in Washington, and decided by Judge Nott, throws some useful light on the condition of the Civil Service, as affected by the rate at which the regular officers of the Government are now paid. It also furnishes some assistance in getting at the real nature and importance of the "eight-hour movement," begun last session in the Senate, and brought, through the efforts of Senator Wilson, General Butler, and others, in spite of the adverse opinion of the Attorney-General, to a happy and prosperous issue. The case in question consists of a suit brought by forty-five bank-note printers employed in the Currency Bureau, and paid for their work by the sheet or day, to recover the twenty per cent. ordered by the joint resolution of Feb. 28, 1867, to be paid "to persons employed in the civil service of the United States," in consideration of the smallness of their salaries. It has to be borne in mind, however, that persons employed by the Government in work which is such as might be rendered to any employer, or which is not in its nature political—such as shipbuilding or other manufacture—are not covered by this resolution. The rate of wages paid to them is by law regulated by the rate paid by private employers in the same place for similar work. It was to override this exception, and secure to them in some way or other a benefit similar to that derived by the officers of the civil service from the joint resolution, that the great eight-hour movement was got up and carried out. We have frequently drawn attention to the demoralizing effects of the smallness of the salaries which Congress—in obedience to the general sentiment of the public, particularly of the farming public, and with the applause, and indeed at the instigation, of the leading members of the blatherskite press—persists in paying to the regular employees of the Government. The contrast between these salaries and the pay of the mechanics employed by the Government, about which Senator Wilson has been of late so much disturbed, has however, never, as far as we know, been pointed out, and it is well worth attention.

In Baker's case — the case before us — the forty-five bank-note printers—merely mechanical laborers, be it remembered, who ask for the addition of twenty per cent. to their pay—received for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1867, from $2,039 to $3,500 each. The pay of one of them equalled the salary of the Comptroller of the Treasury; that of three of them exceeded the salary of the Chief of the Division; and that of all of them *exceeded the salary of the Superintendent of Printing under whom they worked.* Now, who is the Comptroller of the Treasury, who is paid at the same rate as these mechanics, employed for a few hours a day printing national bank-notes? We will extract an account of his duties from Judge Nott's decision:

"They embrace the work of examining all accounts settled by the first and fifth Auditors, and of certifying the balances arising thereon to the Register; of countersigning all warrants drawn by the Secretary of the Treasury which may be warranted by law; of reporting to the Secretary the official forms to be issued to the different officers for collecting the public revenue, and the manner of keeping and stating the accounts of the persons employed therein; of superintending the preservation of the public accounts subject to his revision, and providing for the payment of all moneys which may be collected; of superintending the recovery of all debts due to the United States, and directing legal proceedings to enforce their prompt payment, and of laying before Congress annually a list of such officers as shall have failed to make the settlements required by law. (*Act 3d March*, 1817, 3 Stat. L., 367, §§ 8, 10, 13, 14.) The single requirement that all warrants drawn by the Secretary of the Treasury '*which shall be warranted by law,*' be countersigned by the Comptroller, obliges that officer to pass to a certain extent upon the legality of every payment made by the United States; and in the fiscal year to which this twenty *per centum* applies there were 40,814 warrants drawn, requiring of the Comptroller 40,814 signatures given with his own hand."

This office of Comptroller of the Treasury—one, as we see, of enormous labor and responsibility—was created in 1789, and the salary was then, when its duties were trifling compared to what they are now, fixed at $3,000, the members of Congress who fixed it themselves receiving at that time $1,500 a year. The value of money having declined about two-thirds since then, Congressmen have very properly raised their own salaries to $5,000 a year, exclusive of mileage, although their legislative duties only occupy them half the year. The salaries of other Government officers, however, they left untouched and unadjusted from the foundation of the Government till 1867, and then sought to deal with the injustice of the present scale by adding twenty per cent. by joint resolution. The Comptroller, therefore, now gets $3,600; but if his salary had been raised in the same proportion as those of Congressmen, he would now, as Judge Nott points out, be in receipt of $10,000 in currency. The Congress, in fact, which founded the Civil Service was evidently determined to make it pecuniarily attractive to men of good character and ability, and make it also an independent and respectable career, such as men of good character and ability would be content to live and die in. Had subsequent Congresses been as careful of its dignity and efficiency, not only would it have saved a large amount of public money, but it would have saved American politics from one of the most corrupting influences to which the politics of any country was ever exposed. But it would not do to raise the salaries to their proper level now without recurring to the old mode of appointment and the old tenure of office. Any increase in the pay would only increase the eagerness of the scramble following the Presidential election, and would probably end in reducing the ordinary term of office from four years to one year, or even to six

months, so as to give as many "workers" as possible a share of the "spoils."

In Baker's case, Judge Nott held that the Treasury printers were not civil servants, but contractors simply, and therefore not entitled to the benefit of the joint resolution, and pointed out the marked difference between the position of artisans employed by the Government and receiving the market rate of wages, and that of its regular officers, whose salaries are fixed by law. The wages of the former have steadily risen with the decline in the value of money, and, even if now inadequate, are no more so than the wages of all other laborers.

There is of course in all this no answer to the argument that plenty of persons can be got to do the work of the civil servants for the amount now paid, and a great deal less. This is probably true; and if it made no difference *how* work was done, the argument would be unanswerable. There stands ready in every community a large body of persons ready to fill all possible posts for a mere trifle. The bench of the Supreme Court could be filled with nine members of the bar for what the clerk now costs; and if the editorship of the New York *Tribune* were made part of the "spoils," we have no doubt that a vast body of citizens could be found ready to take the place for a sum which Mr. Greeley would think too small for his weekly expenditure in charity. The experiment of ignoring human nature in the matter of salaries, however, cannot last very much longer in a rich and growing country. Its absurdity will shortly be demonstrated, owing mainly to the increasing attractions of commerce. The religious world is making an attempt to get clerical work done cheaply by lofty appeals to the religious sentiment of young men, who have not yet chosen their calling, and glowing pictures of the beauties and advantages of lives of poverty and privation. It is, however, quite certain that well-to-do church members will never succeed in convincing theological students of the worthlessness of comforts to which they themselves plainly attach so much importance, or of the duty of entering on a calling in which the struggle for bare existence is becoming so intense as to make all valuable intellectual work well-nigh impossible. Every man's first duty is to his own bodily and mental constitution, and it is wrong for him to accept any place, except through sheer necessity, which does not afford him the means of keeping them in good working order.

FRANCE.—THE EMPEROR IN THE CRISIS.

PARIS, June 18, 1869.

THE extreme gravity of the present situation in France seems hard of appreciation by a foreigner, because its excess of gravity comes principally from the peculiarities of the French nation, and from the special characteristics of the individuals who have attained to power, and who exercise now more control than is supposed. Let us cast a glance over the events of the last few months, which have culminated in the events of the last few days. Since the elections of the year 1863, there has been a steady, continuous, unbroken advance towards more liberal ideas in the Legislative Chamber—towards the greater participation of the nation itself in the work of governing. This is the starting-point, and the point which it is important to seize, because it underlies everything, and does not vary. There may be questions "on one side," as it were, of this, upon which (as, for instance, on the Roman Occupation question) deputies of the most conflicting opinions vote together; others which separate the very men who seem indissolubly united; but wherever *the* question of pure "personal" government is touched, and put face to face with the principle of "self-government," you perceive clearly that the latter is in the ascendant, and that, on each succeeding opportunity, more votes come over to it. On the affairs of the city of Paris, of public meetings, of the Budget, this tendency showed itself distinctly, and ought to have prepared the Emperor for the strong but perfectly peaceable expression of feeling which was manifested by the general elections. Six years had made a tremendous difference in the public thought. Instead of the not quite two millions who altogether returned the twenty or thirty Opposition deputies of the last elections, these present elections showed nearly four millions of electors resolved to return whomsoever was the champion of the nation against personal rule. In fact, the Government counts little more now than a majority of 700,000, whilst its commencement (in 1851–52) was seven or eight millions—unanimity, in short. Here lay the truth: the expression of the national will—which, if you have invented the system of universal suffrage, and are prepared to abide by it, you are absolutely bound to take into consideration The riots—the Rochefort election and the breaking of a few lamps and windows in Paris and Bordeaux—were comparatively insignificant, and simply signs of school-boy effervescence. These riots have had the excellent result of teaching the Parisian "bourgeois" that, if *he* chooses, he is always strong enough to put down mere street-rows with tongs and broomsticks. It was not there that any importance whatever lay—not half as much importance as might have been found in the Park riots in London, which certainly frightened no politician in his senses.

Well, then, here we have the position: A strong, calmly-expressed feeling (expressed throughout the land) in favor of reform tending towards self-government, and a puerile outbreak of silly violence at one or two given points—utterly unmeaning. What was the attitude of the Government? At first, on the part of the Emperor, surprise (which, had he felt the pulse of the country for some time past, he ought not to have experienced), and, on the part of his present ministry, disappointment and blank consternation at seeing how powerless had been their own intrigues and their numerous administrative arts and wiles. Immediately there was a summons of Prince Napoleon, who, in all emergencies, is applied to as the man who is felt by the Emperor to be the most intelligent, most clear-sighted and impartial, and most to be relied upon. The Emperor's first impulse was undoubtedly the right one; and his tendencies, by those who during the first days of the crisis stood nearest to him, were judged problematical only from the peculiar manner of their liberalism. While Prince Napoleon, Émile Ollivier, and the just converted M. de Persigny talked politics, the Emperor talked socialism, and in the first moments "harked back" unmistakably to his own "Idées Napoléoniennes." This puzzled many of those around him, who said too late that the "checks and balances" of true representative government were precisely what Louis Napoleon disliked most, and that, while he would have no objection whatever to inaugurate "democratic socialism" in its wildest theories so long as he remained personally its dictator, he would always, till the last hour, recoil from a division of power, from submission to the control of the nation through its representatives.

Prince Napoleon was the first to see the hopelessness of the attempt to save the Empire from itself, and he retired full of the gloomiest forebodings; M. de Persigny was the last, and he sent forth his extraordinary epistle, in which he recommends himself as one of the "young generation," and which, after it has been ridiculed by all parties, he tries now to disavow. The retirement, however, of the "constitutionalists" and of the men who sincerely wished to save the Empire, left the Emperor alone, exposed to the counsels of the reactionists and the supporters of the *status quo*—both equally dangerous.

As Louis Napoleon holds less to his own dreams and theories than most men, he soon gave up all advocacy of the "Idées Napoléoniennes," and the democratic socialist dictatorship, and listened solely to the Empress, who would have leaned easily towards "repression," and to M. Rouher, who, with *all* his colleagues, advocated unanimously the maintenance of the *status quo*. To a vacillating and naturally indolent mind, nothing is so agreeable as to be able to "do nothing" conscientiously; so to the theory of the "*status quo*" Napoleon III. was converted without much trouble, and out came the deplorable letter to M. de Mackau, upon which there are certainly not two opinions throughout France. Official papers may be condemned to defend the Emperor's epistle, and functionaries be "advised" to praise it to the top of their lungs, but to appreciate the death-blow it gives to the dynasty and to the Empire in its possible stability, it is only required to talk upon the subject with no matter what serious believer in Bonapartism or genuinely attached friend and servant of the dynasty. There is (as there indeed can be) but one sentiment about it, namely: that the Emperor has mistaken—and has been made to mistake—the entire situation.

Instead of opening his eyes to the tendency towards more participation in the work of governing that has been quietly and gravely shown by all France, the Emperor's attention has been drawn to the unimportant fact of the riotousness, so easily defeated, in the Paris streets; he has been made to take the shadow for the substance, and has been deluded into committing what is probably one of a long list of irretrievable errors, from the weakest of all causes in a sovereign—the fear of seeming to be afraid. His unfortunate letter to M. Mackau might have been written by the unhappy Emperor of Austria before Sadowa had taught him its cruel lesson. There is a mistaken apprehension of the spirit of modern times about it which strikes every one. You see that all the lessons of early adversity, all the examples witnessed, have been powerless to teach

Louis Napoleon that what in this nineteenth century the peoples one after the other revolt against, is the fact of being dictated to, provided for—"governed," in short. The Emperor speaks as he might perhaps have done in 1851, but as the French nation will not acquiesce in his speaking now. He speaks as a power outside of and above the country itself; and he does not see that *this* is the very principle that the elections have condemned. The one only hope expressed by some of his best friends is a sorry one. It is this: "With the Emperor one must never despair; he is so open to conviction that he may very likely, ere many weeks, *act* in diametrical opposition to what he has just said."

The Emperor and his *entourage* entered upon the elections with the certainty that (by some means) the official candidates would be elected wherever they were put forward. The contrary stared them in the face almost at once, and *now* the Government sees the position pretty much as it really is. Then, what to do? Between the results of the 24th of May and those of the *ballottage* of the 7th of June, a faint appeal was made to the shade of the old system. Military agents were despatched into every garrison town of France, and into the whole northwest of Germany. A week sufficed, and the reports were in purport identical: "In the French army no enthusiasm; in the population, resolute horror of war. In Germany, an army one with the people, and a nation ready to resist to the very death if attacked." Now, to-day, the Emperor knows that war is forbidden him, and that of *that* "way out" he disposes no more.

There are but two courses open before him—repression or change of principle (called by the Bonapartists *abdication*). Is repression possible? Is it possible now, after seventeen years of arbitrary rule, which the country refuses to call successful, to come and persuade "society" that it requires to be once more "saved," as in '51–'52? Besides, from *what* is it to be saved? If you merely take the figures, the Government may say it has a majority in the Chamber; and in the street, where is revolt? Do what it will—provoke and irritate the mob as it may—the police cannot get more than a few cheers for Rochefort and a few shouts of the "Marseillaise" out of a handful or two of loungers on the boulevards. There is no pretext given, or likely to be so, for "saving society;" so that, in truth, the "repression" theory has to be abandoned.

Apropos to this, there is a little fact that has perhaps not been sufficiently studied by the Imperialists, and that is, that since the invention of "conical balls" and Chassepot rifles, etc., no armed repression of street insurrection is possible. No troops in France would discharge "Chassepot" rifles upon their fellow-citizens. That, any *sous-lieutenant* will tell you.

Well, "repression" being so very difficult of execution, what is left save what Imperialists term abdication—namely, constitutional government? For this Napoleon III. has a singular but deep-rooted aversion. He believes in democracy; has no objection to a dictatorship being "popular," or "socialistic," or whatever you may choose to call it; would not mind if it were decreed to-morrow that no man should leave his fortune to his children—nothing in the wildest notions of the communists or any other sect scares or troubles him: but the notion of a regular and unescapable control he recoils from. Now, control—the essence, the vital principle of constitutional or representative government: each force controlling the others, and thus making it impossible for any one force to go too far—is what the majority of the French nation is desirous of at present—no more; but it is on the cards that the Emperor may attempt to offer it "more," in order to avoid conceding to it just that.

A very curious study has been the clergy throughout the last electoral contest. The clergy of France was, some thirty or forty years ago, the first in the Catholic world. They were the true descendants of Bossuet and Fénelon, heroes of the noble Gallican Church, and bulwarks against Ultramontanism and Jesuitry. But this could not suit the calculations of arbitrary rule; so one of the first steps taken by Napoleon III. was to call back the Jesuits. Of these he thought he could readily make his own mere instruments; and so he did—up to a certain point, not beyond. A Jesuit is not easy to satisfy, and impossible to subjugate if once you try to satisfy him. When the Jesuits and Ultramontanes got fairly seated in their saddle here, they demanded more than the Empire could give them consistently with its own even temporary safety. Then the Jesuits ceased to uphold the Empire uncompromisingly. In the last elections the clerical influence has been exerted with but lukewarm zeal for the official candidates generally. Once or twice it has helped a red-hot "clerical" candidate of the Opposition; but, on the whole, the "clericals" have felt that they had, somehow or other, so drawn upon themselves the hatred of nine-tenths of the nation, that they have rather preferred to retire a little from the scene of action, and watch events from a safe distance.

Correspondence.

The following correction should be made in the letter on "University Influence" in the Nation of June 24: Third paragraph, last line, read "hurtful" instead of "truthful."

CHINESE IMMIGRATION.

To the Editor of the Nation:

Is there not a tendency to give undue prominence to the expressions of men who claim to be representative men of a party? In your columns of the "Week" (No. 208), Senator Casserly, of California, is made to display no enviable figure. Doubtless Mr. Casserly represents, in some sense, a strong feeling in California, and in other States also. Yet it may be safe to say that his crude conclusions bear the same relation to the mature judgment of the thinking men of the policy of exclusion that the "blatherskite" of a certain school of politicians on finance and foreign relations does to the ultimate action of their own party. In both cases, there is a serious question to be considered; but the facility with which men in these times can "eliminate from their self-consciousness" all things, disposes to the rendering a judgment before an issue is formed.

That the "policy of exclusion" has merits I think can be shown from your admissions, or rather declarations. Your constant readers will remember the regrets expressed for the New England mechanic and the "granite" men of Massachusetts of former days, and the contrast drawn between them and their successors. The pressure has not only affected one class, it has extended to all. The tendency of "Americans" to quit day labor, the workshop, and the farm has crowded every avenue in the professions, in mercantile life, and in speculations. The places of these men are filled, or are to be filled, by what is called *cheap* imported labor.

Our American laboring men and mechanics, who were formerly our boast, might have been retained, much to our profit materially and morally, if half the pains had been taken to retain them that was to displace them.

Making all due allowance for class jealousies, there will be found good material and moral reasons for the exclusion of a Chinese immigration. The question beyond all others in our civilization is, that the quality of progress should be the test of its quantity. If immigration is to be encouraged, it should be of such a quality that we can adopt it at once; or, if not, only in such quantities that we can readily assimilate it. We are now running too rapidly to material considerations, and the higher education and higher morality of our country are neglected. There can be no certain progress founded on a fluctuating middle class, or on a degraded or despised laboring class. A desirable society is formed by preventing disturbing elements, and by consolidating the interests of all through encouragement and appreciation.

As a question of labor, the Chinese immigration is a doubtful experiment. All that may be said of their present good qualities as laborers does not give any assurance that they have their good traits so ingrained that they will not acquire the bad traits of other laborers. Their work on the Pacific Railroad presents no very bright prospect for the competition of American laborers. They certainly labored cheaply, if that is a consideration, and perhaps well; yet their living was of a low grade. Their houses, described as "dog-kennels," are certainly not the *homes* of American laborers.

Now it is well known that China could populate the Pacific coast more thickly than any of the New England States are populated, and scarcely appreciate the sending. This is not an impossibility, and presents no pleasing spectacle. It may be, for the time being, to the interest of those who desire *very cheap* labor; yet they are not the material from which can be manufactured anything approaching the ideal American citizen. The plain question is, Why should such immigration be encouraged?

Immigrants have their own reasons for coming to the United States. The latest reason assigned by newspapers of a certain school is, that the immigrant wishes to patronize a country which protects home industry by a tariff. Will not a committee of Congressional sociologists take the statistics of opinion among the "Johns," and tell us truly whether they wish to throw their moral force in the scale of protection to *home industry*, or desire to confer a blessing on this country by furnishing *cheap labor?*

Very respectfully,

G. W. Field.

Eddyville, Iowa, July 1, 1869.

Notes.

LITERARY.

MESSRS. FIELDS, OSGOOD & Co. announce that the "Autobiography of a Shaker," by F. W. Evans, which recently appeared in the *Atlantic Monthly*, will be printed, together with other interesting matter relating to the Elder's sect, and may be had on application to the author, who lives at Mount Lebanon, Columbia County, in this State.——Messrs. J. B. Lippincott & Co. announce "Soimême: the Story of a Wilful Life," which seems to be an American work; Mr. Mill's "Subjection of Women;" "Our Own Birds, or a Familiar Natural History of the Birds of the United States," by W. L. Bailey; "Ocean to Ocean," by the author of "Absaraka," who in this new work appears to be giving us a sort of a guide-book to the Pacific Railroad country; D. T. Ansted's "Earth's History," a geological text-book; "Anecdotes of the Old Testament," by J. Whitecross; "Moral Reforms," by Bishop Coxe; and a collection of Tunes and Songs, made by Mr. W. Walker—which he calls "Fruits and Flowers." The compilers of these collections have long been the most metaphorical of men.——We observe that Messrs. Appleton & Co., as well as Messrs. Lippincott & Co., announce Mill's "Subjection of Women. The same house have in press five more of the Mühlbach stories; Thackeray's "Yellow Plush Papers," uniform with the very cheap editions of Scott and Dickens, and, should it be one of a set, threatening to the prospects of the Harpers and the Fields & Osgood cheap Thackerays; "Mademoiselle Fifty Millions," a translation, by Adelaide de V. Chaudron of a novel by the "Countess Dash," a Parisian writer not known to Americans; "A Voyage to the North Pole," and "A Journey to the Centre of the Earth," by the author of "Five Weeks in a Balloon;" "The Women of Business," by an anonymous author; Dr. Moritz Meyer's "Electricity in its Relations to Practical Medicine," translated by Dr. W A. Hammond, who adds notes and other matter; "Hereditary Genius," by Dr. Francis Galton; and Dr. N. C. Burt's book on the sacred historical geography of Palestine, entitled "The Land and its Story," a title which seems rather too much like the title of another book on the same general subject.——It is now the season of guide-book literature, and Mr. James Miller announces guides for Saratoga; for Central Park, which needs them as much as it needs more seats and more shade-trees; for New York City, and for the Hudson River; while Messrs. Taintor Brothers issue a "Descriptive Guide of the Newport and Fall River Route between New York and Boston," a "Tourist's Map of New England and Eastern New York," and "The Catskill Mountains, their Scenery, Legends, and History."——Mr. William Gowans adds to his small but select list of books one with the following title: "A Character of the Province of Maryland in four distinct parts. Also a small treatise on the Wild and Naked Indians (or Susquehanokes) of Maryland; their customs, manners, absurdities, and religion. Together with a collection of historical letters, by George Alsop, in 1665." It is edited, with historical and biographical notes, by John G. Shea, LL.D.——Messrs. Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger announce a new translation of "The Arabian Nights' Entertainment"—whose we are not informed.

—The *Round Table* has been, or is to be, at the end of three weeks, merged in the *Citizen*, the paper bought by the late "Miles O'Reilly" of the Citizens' Association, and which in his hands, without being an authority in anything except New York City and State politics—in which it was apt to have very good information from the headquarters, especially the Democratic headquarters—yet devoted more or less of its attention more or less successfully to the duties of critical and general journalism. Soon after General Halpine's death, it was bought, report said, by some of our municipal Democratic politicians; and since then it has passed into the editorial charge of Mr. Robert B. Roosevelt, a sportsman of repute, who, while keeping it—to our mind—up to its old standard in other particulars, has given to it more than it had before of a character which makes it liked by that class of readers who care rather more for rod, and gun, and saddle than for politics or literature. Whether or not it is so much as it used to be an "organ" of our local government or any part of it, we do not know; such knowledge is too high for us. But we should judge from the appearance of its advertising columns that it is still on very good terms with the City Fathers; and that if any one would like to know Mr. Gideon J. Tucker's rank in Tammany, or how "big" an Indian Judge Dowling is, or whether Ex-Governor Seymour is any longer permitted at the council-fire or in the war-dance, the *Citizen* office would be not a bad place at which to apply. Doubtless, the merging in it of the *Round Table* will not give a tincture of literature to its politics.

—Dr. Nathan Allen, of Lowell, whose name is familiar to our readers for his writings on the causes of decline in the increase of native American population, is also a trustee of Amherst College. We learn this fact from a highly suggestive pamphlet just prepared by him at the request of his co-trustees, the circulation of which we shall heartily recommend and do our best to further. It is entitled "Physical Culture in Amherst College," and affirms of that institution a higher regard and provision for the health of its members than can be predicated at least of any American college, and which perhaps has nowhere been surpassed in an educational establishment. We know for certain that in Germany, even, the gymnasiums of the *Gymnasia* and high-schools are very much neglected, and for the reason that attendance is voluntary. It is voluntary with us, in all other places than at Amherst, we believe, and there the assignment of a fixed time and period in the day's course for exercise in the gymnasium is the novel and vital principle that distinguishes the college. The instructor in this department is not a boxer merely, or a fancy performer, but a "Professor of Hygiene and Physical Education," who deserves the name; a gentleman of culture, a college graduate, and a physician. His work is only half-confined to the gymnasium. He is the inspector of the health of the students, and confidential adviser, warning from vice, and enforcing sanitary habits, and keeping statistics that every year grow to be more and more valuable, by which the health-rate and rate of physical development of the students are accurately shown, along with their punctuality and fidelity in attendance, etc., etc. The gymnasium is open all the day, but for half an hour class-exercises are compulsory under a leader and in uniform; at night the building is closed, and it is never lighted. We presume this last to be a wise regulation, and yet exercise by night is only *less* beneficial than by day, and in theory the evening gymnasium should offer one additional guarantee against temptation to evil resorts. Dr. Allen not only gives the history of this scheme, but enters into general considerations of the comparative merits of various modes of exercise, with which we do not wholly agree, though what he has to say on the supposed antagonism between "light" and "heavy" gymnastics is quite to our mind. On one other point he seems not to have reasoned out the matter carefully:

(P. 21.) "An examination of the table showing the number of absences in the different classes from these exercises, does not speak well for the higher classes—that the absences should increase with each class—so that those of the Senior class are almost twice as many as those of the Freshman class."

Here he omits to take account of the elements of novelty, of enthusiasm, of a stronger sense of subordination, and of a real need for the exercises, on the part of the Freshmen, who are also least concerned about the careers to which they will be dismissed from college. And what is the result of this diminishing attendance?

(P. 27.) "But the most marked evidence of improved health is found in the diminished sickness of every class each year after entering college In a table giving the amount of sickness arranged by classes, it seems there has been for these eight years on an average *more than three times* as much sickness in the *Freshman* Class as in the *Senior*."

Does exercise, then, go six times as far with the Seniors as with the Freshmen? Assuredly not; but after three years of scientific exercise a man needs comparatively little to keep himself in better health than those to whom the discipline of the gymnasium is wholly new.

—There is also a "Lecturer on Hygiene" in Harvard University, whose place, however, we can scarcely fix, and whom we know best by his services to the public at large. Dr. George Derby is the author of an excellent work on the heating of houses, and is regularly employed to edit the annual reports of the births, marriages, and deaths occurring in Massachusetts. The Twenty-Sixth Report (for 1867) is now before us, and the editor has made of his portion exceedingly good reading. His general deductions are, on the whole, very encouraging, and indicate a rapid recuperation from the ravages caused in population by the war. The death-rate has been falling since 1864, and the birth-rate increasing to the standard of the years prior to 1860, and that in a State which must have lost by the war, says Dr. Derby, 25,000 men in the prime of life. Some of the statistics are worth condensing. In regard to Dr. Allen's specialty, the increasing of foreign over native births, Dr. Derby says that it is every year becoming more difficult to disentangle these classes, and he hopes the attempt will some day be abandoned, as being of no practical importance. Nevertheless, in 1867, the American births appeared to have diminished

by 318, the foreign to have increased by 918, and this increase has revived after a cessation of three years, probably on account of emigration into the State that cannot be traced—especially from Canada. Although there are between fifty and sixty thousand more women than men in Massachusetts, the deaths of the two sexes differ very little, owing to the fewer number of male infants that survive infancy. The marriage-rate (1·141) is higher than in England, France, or Austria. Of marriages, as a rule, "the largest number is in the fourth quarter [of the year], including the 'Thanksgiving' season; the next largest is the second quarter, the season including the annual 'Fast' day; the first and third quarters being nearly alike." Of deaths, as a rule, the third (or summer) quarter shows the most, the fourth and first coming next in mortality. Births progress regularly in number with the quarters, so that those in the last half of the year always exceed those of the first half. The reverse is the case in England. In Massachusetts this fact is determined by the law of marriages already laid down. The graduating class at Yale, this year, we observe, consisted of 117, of whom 56 were born in the last six months of the year. More were born in August than in any month, and August is the complement of November, which would indicate for Connecticut the same propensity to marry during the Thanksgiving season. Finally, the tables show conclusively that even consumption is diminishing in Massachusetts. We observe nothing wanting in these admirable statistics—the like of which in any other State we should not know where to seek—except an account of miscarriages and abortions; of course the most difficult of all to obtain reports of, and yet to a large extent within the knowledge of physicians, and which might be ascertained, under a law requiring physicians to give, as definitely as might be, what information on those topics falls in their way.

—The Boston papers inform us that the Corporation of Harvard have voted that a University Professorship of Mathematics shall be established; that a Professorship of Palæontology be established in the School of Mining and Practical Geology; that the University Lecturers on Philosophy for the ensuing academic year shall be Mr. Ralph Waldo Emerson, Mr. J. Eliot Cabot, and Mr. John Fiske; and that the University Lecturers on Language and Literature shall be Professor W. D. Whitney, Mr. Ferdinand Bôcher, and Mr. W. D. Howells. These seem to be excellent appointments. Mr. Emerson, as a philosophical teacher, may perhaps not make and finish many disciples of any particular school, but the spiritual value of "divine philosophy" in general he will probably set before the young men as effectively as any one who could have been selected by the authorities of the University. Worse things might happen to the young men—whether or not they are thinkers—than to be impregnated by Mr. Emerson's idealism; and no doubt his criticisms of the various schools of philosophy will be of great value to them as students and thinkers, though it may be that it will not be as a thinker, strictly speaking, that he will speak. Mr. Fiske is probably known to all of our readers as the author of a little book, in which whether or not "it does pay to smoke," and "the coming man will drink wine," as Mr. Fiske maintains, there is at any rate no doubt that Mr. James Parton's negative answers to those questions are very conclusively shown to have been based on no sufficient knowledge of the subjects with which Mr. Parton undertook to deal. To a smaller number of our readers Mr. Fiske is known as a laborious student of philosophy, who, although a young man, has already won respect from the ablest philosophical students in this country and England. Of the other gentlemen named as lecturers, Mr. Whitney is known throughout the learned world as one of the few American scholars whom all philological scholars respect; Mr. Howells is admired as a literary critic, of acuteness and great susceptibility, and a humorous writer of very rare excellence, and his lectures will, no doubt, be a valuable contribution to literature; Mr. Cabot we know as a student of philosophy: and Mr. Bôcher has for some years been the collegiate instructor in the French language and literature. The infusion of new blood into the veins of our oldest university seems to be going on with every sign of a successful result.

—The gentlemen—mostly they voted for Mr. Seymour and General Blair, we fear—who were in doubt if Mr. Lowell did not make a mistake when he praised the "Reverend P. V. Nasby" as a genuine humorist, sometimes, no doubt, have Mr. Nasby on their side when they deny his claims to the place which Mr. Lowell gives him. But whatever else may be said of the pastor and postmaster and spiritual guide of "Confedrit Cross Roads," it cannot be said of him that there is not presented to us in his person a lively picture of the low Democrat of the South-west—or rather of the low Democratic demagogue of that region in the Union in which the cheapest sort of "doughface" was not a "poor white" in all particulars, but a "poor white" with some partially visible means of support, and some shadow of social equality with his masters, and some sense of the merchantable value of his lowness and degradation. Mr. Locke's humor is often enough of decidedly coarse fibre; and it is very often that he seems not to know when to cease bearing on hard, but harps away on one worn string. Still, we have more than once had testimony to the truth and force of the picture which he has painted. Indeed, it used to be told—it was during the campaign, to be sure—that our late President had received several letters in which politicians of the lower classes of the old school of politics remonstrated with him for allowing "Mr. Nasby" to speak out so plainly; he was a good Democrat, they knew; but they thought his contributions to the press let out too many party secrets, and pleased the Black Republicans too much. A correspondent in Milwaukee has just furnished us another piece of evidence that Mr. Locke's portraiture is truthful. He went out to "cuss Canaan" last month in several of the Western cities, and in one of them a lady who had taken her seat in the hall no sooner heard the president of the lecture association introduce him as Mr. D. R. Locke, than she left her seat, and walking out to the ticket office demanded her admission money, on the ground that she had come to hear Mr. Nasby, and Mr. Locke was no sufficient substitute.

—It may be because nowadays people do things for themselves instead of having things done for them, whether they will or no, by "the upper classes," or it may be for other reasons, but it is a fact we think that the *laudator temporis acti* is a rarer creature than he used to be. Or possibly may it be that the decay of the belief in an unspeakably miserable hereafter as probable at the end of this life may be disposing people to cheerful views of the future and disinclining them to look back to the past with a regret for it which gilded it? At all events, as we have said, we think fanatical praises of the past are less frequently heard nowadays than in the old times—a thing to be thankful for, inasmuch as almost every bit of new evidence that turns up goes to show that although every grumbler at present, looking backward, may find days when he individually was happier than age usually permits a man to be, nevertheless each grumbler may be made to admit that the great body of his fellow-grumblers must have been worse off in the old times than they would have been now. Some of the kind of testimony of which we speak has recently been printed in the *Advance* by Mr. Lewis Tappan, at present an aged resident of Brooklyn, but who was a youth in Massachusetts, in the Connecticut River Valley, when the century was born. He is a willing witness, too, and his testimony is not indirect, but deliberately directed to the point in question. A whipping-post and stocks, he reminds us, then stood in front of the justice's office, where, upon conviction, the culprit received instant punishment—whipping, branding, or cropping of the ears—while the people stood by and looked on, sometimes pelting the prisoner with eggs and addressing him with jeers. Women in that golden age were whipped on the bare back, sometimes publicly, sometimes in the jail yard. Thrashing their pupils, the punishment being often needlessly disgraceful, occupied a good part of the schoolmasters' time, and a good part of the rest of it they took up in mending and making pens. Girls it was not thought much worth while to educate. Impure and profane language was much more common sixty or seventy years ago than it is now, Mr. Tappan says; indelicate allusions were permitted if not too indelicate; and he mentions that the late Governor Strong of Massachusetts used to tell that, at a dinner party in Boston, at Governor John Hancock's house, that distinguished Signer of the Declaration made a remark so gross that the ladies of the company were constrained to leave the room, which they did amid roars of laughter from the gentlemen left behind. It may comfort some of the observers of the corruption which infects the Radical Congress of the present day, and some of the less inveterate mourners for the glorious days of "the giants who founded this Republic," now cursed by Radical misrule, that Mr. Tappan knows of Chancellor Livingston's saying to a friend of his, "Jay, what a set of damned rascals they were in the old Congress;" and we daresay they were; they were some sort of rascals, at all events, in "the glorious days of a Webster, a Clay, a Calhoun," twenty or thirty years afterwards, as anybody may see who will look at Mr. Gobright's amusing book of reminiscences, recently published. Party spirit, Mr. Tappan says, ran extremely high in those days; he remembers that even the women would have no social intercourse with the wives and daughters of their husbands' political opponents, and speaks of an advertisement in the Northampton newspaper, of a house to be let, with the warning that "No Democrat need apply" appended to the announcement of terms. This height of partisanship was hardly reached in most modern Northern

communities even in the storm and stress of the civil war. The clergymen of that happy time—they used to preach, by the way, in their great-coats and mittens when the weather was very cold, for no stoves were in the churches—were not much better men, it appears, than the clergy of the degeneracy. One Batch, we are informed, kept a hatter's shop in Cornhill, Boston, in which the ministers and leading lawyers were accustomed to assemble once or oftener every week, and there would they make punch and drink it, and smoke, and listen to stories, and talk politics. Like shepherd, like flock; and in the little town of Northampton the shops used to retail annually fifty-six hogsheads of rum, or something like a gallon and a half to every man, woman, youth, and infant child in the village—to say nothing of hard cider and the spirituous and other liquors which were not sold in the shops. In short, the stupid old heresy that the world is the worse for all the work that has been done upon it gets no corroboration or countenance from Mr. Tappan, who would say as we would: "Say not thou what is the cause that the former days were better than these? For thou dost not enquire wisely concerning this."

—In the recent settlement by commission of the border-line between France and Spain, it was found necessary to ascend to charters ancient even for Europe, and in the eyes of an American almost absurdly venerable. Our owners of real estate, we congratulate ourselves, need go very little way back in their searches; nevertheless, for a new country, it is somewhat surprising to find litigation concerning titles and boundaries continued from the time of its earliest settlement down into the present century, and in fact to this day. How this has happened in New England is shown in a lucid and entertaining manner by Mr. Samuel F. Haven in a lecture before the Massachusetts Historical Society, last winter; the fifth of the series we have mentioned. Politics does not, we may remark, enter into this one, and it is neither an explicit nor implied vindication of Massachusetts against her detractors; but a purely historical investigation of a very intricate subject—"The Grants under the Great Council for New England," the source of all the subsequent confusion. In cataloguing these, and affixing the right dates, and showing how and why they were loosely drawn, and inconsistently one with the other, the lecturer relieves the natural heaviness of his theme by a preliminary sketch of "England's conventional title to American possessions," as acquired by the voyages of the Cabots, Sir Humphrey Gilbert, and Raleigh. The active part taken in discovery and colonization by the Continental nations during the sixteenth century is also described, with mention and due account of those humble ventures which brought great numbers of fishers and traders to these coasts before any permanent foothold was attempted. "The Great Council for New England" is at last reached, and its proceedings, as far as they appear in the records that are preserved, set forth in relation to each grant. Finally, in the appendix, a valuable table and summary of the grants is given, more perfectly than in any other work.

—The ancient branch of quasi-literature which is known as thieves' slang will always be sure of a number of curious students, for it has not only a sort of philological interest, but also possesses the more fascinating charms of secrecy to be penetrated, of out-of-the-way knowledge to be acquired, of the pleasure to be got from learning something of the habits of a strange and hostile species of human animals. The latest student of slang of whom we have heard is M. Maxime Du Camp, who has been giving the result of his researches to the *Revue des Deux Mondes*. Some of the sources of the *argot* in use in France M. Du Camp traces to the passwords of the free companies which infested all parts of the kingdom in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries. The Gipsey tongue is of course found to contribute many words to the vocabulary of this patois, that homeless race naturally having relations more or less intimate with all wandering outcasts from society. Of course, too, many other languages have been borrowed from—the thief being cosmopolitan, and moreover, like the honest man, finding it much easier to borrow words than to make them. Some of the words which M. Du Camp has translated to us are these: *meg*, or *mek*, means "chief of a gang," and comes from the Latin *magus*, or the Arabic *melek*, if our enquirer's etymology may be trusted—a point as to which we leave the reader at perfect liberty. *Berges*, from the German *berg*, are "years"—"symbolizing the difficult ascent of the thief's arduous life." The executioner is called *tollard*—which we are told is derived from the Latin *tollere, quia tollit e vivis*, and a pardon is *redam*, from *redimere*. To speak is *balancer le chiffon rouge*—a phrase which illustrates well enough the constant tendency to metaphor instead of toward coining which all slang dialects exhibit. To betray a comrade is *judacer*, "to be a Judas;" an omnibus is "the common oven;" the policemen are "the dealers in lace" (*lacet*, a lace or a snare); the guillotine was *l'abbaye de monte-à-regret*, or "the abbey of sorrowful ascent;" "to deny" (*nier*) is "to go to Niort;" "*le vol au poivrier*," "the theft from the pepper-box," is robbery from a drunken man under pretence of assisting him; *le moucheron* is "the little gnat" of a boy who accompanies pickpockets and indicates the prey; while "the rat" is the youth who accompanies burglars. M. Du Camp goes into his general subject of the life, manners, and customs of the Parisian criminal classes at considerable length, and is worth reading. He attempts an answer to the question which agitates French students of social science as well as English, namely, "Why is this class of habitual criminals on the increase?" In 1857 the number of arrests by the Parisian police was 20,726; ten years afterwards, in 1867, this number had grown to 31,437, and in another year no less a number than 6,314 had been added. These figures, which, to be sure, afford the means for only an approximate estimate of the number of habitual criminals in Paris, are certainly alarming. M. Du Camp says their rapid growth is due to the fact that the excess of the country population flows more and more into Paris, and that the spirit of enterprise, finding there no sufficient field for honest exertion, is diverted into crime. To this the London *Daily News* replies that the true answer to the question is, that the thieves form a regular caste, which increases, as do the other classes in the community, by natural propagation. But it is not probable that the natural increase of the thieves is so great as that of the world outside of Alsatia; M. Du Camp's theory seems to come nearer to covering the facts. But the rapid increase in the numbers of habitual criminals in London is not thus accounted for.

—The entire number of the *Bulletin de la Société de Législation Comparée* for June is occupied with considerations on the civil service in all countries, and more especially with Mr. Jenckes's bill, which is translated in full. The principal paper is by M. Gonse, who reproduces Mr. Jenckes's arguments as contained in his speeches in defence of his bill, and concludes by fully endorsing the principle of that measure. Several other members joining in the debate, the state of the civil service everywhere is touched upon, M. Lamé-Fleury in particular offering a conspectus of the systems or want of system in the states of Europe, and referring to documents of all sorts useful to know of by those who are studying what he aptly calls the universal "order of the day." The English practice of competitive examinations is explained and criticised, that for the Indian service being most highly esteemed. One of the Vice-Presidents, M. Duverger, was of the opinion that university rank ought to be taken as a guaranty, without examination, of a certain capacity for civil functions. The discussion was not finished at the session thus reported (May 11), but was carried over to the June meeting. We ought to mention M. Lehmann's account of an Italian essay on the theoretical relation between the Government and its employees by M. Tango, which he describes as a comprehensive and very sagacious contribution to one of the most urgent questions now occupying the attention of united but not yet homogeneous Italy. We should quote, too, this sentence from the President of the session: "Italy has responded more quickly than any other country to the appeal of this Society, and we have from there almost all the elements of information we could desire," thanks to the correspondents then named: a list of the most respectable length and character. Among the correspondents from other countries we miss any American, and we are forcibly reminded how powerful an instrument of reform would be an American Society of Comparative Legislation that should even confine itself to the several States of the Union. This, we understand, is one of the branches undertaken by the American Social Science Association; but we hazard the opinion that the work is of such dimensions as to demand a separate organization and a publication of its own, nor do we doubt that this publication would be sustained if only by the lawyers and law-makers of the country.

MR. FREEMAN'S NORMAN CONQUEST.*

THE second volume of Freeman's "History of the Norman Conquest" contains the reign of Edward the Confessor, a period during which the causes that at last resulted in the Conquest were already actively at work, and which was therefore a direct preparation for this event. The Danish Conquest of 1016 was not only the forerunner of the Norman Conquest, it was in one point of view the immediate cause of it, since it drove the young Atheling Edward to take refuge in the Norman court, where he remained until summoned to assume the English crown. During these years of exile, he lost all genuine sympathy with his native country, and all practical knowledge of her institutions, and returned at last a Norman

* "The History of the Norman Conquest of England, its Causes and its Results. By Edward A. Freeman, M.A., late Fellow of Trinity College." Vol. II., The Reign of Edward the Confessor. Oxford: At the Clarendon Press. 1868. 8vo, pp. 651.

rather than an Englishman. And although towards the close of his life he seems to have felt somewhat more as an Englishman, yet the result of his reign, as a whole, was to give the Normans a foothold in the country, to familiarize them with the rich spoils it offered, and whet their appetites for their future prey.

One hardly sees at first how so uneventful a reign as that of Edward the Confessor can afford materials for one thick volume even out of five, seeing that the events which immediately followed his death are reserved for the next instalment of the book; and it is true that this volume, on the whole, possesses less variety and interest than the first. Still, even in the somewhat monotonous chronicles that make up most of this period, the story possesses so much continuity, and is told with so much graphic detail and illustrated with so much fulness, that one is not often inclined to leave anything unread. Then there is the long chapter upon the early career of William the Bastard—one of the most interesting episodes of the Middle Ages, even apart from its special bearing upon English history. The insurrection of his haughty barons against the young upstart, as they deemed him, with its heroic incidents, culminating in the battle of Val-ès-dunes; the war with Anjou; the ecclesiastical affairs of Normandy—these make an exceedingly interesting chapter. The character of William is described with great skill and a remarkable degree of impartiality. Mr. Freeman is a thorough Englishman, a stanch supporter and a steady admirer of Harold; but this does not prevent him from passing almost a eulogium upon the character of Harold's great antagonist—upon his character, that is, before it was spoiled by success and rendered vindictive by opposition.

The same fairness is manifested in his judgment, p. 300, as to Edward's promise of the succession to William, and Harold's oath to support William's claim. "No English writer mentions either; but the silence of the English writers confirms rather than disproves the fact of both. All those Norman calumnies which they could deny, the English writers do most emphatically deny. The fact, then, that they never formally deny the reports, which they must have heard, that Harold swore an oath to William, that Edward made a promise in favor of William, may be accepted as the strongest proof that some kind of oath was sworn, that some kind of promise was made." But—deferring the question of Harold's oath to the next volume—he goes on to show very conclusively, from the nature of the English constitution, that Edward's promise, whatever its form may have been, was utterly without effect as regards any *right* to the throne; for England was even in those early times a constitutional monarchy. "All that Edward could constitutionally do was to pledge himself to make in William's favor that recommendation to the Witan, which the Witan were bound to consider, though not necessarily to consent to." William's claim, therefore, as resting upon the will of the last monarch—even supposing that will to have been most unequivocally expressed—was not a whit stronger than by hereditary title—as great-nephew of a queen-consort.

Mr. Freeman, therefore, although no blind partisan, takes a decided stand for the national side. He does not, to be sure, regard the Norman Conquest as a complete overturn of the English nation; on the other hand, he does not consider it as a mere change of dynasty. In his view, the right was decidedly with England; and he carries his reader to the England of that day, makes him understand her institutions and know her people—know also her invaders, and feel how vital was the struggle between English liberty and Continental absolutism, whether in state or church.

Thus he traces very carefully the ecclesiastical history of the nation, shows the changes of bishops and of bishoprics, and the contest which was coming up during Edward's reign between the national church, headed by Stigand and Eldred, and the Norman prelates, Robert and William, who leaned upon Rome. Lotharingian prelates were a kind of compromise, coming "from the border-land of Germany and France," but even these, "if not Normanizers, were at least Romanizers. They brought with them habits of constant reference to the Papal See, and a variety of scruples or points of small canonical regularity to which Englishmen had hitherto been strangers." By these foreign bishops there was introduced likewise, in some cases, a degree of strictness in the rules of episcopal chapters which tended almost to monastic austerity. The two principles which were here at issue are well illustrated in the famous foundations of the two last of the Anglo-Saxon kings. Edward's life was devoted to the establishment, or rather enlargement, of the monastery of St. Peter at Westminster—monastic institutions harmonized well with his own narrow pietism. But Harold founded at Waltham, not an abbey (as it was afterwards when transformed by Henry II.), but a church, with a college attached. "And the clergy whom Harold placed in his newly-founded minster were not monks, but secular priests, each man living on his own prebend, and some of them, it would seem, married. Education also occupied a prominent place in the magnificent and enlightened scheme of the great Earl. The chancellor or lecturer—for the word schoolmaster conveys too humble an idea—filled a dignified place in the college, and the office was bestowed by the founder on a distinguished man from a foreign land" (p. 442). This was Adeland of Lüttich, another Lotharingian.

The author's interest, as an Englishman, in everything that is peculiar to his country, is constantly showing itself in matters in themselves of trifling importance, but which he discusses in such a way as to inspire the reader with a sort of personal interest. Frequently a town—as Durham or Exeter—is described and characterized with great vividness; or a national usage or expression is briefly discussed. Such points as these abound in the book. The author is, perhaps, over-fond of historical parallels, although in these he is generally very happy. An illustration of the practice above-mentioned is found in regard to the English mode of fighting. Before the Norman Conquest the battle-axe, not the long-bow, was the English weapon (as was well seen at Hastings), and their armies fought on foot. "The English, light-armed and heavy-armed alike, were always accustomed to fight on foot. The housecarl, the professional soldier, with his coat of mail and his battle-axe, and the churl who hastened to defend his field with nothing but his javelin and his leathern jerkin, alike looked on the horse only as a means to convey the warrior to and from the field of battle" (p. 388).

It is interesting to find Macbeth, a man "who seems to us hardly more real than the creations of Grecian tragedy," removed from the region of the imagination, and restored to historical reality. "From what little can be recovered about them [Macbeth and his wife, Gruach], they certainly seem not to have been so black as they are painted. The crime of Macbeth against Duncan is undoubted; but it was, to say the least, no baser than the crime of Siward against Eadwulf; and Macbeth, like Siward, ruled well and vigorously the dominion which he had won by crime. All genuine Scottish tradition points to the reign of Macbeth as a period of unusual peace and prosperity in that disturbed land" (p. 54).

Mr. Freeman has a pleasant habit of now and then translating from the old chronicles, almost verbally, passages of genuine racy vigor. Thus, in the first volume, p. 324, in the account of the disastrous reign of Ethelred the Unready: "And when the ships were gathered together, there was only delay from day to day; the crews were harassed grievously; when things should have been forward, they were only the more backward; and in the end there was nothing for either the land-force or the sea-force but grieving of the folk and spending of money and emboldening of their foes." So in the Laws of Cnut, Vol. I., p. 481: "First above all things are men, one God to love and worship, and one Christendom with one consent to hold, and Cnut King to love with right truthfulness." And in a battle of William in Normandy, "the poet rises to an almost Homeric flight when he tells us how William smote the rebel below the chin, how he drove the sharp steel between the throat and the chest, how the body fell beneath his stroke, and the soul passed away" (Vol. II., p. 261).

The third volume, "of which a considerable part is already written," is to be devoted to the year 1066; the fourth, to the reign of William; while the fifth will trace in detail the results of the Conquest, down to the reign of Edward I. We gladly commend the work of this careful student and vigorous writer to all readers who would understand the course of English history.

FREESE'S TOUR THROUGH PALESTINE AND SYRIA.*

Mr. Freese has added a pretty well written, neatly printed and illustrated, and on the whole rather pleasant book to the daily-increasing stock of American tourist-literature. He does not claim to be a traveller, and has "no pride of authorship to subserve." And justly so—for he has spent altogether but forty-one days—in March and April, 1867—in Palestine and Syria, "the days on horseback and the nights in tents," besides a few days in Smyrna and Constantinople; and most of his chapters were written upon or near the spots described, originally in the form of letters for a journal. Besides, quite a considerable, and certainly not the least instructive, part of the volume consists of quotations from Burckhardt, Volney, Lamartine, Lindsay, Kelly, Robinson, Prime, and other travellers. These quotations refer, however, only to places and things seen by the author himself, while

* "The Old World. Palestine, Syria, and Asia Minor. Travel, Incident, Description, and History. By Jacob R. Freese, M.D., United States Commissioner to Paris Exposition, 1867." Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1869.

everything out of his way—as the principal parts of Philistia and Phœnicia, Gilead, Bashan, Palmyra, Aleppo, Antioch, and the whole valley of the Orontes—not to speak of Asia Minor, which he has hardly approached—remains undescribed and almost unmentioned. Most space is devoted to Jerusalem and its surroundings, the Jordan and its valley, the region of Samaria, Damascus, the Lebanon, Baalbec, the Druses and Maronites, and Beyrout. No part of the subject, however, is so treated as to give the reader full information on it—the historical notices being chiefly defective. This defectiveness is the most noticeable where the author easily loses himself in reminiscences of the lives of Jesus, the apostles, and other Scriptural characters—an easily-besetting sin of book-making travellers in Palestine, and a great sin. Whenever he can follow holy footsteps, these reminiscences almost exclusively absorb his attention, and his pages become half-filled with sacred passages with which every Christian reader is familiar. Not satisfied with alluding to the Biblical narratives and the pious legends, he enters into details, whenever a spot is pointed out to him as hallowed by the occurrence of a miracle. Even when he disbelieves the literal truth of a legend, he likes to linger in telling it, as, for instance, when he is shown "the spot where Lazarus lay while the dogs 'licked his sores,' and not far from this the house of Dives, 'the rich man,' who, when he lifted up his eyes in hell, only asked that Lazarus might be sent to dip the tip of his finger in water to cool his tongue, as he was in torment." The precise fixing of this locality Mr. Freese condemns as a superfluous work of monkish superstition; but why does he not tell us whether he regards in the same light the fixing of "the stone on which the cock crew when Peter denied his Master?" Altogether, his feelings concerning the correct identification of spots hallowed by miracle appear to be whimsical. He is "content to believe" that he has seen not only the town, but also "the very rock-hewn cave (then used as a stable)" where "Jesus was born of the Virgin Mary;" though "whether or not Jesus was born in the rock-hewn grotto pointed out as the place of nativity matters not a whit to us." But he don't know "in which of the fields near by the shepherds watched their flocks" on the night before the Nativity. As to the tomb pointed out as the Holy Sepulchre, he is "content to believe that this is the identical tomb in which the body of the Redeemer lay, and the rock near by the identical one in which, or upon which, the cross stood at the time of the crucifixion;" but "as to the spots pointed out where this, that, and the other event took place at the crucifixion and after the resurrection," he thinks them "all conjecture, though quite as likely to be right as wrong; and whether right or wrong makes no difference whatever," for a reason given but not at all satisfactory.

In general, he is much more inclined to believe all kinds of tradition than to doubt, an inclination which, of course, belongs to those shades of religious disposition about which dispute is almost as useless as about taste. Our author's Christian fervor, however, somewhat transcends the sphere of piety or harmless superstitious sentimentality. Modern Jerusalem, for instance, inspires him with a feeling thus expressed: "Cursed of God and cursed with men; cursed within and cursed without; cursed in the rulers and cursed in the ruled; cursed in the past and doubly cursed in the present, Jerusalem sits like a widow in her weeds, with none so poor as to do her reverence." There is no city, however, which is quite so badly off as all that comes to. His manner is similar when he speaks of "the poor, down-trodden Jew"—Fould, we suppose, or Goudchaux, or Meyerbeer, or Halévy, or Montefiore, or Rothschild—"the curse of God still follows him, wherever he may be or whatever he may do." Still, for the Jew he has some pity; it is when he is dealing with the Moslem that he wholly discards that sentiment. The Moslems of Syria, at least—through whose country he runs, and whose language he does not understand—are to him men "with whom we can have no sympathies in common, and whom we fairly loathe for their lack of civilization and Christian courtesy." He is so convinced of their "consummate meanness and bigotry" that he exclaims, "Oh! that we had the power to wipe this people from off the land which they so much disgrace and pollute by their presence!" He admires the Crusaders, blesses the efforts of the Czars "to wipe Turkey from the map of nations," and exhorts all Christian governments to offer the Turkish Government the following alternative: "Either free access to every place of Biblical interest in Palestine, or utter extinction as a government," and that "without hesitation or delay." More than this, had he, at Machpelah, had "a dozen other Americans" with him, "each with a revolver in his hand," he would not have waited for a new crusade, but cleared his way "by threats if possible, but by bullets if necessary, to the tombs of the fathers," to which he was not admitted. Justice to the author, however, compels us to add that near the close of his volume he has given room to expressions of opinion on the Turkish character considerably at variance with his own conclusions, and that, as it appears, from a laudable sentiment of candor. On the whole, he has not spared exertion in order to become informed on the topics he treats of; and what he has learned from sight or books he expresses in plain, lucid, and often forcible words. His materials are good and his rendering correct, though inaccuracies of the more pardonable kind occur here and there. Thus Mehemet Ali is always called Mohammed Ali; the Samaritans (Cutheans and all) are designated as "the descendants of the Israelites who remained and were not carried into captivity;" Benjamin of Tudela, who flourished in the latter half of the twelfth century, is said to have "travelled before the time of the Crusaders;" the "disasters of Navarino" are placed (perhaps by misprint) in the year 1821 instead of in 1827; we read of temples "at Baalbec, Heliopolis, Ephesus, Cyclades," which ought to be "at Baalbec *or* Heliopolis, Ephesus, the Cyclades," etc.; "the archipelago" stands (p. 385) for "the Mediterranean." Accuracy in these matters, however, all the world has given up expecting of the tourist.

THE NEW WEST.*

We have long been of the opinion expressed by Mr. Brace that "there is nothing that California needs so much in developing her material resources as a little truth-speaking." The received style of discussing California has too long been that of undiluted—indeed we might say hyperbolic—praise. And yet not everything is lovely there. We hear of floods, earthquakes, and siroccos; of one flood (on the Sacramento) that converted a fertile country twenty miles wide and one hundred and fifty miles long into a great lake from two to ten feet deep for more than a month—of earthquakes of such frequent occurrence as to make San Francisco deny herself high buildings and tall steeples—of siroccos like that at Santa Barbara in 1859 (which was felt as far north as Sacramento), where a blast of heated air swept through the streets in which no human being could live, in which animals fell dead, and fruits, such as pears and apples, literally cooked on the trees and fell to the ground as though they had been roasted on live coals. And such siroccos recur more or less every summer. We know of the pest of grasshoppers, that come in millions and eat away the green face of the earth—of the gopher and other destructive rodents. Then, too, California's golden sands roll down desolation as well as wealth. Its rivers are ruined by the gold-washings. The fine salmon that once filled its streams are rapidly disappearing, and the prospect is that in a few years California will have no fresh-water fish. Beautiful farms and orchards established on the river bottom-lands are perishing. Hydraulic digging in the mining district is pouring down not tons, but hills and mountains of sand and gravel. The winter floods yearly bury thousands of acres of valuable land under a sandy and pebbly deposit of from five to twenty-five feet in thickness. In Yuba County an orchard of seventy-five acres, worth $60,000, has been thus destroyed. The celebrated Briggs orchard, the early fruit of which for years gladdened San Francisco with sanitary sweetness—an orchard worth $200,000—is now a bed of sand grown up in willows. The same fate has befallen many other valuable orchards and vineyards. Marysville, once the most flourishing inland town in the State, is suffering from the effect of these floods on the surrounding country. All the fertile bottom-lands along the banks of the Yuba for miles lie buried under depths of gravel and *detritus*, and the work of destruction still marches on over the bottoms of Feather River, below the confluence of the Yuba. And in all this there is a double destruction not generally understoood. The so-called hydraulic diggings are usually in rich, fertile land, with a substratum of gravel containing grains of native gold. To get at the gold these elevations, varying from two hundred to five hundred feet, must be torn down, and with them the covering of rich surface soil, with houses, gardens, and orchards upon them. Gold is to be got. How much, how little, no one knows. But to reach it the graceful landscape, the pleasant home, the productive farm, soon disappear under the operation of powerful water-jets at a pressure of two hundred feet, leaving naught but a pool of dirty water, masses of boulders, and mounds of gravel and sand. The *Alta California* (newspaper) says of such operations as these:

"The devastation could not be more complete if it were the last day, and the demons of destruction had been let loose to desolate the earth, that not a green thing should grow on it thereafter for ever! The price of this awful ruin is probably some ten or twelve millions of gold dollars per annum. It brings, for the present, a large equivalent for the sacrifice of the

* "The New West; or, California in 1867-1868. By Charles Loring Brace." New York: G. P. Putnam & Son. 1869.

fine vineyard and orchard land it abstracts from the food-producing capacity of the State. But in the end it may be regarded as a poor compensation. The gold passes away, while the land, with the wealthy homes it has ruined, would have endured from generation to generation."

In May and June all California "dries up," and, says Mr. Brace, "few will ever permanently live in the interior of California that can help it." During summer and autumn most of the rivers sink into the sands, and the earth is dry and baked hard to a depth of many inches. "The interior [Brace, p. 45] is dry, hot, and dusty, with a parched landscape, where, except on the mountains, shade-trees grow with great difficulty."

Notwithstanding these and other drawbacks too numerous to mention, if the emigration that went into California had remained there, it would now be difficult to overstate its present population and wealth. After twenty years of what is generally looked upon as a career of wonderful prosperity, there are now about 350,000 white inhabitants in California, and the entire population is only 500,000, of which one-fourth—125,000—are in San Francisco. And yet more than 250,000 others have left the State and gone home during the last twelve years, fully 200,000 of them never to return. We cannot help thinking that if California had possessed one-half the permanent attractions claimed for her, she should now have a population of at least two millions. Society is still far from well regulated, and the condition of business is unsound.

There certainly must be something radically wrong in the financial and industrial condition of a country whose inhabitants are unwilling to invest in the main branch of its industry. Development of mineral wealth is sadly crippled for this reason. Taking Mr. Hittel's testimony, no San Francisco capitalist will buy a gold mine, lend money on one, or invest money in any gold-mining operation. A promise of ten per cent. a month would not induce him to examine such a proposition. He will tell you that all gold-mining is insecure, whether quartz mining, ditching, hydraulic, or sluice. They are to him all alike, and all equally dangerous. As a matter of course, San Francisco capitalists are not owners of stock in gold mines. They leave that fancy operation to Wall Street, and if, perchance, there should be found some California stockholders, their favorite amusement is said to be "freezing out" their foreign copartners. California State bonds are all sold in New York. Bonds of its towns and counties are all held abroad. There is no purchasable bank stock in the State. Titles of farm land are as a general thing insecure. There is no title to mineral land save occupation. Quitting or a failure to work a mine works relinquishment of its title. Taxes are high. In no county are they less than one per cent., and in some places four per cent. When streets are required in large towns, they sometimes amount to ten per cent.

During the last fourteen years California has exported seven hundred million (according to some, nine hundred million) dollars of gold, and yet what is there to show in the mining districts for all this immense wealth? Mr. Ross Browne's estimate of the amount of gold taken from the ground since the mines were opened is $900,000,000. Add to this the immense production from agriculture and other sources, and then look at the estimate of the whole taxable property of the State, of which nearly one-half is land—$180,000,000!

Its immense coast has scarcely more than one good harbor. The counties have no fine roads, no large or durable bridges. There are some admirable mountain roads, but they are generally private property, and supported by tolls on a very liberal scale. Enormously expensive flumes and ditches have been constructed, but they are not durable, and were undertaken solely for quick and immediate profit. There is scarcely an elegant county building in California. Three-fourths of the houses in the State are of wood—the other fourth, brick and adobes. Stone houses are so rare that there are not probably ten in the State. Any California mining town set down even in Ohio would be considered a very shabby village. The most important improvements are needed, but the money cannot be obtained to make them. Nearly all the insurance for California is effected in the Eastern States and in Europe. Six hundred thousand dollars per annum are sent away for premiums, while the total losses do not exceed $200,000, leaving a clear profit of sixty-six per cent. that should remain at home.

Now, all these things constitute only one side of the picture, to be sure; but they are things which it is well to remember when we are tired of hearing that the Land of Gold is all golden; and we are glad to see that there is a greater disposition to tell the truth than there has been hitherto.

Mr. Brace's book was first written, we think, as letters to a newspaper, and it still bears some traces of its origin, if that was its origin: it is a little desultory in arrangement; it is devoted in good part to the things of the day, as a correspondent's letters are apt to be; and it contains about the amount of philosophizing which is habitually done by the correspondent, whose business it is to catch something, at least, of the social, political, and other meanings of the phenomena which he observes, but who does not propose it to himself to be exhaustive. It contains, however, some statistics which must have been collected with a labor and considered with a care which it is not usual for a correspondent to bestow on his work, and it offers us some views upon Californian things which are evidently the result of reflection on observations made some time previously, and allowed to settle into their proper places and relations. Such books, when made by men of intelligence and good taste, practised in observation by experience of extended travel, are always interesting and instructive, and are all the more so when they relate to novel regions like this of the Pacific Coast, with "a different climate, a changed flora and fauna, a strange scenery and new outline of landscape, novel productions, and conditions utterly unknown to our branch of the human race." Mr. Brace's book, then, is both readable and instructive, and may be read as the latest word about California by a man more competent to speak it than most other travellers.

He has paid but little attention to the mines, concerning which we have had such oceans of talk already, but has looked for the California of the future, which he believes he has found in her vineyards, her grain-fields, her sericulture, and her fruit-growing. As if to confirm his opinion in this last particular, there is already talk in California of at once beginning to use the Pacific Railroad as a means of feeding all the Union this side of the Rocky Mountains with fruit of every description; for in the "divine climate"—the divine and the other kinds, we suppose—every fruit, no matter of what nature, tropical or frigid, can grow and ripen; and it is calculated by the hopeful San Franciscans that, even at the high tariff for freight which is now imposed, they can sell us fruit at half the price we have to give for what we import or raise. The wine of California has yet to be made, Mr. Brace thinks; but he has no doubt that it is to come, and that it is in a reasonably fair way of coming. The judgment which he pronounces on this head will not please certain of his Far Western readers; but he fortifies it all with fact and argument, and he is borne out also by official reports; and we may add that, so far as our observation extends, he is correct as to the status of California wines in New York. Their glory seems to have departed almost entirely; and, considering some of the stories which Mr. Brace tells, it is no wonder.

We have not space to follow our author through his interesting account of sericulture in California, where the climate appears to be the best in the world for the breeding of cocoons; nor into his calculations of the future agricultural wealth of the country; nor through his advice to intending immigrants as to the parts of the State best fitted for settlers; for we wish to quote a passage descriptive of the changes—frequently denied as occurring—which their changed conditions, climatic and others, are producing in the Americans of the Pacific Coast. Mr. Brace begins by admitting that all Americans, here in New York and elsewhere, are many of them very handsome already, and that all of us are growing handsomer all the time. Then he says:

"The same result, from more manifest causes, is taking place in California. Here picked men in the flush of life from most European races have gathered. They have mainly occupied themselves with vigorous pursuits, such as mining, or with outdoor occupations, such as teaming and farming. They have had the best food, plenty of both fruit and meat, and (on the coast) the best climate which the Anglo-Saxon has ever enjoyed; equable, sunny, cool, and invigorating. In the interior they have had a dry, mountain, Asiatic climate, with great extremes to struggle with, but which has not yet produced its natural effect on the physique, as the people so constantly emigrate to the coast.

"The effect of all these combined causes on the physical type of California is, that it is especially the land of handsome men. One sees great numbers of fine, manly profiles, with full ruddy cheeks and tall, vigorous forms. The spare, dry, nervous type of the Eastern American is not common in the interior. City residents, of course, are always inferior physically to the rural population; but even the San Franciscans begin to have an English look. I am constantly meeting young, ruddy, round-faced business men, whom I mistake for Englishmen, but who are Yankee-born. Still, the curse of this city, *overwork*, is telling on the physique of the people. The climate tempts to do too much, and, though there is little sickness, life snaps off suddenly. The principal diseases of the city seem to be rheumatic, and those which affect the throat.

"On the Sierras, especially at Virginia City, there seems no doubt that the rarefied atmosphere has expanded the chests of the people, even in these few years. The impression prevails generally in California that the climate favors the prolific power of both animals and human beings; both certainly mature earlier than in the Eastern States. Physicians, however, are inclined to trace the remarkable effect on women, observed here, as much to change of climate as to any peculiar power in it. I have heard of some very large families here—one of twenty-eight children, all of one

mother. But it should be remembered that the great checks on increase of population are always artificial or economical, rather than want of physical power; and here luxury does not make children a weariness or poverty a burden.

"The children in the country, and from the wealthier classes of the city, seem more ruddy, healthy-looking, and prettier than ours in the East. Among the working people of San Francisco they are as pale, peaked, and nervous, with brains as much overworked, as in our cities. It is said that babes do not suffer from teething as do ours, and mothers do not dread 'the second summer' as at home."

"The young girls of the city show a great deal of beauty, and such rich bloom of complexion as we seldom see in the Atlantic border.

"The coast physique will, no doubt, be merely the American type improved. The inhabitant of the Sierras and the central river-bottoms will ultimately become more Asiatic or Arab-like in type—darker, sparer, and, on the whole, with less muscular vigor—for the common diet of the plains will more and more be the delicious fruits and vegetables of that region; and a fruit or vegetable-eating race is never so vigorous or energetic as a meat-eating.

"The south of California will tend toward an Italian or Moorish type, under the enervating influence of climate and a bountiful fruit diet. A 'southern' aspect is already very perceptible even in the pure Anglo-Saxons of Los Angeles and its neighborhood."

Speaking of the Chinese question, Mr. Brace gives some instances of gross oppression which revive the feelings with which we used to hear of the mild "discipline" of the patriarchal age in the Southern States. Without approving of the bestowal upon Chinamen of the privilege of suffrage, he of course pleads for their right to be heard in the courts, and, his special argument apart, his whole book is such an indirect argument in favor of justice to them that it seems as if it could not be long delayed. For it is impossible not to believe that the great want of California is cheap labor. With it, she can do almost anything; without it, the dark side of the picture which we pointed out in the beginning of this notice will long be dark, and will, perhaps, be the largest side. Yet the inoffensive Chinaman, who offers to bring it, she gives over into the hands of any ruffian who chooses to murder and rob him. This, however, is conduct that no American community will long continue to practice.

RECENT REPUBLICATIONS.

TAKING up again a book that one long ago had for a favorite, it is not unreasonable to suspect that a good part of the pleasure of re-reading it will come from its association with old times and scenes; and many, we dare say, of Mr. Dana's readers have opened this new edition of "Two Years before the Mast," not so much with the expectation of finding an interesting book, as with the hope of reviving the feelings of the days when they long ago sailed with him in "the brig *Pilgrim*, on her voyage from Boston, round Cape Horn, to the western coast of North America;" and took up their abode with him in the hide-house at San Diego; and fell in love, as he did, with the *Ayachuco*, and desired to ship in that craft; and ardently wished for the mutiny of the *Pilgrims*, and the immediate death of Captain Frank Thompson; and rode Mexican horses up and down the beach with the Kanakas; and were transferred with him and Stimson to the *Alert;* and fought their way with him round the Horn, when every rope in the ship was coated with ice, and everybody's hands were numb; and came out victorious into the Atlantic, the ice melting off the rigging as the ship went running like a race-horse, with "the Boston girls hold of the tow-line," and coming home again with a bigger ship's company, and one less willing to come home, than ever before or since made Boston Light.

But the man, we should say, will give as high praise to the volume as the boy did—even although it is possible that the criticism of the latter authority may have consisted in his running away to sea; or in his turning the barn into the *Alert*, homeward bound; or in his willingness for "meeting" on the Sabbath days when a collection was taken up for "such as go down to the sea in ships." Suddenly, we seem to remember, the "poor mariner" ceased, even on Sundays, to be the semi-mythical personage he had been of old—the son of a widowed mother, usually, who had become lawless, and whom, considering that he might at any moment be called into eternity, it was well to supply with good reading—and the contribution box got numerous coppers which the small donors mentally tendered as perchance to be expended in furnishing hot coffee to the *Alerts* when they should "come up with the latitude of the Horn" in some new voyage.

It would be a man without much critical discernment, or rather it would be a man who had formed false tastes, who should deny that Mr. Dana's record of forecastle life is very nearly perfect in its way. Genius, which does the unexpected thing, the thing almost unsuspected, might have done—one cannot say what, in the handling of such an experience as Mr. Dana's while he was a foremast hand; but we are bold to say that a realistic presentation of his sailor life could hardly have been better made. It bears the stamp of truthfulness; it is no less vivid than unpretending and straightforward; it is full of natural feeling—tender, as the longing of the absent for home, which so often is expressed in it, stern, as the indignation which is called forth by the sight of injustice and oppression, but always, whether stern or tender or whatever it is, perfectly unaffected and manly. On the whole, we do not know that we know a book which, trying it by its proper standard, it would be harder to find fault with. We think there is no other book that one could give to a boy with quite so much certainty that he would get from it good unqualified—such good as comes from increased knowledge conveyed in a pleasing and interesting manner; from the strengthening of the moral fibre which is given by the contemplation of courage and patience in full activity, and exercised for legitimate ends, and from the excitation of unselfish sympathies—of pity for the unfortunate, admiration for the brave and adventurous, hatred for the unjust and cruel, love for fidelity and loyalty and kindness—kindness all the kinder, perhaps, for being rough and refusing acknowledgment. We may well be glad to doubt if there is any book in the world which is surer of being read by many generations of boys than this book of Mr. Dana's.

Cassell's cheap biographies of Bright, Gladstone, Disraeli, and Queen Victoria are offered to the American public by Messrs. Felt & Dillingham, and we feel able to give them an amount of commendation which it is not usual to find merited by works of this class. Our American popular biographies, in particular, are usually done by writers of no reputation, for a catchpenny purpose; and an American writer of no reputation is apt to be a man of very little skill in his profession, and knows from the start that his deficiencies are to be supplied by the "book agents" of his publisher. Drearier reading than our ordinary volumes of "Lives of Distinguished Men" no man ever picked up from the table of a steamboat cabin or a farmer's stuffy parlor or a drowsy country tavern. Mr. John McGilchrist, the maker of these "Representative Biographies," has done his work very well, and has made what seem to us accurate little books, as certainly they are written pleasingly, with intelligence and good taste. Mr. McGilchrist's impartiality—which we confess seems to us to be a little more like that of the hack writer than of the philosophically indifferent observer of politics—is very noticeable, and a follower of Disraeli would hardly be more disposed to find fault with the way in which his chief is treated than a Gladstonian would quarrel with our author's Liberal politics—for he is a Liberal, apparently. Mr. Bernard Cracroft would hardly take pleasure in him as a narrator of Mr. Disraeli's wicked course during the Reform Bill agitation; but, although he follows Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Bright "fair and softly," after a fashion that obtains among some of his countrymen, still he does follow. In those newspaper offices, then, in which these brief sketches may profitably find a place, they possibly may do other good than supplement the dictionaries of contemporaries; the gentlemen who furnish us with notices of distinguished politicians of the other party may be influenced by them "to give this pettifogger a first-class notice" less often than now happens. Of course, in the life of the Queen, Mr. McGilchrist is loyal to a degree that will probably give the thoughtless American citizen a good deal of amusement. But he will not feel disposed to find much fault with it; Queen Victoria has been more praised than most women who have given away an equal number of flannel petticoats and displayed equal powers of mind, but the stern Republican will not forget the temptations to all kinds of iniquities which arise from the social position and large salaries of foreign despots. Mr. McGilchrist's tone in speaking of the Queen would, at any rate, seem to give effectual contradiction to the statement that British affection for her is less than formerly—so far, at any rate, as concerns the great body of her people.

"Tommy Try, and What he did in Science," is a curious book by Charles Ottley Groom Napier, of the famous Napier family, and illustrates very well many of the marked traits of the breed—its independence, its courage, uprightness, love of science, irascibility, good-nature, self-conceit, generosity, and a mingling of a sort of simplicity and frankness with more sense and shrewdness than belong to most men born outside of Scotland, and to most Scotchmen outside of the Napiers. "Tommy Try" is the Laird himself, and "what he did in science" is a record of his dabbling in a dozen branches of learning, during the years of his childhood, boyhood, and youth: and, mixed with this, numbers of stories of boyish adventure; keen criticism of everybody who happened to fall under the young gentle-

man's observation, much gossip, and an effort of youthful imagination in the shape of a queer story which he invented as a history of the original of Powers's "Greek Slave." On the whole, it is a loquacious, hearty, agreeable book—the talk of an old man who is still a boy in many respects—which boys will read with avidity, and which will do them good as well as give them instruction and amusement. It is a good book for parents and guardians to recollect at Christmas time. Its merit is increased by some forty or fifty pictures, mostly of objects of science, which are drawn and engraved in a better than ordinary manner.

It is with pleasure that we receive a new edition of Mr. Helps's "Friends in Council," and note the fact of its growing popularity. There are books —as, for instance, Boswell's "Johnson"—which are admirably fitted for the constant companions of our odd moments, which are nearly as good by the minute as by the hour, which are adapted by their form to the intellectual apprehension of a mind disengaged for only a short time, and which are adapted, also, to the moral requirements of the man who is pausing for a while between one duty done and another to begin; for they are morally sanitary in several of a dozen different ways, they give us a bit of vigorous sense, a strain of noble sentiment, an elevated image, a stroke of wit to chase away mental dulness, an effusion of humor, a wise aphorism, or a sparkle of gaiety. Mr. Helps's books have many of these qualities, and have much of the form of which we have spoken, although there is, perhaps, too much essay-writing in them to make what we have said as to this latter point perfectly applicable. We have found them, however, charming as reading for "between whiles," and we know few works better for such use after a thorough acquaintance with "the friends" has once been made, in which case there is no uneasy feeling of incompleteness if one happens to open in the middle of a lecture, and is obliged to leave off before he has followed the thread to the end. And then there are the conversations after the reading—always suggestive of ideas, and frequently full of kindly wisdom, often witty and mirthful, and often noble, and never unmanageably long. The American publisher is Mr. James Miller. It seems a pity that Mr. Helps's books are so scattered about among our publishers that a uniform set of them is not to be had with an American imprint. "Realmah," for example, which is enough like "Friends in Council" in its character to make it desirable that the volumes of the two should look alike, are unlike in every dimension. Indeed, this want of uniformity in our American reprints of English authors is a crying evil, and long has been.

The new Thackeray which Messrs. Fields, Osgood & Co. are issuing is a companion set of volumes for their Charles Reade; and the same things may be said of both as regards what is called "their external dress." The binding is a neat green cloth, with little gilding, and is about as solid and durable as cheap cloth binding usually is. The page is double-columned, and the type is smaller than it is wholly comfortable to read, especially at night; and the back margin—if that is the technical name of it—is so narrow that the book has to be opened wide, and held wide open, or else it is difficult to read the beginning of the lines of the columns next the stitching. This is a rather exasperating fault in a volume of the size which naturally would be held in the reader's one hand. However, the "Household Thackeray" will no doubt, in most of the households to which it goes, be used enough to prevent complaints of stiffness of the binding and incapacity for lying open flat. The merit of this new set of the author's works is—if we are not misinformed—that it will give the American book-buyer for the first time a set of Thackeray's acknowledged works in a uniform style—and that is a thing which could not be had before unless one paid for English editions. Indeed, we hear that the American edition will contain some of the author's writings which have never hitherto been put in book-form. If so, it will not be the first time that Mr. Fields has done better for an English author than the English publisher has done for him. As at first projected, the "Household Thackeray" was to contain, in six volumes, "Vanity Fair," "Pendennis," "The Newcomes," "The Virginians," "The Adventures of Philip," "Henry Esmond," and "Lovel the Widower," and if it contained no more, it would be worth having as a neat-looking edition to stand on the shelf and be consulted. A few volumes, making a companion set of the author's various miscellaneous matter in prose and verse, would have a good separate sale, we should think, and, if made in uniformity, would enhance the value and promote the sales of this set also.

Studies in Philosophy and Theology. By Joseph Haven, D.D., Professor in Chicago Theological Seminary. (Andover: Warren F. Draper. 1869. 8vo, pp. 502.)—This book is made up of eleven disconnected papers, most of which have already appeared in the *Bibliotheca Sacra* or in the *New Englander*. The philosophy of Dr. Haven is the current Hamiltonianism—the horizon of which mostly lies so far within the Scottish school that it can take no comprehensive view even of the Scotch doctrines themselves. We may gauge the author's philosophical power by the objections he makes to some of his master's theories. While accepting the "doctrine of the conditioned," he thinks it inapplicable to the question of causality. He denies the mind's inability to conceive the absolute commencement of anything, yet admits that we cannot comprehend the Deity's calling of creation into existence out of nothing, nor even represent it to ourselves in thought as taking place. He likewise objects to the similar treatment by Hamilton of the subject of free-will. Hamilton puts the following question: "On the supposition that the sum of influences (motives, dispositions, and tendencies) to volition A is equal to twelve, and the sum of influences to counter-volition B equal to eight, can we conceive that the determination of volition A should not be necessary?" To this Dr. Haven replies as follows: "That is precisely what we can and do conceive. Actual the volition A may be, and will be, in the case supposed—actual, but not necessary. The certainty of an event and the necessity of an event are two different things—a distinction constantly overlooked by Hamilton, in common with Mill and most writers of the necessitarian school, as well as many of the advocates of free-will. The certainty of an action may result from the impossibility of its not occurring, in which case the act is one of necessity; or it may result *from other causes*, in which case there is no necessity." The italics are ours. If we say that an event happens necessarily, we mean that it not merely happens in the present case, but that it would occur under all circumstances. For example: Socrates took hemlock and died; he need not have done this, perhaps, but sooner or later he *must* have died; that is, he would have died whatever course he had pursued. The certainty of a proposition has reference to the mode of reasoning or perceiving by which it becomes known to us; and to say that a fact is certain is to say that it is known by a way which never leads to error. There is, therefore, in general, a distinction between necessity and certainty; but there may, nevertheless, be cases in which this distinction vanishes. For example: if a proposition is stated in the form of a general rule, by means of letters A and B, it is expressly made unconditional, and the predicate is said to be true of *whatever there may be* which the subject describes; and, therefore, if such a proposition is true, it is the statement of a necessary relation. Moreover, to state a general proposition by means of letters A and B, is to represent it as a blank form which, upon being filled up, yields a true statement respecting a particular case. To state a proposition in this way is, therefore, to represent it as a maxim for ascertaining the truth in particular cases; and accordingly, by the certainty of such a statement is meant the certainty of deductions from it, or, in other words, the unconditional generality of the validity of the rule. In such a case, therefore, *certainty* and *necessity* are synonymous terms, and whoever seeks to distinguish between them only shows that he is sometimes capable of a sort of thought which goes no deeper than words.

The papers upon theology relate chiefly to natural religion, the Trinity, miracles, and original sin. They contain some statements of the different forms of Protestant opinion on these subjects which may be found convenient. In the most interesting of these essays, that upon natural theology, the author takes the hazardous position that natural theology cannot prove the existence of a God, unless natural science can prove that the world had a beginning. No doubt it is the opinion of physicists that this earth has not always been habitable, and most likely has not always existed; but this opinion is not a belief in a true beginning of the world, such as is requisite to infer a first cause, for it is consistent with the hypothesis that the present order was evolved out of a previous state of things by the operation of natural causes. If Dr. Haven's logic is correct, the fundamental proposition of theology ought to depend for its demonstration upon the truth of Professor Agassiz's views.

Norman Leslie: A New York Story. By Theodore S. Fay. (New York: G. P. Putnam & Son. 1869.)—It was not, we suppose, with the idea of encouraging the despondent, who fear that American literature is not improving so rapidly as it ought, that this novel of thirty or forty years ago was republished; yet no other end, we should say, can be answered by it. Beside the inanities and absurdities of its conception and execution, almost any one of our later works gains some character, and books like "Dr. Johns" and its congeners seem more than respectable.

In the face of Mr. Fay's scornful prefatory warning "to the lofty,

minded critic," there is no use in asking him how he came to run the risk of seeing his book used as a standard of measurement for the slow but steady growth of our literature. But however he meant it, it is a sort of a service that Mr. Fay renders, and some degree of gratitude is perhaps due to him; and yet, for our own part, we would as lief have deduced from general principles the special conclusion which "Norman Leslie" warrants—the conclusion that in the Knickerbocker days we had a wonderfully poor literature—as from a re-perusal of this revived specimen of our preadamite days.

Typhaines Abbey: A Tale of the Twelfth Century. By Count A. de Gobineau, Ambassador of France at Rio Janeiro. Translated by Chas. D. Meigs, M.D. (Philadelphia: Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger. 1869.)—This is the story of an unsuccessful attempt on the part of the burghers of Typhaines to set up a commune in opposition to the wishes of their abbot. Dr. Meigs has made a readable translation; but the tale, except so far as it may be "a tale of the twelfth century"—a picture of the manners of that age—is of not much interest or importance. To our taste, the preface, in which the translator lays his work at the feet of the author, in token of the gratitude he owes him for the pleasure he has enjoyed in reading his scientific and historical works, is quite the best part of the book. It is certainly pleasant, for it is as perfect a bit of good-natured garrulity as we have seen in many a day.

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The Week.

VIRGINIA has been carried by the "Conservative" candidate for Governor by a majority that will probably turn out to be not far from twenty-five thousand, and this in the heaviest vote ever cast in the State. Mr. Walker, the Governor-elect, is a New Yorker, less than forty years of age, bred to the law, once a "Douglas Democrat," and, since the war began, a Republican. He has been for some years a Virginian by residence, and is said to be much respected by his fellow-citizens of Norfolk. That he will make a good Governor there seems to be not much doubt. Since his election he has made a speech, in which he declared that his success meant the passage of the Fifteenth Amendment and the endorsement by Virginia of the negro's right to political equality. This we believe to be so. We have no expectation of seeing Virginians playing the game which the Georgians entered upon, but which now they seem inclined to give up. It is true that many of the white men who voted for Walker are still enemies of negro suffrage; perhaps most of them are; but their enmity wants the bitterness it had a year or two ago, and we shall hear all the less of it now that "Conservatives" have been willing to nominate negroes for office, and have voted them into office, and have been voted into office by former slaves. Four of the sixteen colored members of the House of Assembly are Walker men; and a portion of the colored vote so large as not to be at all fully represented even by this fact was cast against Mr. Wells. The Virginians—and this is the best thing they have done in this contest—have shown the South, with a forcibleness that the whole South will feel as it never felt Northern preaching to the same effect, that there is no reason why white men should fear black, whether the black men have the ballot or not. The reverse not being true, there is every reason why everybody should rejoice that the two races—or the pure and the mixed form of the one race—have been able to carry on political business in amicable partnership. Of the newly elected members of Congress, Mr. Segar, Congressman at large, is the best known. He is a clever, gallant man, and a consistent Unionist. Mr. Porter, of whom little is known, will be recognized, we dare say, by General Butler. The returns indicate that of the nine representatives five are Conservative and four Radical; and no doubt the Conservatives have a two-thirds majority in the State Senate and Assembly, which gives them the two United States Senators and the power to override the Governor's veto.

Politics elsewhere are stirring a little, but not much. At last the Ohio Democracy have consented to give up the attitude of defiance which they have maintained with more persistency than good judgment for so long a time. That is to say, they have parted with the defiance; their attitude is otherwise pretty much the same; and the nomination of General Rosecrans for Governor will not conceal from the eyes of any one who takes the trouble to look, that the planks of the platform which the candidate is put upon betray plainly the joinery of Mr. Vallandigham. Bond taxation, anti-negroism, and inflation seem as dear as ever to the Ohio "unterrified." We fear the General may be more successful as a candidate than he ever was as anything else—as general, or diplomatist at the Sulphur Springs, or Minister to Mexico. He has the reputation of being a well-meaning, indiscreet, not very able man; but still he has a reputation, and he will be a harder man for Governor Hayes to beat than some others would have been. A worse thing is that he imperils the success of the Amendment. In any case, however, the way is more open since his nomination for a change of base by the "Peace Democracy."

Rosecrans's nomination in Ohio may very probably be of some help to Hancock in the attempt to get the Democratic nomination in Pennsylvania; but from all we hear we should judge that the question of who shall be candidate in that State is mainly a question of money. Both Mr. Packer and Mr. Cass, who are spoken of, are men who can afford to pay for honors—whether or not either of them would; and that some paying must be done nobody appears to deny. Mr. Packer has the reputation, we believe, of having been very civil and of much service to certain young relatives of Mr. Jefferson Davis when they were in need of help, and, in virtue of their blood, were in bad odor; but, on the other hand, Mr. Cass is understood to be strong in the Pittsburg country, which, in its normal condition, is strongly Republican. Furthermore, it may be doubted if the "claim" of Mr. Packer's which we have mentioned would be a very strong one in the eyes of very many Pennsylvania Democrats. The pressure in favor of Hancock probably comes chiefly from outside the State; the party nationally would not object to seeing something like an available candidate for 1872. Some journals already talk about possible Republican nominees for that time—as Colfax, Sheridan, Boutwell, and others; but for the Democracy they seem to find nobody but the Chief-Justice. There is time enough yet between now and October to talk about Governor Geary's chances of re-election. His is a weak enough nomination, we suppose; but then the local tickets may make up for that, and, so far as we hear, though the Republicans are not doing well as regards these, the Democrats are doing no better. In Philadelphia, for example, they have a convict and blackleg among their nominees. And it is said that Mr. Robeson is found to be more "practicable" than his predecessor, and is helping his party to use the political leverage which the Navy Yard affords. As the Philadelphia vote is heavy, and the general vote may probably be light, this assistance from the Secretary of the Navy, and the badness of the Democratic local nomin ations may have an important effect on the election.

Elihu Burritt, who has in his day done some honor to the American name, and some service to his race, has been for some time consul at Birmingham, on a salary of $1,500, out of which he had to pay office-rent and clerk-hire, leaving him about $500 for his own use. One would think the place would not tempt the poorest harpy that

ever "worked" in a canvas, and yet the old man has been turned out. What makes the performance seem at first sight more remarkable is, that Burritt rendered great service to the Union cause with his pen during the war. We are not at this moment acquainted with the name and antecedents of the gentleman who is to take his place; but, of course, we can have little doubt that he is a pious, virtuous, painstaking scholar, linguist, and statistician, of dignified manners and commanding personal appearance, who wants the small emoluments of the place simply to spend them in buying books for our public libraries, and helping young American artists while pursuing their studies. This being the case, old Burritt, instead of being dissatisfied, as he is, at being removed, ought to thank Mr. Washburne—if Mr. Washburne did it—for ridding the service of him.

We are glad to say that Philadelphia is just now the seat of great and increasing dissatisfaction with our friends "the politicians." In fact—if we can believe what we hear—the leading citizens of all parties are thoroughly disgusted with the manner in which appointments to the Civil Service have been made during the last six months. Luckily, too, their discontent is taking a practical form. They have drawn up a letter, couched in the strongest terms, addressed to the State Congressmen, requesting them to support forthwith Jenckes's bill, or something like it, that will put an end to the disgraceful scramble for office, and expressing their opinion that the continuance of the present state of things will not only endanger the existence of the Government, but go far to weaken the bonds of private morality. Most of the leading citizens are signing it, and we trust the movement will spread in the same shape to all the cities in the country. Nothing more disagreeable to the average Congressman than this mode of acting on him can well be imagined. If you go to Washington, and request him to "eschew corruption" and support the appointment to office of the pure and good, he will embrace you, invite you to take a seat on the Congressional sofa, and tell you that those have been his sentiments ever since he was a boy in a store; but if you say you want him to vote for a particular bill providing specifically for the exclusion of rascals and ignoramuses from office; or, if you ask him why he recommended Brown, the notorious horse-thief, for a United States marshalship, his countenance will assume an abstracted mathematical expression, and he will probably have to rush off to listen to Smith's great speech on the state of the Union, in order to refute that sophistical Copperhead's views on the configuration of the black man's skull and shins. Nevertheless, it is only by following him up steadily with names, dates, and circumstances, and specific demands, that he can ever be got to divest himself of the power of "taking care of his friends."

The Springfield *Republican* accuses us of having made a mistake in saying that Governor Claflin was a director of the Boston Railroad Company, but the only proof it offers is an assertion that it would be against the Massachusetts laws for him to fill that position. Now, if there be a law on the subject, its existence proves simply that he *ought* not to be a director of the road; that he is a director, we still affirm. The official list of directors published by the company for 1869 contains his name, and we have proof positive that to the carnal eye of those connected with the road, he is still on the board. If, therefore, in remaining a director, he is violating a statutory prohibition, so much the worse for him; if he is not violating a statutory prohibition, he is guilty of a great indiscretion; and if he allows his name to stand on the list when he is really not an officer of the corporation, he connives at a fraud—pious, it may be, but still a fraud. We do not, we repeat, impute any dishonesty or bad motives to him; but we do say that in these days, when railroads are so often great moneyed corporations, managed by speculators with a single eye to their own benefit, and in constant need of State aid either in "getting down to tide-water" or bolstering up their credit, the Governor of the State should have no official connection with them. We are also under the necessity of repeating, in reply to the *Republican*, that the Boston *Advertiser* did oppose the Massachusetts Central Railroad Bill, as may be seen by referring to the number of June 8.

A movement has been inaugurated in Cambridge, Massachusetts, in the results of which we profess a very lively interest. The scheme of co-operative housekeeping sketched out in the *Atlantic Monthly* by Mrs. C. S. Peirce, has been taken in hand, for practical experiment, by that lady, and, in part, now forms the serious undertaking of some twenty or twenty-five families. A clear and feasible plan has been elaborated, by which it is hoped to establish a co-operative store-room, a laundry, a bakery, and a kitchen, that shall relieve the home of the cares, expense, and untidiness of cooking and washing, and reduce housekeeping to simpler proportions, enabling families to dispense with servants altogether, or to be quite independent of them. The details of this plan were presented in a remarkably business-like address which Mrs. Peirce made last week to some of her neighbors, and which appeared in the *World* of Saturday. We understand that several other towns are already forming similar associations, and more are awaiting the success of the Cambridge experiment. This cannot be determined before the fall or early winter, but we expect to witness it. The ladies of Berlin have shown their capacity to found, maintain, and direct the "People's Kitchens," as they are called, or cheap restaurants for the working-classes; and we do not believe that American women are less practical than German. Mr. Mill asserts that practicalness is a feminine quality, and if it be, it is very certain that Mrs. Peirce is not quitting her "sphere." Their conduct of the Sanitary Aid Societies in the war did a great deal for women's business reputation; but the Sanitary Commission was a charitable organization; it had not to make ends meet, and was therefore not a complete test of the business ability of the managers. We want now to see if women can make a business enterprise *pay*, and everybody will, for this reason, watch the present experiment with the greatest interest. Its bearing on all sorts of social and political problems cannot be overestimated.

We see it asserted in one of the papers that the late defaulting cashier of the Central National Bank was brought to grief by unsuccessful speculations in Mariposa "Preferred Stock." If so, all we can say is that he is by no means the only person who was ruined by his confidence in "the new machinery" of that remarkable corporation. We have heard of more than one wretched victim whose all has gone down its auriferous shafts. A friend reminds us that when a piece of plate was presented, a month or two ago, to the enterprising president, in consideration of his services in forcing up the stock and otherwise bringing the simple-minded within the fowler's net, he modestly disclaimed all glory of the performance, and ascribed it, like a pious man, to an overruling Providence. We think he owes it to the public to acknowledge that he was mistaken as to the character of the agency which was manipulating the shares and crushing the quartz. He might surely now apply to the Mariposa Company what Colonel Pride said of the Long Parliament when he was "purging" that body.

General Blair was invited to the dinner of the "Army of the Gulf," presided over by Farragut, which took place at Long Branch last week, and took occasion, in making his few "remarks," to say that "the names of Lee and Stonewall Jackson would one day be as much on the lips of Americans as those of Sherman and Farragut," and to speak of them as "aspersed as rebels," of course by way of eulogizing the Confederate leaders; whereat the company took offence, and Admiral Farragut called him to order under the rule prohibiting the introduction of politics into these gatherings. General Blair then left the room, after having endured a fair amount of expressions of disapprobation. He excuses himself and abuses his hosts in a letter to the *World*, in which he says his object in praising Lee and Jackson was to compliment the men who had beaten them, and he ascribes the "perversion" of his meaning by those who heard him to their "having been taught by Butler to relish a different kind of steal" (pun).

The *World* comes to his rescue, on the ground that what he said was "the merest truism; that Browning glorifies Strafford; Bul-

wer Cromwell; French royalists Hoche, and French republicans Larochejacquelin; and that men who would have voted with Ireton and Bradshaw in a mysterious body, which the *World* calls "the Lay Parliament," now read of Falkland with moistened eyes; and that "our children will not sow Jackson's grave with salt, or build monuments to Ben Butler"—all of which may be true, but is not to the point. Time is of the essence of the question. Bulwer glorifies Cromwell, but Cromwell has been dead for two hundred years; and the moistness which comes over our eyes about Falkland is due with most of us to the fact that Falkland has for the same period ceased to be troubled by either church or state. Anybody who eulogized Rupert or Stanley at a Puritan dinner, three years after Naseby, would certainly have had a tankard of ale thrown in his face. One of the peculiarities of civil war, too, is that men do not feel much, if any, admiration for an enemy's bravery; they are too deeply moved by the quarrel to have any stomach for mere professional enjoyment of the spectacle of the foeman's prowess. Rupert was not to the Puritans a brilliant cavalry officer, as he is to us, but a blaspheming, plundering scoundrel, who deserved to have his throat cut. So that even if we acquit General Blair of all intention to offend, we cannot acquit him of the charge of having made an ass of himself in talking in a way which, according to the showing of his own friends, will not be appropriate for fifty years after he is dead. Public dinners are not the occasions on which to anticipate the judgments of posterity; anybody who talks at them is expected to talk the talk, and at least respect the prejudices, of his company, or else do what happily it is in the power of every man to do—hold his tongue.

Mr. Jackson, on whose removal from office in the Treasury Department we commented some weeks since, writes to us to say that he was removed under a "mistaken supposition as to his political affiliations," but that as soon as the mistake was corrected by the representations of his friends, he was reappointed, and has no reason to suppose that "his tenure of office is dependent on any other conditions than those implied in every appointment." The two young men, he says, who are learning their duties under him, were appointed in virtue of an arrangement between himself and the chief of his division, and without the knowledge of the Third Auditor, and their duties are, not simply those discharged by himself alone, but those of other places made vacant by dismissals and resignations. Both are lawyers of some experience, and in training them Mr. Jackson is only doing what the old hands have to do every time the general sweep is made after a change of administration. We trust Mr. Jackson will be more careful in future about his "affiliations." He regrets, naturally enough, our mention of his case and our criticism of his chief; and we regret having had to use him as an illustration. But we shall never be satisfied till he and all like him can "affiliate" as they please, as long as they discharge their duty properly.

The Emperor has apparently lost heart, and instead of appealing to the property-holders against the Socialists, or the Socialists against the property-holders, has quietly sent in a message to the Corps Législatif proposing to concede to that body the right of choosing its own president, of ratifying commercial treaties, of questioning ministers in their places, and to ministers the right to sit as representatives. In fact, it may be said that he is willing to accept a ministry responsible to the chamber. The much-abused parliamentary system is to be set up in France once more, pretty much as it was in Louis Philippe's time, plus universal suffrage. The immediate cause of the surrender is probably the resignation of the ministry, which found its position untenable, owing to the largeness of the hostile minority and its weight and ability. The great reason why a ministry responsible only to the sovereign cannot work in combination with a representative legislature is one that cannot be got over—that ministers are, after all, but men, with human nerves and susceptibilities, and will not sit and debate week after week, in a hostile assembly, with nothing to support them but the consciousness that a master in a palace some miles away approves of their conduct. After the proposed reforms are enacted nothing but the submission of press offences to the jury, and the subjection of functionaries to legal pursuit at the hands of individuals, will be needed to make France a free country; but without the last all the others are nugatory, because as long as nobody can prosecute a policeman without the permission of the council of state, every man's liberty and property are at the mercy of the government.

What has led the Emperor thus to abandon deliberately the Napoleonic system, which was the darling discovery of his life, and submit himself and his fortunes to the *rhéteurs*, is, probably, his age and physical infirmities, which render him no longer equal to a bold or desperate policy, such as a great socialistic experiment, or another *coup d'état*; the rapid decline in France of the military spirit, which has always been the sure support of his dynasty; the loss of prestige caused by the undeniable mistakes of the last ten years; and, though last not least, the consciousness that personal government is, in our age, not possible in the absence of personal loyalty to the sovereign. The latter is now so nearly extinct that all displays of it call forth a smile. In 1851, individual saviours of nations seemed not impossible; but the world has made prodigious strides politically since then. The fact is patent that the people all over Christendom are bent on governing themselves somehow, and claim the right of doing it badly if they please. The "good king" will soon be as extinct as the dodo. The Blatherskite is just at present making a vigorous attempt to take his place, but we shall before long see him displaced also; and then let us hope the dream of thirty centuries will be realized, and Right Reason, the only legitimate ruler of men, be placed firmly on the throne.

The Lords are returning the Irish Church Bill to the Commons without the provision which devotes the money of the endowment, about $100,000,000 currency, to charitable purposes—proposing to leave the disposition to future decision—and without the retention of the bishops in the House of Lords. They have tried during the debate various modes of letting the Church down easy—such as concurrent endowment—as they called it, "levelling up." Then they clamored for the reservation of the glebe-houses in perpetuity, and so on. None of their amendments have been important, or, in fact, have been introduced for any purpose than that of obstructing the measure, without seeming actually to oppose it outright, which they are afraid to do. The country and the House of Commons, however, regard all the leading features of Mr. Gladstone's bill as essential, and none more so than his plan for distributing the money; and it is not improbable that the Commons will be supported in rejecting the amendments by a fierce outburst of popular agitation.

Prince Hohenlohe, the Bavarian prime minister, has got into a state of excitement about the Œcumenical Council, which, in contrast with the somewhat contemptuous calm with which the other Catholic powers await its assembling, is somewhat ludicrous. He is evidently of opinion that, if left alone, it may issue some decrees that will throw the whole machine of state out of gear in Catholic countries, and he has accordingly issued a circular in which he calls on other Catholic governments to hold a convention and settle on some line of united action calculated to keep the Council in bounds. Austria, however, which is the chief Catholic power, replies, through M. de Beust, that it will simply look on, and only resist if attacked, which is what France is going to do. If the Council prescribes to either people or clergy any line of action in contravention of municipal law, all persons obeying it will be duly punished; otherwise no attention will be paid to its decisions. It will, by-the-by, interest the Christian world to know that the Rev. Dr. Cumming, of London, is going to attend the Council, and give the prelates a piece of his mind. He will thus, for the first time, see the Scarlet Woman eye to eye; and if the Pope does not abdicate after hearing the Doctor's views as to the meaning of the Two Beasts of the Revelations, all we can say is, that it will show him to be, what we have long suspected him to be, a hardened and irreclaimable old fellow.

THE VIRGINIA ELECTION.

What has happened in Virginia is this—that the new Constitution, drawn up by a very Radical Convention some time ago, has been submitted, by the President's order, to the popular vote; certain clauses, which were likely to prove specially obnoxious to a great number of the inhabitants of the State, having been submitted separately, so that the hostility of the Conservatives to them might not endanger the adoption of the rest of the instrument. The Constitution has been adopted by a large majority, and the proscriptive clauses have been defeated. At the same time, Mr. Walker, a Northern lawyer of high character and undoubted Unionism, has been elected Governor of the State by the same majority—a combination of Democrats and Conservative Republicans voting for him—over Mr. Wells, the present Governor, the candidate of the extreme Radicals, and a man less generally respected than Walker. The Governor, to be sure, is only a provisional Governor, after all, for the State is not yet in the Union; but the adoption of the Constitution by a large majority will doubtless bring it into the Union when Congress meets. The Constitution, too, as it stands, contains what is commonly considered the essence of reconstruction—that is, it accepts the results of the war, and establishes universal suffrage. Nevertheless, a great many people seem to be alarmed and troubled by the result, for the reason simply that Walker, the successful candidate, has received the support not simply of Conservative Republicans, but of that large body of Southerners who either participated in the rebellion or sympathized with it, and who until now have bitterly opposed the reconstruction policy of Congress. It is feared, and not unnaturally, that a constitution which such men suddenly approve of must contain something capable of being used to defeat the object of its framers, and that a Governor elected by them can hardly remain faithful to national principles and policy. It is undoubtedly hard to believe that Virginians of the type of the Hunters, Baldwins, and Smiths have suddenly become sincere converts to the doctrine of equal rights, or that a candidate of their choosing can prove a very jealous champion of such rights; but then it is difficult to see why what has happened should take anybody very much by surprise. A great many persons at the North seem to have cherished up to the present day the belief that in some mysterious manner the ex-rebels would undergo a change of heart as regarded the government of the Union and the doctrine of human equality, and that by keeping them two or three years out in the cold, they would at last come to bless what they once cursed, and turn into as good Radicals as any of us. As yet they have given no sign of this whatever, and have made no progress in our direction beyond expressing a willingness to accept the inevitable. The old feeling about the rebellion and its consequences is not changed, and there is no human means of changing it rapidly. The idea that it can be changed by any process of coercion is, of course, a hallucination. Time will do it, and the revival of industry and the fading of old memories, but nothing else; and if the Union is to be legally reconstructed within the next twenty years, it must be with the existing materials, of which "unrepentant" rebels, it must be remembered, form a large part. It need not surprise us in the least that they have not voted for Wells. Wells represents to them all that is odious in the reconstruction policy; and, if we let them vote at all, we must be prepared for their voting for men we do not like. In fact, calling on them to vote is calling on them to express an opinion—not the opinion we most like, but such as they happen to hold. If it do not suit us, so much the worse, but there is no use in lamenting over their obstinacy and blindness. The stage on which the South is now entering is one which must inevitably follow the abolition of military rule—a stage in which the old leaders will again raise their heads and gather their hosts; a stage in which negroes will be intimidated, or "influenced," or humbugged, and in which a great many obnoxious men will be put in places of trust, and a great many obnoxious principles be preached. But we cannot help it. The cause of it lies in human nature, and it takes a good deal of time and a good deal of trouble to change human nature. That Walker will be more or less influenced by the men who have voted for him, we think very likely; and that these men are still hostile, openly or secretly, to the North and its ideas, is doubtless true, but then these men compose the most active, energetic, and skilful portion of the Southern population. They cannot be killed or gagged or outlawed; they must, therefore, be endured.

To our minds, a great deal is gained when they have been induced to vote for a constitution which formally recognizes every other man's right to vote, and to vote for it, too, with enthusiasm. And we are not sorry to hear of their influencing the negroes. It is a good thing for the negro that he is worth influencing; intimidated, too, he is and will be; but this is the inevitable consequence of his poverty, dependence, and want of education. Wherever poor men vote, they are exposed to intimidation; and one of the objects of industry and political education is to raise them above intimidation.

On the whole, we think the political prospect at the South very encouraging. The acceptance of negro suffrage as the basis of the new political régime by the white Virginians and Georgians, who are in a majority, has set an example which Mississippi will probably follow; and we shall, within a year or two, see the colored men admitted to the political arena all over the South, and fairly engaged in the game of politics with their white neighbors. However they may fare at first, the mere willingness of the Southerners to play it on a footing of equality with them, shows that the worst is over, and that the North has done its work, because it has done all it can for them short of making them a privileged class.

THE COMING OF THE BARBARIAN.

Mr. Raphael Pumpelly, in a thoughtful and instructive article in the last *Galaxy*, foreshadowed, with the aid of personal experience of China and Chinamen, the probable extent and possible consequences of the immigration of Chinese with which the Pacific slope, if not the whole Union, is threatened, and there can be no question that it is not a minute too soon for us to look the matter in the face and provide for it. If nobody were likely to gain by the coming of the Chinese but the Chinese themselves, we might attach some importance to the efforts that will undoubtedly be made to prevent their coming. Their difference of manners, and of religion, and their peculiarities of appearance and personal habits, and their extreme inoffensiveness, not to say helplessness, make them just the kind of object which most excites the hatred and contempt of the Anglo-Saxon and the Irish variety of the Celt. That people can have any political or social rights, or be entitled to any respect, who are not able and ready on proper provocation to thrash him soundly, is to either of these gentlemen a doctrine so strange and forbidding that nothing but considerable mental and moral culture enables him thoroughly to comprehend it. The pleasant old Californian custom of robbing Chinamen as an amusement has, of course, been always confined to the brutal population of the diggings, but the feeling which underlies it has found expression amongst the educated, moral, and religious portion of the community in the exclusion of Chinese testimony in courts of justice; and Californians seem to be almost as sensitive to all criticism of this feature of their jurisprudence as our Southern friends used to be to criticism of the slave code. An attempt to admonish the Californian Christians on the subject was made at the last Presbyterian Assembly in this city, but was defeated, owing to the outspoken resentment of the Californian delegates. So that if all that was needed to stop the flow of Chinamen into this country was hostility of sentiment, especially on the part of the laboring classes, we might expect to see them kept out, or at all events only let in in very small numbers, in spite of the fact that, as has been well said, in opening up steam communication with China, and bringing so many of the people over already, we have made a breach in a wall behind which four hundred millions of human beings are struggling for more room, more light, more labor, and more food.

There are, however, two forces at work in the United States, at this moment, which, though very silent, are very powerful, and which will undoubtedly force admission for the Chinese in spite of any amount of popular prejudice. One is the demand of capital for labor, and the other is the demand of farmers and others, but especially farmers, for household service, or help, or whatever one pleases to call it. The settlement of the slavery controversy, and the consequent opening of

the whole continent to every form of free industry, the wonderful impetus given to all enterprise by the rapid extension of the railroad and the telegraph, the discovery in every direction of incalculable natural wealth, and the increasing confidence of the civilized world in the permanence of American institutions, will doubtless make this country, during the coming century, the recipient of enormous quantities of capital, for which Europe no longer affords profitable employment, and which in Asia cannot find safe employment. We may be sure, too, that in spite of the ravings of some of our economical blatherskites about "foreign indebtedness," there will never come a time when Americans will be so wholly demented as to refuse to borrow money at four or five per cent. with which they can make from twelve to twenty per cent. profit without giving any more burdensome security for its payment than their word. Add to this the very large body of capital which is already accumulated here, not only in large but in small quantities, in the hands of mechanics as well as of millionaires, and which is eagerly seeking investment through the shrewdest and most indomitable speculators the world has ever seen, and you have a demand for labor which nothing can resist—neither prejudice nor prohibitory legislation, and which, during the next fifty years, will draw Chinamen here as fast as they are willing and able to come, and which would draw them far faster than the Irish and Germans, even if the supply of these were not already seriously impaired; because the Chinese will work harder and for less wages, and are more tractable. The moral and political objections to them we need not consider here, because capital will not consider them, and these, as Mr. Pumpelly shows, are probably greatly overestimated.

Coming to the second force—the demand for domestic servants—we touch on a point on which our opinions may seem to some persons fanciful; but we have little fear of any such judgment from those who consider the facts of American life apart from the theories of American progress preached on platforms. Probably the most puzzling phenomenon of the day to the sociologist is the growing tendency of the present generation of native Americans to abandon the country and crowd into the towns, to engage in trade and manufactures. The newspapers and poets are all busy painting the delights of the agricultural life; but the farmer, though he reads their articles and poems, quits the farm as soon as he can find any other way of making a livelihood; and if he does not, his son does. Much of this movement may doubtless be ascribed to the unnatural stimulus given to manufactures and speculation by the outrageous tariff of the last eight years; but the greater portion of it is undoubtedly due to the hardships and loneliness of farm life, even under the most favorable circumstances, whether on the New England hills or the prairies of Illinois. The farmer is worked to the utmost extent of his powers, and his wife is worked beyond her powers, and the result is bad food, bad health, and perennial weariness and disgust.

Of course, it may be said that the lot of the American farmer is not different from—is, indeed, in many respects a far easier one than—that of the European farmer; and the European farmer is a synonym for strength and health and sound sleep and contentment. But then the European farmer and his wife who do their own work are *peasants;* that is, persons without knowledge or ambition or tastes, with few desires above those of the ox in their plough. The European farmer's wife has no social aspirations, no silk dresses, no piano, no monthly magazine, and no dreams or hopes of genteel existence. She is a robust animal, who handles her pots and pans, and bends over her wash-tub, with thorough enjoyment of her work, and without a suspicion that she is capable of anything higher or better.

The problem which the native American farmer is trying to solve, however, is one which has never before been attempted, namely, the infusion into the agricultural calling of a degree of culture and refinement hitherto only witnessed in towns amongst any class, and never witnessed amongst our farming population at all. In fact, he is trying to live, while laboring with his hands, as only superintendents of labor live in other countries. To say that the attempt is succeeding or seems likely to succeed would be to fly in the face of all the facts. There rises from every farm-house, or at least from the women of it, a wail of discontent—a story of shattered nerves, worn-out muscles, lonely, joyless lives, which are made only the more unbearable by the glimpses which the literature of the day gives of the ease, polish, and excitement of city life, and he is a lucky farmer who gets his children to follow his calling one minute longer than they can help it. The efforts made in every direction to reconcile him to his lot, by contrivances for reducing the labor of housekeeping, and supplying him with substitutes for society and amusement, are numerous enough, but none of them seem to be of much value. The hard facts remain—that neither he nor his wife can get cheap and reliable labor, and that without it they must be drudges, hewers of wood and drawers of water, longing for higher things, but without the means of attaining them; and there is nobody who is familiar with farm-life in this country who is not seriously asking himself whether the experiment of having the fields tilled by enlightened citizens is not a failure, or whether the happy farmer must not be for ever, what he has always been since Adam's fall, the rude, unlettered peasant.

The same story might be told, *mutatis mutandis*, of that large class of dwellers in towns who are now able to keep no servant, or who endure the untold and unutterable agony of trying to get intelligent assistance out of one; and when once the chance is offered to this vast army of sufferers of hiring such servants as Mr. Pumpelly describes the Chinese to be—submissive, tractable, painstaking, economical, cheap, needing neither society, nor amusements, nor church, nor school; neither saucy, nor ambitious, nor restless—they will have them, though they had to go through fire and water to get them. Nobody who feels the public pulse can have failed to notice the thrill of delighted, eager expectation which has passed through it by the mere talk which we have already had of the approach of the barbarians. If the barbarians only knew what welcome awaits them, the Central Flowery Land would suffer a perceptible diminution of its population, teeming though it be, within the next ten years.

Of course, the presence of a large body of persons whose value lies in their fitness for servile duties and in their want of social ambition will give a severe blow to the American social ideal. But this ideal vanished for the present when an insensate eagerness to "build up" manufactures led to loss of faith in the inherent vigor of American society, and when successive doses of protection produced those great social tumors known as "centres of industry," swarming with a foreign population whom it is hard to absorb, and whom great speculators use as the pawns in their tremendous game. We cannot, if we would, go back to the early, happy time, when the mill-girls wrote poetry and read French, and the farmer's hired man could deliver a Fourth of July oration on a pinch. In any case, the question of domestic service is fast becoming a question of civilization itself. Marriage, divorce, childbearing, female health, the permanence and purity of homes, are all affected by it.

The probable influence of the Chinese on our politics affords, of course, matter for grave consideration. But does their arrival not promise an opportunity once more of proposing an educational test for the exercise of the suffrage with a better chance of a favorable hearing than we have hitherto had? The Fenian who now thinks every male has an "inalienable right" to vote without reference to the state of his intelligence, would probably support the exaction from the Chinese voter of a knowledge of the English language and of the principles of this government, and this might furnish the first step towards a formal recognition, applicable to all, of the absolute necessity of general education to the success of democracy. We notice as a favorable sign of the times that many of those who have during the last seven years been preaching, in the interest of the negro, the absolute sufficiency of mere instinct to enable a man to use the franchise both for his own interest and that of the community, are now accounting for the hostility of the Democratic party to all social and political reform by the enormous amount of ignorance in its ranks; which shows that the world moves.

THE MORALS OF THE FUTURE.

THE practical results of the discussion about the genesis of morals which has been raging for some time, and to which Mr. Lecky's book has given a strong stimulus, will perhaps prove more interesting to the mass

of people than the discussion itself. Of course, it is to every intelligent and reflective man a question of great moment whence he draws his sense of right and wrong; whether he derives it from an inner light, or from revelation or experience. But to a man's friends and neighbors, and to legislators and philanthropists, the important point in his moral or mental condition is, after all, not so much how he came to have a conscience as whether he has one; and, if so, what kind of thing it is. There is in actual life, as Mr. Lecky has pointed out, little or no difference between a utilitarian and an intuitionist. The utilitarian who refrains from murdering his enemy under a rule drawn from human experience of the injurious effects of murder on the community at large, is just as valuable a citizen as the intuitionist who refrains under a rule prescribed by an innate moral sense, because it is found, on the whole, that one regards murder with about as much horror as the other.

But, then, the fact is that up to our time the mass of mankind have been, in their own estimation, intuitionists; that is, the generally accepted rules of morality, from whatever source they may have been derived, have been to them ultimate facts, behind which they did not go, and which they conceived to be incapable of modification. Nobody but a few philosophers has hitherto concerned himself with the origin of his dislike to theft. Everybody knew it was wrong; that it was disapproved of by the community; that the commission of it would be followed by disgrace, and perhaps by imprisonment and damnation. The old Scotch judge who warned the prevaricating witness "that the eye of Almighty God and of the police of Edinburgh was upon him," appealed to motives by which the great body of every community has always been influenced, no matter how, when, or where morals began. The popular belief has been, too, that the moral standard is unchangeable, and that the differences in the moral code of different countries are due not to external circumstances, but to difference in light.

One of the most striking phenomena of the last twenty years has, however, been the "popularization," as it is called, of all sorts of speculation. Everybody has taken to "dabbling" a little in everything, and some of the ablest scientific men of the day devote a large part of their time to providing pools and swimming-baths, so to speak, of philosophic water in which the common run of people can splash about without getting out of their depth. Instead of talking literature and art—"Shakespeare and the musical glasses"—parlor conversation runs on the spectrum analysis or the correlation of forces and "the science of religion;" and what is, perhaps, more serious than all—the old theological basis of morals having lost a good deal of its hold on the popular mind—great numbers of people who were formerly content with being good now occupy themselves with the enquiry, "What is good? and why should we be good?"—not, of course, novel questions, but novel as *popular* questions. It must be admitted, too, that the utilitarian test begins to be applied to acts by vast numbers of persons who are not competent to manage an instrument of so much delicacy. When a man like Mr. Lecky makes a mistake as to its very nature, we may guess what results it is likely to give in the hands of the masses when applied, for instance, to such obscure cases as the guilt or innocence of abortion, and many other self-regarding acts. Abortion was, though condemned by the Stoics, only converted into a crime by the Church; and wherever the transcendental morality of the Church declines in strength, and the utilitarian spirit gains ground, it seems to resume its old place amongst the acts of simply doubtful morality. We might, of course, multiply these illustrations almost indefinitely.

What will, perhaps, be most interesting to watch in the present crisis will be the effect on the popular mind of familiarity with the *history* of morals—familiarity which such works as those of Denis and Lecky are doing much to spread. It must be remembered, as we have said, that the popular impression in every country has been, down to our day, that the distinction between virtue and vice existed from the beginning as seen in our own day; that the line, though constantly disregarded, never disappeared; that, in short, as Mackintosh remarked, no additions had ever been made to the base of morality. Now, the history of morals, as recently written, does not show that there ever was a time when what we call wrong was called right by the moralists of the period; but it does show that the *arrangement* of the virtues—or, in other words, the ideal man—has varied greatly in different ages, and varied so much as, for practical purposes, to make serious modifications in the moral standard. In other words, it shows that there has been a fashion in virtues as in garments—one holding the first place in one age, and the other in another age. As Mr. Lecky has pointed out, dignity, courage, self-respect, and public spirit stood foremost in pagan Greece and Rome; gentleness, humility, self-abasement, and charity in the early Christian period; self-restraint and self-denial in the second stage of the Church's history. The rise of the Christian warrior in the feudal period, and the appearance of his offspring, the modern gentleman, again brought the pagan virtues to the front rank; but the gentleman once more begins to fall into the background, and the democratic age on which we are entering is setting up an ideal character of its own, which will differ in many important respects from any that has gone before it. What is to be feared now is that the popular belief in the binding force of all rules of morals, or in the absolute value of every type of excellence, will, for a while at least, be greatly shaken by familiarizing the popular mind with the evanescence of all types. We cannot invite the public in to assist at an analytical examination of the machinery by which the world has been kept in order without destroying the public reverence for it, without raising the suspicion in many minds that the vices of to-day may be the virtues of to-morrow; or, to adopt the theory of morals which the French moralists now preach with great freedom, and which carries them an immense way beyond Bentham—"that there is neither vice nor virtue, evil nor good, beauty nor ugliness; what goes under these names are traditions received, and usages adopted, by the society in which one lives," as one of them expressed it the other day.

We can already see under our eyes, to-day, the growth of the classification of virtues by which the world will probably live during the next century or two at all events. The virtue of brotherly kindness—or, to express it in a more familiar way, of good nature—is evidently to take the foremost place. It has already all but taken the foremost place in the Northern States of the Union at least. The just, austere, proud, and truthful man, who monopolized the admiration of the last two or three centuries, still, to be sure, receives a fair share of praise, but it is faint praise, and he becomes more and more an object of popular dislike. The kindly man, on the other hand—the man who is ready to help everybody, who speaks well of everybody, who shuts his eyes to people's faults, who avoids making distinctions, moral or other, between men—rises every day more and more into favor. If with this quality he combines energy, and, through success in trade or commerce, has the power of displaying his kindliness, he becomes the real paladin of our day—will be the good man of the twentieth century.

One marked peculiarity of the rising moral type is, that it eschews what we may call long views of a man's career. It insists on our taking him year by year, and judging him, say, by the last two or three years of his existence. When society was more settled than it is now, and classes rigidly defined, changes of residence and occupation rare—when men, in short, were born into what was called "their station," and seldom rose out of it—a man was usually judged by his whole history. The faults of his youth told against him in his manhood; the faults of his manhood blighted his old age; his *antecedents*, in other words, were all-important. But now that all positions are becoming attainable by all men, the maintenance of this rule is no longer possible, and it has become very unpopular, and is falling into complete disuse. The popular morality is, that is to say, adopting itself to the exigencies of modern society. The *locus pœnitentiæ*, instead of being confined to a few of the earlier years of a man's career, may be said to cover the whole of it up to the age of fifty; and the length of time which a man has to submit to public inspection in order to secure public confidence and respect may be said to be shorter the further one goes West. A good many years or equivalent deeds are still necessary in the Eastern States: but by the time one gets out to Colorado or Montana, one finds that it is considered cruel and unfair to bring up against a well-behaved man his thefts or forgeries even of the previous year.

The social advantages of this arrangement are obvious. There can be no greater incentive to reform than the possibility of occupying as good a place in the public estimation as if one had never fallen; and probably millions will be brought into the ways of virtue under the new democratic régime who, under the old rule, would have become irreclaimably vicious. On the other hand, it is doubtful whether specimens of the highest type of character will hereafter be as numerous as they once were. An age in which a man who has stolen and repented is held in just as much esteem as a man who at any time would sooner have died than steal, though, perhaps, nearer the Christian ideal, can hardly be expected to produce as many cases of the loftiest moral excellence as those more exacting ages in which society insisted on lifelong purity as the price of its respect. That nobody, as the Latin poet has said, ever became a rascal all at once, is a very good deduction from principles of human nature, but not a whit better than the corresponding maxim that no one becomes good all at once. Even those cases of sudden conversion, which do undoubtedly

occur under religious influence, consist rather in the formation of a strong determination to resist temptation than in the hearty abhorrence of evil. If we can imagine—to employ a rough illustration—the effect on chastity of a state of things in which a woman who had lost her virtue, but afterwards began to live well, should stand as high in the popular estimation as a woman who had always lived purely, we may get an idea from it of the probable effect on truthfulness, honesty, and justice of a state of things in which penitent thieves and liars and defrauders will count for as much as those who never stole, lied, or cheated. In short, the number of hopeless cases of vice will be greatly diminished, but the number of brilliant examples of virtue may also be diminished; and even those who shrink least from the future, and have the most confidence in the fortunes of the race, must confess that these were after all God's noblest works, and those of its glories of which humanity can worst bear to be shorn.

ENGLAND.

LONDON, June 25, 1869.

THE House of Lords, as I ventured to anticipate, has passed the second reading of the Irish Church Bill, to the satisfaction of moderate men and the disappointment of extreme parties. It is difficult to say whether its rejection was most ardently desired by those who fancied that the decision of the country might be reversed, or by those who wanted to see a collision between the Lords and the country, with a view to the possible consequence of some decided change in the constitution of the former. For my part, I rejoice with many people in the event, for the simple reason, which I have frequently expressed, that time enough has been already wasted on a measure which, though important, is not of the most vital importance, and has occupied too much attention. We are soon to be relieved of a nightmare which has been weighing on our spirits for two years. Moreover, had the measure been rejected, I cannot think that it would have led to more than a good deal of bluster on both sides, and a final giving way with some loss of prestige, of the House of Lords.

The debate demands some notice, though I am not about to follow the arguments alleged for the hundredth time. It was remarkable for the talent displayed on both sides; and the observation has been made that the Upper House, in spite of all that has been said against it, can yet deal with a great question worthily, and can make a better show of eloquence than its rival. The discussion of so threadbare a topic was a great trial; yet the Lords succeeded in investing it with a new interest, and once more reviving a controversy which seemed to have died into hopeless languor. The bishops won some of the chief successes. The two foremost were the Bishop of St. David's (Dr. Thirlwall) and the Bishop of Peterborough (Dr. Magee). Dr. Thirlwall is almost the only representative on the bench of a variety of ecclesiastic which was common in earlier years. A thorough scholar, an eminent historian, and a man of conspicuously vigorous and liberal understanding, he is almost alone among his brethren. We no longer make bishops of such material. The bench is generally ascended by good parish clergymen with a genius for respectability and an instinct which guides them safely through the various shoals of heresy on the right hand and on the left. They are good men of business, excellent parish priests, of most unimpeachable morality; but not calculated to take a prominent part in the intellectual contests of the day. Dr. Thirlwall is, I fear, almost the last representative of an older and manlier type; and he spoke with singular force in favor of the bill. The Archbishop of Canterbury, who is universally respected for his zeal and liberality, but by no means equally remarkable for intellectual power, was the only one of his brethren who voted on the same side. The Bishop of Peterborough, who is a recent appointment, gained immense applause by his speech in support of the Church. He has long been known as a popular preacher and a good speaker on platforms. His speech the other night raised him at once to a very high rank as a Parliamentary orator, and, though the argument was rather ingenious than profound, excited extraordinary enthusiasm. The galleries, forgetting the ordinary decorum of the House, burst into applause, and all subsequent speakers vied with each other in paying compliments to one of the most effective speeches of modern times. Many other speakers were worthy rivals of these ecclesiastical orators. The law-lords, especially Lord Cairns and the Chancellor, Lord Hatherley, spoke well and weightily. The regular party leaders were perhaps scarcely up to the mark. Lord Granville was plausible and conciliatory as ever, but a little afraid of his audience; Lord Derby shows that the fire for which he was once distinguished has begun to yield to age. The only telling part of a long and rather extreme speech, in which he even suggested that the Queen should interpose her veto, was a peroration referring to the approaching end of his political and probably of his natural life. An exaggerated expression of loyalty, to the effect that he had received favors from the Queen which deserved the devotion of his whole life, was not out of character nor ungraceful, though it would be very difficult to say what favors the Queen has bestowed which he could not have naturally demanded. However, one must not look too closely at the loyal sentiments of an aged peer. The Marquis of Salisbury raised his high reputation by one of the ablest speeches in the debate, which, indeed, went far to settle the question; when so staunch a Conservative declared that the verdict of the late elections must be accepted, it was evident that resistance was hopeless. It is needless to continue the catalogue of speakers; but, in addition to those I have mentioned, there were many able orators, and the general level of the debate was undoubtedly high—probably indeed much superior to that in the House of Commons.

If, however, any one should argue from their excellence as orators that the peers are likely to exercise a corresponding influence, he would be making a very rash inference. They have perhaps raised their reputation for talent, but not for power. The highest compliment we can pay them is to say that they have had enough common sense to know the practical limits of their authority. Indeed, when we look a little closer, it will not appear that a vote in the House of Peers is entitled to much respect, in spite of individual talents. It may be true that there are as many men of ability in the Upper as in the Lower House; but the ablest speakers in the recent debate, with two or three exceptions, were the bishops and the lawyers; that is to say, men whose seat in the House has been the reward of some kind of personal eminence. If the hereditary peers alone had spoken, there would not have been half-a-dozen orators deserving of notice. This, the debating excellence of the House, is the product of its least characteristic part—of the men who have only life-seats (the bishops) and of those who have won their entrance by the hard battle of professional life. This minority of distinguished members enables the House to make a creditable display on grand occasions, but it cannot atone for the fact that the great majority are men who have no other qualification for legislating than that of being their fathers' children. A legislative body cannot have much moral weight, however able some of its members may be, when we know that its decisions may be swayed by a mass of respectable game-preservers and landed proprietors, who often do not enter its doors once in a session. A stupid member in the Commons at least represents the opinions of a fraction of his fellow-countrymen; but a stupid peer represents nothing except himself. It is plain that the main weight of a body with no constituencies at its back must come from its claims to the possession of superior wisdom. Now, some peers may be wise, and many clever; but the mass are as stupid as the House of Commons, much less devoted to business, and with no body of public opinion behind them. Consequently, they go to the wall, and find, every time they suffer that process, that their importance has been sensibly diminished.

Mr. Bright has got into trouble by expressing these sentiments with a frankness more characteristic of his own temperament than of his ministerial position. He wrote a letter, stating very distinctly that if the peers did not give way, some very unpleasant consequences might follow. This was understood to amount to a threat that if the peers did not disestablish the Church they might have to look after their estates—a new land-law might be still more awkward than a law directed only against the Church. The letter was imprudent; and especially imprudent because it was obviously true. The peers could not but take it as a threat, and, so long as they possess the privileges of an independent chamber, they could not but resent threats. Therefore, I wish he had kept it in his desk or put it into the fire. The only defence has come from the *Spectator*, which has a love of sentimental paradoxes, and declares that no one but a flunkey could object to the letter. No one but a flunkey, it is true, could deny the truth of its opinions; but there are times and seasons to be observed even in expressing truth. Nothing, at any rate, could be less desirable than to rouse unnecessarily a spirit of opposition in the Lords, just as they were beginning to eat their leek quietly and comfortably; a man should be allowed to perform that process, when he has set about it, with as little disturbance as may be; he need not be unnecessarily reminded that if he does not eat it, he shall be made to eat it, and perhaps have something else into the bargain. Mr. Bright, however, will not lose much by his frankness; for, after all, it is pleasant to see that he is in no present danger of being muzzled by his tenure of office.

One good bill has managed to get through the House of Commons this session, and is destined to become law. Mr. Forster has succeeded in passing a fragment of a bill on endowed schools. The object of the measure,

as originally devised, was to establish something like a system of secondary education. The grammar-schools of the country possess very large sums, which have been grossly wasted, owing to the want of any superintending power. There are numbers of schools which have ceased to correspond to the changed requirements of the country, and not a few in which the funds have been systematically jobbed. It was proposed, in the first place, to overhaul the existing endowments, to provide new regulations, and to do away with the innumerable abuses which have grown up; and, in the next place, to appoint a central board, which should hold examinations, and inspect the endowed schools and any others which might be willing to come under the regulations. The first proposal, in spite of some private opposition, has been carried with general applause. The other is beset by some of the characteristic difficulties which hinder so many much-needed reforms. The cry was immediately raised of centralization, and it was declared, very absurdly, that Mr. Forster wished to drill all our schools on a uniform system, so that, as in France, every boy in England might be doing the same lessons at the same hours. I regret to say that this cry is still so strong that a most moderate scheme of school-inspection seems to have a doubtful chance of adoption. Meanwhile, the great schools, such as Eton and Harrow, had been exempted from its proposed operation, lest their opposition should be too powerful. The other schools have objected to come in so long as this distinction was made, and these schools thought themselves much too perfect to need any interference. The matter is therefore pretty much at a stand-still; but I hope and believe that something will be done before long not only to get rid of outstanding abuses, but to provide something like a decent system in future. The fragment of the bill which has been passed is perhaps the most useful result likely to be got out of the session.

RIGHT AND WRONG IN ITALY.

LEGHORN, June 10.

IT is precisely twenty years since the Austrians, under General Crenneville, took possession of Leghorn, in the name of the Grand Duke of Tuscany, who, like the Pope, had fled to Gaeta. To be ruled by an Austrian proconsul in those days was perhaps the hardest fate that could befall an Italian town; and even those who had grown tired of the political extravagances of the Tuscan democrats could feel no relief in such a change. For Austrian rule was an iron rule; or, to use a truer metaphor, a leaden and hempen rule. Shooting and whipping for the resisting, imprisonment for the suspected, espionage and vexation for all. And as, in passing judgment, the Austrians relied like women on their intuitive powers, they often dispensed with the tedious preliminaries of a trial, and their hand struck, like the hand of fate, the guilty and the innocent. Moreover, who could help being guilty, when cowards and traitors alone were thought innocent?

It is needless to dwell on the changes that have taken place since those memorable days. Austria has become a free country; is shaking her fist at the Pope, and has fraternized with Italy. Emperor and King have exchanged decorations and special missions. General Möring has been lionized at Florence; and, if no "offensive" alliance has been concluded as yet, there can be no doubt about the *entente cordiale*, which is an established fact. Now, then, is the time for seeing the old places again, thought old Crenneville, and started on a tour through the Peninsula, which, of course, he could not leave without having had a peep at the place where he once was king, and more than king.

And why should he not? Unless he carries about Vienna sausages in his portmanteau, he may freely pass even the gates of Leghorn. Those useful documents, where the length of one's nose and the color of one's beard were registered, and on which the General himself must have shed much ink in his palmy days, have long since become relics of the past; and, except in Rome, Russia, and Bavaria, no gatekeeper seems to care nowadays for the traveller's name and rank and personal appearance, or even for his religion or the "*Zweck seiner Reise.*" So the old General—disguised, of course, in a simple civilian's suit—made his entry into the town. Perhaps his paternal heart rejoiced at finding that, notwithstanding some outward changes in the aspect of the streets, the grinding tooth of time had left so much unchanged in the manners and habits of the people. There were the same slovenly women as of yore—unkempt, unwashed, and unshod—still sweeping the filthy streets with their majestic cotton trains, and making the air resound with the wild clatter of their wooden slippers. And their *dolci accenti*, successfully vieing with the yells of numberless children, have lost nothing yet of that vocal energy which seems to be the summit and the sum of all Italian energies. Some of the *cafés*, however, are new to the General (and an Austrian has a keen eye for *cafés*); so he steps in, and, putting on his eyeglass, looks enquiringly around, perhaps inwardly enjoying the advantages of his incognito. But, alas! some memories are long. Somebody has recognized that German face among so many Jews and Greeks and Italians. It may have been the son or brother or friend of one of those whose death-warrant the Austrian signed in 1849. Or, it is possible that somebody else, while sipping his coffee in that same room, felt the wounds on his back smart again—wounds inflicted by the same hand twenty years ago. Certain it is that, from that moment, the General's movements were watched from morning till night, and his incognito was at an end.

I think Count Crenneville never did at Leghorn what Haynau and Radetzky did in Milan—he never inflicted corporal punishment upon women; but it is well known that he did not spare the backs of the Leghorn men, not knowing or not duly considering that of all punishments this is the one which an Italian will not brook. You may flourish your knife or point your revolver at an Italian with some chance of success; but if you give him a blow or a slap he will "bite his thumb" at you, like Rigoletto, and go home to whet his poniard. I am at a loss to explain this; not because the trait itself, taken in the abstract, requires any explanation, but because this trait is found among the essential features of the Italian character, which is not conspicuous for pride or manliness, or even for that parody of manliness called chivalry.

The increased frequency of duels lately observed goes far to show that the natural character of the Italians is, like everything else in the Peninsula, undergoing certain changes, and it would be false philosophy to deny that, in history, change means progress, and that duelling is a vast improvement on the time-honored use of the dagger and the poisoned ring. But I feel convinced that most of these Italian duels are due to a certain youthful love of *éclat*, or, more frequently still, to a want of moral courage and an undue regard for public opinion. The incidental circumstance that the nucleus of the Italian army was Piedmontese, that, like Garibaldi's volunteers, it represented a political party, accounts for most of the duels fought in Italy since '59. But this is accidental and transient, and I venture to predict that the duel will never take root in Italy. The Italians are too vindictive to find gratification in the tardy and subdued excitement of a duel, and too shrewd to stultify themselves with the belief that its uncertain issues could ever afford any satisfaction to the injured party. When the now habitual contempt for law and for authority has died out (which it must in a generation), the lawyer's nature which lies dormant in every Italian will come out in full force, and offended honor may then learn to seek and to find satisfaction in the courts of justice. That mediæval aristocratic pride which invented the so-called code of honor can never have been a characteristic feature of the Italian character. You seldom hear the word *pride* in Italian conversation, and the "*onore*" of the lower classes seems to come nearest to the "honor" of the helots of Lacedæmon. It is not easy, therefore, to account for the maddening effect of a blow on such a people, and we are forced to admit here the existence of a real national idiosyncrasy, which, like all idiosyncrasies, should be treated by everybody with judicious consideration.

But what did an Austrian general of 1849 know or care about Italian idiosyncrasies? Like a Russian drill-sergeant who distributes the band instruments among the recruits, fixing the precise date on which the son of the steppe must have learned to play the clarionet or the cornet, the Austrian martinet dealt out his Teutonic penalties among a race which may, in truth, be called a race of spoilt children, unused to any discipline or chastisement, though sorely standing in need of both. He did it at his own risk. He sowed sticks and reaped daggers. The soil on which such a crop grows must indeed be black, and the atmosphere that can preserve it unwithered for twenty years must be ungenial and cold, like the air of catacombs. Yet these things are, and it is no bravery to act as if they were not. The General was duly warned by the authorities of the danger to which a prolonged stay in Leghorn would expose him. He continued, however, to show himself in the streets and in the *cafés* for several days, and at last left only for Pisa, possibly from sheer regard for the Leghorn authorities, who had taken the trouble of appointing an invisible body-guard of detectives for the General's protection. But what of that, poor Crenneville? You may find it easy to elude the Italian police, but you cannot elude that man with the sore back who has been dogging you all these days; for he can afford a journey to Pisa as well as you.

In a day or two Count Crenneville came back to embark for Genoa. M. Ingherami, the Austrian Consul-General—an old, venerable man, who is said to have had no enemies in Leghorn—accompanied his countryman to

the landing-place. There the assassin struck his intended victim, who fell to the ground bleeding and fainting, though not dead; and the Consul, while stooping over him, received four stabs, levelled by no means hastily at different parts of his body. The General escaped with a slight though disfiguring wound. The Consul died in a few minutes. The murderer, it is needless to say, was not caught.

Now all this is perhaps very stale news on your side of the Atlantic, even though it may not have been deemed worthy of the honors of the Cable. The facts are, at first sight, of no extraordinary interest. Nor have they any political bearings, and will no doubt, in the present state of international relations, lead to nothing but official condolences and promises and renewed assurances of good-will. But to the psychologist, or to the student of national character, this case, with all its concomitant circumstances, cannot fail to be interesting. The papers say that a few days after this event several persons were arrested. Whether they had anything to do with the bloody deed, or whether they are to act as international scapegoats for a few months, I know not. It is averred, however, that the murderer is among them, and that he is one of those who, twenty years ago, were made to feel the rod of the Austrian provost-general. If my ideas on the Italian idiosyncrasy of aversion to corporal punishment are correct, the intended *vendetta* in this case is accounted for and psychologically intelligible. But what could have prompted the murderer, who must have thought his victim dead, to stab deliberately an innocent old man, whom he knew to be there in his official quality as Austrian consul, I am quite unable to guess. All I can conclude is, that this man must have deserved the whipping which he received in 1849, and that his parents probably never gave him half his due when the brute in him was still a toothless and clawless cub.

Highly characteristic for Italy is the way in which such events are viewed and spoken of by the public and by the press. There is, of course, no lack of indignation and sincere regret, but it is often expressed in such a canting manner, and in the form of such trivial truisms, that it produces on the foreign hearer or reader not seldom a ludicrous effect. When, last autumn, murders were committed at Ravenna at the rate of one or two a week, the citizens of Ravenna had a long and eloquent protest published in the papers, lest they might be thought so many abettors and accomplices. *Qui s'excuse, s'accuse.* Probably they never heard of the California vigilance committees and their silent doings. The Leghorn people, too, have "protested," though I can hardly make out against what or whom.

Nevertheless, there was on this occasion an ill-concealed and perhaps not altogether unjustifiable disposition on the part of the press to give prominence to the extenuating circumstances of the case. Particularly amusing was the disguised pleading of the *Nazione*, an ably-managed and respectable paper. "When General Haynau" (so the article began) "was assailed and maltreated by the workmen of a London brewery, a general feeling of indignation prevailed throughout Europe." "How much greater" (the writer went on to say) "must our indignation be on this occasion!" I should think so. But if the writer wished to insinuate that Italy was, after all, not the only country where the Austrian heroes of 1849 cannot travel with safety, his rhetorical trick cannot have misled many readers. I am at a loss to find a *tertium comparationis* between the two cases. Haynau was a whipper of women; Crenneville was not. Haynau was whipped; Crenneville was stabbed. The London brewers administered their paternal chastisement in broad daylight; the Italian wreaked his vengeance in the dusky twilight of a rainy evening. The sturdy brewers committed a rough act of poetic justice for wrongs done to others; while the Italian only thought of himself, and, apparently having tasted blood, became altogether a brute, not knowing where to stop. Perfect confusion of ideas and perverseness of sentiment would alone enable one to detect any similarity in the two cases, except, of course, the fact that both victims were Austrian generals. Nor is the *Nazione* right in saying that Haynau's fate excited anything like general indignation in Europe. "Served him right!" would be a far more accurate expression of the then prevailing sentiment; and the writer knows this too.

But if such looseness of thought and sentiment may be found among the best of the land, what can you expect of the lower and lowest orders in Italy? It may be fairly doubted whether those seventeen millions of citizens who can neither read nor write, but only vote (though they won't do even that), have any tolerably clear idea—not of what is right and wrong (for that is often a puzzling question), but what the words "right" and "wrong" mean. It is painful to have to make such a remark; but it is more painful still to see the incredible perversity and the vitiated instincts of this undoubtedly gifted people. The only rule which seems to guide an Italian mob in deciding which party is right and which is wrong—that is to say, which party is to be applauded and protected, and which to be hooted and bullied—is simply this: The prosecuting party, especially when an authority, is always in the wrong; the defendant, especially when a transgressor of a police law, is always in the right. For instance, a woman wishes to smuggle some salt meat through the San Miniato gate of Florence. The meat is ill-concealed under her clothes. The excise officials catch and detain her; whereupon the woman begins to scream so frightfully that a large crowd gathers quickly around the gate. The merits of the case are quite clear. King Mob disposes summarily that the woman must be set at liberty, and the loyal officials, for the sake of peace, obey at once. But this act of complaisance does not suffice to calm the multitude, whose moral sense had been outraged by the arrest of the smuggler. The crowd increases, and, for strategical reason best known to themselves, they begin a regular siege. The frightened officials take refuge in the tower which crowns the gateway, and, having waited there for half an hour in the natural but vain hope of being released by the police, they at last resolved on firing a couple of blank pistol-shots high up into the blue air, which had the remarkable effect of dispersing the besieging multitude in less than a minute. Still, the crowd had had their will, and the piece of salt pork was on the wrong side of the city wall.

It is the same in cases of real crime. The sympathies of the Italian populace are with the murderer because he is, in their eyes, the victim of the authorities. One exception I remember, and it is but fair that I should mention it here. When a respectable tradesman in Florence had killed his neighbor (about three months ago) the populace actually hooted and hissed him even at the moment of his arrest. But then, the prisoner had killed the lover of his wife; and is not that a crime too?

Correspondence.

WHY THE CIVIL SERVICE HAS RUN DOWN.

To the Editor of the Nation:

Sir: Your thoughtful article in this week's *Nation* on "The Wages in the Public Service" errs in saying that "the Comptroller therefore now gets $3,600" by the addition of twenty per cent. to his salary. That per centum ceased with the year that gave it birth; the law expired by its own limitation at the end of the fiscal year. The Comptroller now receives nominally $3,000, the same salary his predecessor received in 1790; but he really gets but $2,900, as Government retains five per cent. tax on the excess of all salaries over $1,000.

Two causes have operated to deteriorate the Civil Service since 1860. The first is the large employment of soldiers. There is no connection between the bravery of the field and clerical ability. The qualities that compose the latter are antagonistic to those that form the other. The second is the low wages. The average pay of a Washington clerk is $1,450, from which the tax must be deducted; and that in a city where the expenses of living are higher than in any city on the American continent. It is impossible for a clerk to maintain a family decently on that sum. The bricklayers of this city, whose social expenses are much lower than the clerks', receive $4 50 and $5 per diem, or as high, or higher, wages than the clerk. The effect of this low class of wages is twofold. Private business tempts the best clerks away by higher pay; the poorest, who are unable to earn as much out of office, all remain. And most existing vacancies are filled up by unmarried young men completing their studies. The law and medical classes of Columbia College, Georgetown College, and Howard University are mainly composed of clerks who are paying their way while completing their education. Contemplating only a two or three years' residence here, they do not have that interest in their occupation that those do who take it as their life-work. W. R. H.

Washington, July 10, 1869.

Notes.

LITERARY.

The occasion of dedicating a monument to his memory gave the friends of the late Fitz-Greene Halleck an opportunity to testify their admiration for his genius—for he had genius—their respect for his fine character, and their affection for him as a friend. The ceremonies were simple. A poem written by Dr. O. W. Holmes was read by General James Grant Wilson, for many years an attached friend of the poet, and recently his

biographer; then an address was delivered by Mr. Bayard Taylor, who also was one of Halleck's familiar acquaintances. Mr. Taylor began by declaring that he for his part rejected the claim that we have an equal share with the English in Chaucer and Shakespeare; they belong to our language, but not to us as a people. The literal fact is, no doubt, that they are poets neither foreign to us nor domestic, but between the two; and it is only as a nation and not as "a people" that we can be said to have no property in them. Mr. Taylor went on to show how it is that America could not be expected to produce a poet during her first struggle with the severe duties of clearing the wilderness, and spoke of the nearly simultaneous rise of Dana, Halleck, and Bryant more than a century after the country was possessed by white men. Of these three earliest of American poets who were poets in fact as well as in name, Halleck was the first to die; it was peculiarly fitting, then, that a monument should be raised to his memory. Mr. Taylor then proceeded to a vindication of the office of the poet; spoke happily of Mr. Bryant and Mr. Dana, and happily, also, of Halleck, though without any parade of accurate criticism; and so closed an address which was, perhaps, a little too fine in places, but was nevertheless successful. A hymn having been sung at the end of the oration, the company dispersed. The monument is an obelisk of white granite, about seventeen feet high, standing on a pedestal on which is inscribed the poet's own words: "One of the few, the immortal names that were not born to die." On the front of the shaft is his name, the dates which tell the years of his birth and death—"1790—1867"—a laurel leaf, and the letters Alpha and Omega; and on the other sides of it respectively are a harp and lighted torches, the names of his parents, and the name of a brother who died in infancy. Thus the monument to his honor as a poet may be said to commemorate also the family affection which was a marked trait in his character. His only sister, whose name is familiar to the reader of Halleck's correspondence, survives him, and is eighty years old.

—By a mistake of the proof-reader we were made to say in the last *Nation*, speaking of the *Citizen*, that the merging of the *Round Table* in it would *not* give a tincture of literature to its politics. The sentence should have read, "Doubtless the merging of the *Round Table* in it will *now* give a tincture of literature to its politics."

—The authorities of the Boston Public Library are trying to make a collection of all that was anywhere printed in relation to the recent Jubilee. They want everything—book, newspaper, broadside, pamphlet, engraving, music, what not—and will, without blenching, preserve the most dastardly of the attacks that were made upon the festival and the city by foreign detractors, and also the defences and rebukes which were put forth by the local press. Melancholy it was to some devoted friends of Boston to hear the querulousness of the town which they had never before doubted was the Hub of the universe and not "provincial" at all. But to the shaming of local posterity, all these expostulatory utterances are to be preserved for ever. The authorities of the Library also inform librarians that a certain circular, containing thirty questions relative to library economy and experience, which they sent to libraries in this country and Europe, remains unanswered by seventy of the American institutions to which it was addressed. It is to be hoped, says the notice to which we are indebted for our information, that all libraries interested in tabulating information which will be published for the benefit of all, may be willing to assist in collecting it. And no library is so small that its statistics are not of some value—if to no one else, to those who are managing similar institutions, and to those who contemplate providing some such, and wish to know exactly what it is best to do.

—The Long Island Historical Society—an active and enterprising body, by the way, which puts to shame some older historical societies that could be mentioned—has issued a circular, in which it calls attention to the fact that it has received a communication from the committee of the "Palestine Exploring Fund" of London, which requests that a society with the exploration of the Holy Land for its object should be formed in this country. The English society is not yet rich enough to do anything like the work which needs to be done, and wants assistance. All the region beyond Jordan, and Phœnicia also, are imperfectly known to the student world, and still, says Mr. Emmanuel Deutsch, have additions to make to our knowledge of the Hebrews, Phœnicians, and other Semitic peoples. Then, too, the fauna and flora of the country, its geology, the surveys for maps, and the identification of sacred cities, all invite attention. To this part of the proposed work, however little they might be interested in the more scholarly part of it, our American congregations might very likely feel disposed to give one sermon a year, we should say, and one Sunday's "collection," and it would be well if those who wish to see a society formed were to call the attention of the religious world to the matter. Meantime, till a society of some kind shall be in existence, Mr. George Hannah, Librarian of the L. I. Historical Society, consents to forward to the London committee any American contributions that may be made. Lieutenant Warren, at work in Jerusalem, ought to have at once a force of laborers ten times greater than he has been employing, but instead of that he has recently been compelled to dismiss half his people.

—A clearer case of the veteran lagging superfluous on the stage was never afforded than in the existence for the last few years of the *National Intelligencer*—once, and not long ago, a name that had almost as much of the solidly venerable about it as a full-bound volume of Statutes at Large. Many a Whig child grew up to youth, twenty and thirty years ago, with an unexpressed, vague feeling that, failing Congress and the President, the *National Intelligencer* could carry on the Government alone, and would be able to make it a successful copy of the best features of the Spartan and Athenian and Roman commonwealths, of which it used to tell us in its own dignified, weighty, and statesmanlike, not to say fearfully stupid, periods. Founded in 1800 as a weekly paper to support Jeffersonianism, it at once became an "organ," and an organ it remained to the end of its days—never being of any value as a newspaper, but speaking with potential voice the texts on which party orators enlarged from the stump and party editors from the sanctum, giving cues to caucuses, publishing the "efforts" of the "most distinguished men of our country," giving us the President's messages, and, generally, being ponderously political after the fashion of the old times. It was in 1807, if we are not mistaken, that it became a daily paper; and it was not till 1824, after the days of Madison and Monroe, that it became definitely Whig, following the fortunes of Henry Clay, and doing not a little to make them so far as they were made; for there is no doubt that in those days the political essays that we should find unendurable were a power in the land. It was in Madison's time, by the way, that Admiral Cockburn assisted to sack and burn the *Intelligencer* office, being extremely angry with the journal because of its bitter attacks on him personally; it held him responsible for all the maraudings of the British sailors who used to come ashore in Chesapeake Bay. Mr. Gales—"Old Joe Gales"—and Mr. Seaton, his brother-in-law, co-proprietor and co-editor, were the managers of the paper from the beginning. It is told of the former to this day, and once it used to be told reverentially, that "on a certain occasion Daniel Webster pointed to Mr. Gales, and said, 'There is a man who knows more political history than any other man in this country;'" which was probably true, for he knew all The Founders; may very probably have chewed, smoked, snuffed, and drunk with every one of them who indulged himself in these particulars, and in one way or another he was a part of nearly all the political intriguing and combining that was done in the United States. The stories he might have told us are a great loss to the political history of the half-century before the war. Besides his intimate acquaintance with our politics and politicians, it is no doubt true that he was a writer of ability, and that he made his paper good of its kind. But, by and-by, the Democratic party got itself pretty firmly fastened into the places of power; the editors began to get old, the old times began to fade away; there seemed to be a time coming when the world would not be parcelled out precisely into Whig and Democrat, and the *Intelligencer* began to languish and decay. By the time Mr. Buchanan was installed, the Whig child above-mentioned may very likely have known the name of his *National Intelligencer* better as a familiar means of testing the sobriety of drinkers than in any other way. For the last eight years, during which it has been in the hands of Mr. Coyle, it has been slowly dying—without influence and without anybody's respect, though it had the good offices of Mr. Johnson and Mr. Seward. It was hopelessly out of joint with the times, and no one will regret it unless the Oldest Resident of Washington, and the gentlemen in the *Courier* office in Boston, and here and there an old Southern Whig who still hates a Democrat in a way which proves that we are not all of us humanitarianized into milk and water.

—Of late English books in Theology, none is at once of general interest and of marked ability. "The Gospel in the Law," by Mr. Charles Taylor, is "a critical examination of the citations from the Old Testament in the New." The Hulsean (Cambridge) Lectures for 1868, the work of J. G. Stewart Perowne, are now published in book form, under the title "Immortality." "The Corean Martyrs" is the title of a book which records the lives, works, and sufferings, among the fiercest of the Chinese heathen, of nine French Roman Catholic missionary priests who, with some of their

disciples, were murdered by the natives some three years ago. The second series of Mr. G. S. Bowes's "Illustrative Gatherings" has reached a second edition. It is described as a commonplace-book made up from the works of serious and religious writers. Such books are best when made by one's self; and it is a pity that the manual labor of writing is so great that most people depend for them upon printed works like this of Mr. Bowes's, which, however good they may be, want the vitality of interest which belongs to one's own selections. This same matter of the manual labor of writing as a hindrance to the progress of civilization, has not had sufficient consideration, or some sort of a machine might have been devised, one would suppose, to relieve us of the burden. Perhaps—to leave Theology, which this month offers us nothing more than we have mentioned—we may find that a Mr. Murdo Young is the benefactor for whom we have been wishing; among the works to be classed as Miscellaneous we notice a book of which he is the author, and of which the title-page runs as follows: "Readable Short-hand Self-Taught: being a System by which People can teach themselves to write the longest word without lifting the pen, read what they write, and correspond with friends at home or abroad, on pleasure or business: it embraces a double set of Vowels, with liquid Consonants grafted on the other letters, together with a Diagram of Dots and a Combination of Words in most familiar use into Ready Sentences: the whole forming a system of Readable Short-hand Shortened." To teach one's self "to write the longest word without lifting the pen," does not seem to be very much, to be sure; and for people to be able "to read what they write" seems not very much more; still the book may probably be worth attention. It is a little two-and-sixpenny duodecimo. Other miscellaneous books are these: Mr. Elihu Burritt's "Lectures and Speeches"—a volume containing many of the works of that gentleman since 1869. We are pleased, by the way, to see that there is to be a new and complete edition of Mr. Burritt's books, which are all pleasant, in virtue of their author's good qualities of character. And, by the way again, it was not very agreeable news which came a week or two since, and informed us that Mr. Burritt had been removed from the consulship which he has held for so many years, and—if we may say so, without having personal knowledge of the facts—which he filled in a satisfactory manner. Messrs. W. Gartin & Co. publish a volume of reports on the patent nekrozoic process of embalming—if embalming is the word to apply to a process which consists in merely washing over the tissues which it is desired to preserve. The reports represent the antiseptic liquid as being very efficacious, and we believe they could hardly err on the side of too great positiveness in this respect; it was last summer, if we recollect, when some of our American surgeons tested the process severely, and pronounced it perfect. The New Jersey editors who are interested in the question of reclaiming the better part of that State from the ocean, may perhaps find matter for reflection in the "History of the Fens of South Lincolnshire," by Mr. W. H. Wheeler. Jewellers and engravers would doubtless profit by reading Mr. D. E. Berri's "Monograms, Historical and Practical," and other decorative artists and artisans may get something of good from Eastlake's "Hints on Household Taste." Mr. Banting's "Letter on Corpulence"—which became famous in England at a rate that was a little surprising to us emaciated, atrophied Americans—has gone into a fourth edition—very large editions, too, some of them have been—with prefatory remarks, and a number of letters from grateful correspondents whom the author induced to "bant," and who found much benefit in so doing. One lady, we are informed, is "full of gratitude and thanks because she has lost a double chin" by following out the alderman's judicious dietary system.

—In English Fiction there is nothing very noticeable. Mr. W. Ralston, our novel-readers will be glad to hear, has translated "'Liza" from the Russian of Ivan Turgeneff; and there is a new book for children which merits mention among the books for the elders, because it contains illustrations by Oscar Pletsch, whose children are always excellent. Mr. Bracebridge Hemyng is said to have made a success hardly to have been expected in his novel of "The Favorite Scratched; or, The Spider and the Fly"—a story that will please the lovers of "Guy Livingstone" and the like. In History and Biography we have Mr. H. R. Fox Bourne's and the Earl of Dundonald's life of Cochrane, the celebrated seaman who was tenth Earl of Dundonald; Max Müller's translation and explanation of the "Rig Veda Sanhita;" and the long-promised diary of "Henry Crabb Robinson," which, no doubt, will turn out to be a mine of biography approaching in interest the Life of Landor, which has just been republished here by Fields, Osgood & Co., as also this diary will be. Mr. G. Pascoe Hill, who seems to be a naval chaplain, has written a Life of Napoleon III., which is said to be good enough in passages where it deals with such events of the Emperor's life as are known to everybody, and poor enough when it deals with what it finds—and leaves—obscure. It is laudatory. Of books of Poetry we have one or two of interest. Mr. Matthew Arnold, whose poetical works command rather more attention now than ever before, has been revising—and injuring, it is said—the volumes of his which had previously appeared; and now his complete works may be had in a two-volume duodecimo edition. Mr. Austin's satirical poem entitled "The Season"—a sharp attack on the follies and vices of London society, in the manner, now perhaps too much disused, of the days of Pope—is put forth in a new edition. It has been for some years out of print, and is the work of a clever man who does less in literature than his early success and his abilities had led his friends to expect. Mr. Longfellow's poetical works are published by Mr. Moxon in a two-volume edition, with a prefatory essay by Mr. Buchanan, who kindly admits his *protégé* to be something of a poet. However, the conjunction is not so bad as Mr. Swinburne on Coleridge, which we are soon to have—a "Coleridge" that it will be a painful thing to own, as it is to own the "Blake" which Swinburne edited for purposes of his own. The critic of the London *Times*, by the way—Mr. Dallas, we believe it is—talks about Mr. Swinburne, we see, as one of the great poets of the age. Messrs. Macmillan & Co. have just issued their three-and-sixpenny "Globe" edition of "Pope's Complete Poetical Works," which is spoken of as the best "Pope" ever published, as well as one of the cheapest. It has good notes by various hands, and Mr. Adolphus William Ward's onslaught on the poet and his school—an attack that perhaps more needs to be made in England than in this country, and perhaps hardly much needs to be made anywhere now. "Kathrina, her Life and Mine," by Dr. J. G. Holland, is republished in England by Messrs. Sampson Low, Son & Marston; and we shall probably soon be hearing something more about American literature from the *Saturday Review*. "Bitter-Sweet," strange to say, has never, it appears, been published in England, though it has gone through thirty-odd editions here, and may probably go through some more.

—In our review of Mr. Baldwin's "Pre-Historic Nations," we mentioned the following Phœnician and Carthaginian names as Semitic: Asdrubal, Byrsa, Cabiri, Cadmus, Carthage, Cirta, Gades, Hamilcar, Hannibal, Laish, Melcarth, Sidon, "Sydyk the Just," Tyre, Zama. The Worcester *Spy* doubts the soundness of our view; and as that paper is edited by a writer of merit, we make good our assertion by the citation of leading authorities. It is true, that to tell a tribunal of Orientalists that Hannibal or Carthage, for instance, are Semitic words—the one meaning "Favor (or Favored) of Baal," and the other "New City," would be like telling Indo-European linguists that Gotthold, Gottlieb, and Godfrey are names of Teutonic origin; that John, Jan, Jean, Juan, Johann, and Johannes are modified forms of the Hebrew Johanan—"Favor (or Favored) of Jehovah;" that Neuburg, Neuenburg, Nyborg, and Newburgh are of common derivation and meaning; or that Naples, Napoli, and Nablous are derived from the Greek Neapolis, which means "New City." But as only a small portion of our readers may be presumed to be familiar with Semitic languages and antiquities, and some might be inclined to regard as Greek whatever presents itself to them in a Greek garb, we shall escape the reproach of proving what is universally known. As regards our authorities, we suppose no competent judge would object to our choice. In reality, Gesenius's "Phœniciæ Monumenta" alone ought perfectly to suffice, but we make use here and there of the more recent testimony of Kenrick, Renan, Smith, and Fürst. Want of space compels us to abridge our quotations, and the interest of the general reader to use the Latin letters instead of the Semitic. We omit none of the words mentioned in our review:

Asdrubal. Gesenius: "Evidently=Heb. *Ezro-Baal*, whose aid is Baal; compare the Hebrew names *Azriel*, *Azaryah*" (whose aid is God). Renan: "=*Azriel* and *Azaryahu*" (Azariah). Smith's Class. Dict. quotes Gesenius. Our readers will remember that the Hebrew Ezra, too, is changed into Esdras.

Byrsa. Renan: "Name of the citadel of Carthage = (Syriac) *Birtho*, fortress." Kenrick: "The name, which, from its resemblance to the Greek word for *hide*, gave rise to the story of Dido's purchase of as much land as a hide would cover, is Phœnician, and denotes a fortress." Smith: "A mere etymological legend arising from the Hellenized form of the Phœnician name." Compare the Aramaic *Birtha* (capitol or capital), applied in Ezra (vi. 2) to the acropolis, or possibly to the whole, of the capital of Media.

Cabiri. Gesenius: "=Heb. *Kabbirim*, the mighty, θεοι μεγαλοι, by which name they are often designated." Fürst: *Kabbirim* (in Sancho-

niathon . . . Καβειροι), a name of the seven sons of *Tzadik* . . . . in Phœnician mythology."

CADMUS. Gesenius: "A Phœnician of fabulous antiquity . . . Compare Heb. *Kedem*, meaning both East and ancient time." Compare also the Chaldee *kadmay*, eastern, and the name of the *Cadmonites*, a people "of Phœnician race" (Fürst), who, like the Beney Kedem, seem to have been renowned for their genius, for even David quoted a "proverb of the Cadmonite" (*meshal hakkadmoni*, falsely translated, "proverb of the ancients," 1 Sam. xxiv. 14).

CARTHAGE. Gesenius: "More ancient form, according to Solinus and Stephanus of Byzantium, *Carthada*, or New City." He compares the *KRTHDST* of the coins of ancient Panormus, which Fürst, *s. v. Kereth* (Heb., city) reads "*Kereth Hadesheth* (New Town, Neapolis), Carth-ada(s), an old name for Carthage." Kenrick: "New City." Smith: "New City . . . This etymology is confirmed by Solinus, who says: Istam urbem Carthadam Elissa dixit, quod Phœnicum ore exprimit *Civitatem Novam*."

CIRTA. Fürst: "= *Kereth*" (Heb., town). See his interesting comparisons.

GADES. Gesenius, Kenrick, Fürst: "Originally *Gadir* = Heb. *Gader*, enclosure."

HAMILCAR. This name is generally brought in connection with that of Melcarth, the Phœnician divinity; but it strikes us it would more naturally be derived from the Semitic *hamal*, to be tender, to pity, to spare, and *kar*, sheep; according to which the compound would signify "Fond of sheep," or "Merciful to sheep." By a remarkable coincidence the two words occur in the same connection in the Hebrew narrative of Saul's sparing the sheep and other live booty taken from the Amalekites (1 Sam. xv. 9). As one of the historical Hamilcars was the son, and another the father, of a Mago, the famous agricultural writings of the unknown Mago may perhaps be taken as an evidence of a fondness for rural pursuits in the founders of the Carthaginian family or families that boasted of those names. The apparently kindred names of Bomilcar and Himilco, however, might possibly be used as an argument against our view.

HANNIBAL. Gesenius: "In inscriptions *HNBAL* (favor of Baal) comp. Heb. *Haniel*" (favor of God). Renan: "=*Johanan*." Smith quotes Gesenius.

LAISH. In Heb., *Layish*, lion. Gesenius: "Arabic and Chaldee, *Layith*." Fürst: "Name of an originally Sidonian colonial city. . . . *Laish* (Phœnician, *Lesh*, *Lish*), *i. e.*, *the lion*, was sacred to *Eshmûn* (*i. e.*, Æsculapius), denoting the principle of warmth and life. *Eshmûn* . . . was worshipped as Ασκληπιος λεοντοῦχος even in Ascalon."

MELCARTH. Gesenius: "The Hercules of the Phœnicians; in inscriptions and on coins, *MLKRT*, King of the city." "Heb., *Melekh Kereth*." Kenrick and Smith: "King of the city." Fürst, *s. v. Kereth*, city: "Μελικαρθος, *i. e.*, *Milkart* (=*Milkh-kart*), the name of Hercules among the Phœnicians."

SIDON. Gesenius: "Heb., *Tzidon*, fishery." Renan: "=*Tzidon*, fishery." Fürst: "Phœnician, *Tzidon*." Sidon and Zidon are formed from *Tzidon*, as Sion and Zion are from the Hebrew *Tziyyon*. Compare also the following.

"SYDYK THE JUST." Renan: "Σνδνκ (δικαιος)=*Tzaddik*," in Heb., *just*. Fürst, *s. v. Tzadok*, "just," compares the forms Σνδνκ and Σεδεκ with Heb. *tzedek*, justice.

TYRE. In the O. T. *Tzor*. Gesenius, Renan, Fürst: "= Heb. *tzur*, rock."

ZAMA. Gesenius: "Original form in Ptolemy, Atzama, fortified" (Heb. *atzam*, to be strong).

A HINDU TRAVELLER IN INDIA.*

THE account of a Hindu tourist's journey through British India ought to possess something of the piquant interest belonging to a picture of the man by the lion. We have had a plenty of descriptions by British travellers, showing us the weaknesses and vices of the native population, and the immense benefits which accrue to it from submission to a foreign yoke; and even when they have contained confessions of a contrary kind, there has always been room to suspect the ingenuousness of the story told us. Here, now, is a work of another character—one which should enable us to see how the structure and working of Indian society appear when looked at through Hindu eyes.

But if such are the anticipations with which we open Bholonauth Chunder's volumes, we shall find ourselves in some measure disappointed. Its author is a very thoroughly Anglicized Hindu—a product of the European civilization which holds sway in Calcutta almost as in a European city. When we stumble upon "Neptune and Æolus" upon the very first page, and discover them to have been the deities who smiled upon the traveller's starting, our illusions fade, and we realize that we must not expect here anything really racy; the flavor of the soil is overpowered by what has been planted upon it. Our author is more a citizen of the world, and less a citizen of India, than we could wish. He speaks slightingly of Brahmans and Pandits; the poets he quotes most freely are Byron and Milton, Shakespeare and Scott; he refers to "the Redeemer" as if he were a Christian, and to the Deist, who "shall yet laugh at us all," as if a free-thinker. He writes English with much ease and correctness, although now and then betrayed by his striving after an idiomatic and familiar tone into inelegance or slang—blemishes which, along with an occasional inaccuracy of expression, have been very properly left unremoved by the English publishers, as constituting a part of the author's personality, and authenticating his work in its detail. His political sentiments are wholly English; he does not protest against, or even apparently deplore, the rule of the Westerner; his denunciation and detestation are reserved for the Moslem, whom the other came to dispossess. This is, indeed, a most natural state of mind for one who knows the past history of his country, and has freedom of judgment enough not to be prevented by the irksomeness of a present yoke from contrasting it with an earlier crushing oppression such as that which India suffered for centuries at the hands of the Prophet's followers. Yet Bholonauth's anti-Mohammedan zeal, we should add, does not forbid him to do justice to the brilliant and noble qualities of the great Mogul emperor Akbar. In matters, again, that concern the mutiny, his sympathy is with the foreigner; he regards it, not as a popular struggle for independence, but as a military revolt, which the old Mussulman dynasty endeavored to turn to its own advantage; and he laments the cruelties and excesses of the mutineers—none the less heartily, doubtless, because his countrymen of Bengal were almost equally obnoxious to them with the English.

By describing the spirit of the work and its author as different from what we might have expected, and could have wished, we have no thought of reflecting upon either. There is nothing ungenuine and nothing slavish about Bholonauth Chunder; he is just what the circumstances of his life have made him. And it is by no means uninteresting to see how capable the Hindu is of accepting and wearing, in its entirety, the civilization of Europe. If a prominent example, he is yet only an example of a pretty large class. The different Asiatic societies of India have other members besides him who investigate and write like Europeans—some of them like European scholars of a very high type; and who have received from all parts of the world tokens of recognition of their contributions to the knowledge which the West seeks to have of the East. By his choice of the subjects which he dwells most upon, and by the manner in which he illustrates them, our author shows himself a true student of the antiquities, the history, and the present condition of his country. No one who is interested in any side of Indian life, ancient or modern, will fail to draw a notable amount of information and entertainment from his pages. He presents us a lively picture of the Santhals—the aboriginal tribe whom Mr. Hunter has recently brought prominently into notice. The revival of Hindu learning, of which Nuddea was the seat, receives his attention, and he dwells upon the reforming activity there of Chaitanya in a manner which almost leads us to suppose him a sectary of that eminent saint and avatar. An instructive sketch is given of Benares, the headquarters of Hindu orthodoxy. At Agra, it is the magnificent architectural remains of the Mogul empire that form the chief attraction; Brindabun and its environs call forth a host of notices of the legendary history of Krishna, the latest accession to the Hindu Pantheon of a divinity of highest rank. Bholonauth Chunder accepts the repeatedly suggested theory of a powerful influence exerted by Christian ideas, mythical rather than moral, upon the development of the Krishna-worship—a theory which Weber has recently sustained in a learned essay before the Berlin Academy. For the traces of Buddhism in the land where it so long reigned triumphant, though now crushed and exiled, he is always upon the lookout. And Delhi, the remotest point of the traveller's wanderings, occupies him through nearly three-quarters of his second volume, with its old remains and newer wonders, with its most eventful history, the struggles for the mastery of all India which have taken place in or about it—the last of them, and the most desperate and heroic, being that which within a few years re-established British authority, and overthrew for ever the throne of the Great Mogul.

* "The Travels of a Hindoo to Various Parts of Bengal and Upper India. By Bholonauth Chunder, Member of the Asiatic Society of Bengal. With an Introduction by J. Talboys Wheeler." In 2 vols. London: N. Trübner & Co. New York: John Wiley & Son. Crown 8vo. 1869.

We cannot but praise the modesty with which our author keeps personal adventure in the background, and is always more intent upon what is about him than upon his own relation to it. We have read his work with real satisfaction throughout, and heartily commend it to the attention of all who love a good book, and seek from it instruction along with amusement.

TWO BOOKS ON THE ADIRONDACKS.*

It would be hard for the honest lover of woods and waters and forest sports to find a book concerning them which should not please him more than Mr. Murray's. And it would be harder for the person with tolerable taste in literature to find a book the tone of which would very much more displease him. "Loud" is the word that we might perhaps best apply to it; that usefully descriptive slang term is often applied to styles of dress and manner that are the spiritual equivalents, so to speak, of Mr. Murray's writing concerning himself and his shooting and eating and boating. The whole book is written in falsetto, as we may say; is screechy from the beginning to the end, and does not inspire confidence. Still it is not without its attraction. There is some vigor—overlaid as it is by exaggerated words, and fuller of Mr. Murray than of trout-fishing—in this description, which may be taken as a fair specimen of the better part of the book:

"I love the rifle, and I have looked along the sights and held the leaping blood back by an effort of will, steadying myself for a shot, when my veins fairly tingled with the exhilarating excitement of the moment; but if one should ask me what is my conception of pure physical happiness, I should assure him that the highest bodily beatitude I ever expect to reach is, on some future day, when the clear sun is occasionally veiled by clouds, to sit in a boat once more upon that little lake, with John at the paddle, and match again a Conroy rod against a three-pound trout. That's what I call *happiness!*

"Well, as I said, I struck; and, as we afterwards discovered, the huge salmon-hook was buried to the shank amid the nerves which lie at the root of a trout's tongue. Then came a fight for the mastery such as never before had I waged with anything that swims. Words should have *life* in them to depict the scene. Quick as a flash, before I had fairly recovered my balance, partially lost by the energy with which I struck, the trout started, and before I could get a pressure upon the line, not twenty yards were left on the reel. A quick stroke from John, and the boat shot one side—"

and so forth. It goes on for three or four pages, and ends with these probable remarks from the guide, whom Mr. Murray, in the heat of the battle, observes gazing affectionately at the marvellous rod:

"These fly-rods are delicate things. Like women, they shouldn't be put to heavy work if you can help it; but they are able to bear a heavy strain if necessary. But with all I could do I thought it was gone once. I don't think I ever came so near breaking this paddle as on that last sweep. It made my flesh creep to hear the old rod creak. I really believe my own back would have snapped if it had parted."

The advice as to outfit which the author gives to persons who intend making a trip into the Adirondacks seems to be sensible and worth taking; and we should think that the effect of the book might be good as leading a good many people to forsake watering-places and "loafing," and try the shanty life of hemlock-bough beds, and trout and salt pork for breakfast, and long tramps and longer sleeps in perfectly sweet air. It would spoil the woods possibly; but it is a pity and it is a wonder that our counting-rooms and offices do not more entirely empty themselves into the Adirondacks every summer and fall. There is yet room, by the way—large room—for a good book on the Adirondack country; and in the interest of overworked American humanity, it is to be hoped that some one may speedily make it.

Mr. Street's work we opened first at an unfortunate page, and when we began at the beginning afterwards and read it through, we confess that it was with something like a prejudice against it. Yet, in spite of some very absurd passages, the book will be found to be, upon the whole, a good one. It is of some value as a guide-book—though the reader will do well to remember that Mr. Street habitually exaggerates the difficulties and terrors of the climbings and wanderings which he undertook—and is also of some value as a truthful description of the impression made by the mountainous part of the Adirondack country upon every beholder of its savage grandeur. The reader might be excused for shutting up "The Indian Pass" who should open it at any one of the numerous passages where Mount Marcy talks rhapsodically, in blank prose, to Wall-face, or Mount McIntyre, or some other mountain, with many "thees" and "thous," and "slaves" and "vassals"—in short, with much silliness, as it must be called for want of a word more civil and equally accurate. As bad as the rhapsodies are such things as this:

"Hark! a loud boom! Has the Iron Dam severed itself from the river, and taken to flying, like Loretto's Chapel, through the air? Why, no! it is only a bumble-bee! Boom-m-m-m-m! It will waken all the echoes in the village! Methinks this very butterfly, wavering along, hums in his smooth, velvet flight! Hark! a tremendous sound this time! a galloping—a rising dust! Halloo! what on earth is here! a charge of cavalry, or rather *calves*alry, from the hillside, through the openings between the houses, down the street of the village! The three calves have let themselves loose, and are charging with sabres, or rather tails, in air, full tilt upon us! How the trumpets, or, not to put too fine a point upon it, their ba-ba's sound! Mercy! what shall we do? But lo! an opposing charge by the colt *solus*, full gallop against the coming foe! The parties meet midway, the colt's heels flourishing like a couple of carbines. I am sorry to say the calves show the white feather, and their white tails at the same time, flourishing, in turn, a swift dozen of heels in ignoble flight up the street, towards Lake Henderson. And this reminds me—I must visit Lake Henderson."

But the love of wild nature which Mr. Street shows in his poetry, and the faculty for presenting its aspects with a somewhat confusing minuteness, but still not without vividness, he shows in this book, and, as we have said, its exactness of information makes it a good guide-book.

* "Adventures in the Wilderness; or, Camp-life in the Adirondacks. By William H. H. Murray." Boston: Fields, Osgood & Co. 1869. Pp. 236.
"The Indian Pass. By Alfred B. Street." New York: Hurd & Houghton. 1869. Pp. lviii., 201.

NEW TESTAMENT TRANSLATIONS.*

Noyes's "New Testament" and Folsom's "Four Gospels" are valuable contributions to American ecclesiastical literature. Both are works of competent scholars, both products of independent research, and both based on the text of Tischendorf—as far as published; in other respects, however, they differ materially. Noyes's translation presents itself to the public at large, Folsom's is elaborated for students. The chief aim of the former translator was "to make a version more free from wholly or nearly obsolete words and phrases, more intelligible," and "less encumbered with Greek and Hebrew idioms," though, at the same time, "more critically accurate, and on the whole even closer to the original, than that of King James's translators;" the chief aim of Mr. Folsom was to render and expound the text, in all its original distinctiveness, strictly, and as accurately as the imitative power of the English idiom in its more modern stage of development would permit. The former sought to express the inner meaning of the sentences in the plainest, most correct, and perhaps Biblically familiar English form; the latter "weighed every Greek word and sought to give its exact equivalent," with more regard for the niceties of the original expressions than for those of the living tongue. Dr. Noyes, satisfied with faithfully rendering the sense, and little mindful of slight variations of reading, "thought it best not to interpose" his "own judgment in regard to the Greek text," and strictly to follow Tischendorf, even where, exceptionally, their opinions did not coincide; Mr. Folsom, devoting years of labor to a close and minute collation of readings, allowed himself, when sustained by sufficient critical authority, some departures, though but few in number, from the leading text. Reference to parallel passages, or to the Old Testament, and brief notes containing various readings, different renderings, or explanations of the chosen phraseology, are all Dr. Noyes saw fit to add to his translation—for "exposition, interpretation, or argument formed no part" of his design; Mr. Folsom not only gives the various readings—to which an "Account of Manuscripts" is added—fully and elaborately, but also copious explanatory and expository notes designed to sustain and illustrate the translation, as well as the inner truth of the books—though not to serve as historico-critical dissertations of an introductory character.

A comparison of a few connected passages in the two translations with the original will probably suffice to illustrate our preceding remarks, as well as the respective merits of the rival versions—if we may so call them, the scheme and the sphere of the two being in fact different. We choose Luke vii. 24, *et seq.*:

Noyes has: "What have ye gone out into the wilderness to see? the reeds shaken by the winds?" Folsom has: "What have you gone out into the Desert to view? A reed, shaken by [the] wind?" The text has θεάσασθαι (to view), κάλαμον (sing.), and ανέμου (sing.) N.: "A man clothed in soft

* "The New Testament: Translated from the Greek Text of Tischendorf. By George R. Noyes, D.D., Hancock Professor of Hebrew and other Oriental Languages, and Dexter Lecturer on Biblical Literature, in Harvard University." Boston: American Unitarian Association. 1869.
"The Four Gospels: Translated from the Greek Text of Tischendorf, with the various readings of Griesbach, Lachmann, Tischendorf, Tregelles, Meyer, Alford, and others; and with Critical and Expository Notes. By Nathaniel S. Folsom." Boston: A. Williams & Co.

raiment?" F.: "A man attired in soft garments?" Text: ἐν μαλακοῖς ἱματίοις (pl.) N.: "Lo! they who wear gorgeous apparel, and live luxuriously." F.: "Behold, they who flourish in splendid apparel and luxury." Text: ἰδοὺ οἱ ἐν ἱματισμῷ ἐνδόξῳ καὶ τρυφῇ ὑπάρχοντες—which is excellently rendered by Mr. Folsom. N.: "A prophet? Yes, I say to you, and more than a prophet. "F.: "Yes, I say to you, and a great deal more than a prophet." Text: περισσότερον (more than superior) προφήτου. Both translators refer the following Old Testament quotation to Mal. iii. 1; but F., in a note to the parallel passage in Matthew, has two erroneous references; neither attempts to explain the striking discrepancy between the words of the prophet and those of the apostles, who add "before thy face," and change "before me" into "before thee." N.: "Among those born of women there is no greater prophet than John." F.: "A greater prophet among women-born than John there is none." Text: ἐν γεννητοῖς γυναικῶν . . οὐδείς ἐστίν (there is none). "Among women-born" is unnecessarily strained. N.: "But he that is least in the kingdom of God is greater than he." F.: "But the lesser in the kingdom of God is a greater than he." Text: ὁ δὲ μικροτερος (the lesser). N.: "And all . . . acknowledged God as righteous by being baptized with the baptism of John." F.: "And all . . . ascribed righteousness to God, having been baptized with the baptism of John." Text: ἐδικαίωσαν τὸν θεόν, βαπτισθέντες τὸ βάπτισμα Ἰωάννου. Noyes's rendering is obviously more in accordance with the sense, if not with the grammatical form of the Greek, which in the Gospels is, after all, not the Greek of Hellenes but of Jews. In the negative sentence following, his rendering seems still more preferable. N.: "They are like children." F.: "They are like young children." Text: παιδίοις (little children). N.: "We piped to you, and ye did not dance; we sung a dirge, and ye did not weep." F.: "We played on the pipe to you, and you did not dance; we made lamentation, and you did not weep." Text: ηὐλησαμεν (we played on the pipe), ἐθρηνήσαμεν (we cried, lamented). N.: "But wisdom is acknowledged by all her children." F.: "And wisdom received justification from all her children." Text: ἐδικαιώθη (was justified).

We shall not trouble the reader with a continuation of this parallel—which we have done to some extent—though it would certainly strengthen the conclusions drawn from the above—to wit, that Noyes has sacrificed somewhat of the necessary accuracy to the desire of being plain and readable and retaining "what may be called the savor and spirit of our old and familiar version;" that Folsom shows an equally pronounced leaning to the opposite side, which makes his diction occasionally rather awkward; and that both have well executed their respective tasks, of which that of Mr. Folsom was decidedly the more arduous.

RECENT REPUBLICATIONS.

PERHAPS the most disagreeable of all the sorts of writing which English literature exhibits is one which attained its greatest popularity in England in the time of the first two Georges. The lesser "wits" of the Anne-Augustan age, emulating the conversation of the French *salons*, were adepts in it; and the plays of the comedians and the essays of the essayists, from Charles the Second's time on down to the days when Sheridan flourished, and on down to the later days when English provincial literary coteries and American literary coteries kept Sheridanism on its legs after the life had mostly gone out of it, are nearly all disfigured by a smartness and pertness and wooden impudence born of self-conceit and of contempt, which once were thought to be very French and epigrammatic, but which we now find ourselves thinking very British-French, or even brutal and stupid—displeasing not only morally, but also intellectually, and in every other way. Mr. Colley Cibber "roasting" a critic or a dunce—if roasting was the term in his time—would not be a spectacle that would much delight any of us nowadays; the "taste of the town" has changed, that old gentleman and his friends would discover; and it is now a countrified taste which the laureate and Mr. Foote and Mr. Cumberland and Mr. Boswell and Dr. Syntax and the followers of Mr. Pope and our own "Croaker" and "Croaker Junior," and the rest of the "men of parts about town," would hardly be able to hit at all. "Mecænas," says one of them, giving definitions—"Mecænas: a man who employs his riches in such a way as to attract the admiration of fools." Another, contorting his solid countenance where his French exemplar may have made a shadow of a grimace, speaks thus of morality: "Morality: keeping up appearances in this world, or becoming suddenly devout, when we imagine that we may be shortly summoned to appear in the next." Another one thus causes the mind to revert to the "stout oak stick" which Doctor Johnson was going to buy for Mr. Sam Foote, and which it seems a pity that Mr. Foote's whole school could not constantly have had the benefit of: "I wish to consult you upon a project I have formed," said a noodle to his friend; "I have an idea in my head." "Have you?" interposed the friend with a look of great surprise; "then you shall have my opinion at once: *keep it there*—it may be some time," etc., etc., etc. Certainly, some of the grumbling at Fortune—as to the kind of people on whom she proverbially bestows her favors—may well enough have been stopped by little tales such as this; the unluckiest of men cannot have been so unlucky as not to side with our noodle against our "man of wit." These remarks we make after turning over the pages of "The Tin Trumpet"—a book now thirty or forty years old, and which the Appletons have just republished for a second time. The American editor of the work, revising and adding, has improved on his English forerunner; and we do not say that the Englishman, either, when he dumped his commonplace-book, shot out rather cheap wit only, for he shot out also some wisdom and good-nature with his rubbish. What about him, except that he seems to have been a Doctor Paul Chatfield, we cannot say; apparently he was a rather splenetic physician, well read in the British classics of half or three-quarters of a century ago, and with a turning to satire and smartness, though without too much of a natural turn for it. (His manner, by the way, is contagious.) His American follower seems to have been a man of somewhat better culture and wider mind. Still, the two of them together have made a book not very much less depressing than a jest-book. "Point" seems to have been a chief end with them both; and the ass with his thistles—to adapt a joke from one or the other of them—may serve to represent the delighted reader of their book and the kind of food he will be most apt to get from it. The full title is, "The Tin Trumpet; or, Heads and Tails for the Wise and Waggish." A dozen or more of John Leech's most vulgar designs—none of them *apropos* to anything in the letterpress—are scattered through the volume, and are, perhaps, as bad as anything in it; certainly, there are much better things in it.

It is not doing friendly service to the memory of the late General Halpine to collect from the newspapers the verses which he wrote sometimes on "occasions" of a festive character and more often for no better cause than that the printer wanted copy. Nothing that he wrote, except two or three of the "Miles O'Reilly" pieces, is worth preserving; and it is not for their intrinsic merit as literature that any good judge would ever think of preserving these. His amatory verses, and those that he wrote in seriousness, have it for their chief value that they help one to understand and illustrate a literary type of which the specimens are far more numerous than pleasing. The manner in which Mr. Roosevelt has performed his task as editor and biographer is valuable rather for good feeling than for any other commendable quality.

We spoke some time ago of the one-volume edition of "The Spectator" which was edited by Mr. Henry Morley, and which gave in small compass as good an edition as we have of Steele's and Addison's classic. Of the same size is a volume containing in less than seven hundred octavo pages of good print Sterne's works—the "Tristram Shandy," the "Sentimental Journey," some select sermons, and all of his published letters. But the editorial work is very much inferior to that of the distinguished scholar and very agreeable writer who gave us the cheap "Spectator." Instead of a good life of the author, and a good critical estimate of him, we are put off with the brief sketchy autobiography which Sterne put together for his daughter; and of critical estimate of his writings and character there is none, or next to none; there is merely some laudation by unknown contemporaries of his. To be sure there is lack of good criticism of this most self-conscious and sentimental of all great humorists, and probably there may long be such lack; but it is a pity—considering how full is his revelation of himself, and how sure he is of continued reading, and how corrupting his influence may easily be—that any more editions of his works should be put forth without some tolerably sufficient aid to the proper understanding of him. Then, too, one feels, at each new appearance of him, that so interesting a character ought not to go undissected and unexplained. Apart from the way in which they have allowed the editing to be done, Messrs. Routledge & Sons have made a valuable addition to the list of cheap books which happily is getting to be so long in England and America—though America does less to lengthen it than could be wished, and less, as we believe, than she might. Some one of the many American publishers who employ "book agents" and flood the country with worthless books and with obsolete editions of good ones, might, we feel sure, make himself a national benefactor and put money in his purse by doing for us what Chambers and his imitators have done for the Scotch and English—namely, offer us, with some confidence in our sense and good taste, books that we ought to read if we read at all. Take one year with an-

other, and there is no more reason, we doubt, why "The Vicar of Wakefield" or "The Interference Theory of Government" should not be spread over the West than why Mr. Headley's "Sacred Mountains" should, or Mr. Abbott's "Napoleon."

So many thousand copies of Miss Phelps's "Gates Ajar" have been sold, and so much has been said about it, that its author is in some danger of being tried by a standard not applicable to her and of being asked to be a woman of genius. But if the reader will forget the better known work, or will remember that in virtue of its peculiar relations to religion as it is taught by the New England churches, it has met with an acceptance among persons whose taste is undiscriminating, and, if thus remembering or forgetting, he will bring an unprejudiced mind to the perusal of the volume before us, "Men, Women, and Ghosts," he will be likely to receive considerable pleasure, though little of it will be unmixed. Miss Phelps has much power of feeling—of feeling far too often morbid—and she has undeniable power over the feelings of her readers—a power to which the reader would more willingly and might more properly yield if it were not for the unhealthy and immoral morbidness of much of it. And besides a sort of sprightliness, which seems "'stericky"—as they say in her part of the country—and as morbid as a good deal of her pathos, she has a fine store of genuine fun and humor, which we for our part find to be often very pleasant. Moreover, she has the power—if she would or could more frequently use it—of going out of herself, a little way at all events, and almost giving us other people, although it is too true that she seldom or never gives us others pure and simple and without any tinge of herself—herself, as religionist of a certain school sometimes, as mere woman very often, as various other persons now and again. Of her faults some, no doubt, are those of youth and inexperience, some of natural limitations of character. Of her merits, none—not even her occasional high spirits or gaiety—seems to be necessarily youthful merely; and we should say that a constant improvement in her work may be looked for, and that it will not seldom have high merit. More self-satisfaction—if that is possible—a little less intensity, a cooler and more self-restrained way of handling her subject, so as to avoid "the mingling of the subject and the object"—as, no doubt, they say at Andover—would certainly be of service to Miss Phelps in her writing; and all these things may probably be attainable. Whether or no they are, the writer of the miserably painful story of the "Pemberton Mill"—a story of a kind that no thoroughly "healthy" person would write, we think—and of "Kentucky's Ghost" and "In the Gray Goth" is certainly a writer of considerable power and of decided cleverness.

Messrs. Roberts Brothers have republished, in a cheaper form, their fine edition of Mr. Barnes's "Rural Poems"—poems charming enough to be laid within easy reach on the everyday table of any lover of the country and of poetry—of the simplest and purest pleasures. How a painter might delight in Mr. Barnes the first six verses of this "Brisk Wind" may show; and that others, too, as well as painters, will find something, the last two verses may be taken as evidence:

> "The burdock leaves beside the ledge,
> The leaves upon the poplar's height,
> Were blown by wind-blasts up on edge,
> And showed their under sides of white;
> And willow trees beside the rocks
> All bent gray leaves and swung gray boughs,
> As there, on wagging heads, dark locks
> Bespread red cheeks, behung white brows."

Most of us, perhaps, may have to unlearn a little to get the taste of condiment and high food out of our mouths before we care much for such plain fare as this best of all the rustic-rural poets sets before us; but it will not be long before Mr. Barnes's faithful reader will be very glad that he ever was led to make his acquaintance.

The same house republish, in the same pretty form—that of "The Handy Volume Series"—Mr. W. Stewart Trench's "Realities of Irish Life." They are not realities that strike one as very real. In fact, Mr. Trench may well enough be suspected of doing Irish life in something of the way in which Mr. Edmund Kirke did life "Among the Pines." Both we suppose, put a little more "life" of the desired sort into a given number of pages than any of us would find if we were to go in person to North Carolina or to Derrynane and the parts adjacent. Nevertheless, the book is very readable and interesting, and has some scenes melodramatically exciting. Most watering-places might be the better for it, we should think.

Springdale Abbey: Extracts from the Diaries and Letters of an English Preacher. Edited by Joseph Parker, D.D. (Philadelphia: Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger. 1869.)—In so far as this book can be said to have any settled and definite object, its purpose seems to be to institute unfavorable comparisons between the clergymen of the Established Church of England and those of that body of Dissenters known as Independents. We do not know that we have any objections to such a purpose, considered in itself, but the way in which it is here proposed to accomplish it strikes us as being at once clumsy and ineffectual. The book being autobiographical in form, the author represents himself as a Church clergyman having the utmost devotion to the idea of church and state and the profoundest contempt for all bodies of Dissenters. "I always choose the word 'ignominious,'" he says, "in preference to any other when I wish to express the uttermost contempt; it looks in its right place when it comes before the word 'Dissenter.'" He takes care, however, to represent himself and all of his clerical brethren as utter fools in comparison with a Dissenting preacher whom he first sees at a Bible Society meeting, where his feelings as a "parish priest" are unutterably shocked by finding that the "fellow" talks grammatical English and uses logical arguments. "At that meeting I learned for the first time, and greatly to my amazement—for where there is knowledge there is sin—that Dissenters read the Bible. Certainly I had never understood this before, and it assuredly revealed to me an unimagined depth of human depravity; that an unbaptized Hottentot should be a Dissenter is tolerably clear, but how a reader of the Bible can be one passes my comprehension. This, however, is but a passing reflection." The Dissenter appears constantly throughout the book, and always vanquishes his antagonist in argument, who, however, always congratulates himself on having had quite the best of the encounter. The book is probably the work of some lay Dissenter, desirous of "poking fun" at the Establishment, who should have crammed more carefully on clerical topics before assuming the clerical character. However, it is not for the purpose of discussing the idea of the book that we refer to it, but simply because it contains a good deal of very amusing reading. The author has an eye for the very obviously humorous in matters both lay and clerical; and though he writes unskilfully and always wastes overmuch strength in giving blows that after all tell very lightly, yet his sketches have the look of having been studied from nature, and only need a good deal of condensation to make them in many respects really admirable. As it is, the book will be found readable, and in parts extremely amusing. This is solely on account of its humorous quality—as a weapon either for Dissent or against the Establishment it is at once too blunt and too weakly handled to be of any service. We give an extract from an account given by this zealous clergyman of what he confesses to have been the only visit he ever paid to his parochial school. It seems to have given him much the same kind and degree of amusement which it would have afforded the most godless layman, and to have excited about as much serious reflection. He is conducting an examination in the New Testament, and the pupils have already come to much grief, which we must pass over:

> "I turned to the book and called loudly for the next verse. 'And when the Sabbath day was come, he began to teach in the synagogue, and many hearing him were astonished—'
>
> "'Stop there,' said I, 'and let us see if we understand it so far. Now tell me which day was come.'
>
> "All heads were bent upon the lesson, and after a pause a bright little fellow answered, 'Please, sir, the *Sabba* day.'
>
> "'Sabba day, my boy,' said I, 'is that the way to pronounce the word? Who told you to say it so?'
>
> "'My father, thank you, sir.'
>
> "'Well now, think a moment, and then tell me what we do on the Sabbath day.'
>
> "All the scholars exchanged looks of surprise, but not one of them hazarded an answer. Descending from generals to particulars, I fixed upon one boy, and said, 'Tell me what *your* father does on the Sabbath day.'
>
> "'Please, sir,' was the ready answer, 'he puts his top-coat on, thank you, sir.'
>
> "'And does he only put it on once a week?' I continued, forgetting that it was an examination on the Scriptures.
>
> "'Yes, thank you, sir, because he's frightened of getting it wet, and mother says he mustn't.'
>
> "Christy examined the maps again, and I called out vehemently, 'What do you mean by people being *astonished?* You read that the people who heard him were astonished.'
>
> "'Please, sir, when they are frightened at a boggle,' a boy answered.
>
> "'No, sir; when they are hungry,' another suggested.
>
> "'Please, sir, when they are sleepy,' a third confidently explained.
>
> "'All wrong,' said I. 'I shall ask you no more about that at present. . . . Now let us go to the Catechism, and see what can be done with that. All of you get your slates out, because I wish you not to speak, but to write your answers. Now put down on your slates your answer to the question, 'What is thy duty towards God, and thy duty towards thy neighbor?' . . . . I took up the first slate, which contained almost a duplicate of the answer made to the same question in another parish:

"'My dewty tordes Gode iz to bleed in him, to fering and to loof with old yewer hards, withold my mined, withold my sold, and with my sernth, to whirchp and give thangs, and to putt my old trewst in him, to call pon him, to onner his old name and his world, and to save him truly all the days of my lives end. My dooty tordes my naybors to love him as thyself, and to do to all men as thou wed they shall do and to me, to luv onner and suke my farther and morther, to onner and to bay the Queen and all that are pet under a forty under her, to smit myself to all my gooves, teeges, sportial pastares and marsters, to oughten myself lordly and every to all my betters, to hut nobody by woode nor deede, to be true in jest in all my deelins, to beer no malis nor ated in your arts, to keep my ans from packin and steel, my toong from eeval speckin, lawing and slanders, not to covet nor deesyr othermans good, but to lern layber trewly to git my own leeving, and to doo my doty in that stay of life and to each it please God to call mens.'"

One pretty strong mark of a clerical origin the book does indeed bear, since its author, who is a bright man, yet concerns himself in no way with any wider affairs than technically religious ones. Still, his knowledge and his interest even here seem to be very slight; and it is only the humorous and ludicrous side of matters which get any hearty attention from him.

Black Forest Village Stories. By Berthold Auerbach. Translated by Charles Goepp. Author's edition. Illustrated with fac-similes of the original German wood-cuts. (New York: Leypoldt & Holt. 1869.)—These are the stories which first brought Auerbach into general notice in Germany, and although they were written nearly thirty years ago, they do not compare unfavorably with his later works. As studies of peasant life they are said to be very faithful, and the shrewd and kindly observation of human nature which distinguishes them makes them very pleasant reading. Thirty years ago, Auerbach's tendency to use his art in great part at least for putting into tangible shape the speculations which occupied his own mind was nearly as marked as it is now, and he thought on very much the same topics. "Ivon" is a story of religious doubts and struggles, and in the "Lauterbacher" we have Erich Dournay's prototype, and find him on the whole more agreeable and less priggish than in the later elaboration.

Mr. Goepp's translation is readable, and in the main faithful to the original. It has, however, some bad faults, which come apparently from a singular misconception on Mr. Goepp's part of what the duties of a translator really are. In his desire to give a spirited and vigorous rendering he is frequently inexcusably vulgar, and gives, in this, an utterly false impression of Auerbach to his readers. To people who read these stories only in the present version, the criticism which is made upon them—that they soften down the actual coarseness of peasant life and show it through a poetic veil, will lose a good deal of its force. Mr. Goepp's worst fault, however, is his habit of interpolating passages of his own wherever and whenever he pleases, without giving either in his preface or his foot-notes the slightest intimation that there is nothing of the kind to be found in the original. These interpolations are of all descriptions—now a short dissertation on the differences between European and American prison systems, which is readily enough detected as spurious even by readers unacquainted with the German text; and again a bit of moralizing, as if Auerbach himself were not quite safe to supply enough of it, or a bold general remark on German habits, the insertion of any of which is an inexcusable impertinence. Occasionally too he perverts, in what seems a wilful manner, the obvious meaning of the original—as, for instance, in the story of Florian and Crescenze, where, in speaking of the use which Florian made of his smattering of French, he says that the French language "is the most respectable dress for immorality that was ever fashioned." By what process he contrived to get this meaning from Auerbach's own expression—"*denn das hat immer etwas Lockenderes und Vornehmeres für viele Leute*"—literally, "for that has always something more attractive and more distinguished for many people," we find ourselves at a loss to imagine.

This translation was first published about a dozen years ago, and is the only English version we know of except one by Mrs. Taylor, which was issued in London more than twenty years since. It did not contain all the stories, and in those which it gave was nearly as remarkable for its omissions as Mr. Goepp's for its interpolations.

Analysis of Civil Government. By Calvin Townsend, Counsellor-at-Law. (New York: Ivison, Phinney, Blakeman & Co. 1869.)—Mr. Townsend's "Civil Government" has so much that is good that we wish it had more. It undertakes to give not only a full commentary upon the Constitution, but all the important legislation upon its provisions; and much of this work is excellently well done, much very insufficiently, much, again, with altogether too great fulness of detail. Thus, there is a valuable and well-executed statement of the laws in regard to surveys and disposition of the public lands; but all the changes of law in regard to the compensation of members of Congress—a very unimportant matter—are given in so much detail as to occupy nearly a page, while the Bankrupt Law is barely mentioned, with no description at all of its provisions; and there is no allusion to legislation upon the decimal system of weights and measures. Again, there is an able and conclusive argument—much more detailed indeed than is necessary—against giving an Acting President of the Senate, as Mr. Wade last year, the title of Vice-President; and the recent law in regard to the election of Senators is fully given. But under Art. 1, § 9, clause 1, there is no allusion to the bargain by which this provision was secured; neither is there any definition of Navigation Laws, nor, in the Glossary of Legal Terms, of Eminent Domain. It is thus a book of very unequal merit, and ought, by judicious omissions and additions, to be made very much better than it is. But, at any rate, it is far too bulky, and contains an immense amount of "padding." Imagine an ingenuous youth being taught, at the present stage of our national career, that "we cannot too much admire the wisdom, purity, and sagacity of the great and good men who framed the Constitution, in their efforts to withdraw as far as possible from the framework of our Government all motives to selfish and dishonest legislation." Surely he must ask what would have happened if these great and good men had *not*, etc., etc.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Authors.—Titles.	*Publishers.—Prices.*	
Austin (Mrs. J. G.), Cipher: a Tale	(Sheldon & Co.)	
Bamberger (L.), Count Bismarck: from the German, swd.	(B. Westermann & Co.)	
Bonghi (R.), L'Inchiesta sulla Regia Cointeressata dei Tabachi, swd	(Milan)	
Bourne (H. R. F.), Famous London Merchants: a Boy's Book	(Harper & Bros.)	$1 00
Clarke (Rev. D.), The Oneness of the Christian Church	(Lee & Shepard)	
De Mille (J.), Cord and Creese: a Tale, swd.	(Harper & Bros.)	0 75
Fourth Annual Report of the National Temperance Society	(New York)	
Fuller (Jane J.), Uncle John's Flower-Gatherers	(M. W. Dodd)	1 50
Haven (Rev. E. O.), Rhetoric: a Text-book	(Harper & Bros.)	1 50
Hazelton (M.), Aunt Mattie and her Young Friends	(D. Lothrop & Co.)	
Johnson (Prof. W. W.), Elementary Treatise on Analytic Geometry	(J. B. Lippincott & Co.)	2 00
Keble (Rev. J.), Miscellaneous Poems	(Pott & Amery)	2 00
Leavitt (Rev. J. M.), The Siege of Babylon: a Tragedy, swd.	(Hurd & Houghton)	
Littell's Living Age, Vol. XIII., April—June, 1869	(Littell & Gay)	
Lunarius	(Nat. Temperance Society)	
Mill (J. S.), The Subjection of Women	(D. Appleton & Co.)	
" " "	(J. B. Lippincott & Co.)	1 00
Newbury (H.), May Bell: a Child's Story	(D. Lothrop & Co.)	
Parker (Prof. J.), The Three Powers of Government, etc., swd	(Hurd & Houghton)	0 75
Philip Brantley's Life Work: a Story for Boys	(M. W. Dodd)	1 15
Pollard (E. A.), Secret History of the Southern Confederacy	(Nat. Pub. Co.)	
Redfield (I. F.), The Law of Carriers	(Hurd & Houghton)	6 50
Roberts (D.), Treatise on Admiralty and Prize	" "	7 50
Simmons (C.), Scripture Manual, 36th ed.	(M. W. Dodd)	1 75
Spalding (Rev. A. T.), The Little Gate, and How to Enter it	(Gould & Lincoln)	
Thackeray (W. M.), The Yellowplush Papers, swd.	(D. Appleton & Co.)	0 50
The Adventures of Philip, swd.	(Harper & Bros.)	0 75
The Play School Stories, for Little Folks, 2 vols.	(Gould & Lincoln)	
The Merchants and Bankers' Almanac for 1869, 3d ed	(I. Smith Homans, jr.)	2 00
White (Rev. J. T.), Complete Latin-English and English-Latin Dictionary	(J. B. Lippincott & Co.)	4 50
Woolsey (Rev. T. D.), Essay on Divorce and Divorce Legislation	(Chas. Scribner & Co.)	1 75

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The Week.

THE new Atlantic Cable is the property of an Anglo-French Company—Messrs. Erlanger, the broker of the Confederacy, and Mr. Reuter, the telegraph operator, being the principal concessionaries—and they have got from the French Government the exclusive privilege of laying cables for twenty years, and have secured a charter from the State of Massachusetts, taken out in the name of Massachusetts citizens, allowing them to land the American end of their line in that State. Attorney-General Hoar thinks, however, and Congress thinks so too, that to land a foreign cable on American soil you must have the leave of the United States, the leave of the State, and the leave of the man who owns the ground on which it is landed. Of these the new company has only got the last two, and apparently does not care whether it gets the first or not. A very sensible and moderate bill was brought into Congress in the last session, though too late to be passed, fixing the conditions on which foreign cables might be landed in the United States, and one of them was that the Government of the country from which it started should be prepared to give Americans the same privileges on its soil that its own subjects or concessionaries asked for on American soil. In the present case there is no reciprocity whatever. No American company would be permitted to land a cable in France. The French Government has refused the old Cable Company the privilege of carrying their line from Valentia to the French coast, and will not even let them open an office in Paris. All talk of "illiberality" on the part of Congress or Secretary Fish in opposing the completion of the new enterprise, therefore, is sheer bosh. So far from opposing the interests of civilization, they are helping them. We want as many cables across the Atlantic as can find work to do, and for this reason everybody ought to be allowed to lay one freely who can find the money to do it with. The new company is, however, a monopoly of the strictest kind, and should, for that reason alone, be opposed, even if it were not making a rather audacious attempt to use American soil for the purposes of the monopoly, without regard to the prohibition of the Government. Let it waive its exclusive privileges on French soil, and we imagine there will be little opposition, and no effective opposition in any quarter, to its operations in America; but the proper time to oppose a monopoly, like many other evil things, is at the beginning.

Since the Pennsylvania Democrats have held their convention, the prospects of the Republicans in that State are a little brighter than before, for neither the name of Mr. Packer nor the substance of the platform is ominous of Democratic success. It is said, however, that Mr. Packer is to give a million dollars for the necessary expenses of the canvass. Hancock's name was received with great enthusiasm, but a friend of his discovered a letter in his pocket—dated May 21—in which the General peremptorily declined a nomination. It was a friend used to conventions, we may suppose, and one who would refrain from reading letters until it seemed advisable to do so. Hancock was probably sacrificed to the money of the two leading candidates, and it is not necessary to accuse Mr. Hoffman and Mr. Chase of "killing him off" in view of the possibilities of 1872, nor likely that they could have done so had they tried their utmost. The platform is the old structure which has so often been erected—much as the same gallows is put up for successive hangings; and the dissatisfaction with Geary and the last Legislature, or the disgust of the McClures with Grant, or the apathy of the Republicans—or all these things—must be great indeed if the Pennsylvanians can be made to seem to accept it. It affirms that the ratification of the Fifteenth Amendment must be repealed; that the whole Reconstruction policy is tyrannical; and that the negro should not have the ballot. It has, to be sure, one good thing in it—our soldiers should not be forgotten, it says; but the Republicans say that, and moreover avow their intention of protecting the pensions of the widows of the survivors of the war of 1812 and of the Revolutionary war. The adjurations to "harmony" were frequent and earnest enough to make it doubtful if the platform and candidate are not both distasteful to a large number of the delegates. Meantime, "a Jacksonian Democrat and a Pioneer Republican" writes to the *City Item* that Mr. W. B. Mann has been nominated for Governor by a Progressive-Reform party, of which we have seen no other mention.

Elsewhere political affairs are dull, except as Mr. Stokes, Mr. Senter, and the temperance men are making them as lively as they can. Mr. Samuel F. Cary—a "workingman's friend" whom the workingmen do not appreciate—is engineering a Prohibition party in Ohio, which has State candidates in the field, and which begins early to exhibit a characteristic of "moral" parties—that is, of speedily having in some of its high places certain battered demagogues whom the parties not moral have succeeded in shaking off. In Illinois, Michigan, Maine, and this State, the temperance men are also in motion. In Virginia, Mr. Walker was elected Governor by a majority of about 15,000, it appears, and not by the much larger one which was at first thought. This is all the better for the negroes, for certainly without colored votes he could not have carried the State, nor could the constitution have been expurgated, we suppose, without the negroes' assistance—a fact that Virginians, taking them at their own valuation, will be the last men to forget.

On the 13th of the month, and the two following days, the leading Southern agriculturists were in convention at Memphis, considering the feasibility of employing Chinese labor, and the prejudice of color either did or did not cause them to take a sensible course on the subject. Not impossibly, the Southern willingness to pay off the black man may have something to do with the Southern willingness to admit the yellow one. However that may be, it was voted by the convention, after it had listened to reports and to sensible speeches from Chinese delegates from Louisiana, and a great coolie contractor from California, to open subscription lists in all the Southern States till one million dollars' worth of stock should be subscribed for, and then importation from the interior of China is to begin. It is estimated that the cost of an able-bodied laborer will be about $10 a month and his board—the Chinaman to give a mortgage upon his wages for the expenses of his

trip hither. This is very good news for the national creditor, and the Secretary of the Navy, and the taxpayer—strictly as creditor and Secretary and taxpayer; what kind of news it may be to them as moralists, social and political philosophers, or citizens of the republic, we can courageously wait and see.

The liquor troubles in Massachusetts promise before long to be once more at their height. The new liquor law is in operation, and all kinds of intoxicating drinks, except cider, are, if exposed for sale, passing into the possession of the constables. But he would be a very knowing man who should tell what is going to happen next. The moderate drinkers and the confirmed drunkards all say they can get as much liquor as they want, and that the law is all but universally evaded, to the great promotion of fraud and deceit and the great diminution of popular respect for legislative authority. The temperance men, on the other hand, are satisfied as usual that the year of jubilee is at hand, or, at all events, that criminal offences will greatly diminish, and the peace and good order of the State be greatly increased—an expectation for which, we believe, a good deal of support has been, or can be, got from statistics. Making drinking difficult, dear, or inconvenient must probably, for a time at least, lessen its amount, and proportionately lessen the number of crimes of violence; but then this is after all not the whole question. Part of it is whether it is possible to enforce a prohibitory law for any long period, and whether it can be done without promoting vices hardly less injurious to the State than hard drinking. In Massachusetts, the peculiarities of the politicians make the fight between the prohibitionists and the no-license-law men a curious kind of game, in which one, as if by some hidden rule of alternation, gets the upper hand one year, and the other the next. We explained the process some time ago in our columns, and it is amusing, but not edifying. Some of the prohibitionists are in favor of excepting lager beer, as well as cider, as a judicious concession to the enemy; but once they do this, they virtually surrender the field. To a sincere total-abstinence man, beer differs from whiskey only in being less intoxicating; but it is, nevertheless, one of the stages on the road to drunkenness, if it be that the moderate drinker is the material out of which the inebriate is made. It is to be hoped that Massachusetts will reach a settled policy on the matter some time during the lifetime of the existing generation.

Attorney-General Hoar is perhaps wise in entering into a stipulation, as it is said he has done, with Yerger's counsel, for the purpose of bringing the legality of his trial by Military Commission up before the Supreme Court for adjudication next October, and the President is perhaps wise in agreeing to stay proceedings before the court-martial, and simply to hold the prisoner in custody until the court has given judgment; but if so, somebody else, and as far as we can make out, the framers of the Reconstruction Act, were not wise. The Reconstruction Act, it must be remembered, set the military forces of the United States to govern certain districts militarily, and directed military officers to perform all sorts of civil functions amongst a bitterly hostile population. Now, no government has a right to set soldiers to do work of this kind unless it is either sure that it is lawful for them to do it, or has determined to protect them in doing it whether it is lawful or not. Colonel Crane was brutally murdered by a desperado for discharging a duty imposed on him by an act of Congress; his murderer has undoubtedly the sympathy of the local population; were he tried by jury, he would be acquitted; and should the Supreme Court declare his trial before a military commission illegal, there will be a total failure of justice; and if other murders of a similar kind do not take place, it will be because the "unrepentant rebels" have undergone some sudden and unprecedented change of heart. It seems now even as if it would have been well to find out a year ago what the Supreme Court thought of the Reconstruction Act, or else made sure that the opinions of the courts would not affect its execution. At present, the United States officials at the South are in a curious position, and we should think the "friends of the Constitution" in Texas, say, would improve this period of suspense by stabbing and shooting a good many of them.

The Cuban Revolution in this city is in anything but a flourishing condition. The most hopeful sign in its favor that we have seen during the week is that on Tuesday evening, at the Academy of Music, a competent orchestra, under the leadership of Mr. Anschütz, gave or were to give a concert in its aid. Two hundred Cuban volunteers in full uniform were at the front, "casting a glamour of war over the whole scene," while Mr. H. Anderson was to preside at the piano, Mlle. Baretta was to dance, and Mr. Mattheson and Madame La Tuer and a chorus to sing. But the other indications are not of this encouraging character. The *Perit*, which has come back from her clandestine trip, has been seized by the collector of the port; District Attorney Pierrepont has been clothed by the President's commission with full powers to use the naval and military force for the suppression of filibustering or other violation of the neutrality laws; deputy marshals have been put aboard the revenue cutters in the bay and harbor; the two tugs which were captured in the Sound the other day are under detention; a descent has been made upon Gardiner's Island, and a hundred and twenty-four of the men of Colonel Ryan's command were captured and taken to Fort Lafayette. Ryan himself, with several fugitive companions, betook himself to inexpugnable fastnesses, but they have since abandoned the island. On Monday evening a Cuban "camp" on the plains of the Hackensack was captured by Marshal Barlow, and a fresh batch of prisoners obtained for Fort Lafayette. And finally, the Junta has vanished from 71 Broadway, leaving itself open to reproach even from its friends of having misappropriated the funds entrusted to it.

Meantime, and very naturally, under so much cold water, the efforts to write up the cause have been without effect. "A certain weekly paper," the *Tribune* says—which? we wonder—has been denying the existence of American sympathy with Cuba, "has even been saying the 'alleged'" American sympathy with Cuba, and in so doing has been misrepresenting the facts. But we are inclined to think it has not. We have had in the journal that has been the most assiduous of the friends of Cuba—the press, generally, say little about the revolution—much hard knocking at the American heart, on the ground of the arrest and the incarceration in a "New York Bastile," and in "filthy dungeons" and "loathsome cells," of the men who were captured on Saturday last; but there are no tokens whatever that the heart is opening and softening; and who of us all, except some of the reporters, are in any grief about the "cause," we are not able to see. No fault is to be found with one of the reporters, at all events. He declares that Fort Lafayette on Sunday "threw Andersonville in the shade;" that the prisoners were packed into cells "like sardines in a box," "driven at the point of the bayonet" into "dungeons which the rats have long ago forsaken"—a dungeon without rats being worthy of the darkest ages of despotism—and otherwise misused in a manner that ought, it seems, to have roused our whole population. If he were as entirely to be depended on for veracity as for enterprise, this gentleman's account would seem to show that there has really been great carelessness in regard to the quartering of the prisoners. Of his "enterprise," this is a specimen: "While our reporter was in the fort conversing with the prisoners, an orderly approached Major Maynadier and handed him a sealed package. The Major began its perusal," and our friend "happened to stand behind him at the moment and contrived to inform himself of the purport of the communication." But his veracity, we suspect, is hardly up to this mark; and in spite of his appeals to us we are going to imagine that, what with the privilege of free converse with members of the press like himself, and the same food as the soldiers at the fort are eating, and the fresh air of the harbor, the prisoners are as comfortable as could reasonably be expected. We must not expect to violate all laws and endanger the peace of nations, and then, on capture, have "panned oysters," like Jefferson Davis, and all the delicacies of the season.

There is a very pleasant rumor afloat about "representations" to be addressed to the Spanish Government by our own on behalf of the Cubans, looking to an amicable settlement of the present troubles and

the concession to the Cubans, if not of national independence, of autonomy. There is every reason to believe that the men now in power in Spain only need to be enabled to yield with dignity to yield a great deal. Nobody is so well fitted to play the part of mediator as the United States, and the exceeding courage, loyalty, and integrity with which she has enforced the neutrality laws will give additional weight to all she may say.

The Radicals who misrule this country—and who curse the neighboring republic of the Confederacy with a double share of their "government"—while they are howling over the spoils at Washington, suffer some of the most important objects for which our fathers founded the republic to lie neglected and forgotten. Why are the people kept in ignorance? Why is an expedition not fitted out to explore the Connecticut River Valley from Springfield in the Massachusetts up as far as Colonel Bellows's Falls, or even on to White River Junction—which point might easily be reached if the expeditionary force were put under command of a Democratic officer? The traveller could then enter this region with full information as to its climate; the character of its natives, whether friendly or hostile; the settlements which have been made; its game, the greater and lesser; its navigable streams; its soil; the productions which may be expected when it shall have been fully opened, and so forth. Now we are dependent on the press for this and similar information. How long will it be before we shall have from a Government commission as full an account of the shore of the Sound which lies between Long Island and Connecticut, and of the Valley of the Connecticut or Long River, as the *Times* gave us the other morning? "Starting from the depot at the corner of Fourth Avenue, Twenty-seventh Street," the explorer will come first to the eastern boundary of the Central Park, an enclosure which "embraces nearly a thousand acres, and is being rapidly finished in a style equal to any park in the world." Then comes High Bridge, "one of the most magnificent in existence," and next are New Rochelle, "a flourishing little town;" Mamaroneck, Rye, Greenwich, Stamford, Norwalk, Bridgeport, Milford, and other thriving towns. Springfield —where years ago Longfellow wrote the poem beginning "This is the arsenal"—Holyoke, Northampton, Brattleboro'—"a comfortable old town on the Connecticut River"—and many other places, which the report we have mentioned describes with a fulness that people who have never travelled to the north of Twenty-seventh Street will find more instructive than entertaining.

It is announced that the Grand Jury are gravely considering indictments laid before them against several noted Wall-street brokers for lending money at usurious rates of interest during the late crisis—the rascals, or "victims," as their friends pleasantly call them, who borrowed it and agreed to pay the rates demanded, being the prosecutors, or, at all events, witnesses. We sincerely hope the bills may be found, and the culprits brought to trial. The usury laws, both of this and other States, being absurdities, are never enforced, and are apparently kept on the statute-book for the gratification of the ignorant, both in town and country. If this was the only result of their existence, there would perhaps be little to say against them; but their retention, even as a dead letter, keeps up the delusion that they are good things, and that, if the officers of the law could only be got to do their duty and enforce them, the community would be the better of it. The mere existence of the statutes, therefore, is a hindrance to the economical education of the people. It is, therefore, much to be desired that they should be carried out rigidly, and their outrageous absurdity thus brought home to the popular comprehension. The fellows who rush into "the Street" and borrow money when they are in distress at rates which express its value to them, and then turn round and sue the lenders, are the only class of persons whom laws of this kind ever benefit, and of course they cannot benefit them more than once.

The Hale-Perry scandal has been advanced another stage by the publication of a long letter from Mr. Perry, meeting Mr. Hale's charge that, owing to his own ignorance of the language, manners, and customs of the country to which he was sent—indeed, of everything, as he *naïvely* confessed a month or two since, which a diplomatist needs to know—Mr. Perry imposed upon him, and got him into his custom-house and other scrapes. It now appears, however, that the only free passes which Mr. Perry asked for were those which are always granted to foreign ministers; and that, in addition to these customary importations, Mr. Hale entered into arrangements to pay his debts to Madrid tradesmen by getting their goods passed free of duty under his name; and the remorseless Perry produces a letter from a carpet-dealer, of the name of Bonifacio Ruiz de Vlasco, showing that, in consideration of passes of this kind, he had squared a carpet account of his own with our minister, and, in consideration of a promised pass for more carpets, had paid an upholsterer's bill for our minister; but, on his excellency's getting frightened and declining to furnish the promised passes, the enraged dealer telegraphed to London to suspend the shipment of the goods, and demanded from his excellency the repayment of the upholsterer's bill. Considering the Spanish experience of Mr. Hale, and considering the accounts they will read in the papers of Mr. Hale's successor, the Honorable Daniel E. Sickles, we can hardly help wondering what kind of notion the darkened mind of the Spanish Romanist will form of the morals and manners of the official class of Protestant America.

The Lords amendments, as was anticipated, have all been rejected in the Commons, namely, the concurrent endowment, the retention of their seats in the House of Lords by the bishops, and the indefinite postponement of the disposition of the Church funds. The latest telegraphic report is that the Lords will now recede from all of them except that regarding the disposition of the funds, which would, however, take from the measure all character of finality, and furnish a bone of contention to the various sects which might last for generations. The divisions have, however, shown Mr. Gladstone's strength to be unbroken, and he announces his determination to make no compromise, but to use all his strength in and out of doors. Of course, the result can hardly be doubtful or long delayed. There is nothing remarkable about the new French Ministry which has just been announced except that it is a new ministry, and that the change is the result of a check received by the Government in a particular direction, which is the same as saying that French ministers are now responsible to the people. None of the radicals or even liberals appear in the new Cabinet. Indeed, this was hardly to be expected. Emperors more than other men need to be let down easy; and the step from the purely personal government of a "saviour of society" to a constitutional monarch, surrounded by and advised by his bitterest enemies, is too long to be taken in a month.

In the midst of the Emperor's present troubles, the North-German public is entertaining itself with a recent disclosure relative to the Prusso-Austrian war of 1866, and Napoleon's hopes of extending the borders of France, whichever way the contest turned. The information was given through the *Weser-Zeitung*, which vouches for its authenticity, and is to the effect that a treaty existed between France and Austria, based on the anticipated defeat of Prussia in the approaching struggle, and the consequent aggrandizement of Austria in Germany. There was great ignorance, it is alleged, at the Tuileries in regard to the military preparations of Prussia, and not only a general belief that she would be worsted, but even a fear that she might be crushed. Although, therefore, it was agreed that, for Napoleon's moral sympathy and seemingly neutral attitude, Austria should allow territorial compensation—meaning the left bank of the Rhine—the French Emperor had determined to interfere at the opportune moment to save Prussia from utter abasement, and thus to make her gratitude as well as her weakness his security in absorbing the Rhine country. The same authority asserts that, before the outbreak of the war, Austria had renounced Venetia in favor of France; but as this statement rests on the proof supposed to be furnished by La Marmora's make-believe war (*Scheinkrieg*), it is not to be taken without allowance. The *Zeitung's* principal revelation appears to have been much commented on, but nowhere contradicted.

CONGRESS AND THE CIVIL SERVICE.

We suspect our correspondent "Clericus" would have the experience which he reports in another column with more Congressmen than a few. It is amongst Congressmen that the real obstacles to the Civil Service reform are to be found; but few of them will attempt to make speeches against it—they will simply squelch it whenever it comes up. As to the arguments of "Clericus's" friend, they are very characteristic. The evils of the present system are not "light" to any man who holds the code of morality which prevails throughout Christendom, and who believes that the theft of the fourth part of the public revenue is a matter of any material consequence. The evils will not of themselves grow less. The number of officials will doubtless be diminished somewhat when the public debt is paid, but that will not be for many years yet, under the most favorable circumstances; and even if it were paid, the number of United States officials will go on increasing as the country grows, and the powers and duties of Congress are enlarged; and the number of candidates for office will increase in a greater ratio than the offices. In the meantime, there will always be only one President, and the fight round him will every year grow fiercer and fiercer, and the opportunities of humbugging him greater and greater. Moreover, we may any year be involved in another war, and have to resort once more to internal revenue for taxation. Our Congressman does not *know* whether it would be "preposterous" to apply the principles of the bill outside Washington or not. There is nothing new in the principle of the bill, and it was applied to all parts of the country for forty years after the foundation of the government. The present arrangement was a novel one invented by an unscrupulous demagogue for the annoyance of his enemies. Moreover, it is the duty of all Congressmen to act and talk on the supposition that what the people want is good government, until they get instructions from their constituents to the contrary. If the principle of the bill be based on reason, experience, and sound policy, it is his business to support it till the people say they are opposed to it. Whether they would submit to it or not, he cannot tell till he tries it. If the people do not like the new régime, they can get it abolished, so that our Congressman need not be afraid that in supporting it he would be inflicting irreparable damage on them. He does not *know* what the people believe on any subject on which they have not been consulted, and not over three per cent. of the population have any direct interest in the patronage, or ever expect to derive any advantage from it. "The people" who make the most fuss about the patronage are a small band of lazy, disreputable adventurers, of whom the real people entertain a very low opinion. The talk about the young man preparing himself in Government offices at Washington for the government of territories, sounds like a poor joke. If serious, the answer is that, as a matter of fact, men do not prepare themselves for governorships in this way; and if they did, they would not get them. The officers at present are not responsible to the people, and the Congressman knows they are not; he might as well say they were responsible to the solar system. They are responsible to a few political managers, who care nothing about the people; and their tenure of office does not depend in the smallest degree on the manner in which they perform their duties. The assertion that the shortness of the terms prevents fraud, while it excites our admiration for his character, leads us to fear that our Congressman is too sweetly simple to be long left in this wicked and cunning world. How he can have preserved his innocence in Washington passes our comprehension. We infer, however, from "Clericus's" report, that our Congressman has never properly examined the question of Civil Service reform; that he knows little or nothing either of the defects of the present system or of the virtues of any other; that he has not read any books, papers, or documents on the subject, and, if he has, has failed to comprehend them; and finally, that he has contracted the bad habit, so common amongst politicians, of saying the people will not submit to any measure those gentlemen themselves dislike, and which led to our being so often informed during the last seven years that the people would not submit to the draft; that they would not submit to taxation; that they would not pay the national debt; and that they would not do anything except what the principal rascals in the community thought would be agreeable and profitable.

An attempt was made two years ago to break down the public credit on this very ground. The people, it was said, would never consent to fulfil their agreement with the public creditors; and Senator Sherman and several prominent journals advised the public creditors to accept a compromise at once, lest a worse thing should befall them; and a majority of the House of Representatives, led by General Butler, voted for a special tax on the interest coupons of the Government bonds. All this while the people had never been consulted; when they were, they elected to follow the rule of honesty. To say now that if it is shown, as it can readily be, that the present system of appointment to office is carrying corruption into every department of public life, and rendering all public offices the prey of gamblers, the people will deliberately persist in maintaining it for the sake of the infinitesimally remote chance that each man has of getting a place in the post-office or custom-house or a foreign consulship, is to say that popular government on this continent is a failure. No public man has any right to act or talk on the assumption that the people are either fools or knaves. Any people whose judgment was permanently clouded could not possibly maintain a political system like that of the United States. Mr. Jenckes's bill may not be the best remedy for the evil, but it certainly contains the principle of the remedy. This Government is based on a recognition of the human nature there is in man; and one of its objects is to call out and encourage what is best in human nature. The present mode of appointing to office calls out and encourages what is worst in human nature as effectually and as carefully as if it had been framed by the devil himself. To see the system pushed to its logical conclusion, we must look to the State and to the various State officers—such, for instance, as those connected with the administration of justice. This is probably as bad a sight, to any one with a proper notion of what the functions of government are, as ever was witnessed. When one sees seats on the judicial bench offered as stakes to political gamblers, and the wardenships and inspectorships of prisons placed at the disposal of the worst class in the community, and the poor prisoners delivered to them as their prey, as any one may see who reads the last report of the Prison Association in this State, one must conclude either that the whole human race has been mistaken from the beginning as to the foundations of human society, or that the prolongation of the present state of things must end in breaking down the Government.

We do not deny that the reform would at first probably shock a good many people in the country districts. The present generation has grown up in familiarity with rotation in office, and many would probably at first be disposed to look on permanent officials as usurpers. A bad habit is of course not to be destroyed in a day; but it is not indestructible. The spoils system has diffused a spirit of gambling through the whole political class, which it will take time and trouble to repress, just as if the Government had relied for half a century—as many European governments have done in part—on the lottery business as a means of raising the revenue, and had thereby corrupted the morals of the community, and made steady industry distasteful. A proposal to substitute regular taxation for the lotteries would be met by precisely the same arguments as the Jenckes bill. It would be said that it might be very well for monarchical governments to raise money by taxation, but our people were not used to having the tax-gatherer coming to their houses, and would not submit to it; that the drawing of prizes furnished a source of excitement to the country districts, which, right or wrong, they would not lightly surrender, and surrounded the collection of the revenue with agreeable associations which it would be dangerous to remove; that the calculation of chances in lotteries prepared young men for the more complicated operations of commerce and industry, while the constant exposure of the holders of tickets to violent alternations of hope and disappointment fortified the character for the vicissitudes of American life, and prevented our young men stagnating into contented humdrums like the downtrodden inhabitants of the European monarchies.

THE EXISTENCE OF THE LOBBY.

The correspondent whose letter on corruption in Massachusetts we published in our issue of July 1, in the course of his remarks used the following words with reference to the existence of the lobby:

"There are undoubtedly evils attending this; but as long as it is not only the right but the duty of legislators to get information from any proper source—from newspapers or from their constituents—and as long as committees do not report the evidence presented to them, or the reasons on which they act, and as long as amendments to bills are acted upon without going to any committee, some kind of lobby will continue to be a necessity. No modern legislative assembly ever existed without it, and it is safe to say that none like ours ever will."

This defence of the lobby—that it exists for purposes of necessary information—is often made, and is, we believe, without a shadow of foundation. In order to see on what grounds it rests, it is worth while to examine into the character and constitution of the body in question; and in doing this, let us say beforehand that we do not refer to it as it appears in legislatures confessedly corrupt, but as it reveals itself in those States where the lawgivers are only suspected. Of course, in such cities as Albany its existence is easily enough explained. But in Boston, or Lansing, where corrupt legislation is not yet recognized as a legitimate mode of acquiring fame and wealth—is the lobby there simply a means of furnishing information to members?

This body, which is said to perform so important a function, is composed of men absolutely unknown, except to that small portion of the community which needs their assistance; and those who do know them have the lowest opinion of them; for an acquaintance with their careers generally brings to light transactions of the most questionable (or unquestionable) character. Sometimes they have formerly sat in the legislature in which they now lobby, and, having failed of a re-election, seek to turn to account the small knowledge of the weaker side of members which they learnt there. Sometimes they are "prominent journalists," who have an interest in financial operations, and who turn a penny every now and then by hints as to possible revelations of uncomfortable facts. The professional lobbyist is a man whom everybody suspects; who is generally during half the year without any honest means of livelihood; and whose employment by those who have bills before a legislature is only resorted to as a disagreeable necessity. More than this, the lobbyists are men, as may be imagined, whose knowledge of facts connected with bills on their passage must be of the scantiest; whose only knowledge, in fact, is confined to what they can pick up from hearing members converse and debate. We may say, therefore, that the only office they can perform is to tell one member what they have heard other members say they were thinking about.

Yet it is to men like these that our correspondent would have us believe members must go in order to obtain information. So far from going to them, any one in search of information on which to base his vote would avoid them as utterly unreliable. Not before judges find it necessary to call in "professional witnesses" in order to decide cases, shall we believe that legislators require the aid of professional lobbyists to enable them to decide on the merits of bills. To say that legislation must be based on information furnished by one of the least respected classes in a State is not to defend that class, but to attack the reputation of the men who seek the information. The statement of our correspondent, that no modern legislative assembly ever existed without a lobby, is a mistake; the thing was unknown even forty years ago. In those days, political ambition was still an honorable one; then every young American of public spirit looked forward to a political career as the crowning glory of a well-spent life; then men were elected to office because they were needed by the public, not because a salary was needed by them; character and intelligence and experience were recognized as among the tests of fitness; "soundness" on this or that issue was not the only test. In those days, men who should have undertaken to make a business of "furnishing information" to members, in consideration of small sums paid them by railroads or manufacturers or ship-builders or other great "interests," so far from finding their information heard with attention, would have found themselves very summarily ejected from their field of operations. In fact, however much we may have improved in other respects, in the character of our politicians we have degenerated. Though we take as great an interest in politics as ever, the interest we take is in "questions" and platforms and "issues;" no longer in the men who make them. Politics has become the profession of a class; "politician," for some reason, has come to mean something very like trickster—or, as we heard it put the other day, "one who has made it the study of his life to make himself acceptable to infamous men;" and out of this decay the lobby has sprung up.

Those lawgivers of to-day who seek the aid of the lobby do so because improper motives influence them in their votes. By "improper" we do not necessarily mean corrupt; there is every shade of impropriety. What we mean to say is, that a member who votes for a bill to-day is apt to do so not upon any profound investigation of its nature and probable effect upon the welfare of the State, but after a thoughtful enquiry on such points as whether it will injure or advance his chances of re-election; whether it is a dangerous bill, or a party bill, or a bill which has some connection with some other bill which may bear on his re-election? Who favors it, he wants to know? Does any one favor it who is prominent "inside of politics?" and so on. These are the questions which a legislator asks to-day; and it is out of the answers to these questions that the lobby makes its living—not furnishing this necessary information to the legislators, but to those interested in the bill.

THE DIFFICULTIES OF ECONOMICAL DISCUSSION.

The *World* the other day ridiculed a professor for desiring to see the tariff question taken out of the arena of party politics and treated simply as a scientific question, which it really is, and the *Evening Post* protests in somewhat similar terms against the notion that anything can be accomplished towards reforming the tariff, or anything else in a free country, except through politics. All this is quite true; but then the object the tariff reformers have in view is to place the tariff legislation on a scientific basis, and this cannot be done unless the question has previously passed through a scientific stage of discussion; and Mr. Bonamy Price, in his recent book on the currency, sets down as one of the greatest difficulties attending the study or practice of the science, the general impression that political economy is the same thing as statesmanship, and that a man who knows political economy is sure to be a good legislator. It is hardly ever considered purely as a science, and it will be a long time before it can hope to be so considered under a popular government; and there is, perhaps, no problem of political economy which has less chance of scientific treatment than the best mode of raising revenue, and this for the simple reason that "there is money in it," as the lobbyists say. No matter what may be the motives of the general public in putting on protective duties on foreign commodities, the result of doing so is to create a large class who have a pecuniary interest in maintaining the duties, and, this class called into existence, farewell to science or scientific treatment. When the question of continuing the duties, the question whether they have not been in existence long enough, or the question whether they ought ever to have been imposed at all, comes up for discussion, it is invariably mixed up with a great variety of considerations, some economical, some social, some moral, some religious, and some personal. It will be said that the tariff ought to be maintained for the elevation of the workingman; for the purpose of preparing the country for a foreign war at some indefinite period; for the purpose of diversifying industry and so improving the mental faculties of the population; for the purpose of punishing some foreign power for bad behavior; for the national honor and glory, and so on.

Not one of these considerations has anything economical about it, or is one on which a scientific economist has any opinion to offer; they are things for the consideration of the politician, properly so called; but a great misfortune of the times is that the distinction between the spheres of the two men is entirely overlooked. Lord Derby, for instance, when he was opposing free trade in corn in order that England might not become dependent on foreign countries for food, and in order that the landed interest might be maintained in health and prosperity, thought he was talking political economy, but he was not—he was talking politics; and half his hatred of free trade was composed of the land-owner's jealousy and distrust of the manufacturer. So it is here; anybody who takes the trouble to read the curious essays Mr. Greeley is presenting his readers in the *Tribune*, under the name of a treatise on political economy, will find hardly a trace of the science in them. They consist of a collection of political and social theories and

personal reminiscences. In fact, there is something really remarkable in his own faith that he is talking science. For instance, he declares the object of political economy to be the conversion of good-for-nothing non-producers into moral and industrious producers, which, if true, would make it the principal business of political economists to establish jails, industrial schools, and reformatories; and anybody who differs with him he pronounces a blockhead or "bleareyed pedant." Some of the weapons he employs in the discussion, too, are very curious. Mr. Wells having produced some facts which seem to controvert Mr. Greeley's theories, he declares solemnly that in his opinion Mr. Wells is bribed. He publishes a long list of income returns, furnished him by revenue officers, whose accuracy, it seems, he does not take the least trouble to test, for the purpose, as he alleges, of exposing those who evade paying their dues to the Government; and although under the law the return is no evidence whatever of the amount of a man's income—the interest or dividends of money invested in the stock of corporations having the tax deducted by the corporation—he holds up to execration those whose names do not appear in his columns, or whose returns do not seem to their neighbors to account for their expenditure. This is bad enough; but he also tells us that he publishes the list partly by way of supporting his political economy—that he reveals the incomes of such editors and public men as advocate direct taxation in order that, if their returns seem small compared to their style of living, they may be brought to shame, and their opinions on direct taxation receive no more attention. In like manner, he who is advocating the interests of men who have millions dependent on the maintenance of the tariff, gravely calls on the public to disregard the advocacy of free-trade principles of anybody who is either engaged in foreign trade or has relatives engaged in it; he always treats a European's, and especially an Englishman's, opinions on economical science with the same mixture of amusement at the man's impudence and hypocrisy as one might treat a pauper's preaching in favor of a community of goods, or a liquor-dealer's opposition to temperance. Nevertheless he is the social and political guide, philosopher, and friend of half a million of voters, and a score of free-trade papers have to keep diligently replying to him and showing him up. Now to get an idea of the distance which separates us from scientific discussion of the question, we ought to fancy ourselves discussing chemical, or astronomical, or even metaphysical questions in this way, rejecting one doctrine or treating it with suspicion because the founder was a Frenchman; trying to throw discredit on another because the author lived on bad terms with his wife; vigorously preaching the truth of another because, if adopted, it would promote temperance or early rising; and insisting with regard to another that any man who held it must have been paid cash for doing so. Suppose the leading chemists, mathematicians, and astronomers, or even jurists, went to work in this way, what kind of world should we be living in, and what kind of future should we have before us? Suppose our acceptance of the law of gravitation had been delayed by the war of 1812, or our belief in the atomic theory shaken by the *Alabama* case, or Laplace's *Theory of Probabilities* discredited by the invasion of Mexico?

Of course political economy makes no approach to an exact science, but it is a system of discoverable laws, and the discovery, statement, or illustration of these laws is a work distinct from that of the legislator, who is to make them the basis of his legislation; and this distinction ought to be kept constantly before the public mind. The question of how far the laws of political economy shall be applied in legislation is one which will always rouse passion and prejudice. This cannot be avoided; it comes home too nearly to every man's business and bosom. If I have $100,000 invested in a mill, you cannot get me to talk calmly and philosophically about a proposition to sacrifice me to the free working of those principles of human nature which make buying in the cheapest market and selling in the dearest the best mode of increasing the national wealth; and if I am paying two dollars a yard for cloth when with open ports I might have it for one, you cannot get me to listen to the domestic cloth manufacturer's statement of the protectionist theory as the statement of a philanthropic scientist. But by college education, popular lectures, and the distribution of books and pamphlets, the great mass of the people can be taught that there is a science of political economy; they can be taught what its laws are, how the knowledge of them has been arrived at, how they may be tested, and how totally independent they are of political feeling, and how ridiculous it is to mix them up with purely moral or political considerations. This done, a basis will be laid for sound and rational legislation on the subject; charlatans and quacks will cease to get a hearing; and people will cease to confound, as they do now, the outlay of money for a moral good with the increase of wealth for its own sake.

WORK FOR THE TRENTON CONVENTION.

Mr. Beecher has well said that we seem to be entering upon an educational era; at no time in our national life have questions of culture, moral and intellectual, occupied so large a share of the public attention; a great part of the people seems to have advanced to the consideration of matters subsisting in a higher plane than that of mere politics. Just now education affords to writers and speakers before the people topics of great interest; and the interest with which the Trenton meeting of the 16th of August will be generally regarded, will depend chiefly upon the attention given by the National Teachers' Association to questions of vital moment which have already for some time been urged upon the notice of the thinking friends of education.

We speak advisedly in saying that at no time in the history of the Government have educators had stronger assurances of comfort and aid in their work from heads of departments and other officials in high places. This leads us to mention the Department of Education at Washington as a matter calling for some special effort on the part of educational men. It has barely escaped destruction at the hands of politicians, having passed through a very severe trial during the last session of Congress. But there is good reason for believing that the worst is over; we look with confidence to the present administration to uphold and encourage the Department until it shall have acquired such character and influence as will give it permanence as a Governmental agency. But friendly officials will look to literary men, and especially to teachers, for assistance in removing wrong impressions that may have prevailed respecting its functions, and in putting the whole matter in such light as will win the favor of an intelligent public. Surely this will not be difficult to do. The idea of founding it originated with the schoolmasters of the country, and they should be the last to allow their only medium of influence in the Government to be destroyed in its infancy. It is, perhaps, true that under the present management much less has been done for the cause it represents than was hoped for by its particular friends. It may be that the management has not been all that it should have been. If so, there is a remedy, and teachers have it in their power to secure the adoption of specific means to this end, and there ought to be no hesitation for the sake of persons. But whatever may have been the cause of a seeming failure of the Department, educators will certainly not so soon relinquish their views respecting its powers and capacities to serve the highest interests of the public. On the contrary, it is in the minds of many able men to ask at the hands of the General Government a much larger recognition of educational interests than is now provided for in the Department with its restricted powers. And if, through the various associations, all literary men, including editors, authors, college professors, teachers, clergymen, and publishers could be persuaded to make common cause for such large recognition of education, there would arise a most powerful agency for the promotion of interests which are common to them all. An "expression of opinion" by the teachers at Trenton, however earnest and strong, will not alone suffice for their part of the work. But careful consideration should be given to the question of how best something definite and to the purpose may be done in the matter—something to be recommended through the press, and vigorously advocated in public, with a view to securing legislation at the coming session of Congress. This is one of that class of measures which will in the end justify the hardest work in its behalf, and we trust the convention may be in the mind to make a beginning at it.

The objects aimed at by Mr. Jenckes's bill are akin to those pursued by the Department of Education. Indeed, the purposes of the Civil Service Bill might well be made a part of the offices of the Department of Education. But, whether or not they differ in practical operation so far as to render their efficient working under one head impossible, yet both are alike matters of concern to all intelligent and honest men, inasmuch as both seek to incorporate into the Governmental machinery an element of intelligence that shall be an eye to the public, observing and discriminating in the control of affairs. And perhaps nothing could contribute much more toward increasing the demand at large for the labor of the schoolmaster than the adoption by Government of a measure making intellectual ability a qualification for office. This great measure then ought, we think, to receive the hearty approval of the convention, which should forward it by all the means in its power.

The intellectual wants of the freedmen claim the especial attention of every person particularly interested in carrying on the work of popular education. Not alone for the reason that, as a people, we are not secure with an enfranchised ignorant class among us. There is a peculiar phase of the matter that deserves notice. The idea of popular intelligence carries with it the largest liberty of thought on all subjects open to human consideration. And this is as applicable to religious thinking as any other. While it is eminently desirable that the black race should be educated, it is not so desirable that, pliant as it is, its education should fall into the hands of sectarian teachers—especially into the hands of the teachers of that sect which is working hardest for the control of the entire country. The question of the education of the freedmen ought, in our judgment, to be removed wholly and at once from the power of sects to determine and control. We believe that the strictly popular and free basis which has already worked so well in the United States, is the best basis of a common-school system; and we have no desire to repeat on any scale the experience of England, where the sectarian system has for its result an ignorance on the part of the children of the state not only of everything else, but even of the creed itself to which so costly a sacrifice has been made. The convention should strenuously advocate the free-school system, with State normal schools and their appropriate adjuncts, for all the States South, and it should take steps for aiding by every possible means in making them efficient. There is still abundant room for philanthropic effort in this direction. The National Association of Teachers can, if it will, thwart all attempts to change the appliances of education into agencies for proselytizing.

The general question of the relation of the Roman Catholic Church to the schools is one which the educators of the country, noted for their tolerant views, would doubtless rather avoid if they could honestly do so, but which the Church insists on forcing upon the public attention, and which it seems determined to have settled in its favor. We are not slow to acknowledge the many good things of Catholicism; but we confess to being more devoted to the free-school system, as being the support of good government, the foundation of national and individual intelligence and efficiency, than to almost any other earthly establishment; and when that system is attacked with a view to its final overthrow, we regard whosoever or whatever makes the attack as one of the worst enemies of the commonwealth. Have we such an enemy? No one doubts it who reads the Romanist press. Said the *Catholic Telegraph* of Cincinnati, recently: "It will be a glorious day for Catholics in this country when, under the blows of justice and humanity, our school system will be shivered to pieces; until then, modern paganism will triumph." This is but a plain expression of the sentiments uttered by the Bishop of Baltimore in his letter to the Church, entertained by all consistent and intelligent Catholics, and that are to be entertained by all the rest when the time comes for their general promulgation. There is no reason for avoiding the discussion at this time, and good reason for desiring it; the conflict cannot but result in a final settlement of the question of sectarian legislation. We know of no better way than for the body of intelligent men assembled at Trenton to give the whole matter a clear but temperate setting forth.

ART-STUDY IN THE IMPERIAL SCHOOL AT PARIS.

NO. V.

"STYLE" AND "QUALITY"—THE ROUTINE OF WORK—EUGENIE.

Our *académies*, or studies of the figure, after all the care they receive, finish by kicking about the studio, by being used for wrappers and envelopes, by serving as palimpsests of a variously burlesque and disrespectful nature, and, generally, by being handled without gloves. And then the professor—his Saturday comments, when the copies are finished for inspection, are often accompanied with illustrative lines, where the crayon deeply drives its plowshare over the most dainty surfaces, leaving devastation and disfigurement behind. Of course these impolite diagrams become the elements of value in the picture; but it is striking at first to see the relish with which the professional weapon will scathe and blacken the best dandyisms of the stump or brush.

"Bad. Bad. Strongly bad. Bad as to design. Bad as to movement. Bad as to feeling. Bad as to color." This minute damnation, enforced with a repudiating gesture that set the disciple's easel reeling, was perhaps the dreadfullest I have heard. It closed with a look—the professor musing upon his pupil, while his passionless eye sank deliberately into that of the unlucky youth. It was the scapegrace son of a quite famous cattle painter and etcher; but the young reprobate has a regard like a Malay's, peeping from under a shadowy, treacherous eyelash that is never fully lifted and not often lowered; but the piratical black flag was struck at this signal encounter, and young Jacques soon slunk off to reappear no more that day. The terms of criticism most commonly heard from M. Gérôme are themselves picturesque and subtle signs of discrimination. "Too insipid, too *molle*;" this is said of the flesh, or, as the French say, the skin: "inlaid;" this condemns our anatomy, when it has the look of being patched on the surface rather than woven under from the bone: "false sentiment;" this stricture is not necessarily applied to a Della Cruscan elegance, but has been heard over a drawing of the Laocoön expressing too much passion and motion instead of the wonderfully-caught rigidity of the original: "you have not seized the movement;" this is one of the commonest of our difficulties; the word may apply to the most inert things, as the sweep of a lock of hair; the lay of a fold of drapery, or of patterns on the fold; the expression of a supine hand, etc.

Outside the walls within which M. Gérôme's opinion reigns as law, I believe the work of the master himself forms food for the worm of envy or detraction. "That spreader of sticking-plasters," "those figures painted with currant-jelly"—such are the disparagements I have heard applied to the limner of the Dead Cæsar. I confine myself to quoting the opinions of painters, who usually restrict their comments to a brother artist's *technique*, without verging at all upon the broad question of his *morale*. The public at large is probably the better critic of the influence of that striking succession of drama-tableaux which have been issuing for the last twenty years from under his firm hand. I have seen them nearly all, from his first painting, a Madonna that out-Raphaeled Raphael in self-conscious maidenliness and repose. His principal pictures, as my reader is aware, divide themselves into two classes; there is the class in which a murdered corpse lies in the extreme foreground, in company with the spectator, with the wounds carefully bleeding; and there is the class in which Gérôme's peculiar enamelled woman stands "beautiful for ever" on her rostrum, thrown at the beholder in the same raw way. I have my opinion, in common with the world of the external public, of the didactic quality of these representations, while still preserving the disciple's enthusiasm for the mysterious ability with which they are executed. The mercantile freshness and "condition" of all that reeking butcher's meat; the insulted nakedness of that perpetual woman, who is never innocently nude or unconscious of raiment, but always stripped exceptionally, whether she be the Almeh, or the Cairene slave, or the Queen of Lydia, or Cleopatra emerging from the roll, or Phryne unveiled by Hyperides—this active killing and skinning for the sensation market is, I believe, very coolly estimated among the co-citizens of the painter, who is husband to the daughter of a great picture-merchant, while the bullet of another woman's jealous husband remaining in his arm attests the sincerity of his experiments in both of his principal *genres*. I touch upon these patent or notorious facts as lightly as possible, and confine my attention to the masterly, orderly narrative-power of Gérôme—a power, I think, akin to that of the ablest dramatist or sonnetteer, or whatever writer makes his business the expressing of himself fully and neatly within his limitations. Has figure-painting ever been so skilfully welded upon literature-painting, since the day of Veronese, as in the "Death of Cæsar?" Have figures and architecture,

treated with a sense of landscape, ever met so gracefully as in the "Gladiators?" Is there another such stylist living?

In adjacent rooms, Cabanel teaches quality and Gérôme style. The pupils have perseveringly opened peep-holes in the partition between the two ateliers, though I believe not so much with views of exchanging and catholicizing the propagandism as from certain inferior motives. When a model of Cabanel's is doing up her hair, there is always a benevolent watcher on our side ready to spread the news and allow the Gérômanists to con the lesson. Through these crevices we can, if we choose, get the benefits of instruction from the neighboring professor. Cabanel, who could have learned from Gérôme a better disposition of the leading lines in his "Paradise Lost," which has been compared to a sprawling panel of paper-hangings, teaches splendor and texture; Gérôme, who could never have painted the fingers of Cabanel's faun sinking into the white side of the nymph, explains anatomy with admirable insight and system. The pupils, unknown to the official oversight, have opened out a community of schools. There is even the means of personal and bodily communication. No rule is more strict than that which forbids the inmates of one *atelier* to visit the interior of another. Yet, by means of certain elevated and unnoticed windows in the dressing-rooms, a transit can be effected by persons of a daring and gymnastic turn. The first time I was aware of this was one morning when I happened to be working in view of the lofty casement of our little vestry, which aperture was suddenly filled by a living figure; it was the apparition of a singularly handsome young man, who chose for his visiting-costume the uniform in which Adam is supposed to have done his horticulture. This figure descended like a Mercury, came into broader light among us, smoked a cigarette with one of our fellows, had a good chat, and vanished like a moonbeam at some alarm in the corridor. It was a favorite young model. The openings aforesaid make us privy to any interesting noises that may be going on in the *atelier* Cabanel. There are fights, in which we sometimes mix, descending like martial gods from the empyrean; there is, besides, a wonderful baritone, a church chorister, among the acolytes of the painter of Venuses; when he sings, our room is hushed as death. Once this lyric creature was good enough to visit us, with a train of singing-boys. It was odd to see them drop one by one from the high window, each preserving with the utmost care a lighted match. With these held out for tapers, they then made a procession among our company, softly singing a beautiful mass. Alas! they had miscalculated, and the anthem came near ending purgatorially. They had not remembered the day, and Gérôme entered just as they were passing around the external circle of our pupils. Nothing, fortunately, came of it. The lights were cleverly dropped, the visitors transformed themselves into attentive pupils glued to hasty pieces of work, and then, while Gérôme was attending to the inner group of pupils with his peculiar absorbed energy, our choir managed to pass around one by one into the dressing-room and soar like silent spirits out at the window. It was the only time the pupils of *qualité* ventured to attend at the *renseignements du style.*

Certainly, these are not quite the most ordinary sights in life. Apollo in the zenith, gathering his neat limbs for a spring; or a file of spectral choristers, startling as the ghosts of the wicked nuns in "Robert," coming down threaded and lighted from the ceiling, and vociferating Mozart as they drop—these obviously are not conventional, but they are not very striking in the *atelier*. They are quite within its atmosphere, and do not perturb the quiet diurnal order there. The better conditioned of the students have attained a Buddhistical tranquillity and absence of nerves, and will sit cross-legged on a color-box, in front of the pile of joss-paper on which is delineated the sacred ideal, through all the uproar of mundane revolutions. It is a school where no one need attempt to study who cannot concentrate himself upon his task while the company around shall be fighting, disputing, engaging in games of skill, or perhaps throwing the whole force of its lungs into an abominable cat's-chorus. In the midst of Pandemonium the harmonious structure of his art must rise like an exhalation. The true events of school life are the schooling and the advance; not the describable things, not the holidays and junketings, not the diversions and recreations I have attempted to portray. What is really the week's affair to the Beaux-Arts man is his "academy." On Monday he hits the pose, which is always vigorously pronounced and spirited, on the model's part, when first assumed; the dash that may be thrown into the attitude while the figure is perfectly fresh can never be caught up again if missed at the beginning. By Tuesday the artist has become absorbed in the complications of light and shade. On Wednesday the master comes, and perhaps rejects nearly everything that has been done, disfiguring and blotting the sketch from one margin to the other. The model, drooping upon his daïs, may bear little resemblance to the elastic attitude of the drawing, and the student is accused of attempting to idealize. You have been trying to modify nature from your reminiscences of the antique; you have ennobled the head, braced the shoulders," etc. The study is altered, in the spirit of realism, until all the stark and pitiful ugliness of the model's lassitude is expressed. One of the difficulties of a life "academy" is that, although the example before you is a moving, changing object, now braced, now drooping, now turned a little to the right and now a little to the left, your copy of it is expected to show all the purism of the photograph. If you were putting the same model into a historical picture, you would be expected to elevate the attitude and expression; and you would then begin to hear from your critics a great deal about the difficulty and responsibility of borrowing from nature, what to take and what to leave. "Only Phidias and Da Vinci," I have heard declared, "and perhaps Michael Angelo, deserved to have received the revelations of anatomy." If, on the other hand, you were copying the antique, you would have the full luxury of refining your line and your form, with no limitation of time and with a rigid model. The life "academy," then, is expected to avoid the imaginative qualities of picture, and to win, from a constantly deteriorating example, the accuracy which is so fascinating a quest in copying from statuary. A felicitous study is therefore a very desirable treasure, and old forgotten ones by Couture or Flandrin are preserved in the ateliers where those painters have studied, used as paradigms by teachers, or sold as something of unique value in the color-stores.

Another trouble is the variation in the color of the air on different days. "The patron has accused me," an energetically protesting youth will cry, "of seeking the silver tint of Terburg; it was as far from my thoughts as silver from my pocket. But I established my key of color on Thursday, when there was a solid gray rain like slate-pencils; and the Italian turned blue and chattered; and how will you expect the tones of Titian in such a climate, *mes frères?*"

On the closing day of the week I have known an incorrigibly gay lad to exhibit a canvas almost completely expunged by the blottings of the professor. "This was to have been my masterpiece. I meant it for the altar of the church where I was baptized, whether as a St. Michael or a John in the Wilderness. The outline was good until Auguste changed it into a caricature of the Prince Imperial. Then Sarat must needs employ my poor 'academy' as a shield in his redoubtable duel; the sword went through, in such a way that my poor figure is *décolletée.* But that is not the worst; the canvas became loosened, and vibrated to my touch as I worked. Shall I tell you what is bad for the eyesight? It is when a figure trembles in the stretcher like a spider in the middle of her wheel, and the eye is forced to dart in and out to catch it like the eye of a snail. Then my picture was glued to Eugène's as they were cleaning the room—and you know how much an artist gains by contact with Eugène. Here, Eugène, take back the obligation!" And the picture was broken over the head of the young man, abundantly unctuating his hair and finally resting on his shoulders.

The daily routine is as humdrum as any course of study in the world, and the jokes of the Latin Quartier, very striking at first, soon manifest their character of old traditional Joe Millers, repeated time and again. French wit seems, to an American, wanting in audacity, invention, and flexibility. A circle of Yankee boys will make a far greater number of incongruities spring up from the occasion than can their more polished Gallic contemporaries. The toilsome days wear on, relieved by the alleviations of use and wont, and finding their best comfort in the culture and improvement they have brought. One day, however, we had a genuine sensation. It was after hours, and the great room was only sparsely occupied by those frugal youths who have a habit of using it in the afternoons instead of a private *atelier*, and by a few boys whom the professor had set to copying casts. The Industrious Apprentice had left, and Tom Idle reigned supreme. It may be confessed, however, that the raff remaining in the afternoons is the most companionable and amusing; and I often stay for a little study of character. These idlers are the buffoons of the class; they are the ones who receive the comic nicknames; they are the obliging souls who will give you lessons with the foils or in the French wrestling *lutte.* They are the worst dressed, the most imperfectly purified, the handsomest, the most agreeable rascals of the whole crowd. A bare half-dozen of this sort of objects, in as many picturesque eccentricities of costume, were gathered around the Lapin, who had cocked over his long nose a sailor's crimson bonnet, and whom the rest were burlesquing, teasing, and copying; the cocked-hat from outside the door suddenly entered, followed by its owner, who was cringing, bowing, and positively blushing

at the rarest chance that had probably illuminated his life up to the date. The Empress!

Eugénie entered rapidly, smiling and ejaculating, with the air of a woman charmed to be doing something sly and uncommon. The Emperor was examining another part of the building, and did not enter the painting ateliers. A stout gentleman, plainly dressed and of the easiest possible manners, waited on his imperial mistress, and received her frequent sallies and jokes.

A pretty boy, who sat in front of the Lapin, with his back to the door, had not observed the sudden invasion. Before he knew what was happening, a little blue-gloved hand had touched the down on his chin, and a kind question about his work had the effect of frightening him nearly speechless. It was a room never entered by an honest woman, and a youth who had never, scarcely, conversed with a lady. "Why, you see, *la dame*, the Lapin brought a red nightcap, and I thought there would be no harm——"

His awkwardness provoked a pretty ringing laugh. The stout gentleman then laughed in basso, and our boys in various broken falsettoes according to their age. The Empress gave an amused glance at the caricatures with which the wall was tapestried, and in a minute her graceful figure and delicate face were gone again. One of the immortals had appeared, and alone.

Correspondence.

WHAT OUR CONGRESSMAN SAYS OF THE CIVIL SERVICE BILL.

To the Editor of the Nation:

Sir: The principles underlying the Civil Service Bill are so self-evident, and their presentation in the *Nation* has been so forcible, that I became just a little over-confident. Happening in company with our Congressman, I introduced the subject to him. Now, I am a clergyman, and, like an editor, am not in the habit of being interrupted when I am speaking. But this M.C. spoke right out in meeting. I will tell you what he said, and you will doubtless be gratified to see how successful you were, not long since, in prophesying the burden of the speeches the coming session. But some things you will find here that were not in your prophecy. Lest another vision should fail to reveal them to you, I send it all along.

In the first place, he said, the evils which the Civil Service Bill aims to remove are now at their height, and will of themselves grow less; for we expect to pay our public debt and come down to a comparatively moderate expenditure. And then it would be entirely preposterous to attempt to apply the principles of the bill anywhere except in Washington. The people would not submit to have a class of office-holders snugly ensconced in all the places of trust and emolument at the disposal of the Government. The people believe, and believe truly, that the Government should extend the blessing of its patronage to as many as it wisely can.

When I suggested that the English submitted to it readily, and that they were peculiarly a liberty-loving people, he denied that the cases were at all parallel, asserting that the people did not rule in England as they do here.

And then as to the clerkships at Washington, he said no aspiring young man wanted one for any great length of time. But it was a great advantage for a young man who wished to fit himself for the governorship of a territory, or some other high trust at the disposal of the Executive, to spend a time at Washington, where he could have the advantages of its law school and breathe its political atmosphere.

As to the service the country might get, he affirmed that it would be likely to be worse than now, under the Civil Service Bill; for the officers under this régime would not be responsible to the people, as they now are. And he said the most of these offices required only duties with the routine of which one could be very readily made familiar, and, except in some of the more responsible positions, raw hands do about as well as experienced. Besides, clerks are more honest for short terms than for long; for they have not time to become adepts in fraud before they are turned out. And, finally, it is good for young men to change frequently. It gives them broader characters.

This, Mr. Editor, is not a fancy sketch, but a *bona-fide* representation of our Congressman's views. He stated his views more eloquently than I have done; but here you have the substance. So you may know what to depend on. And this Congressman is an educated man of large business capacity—not one of the leaders in Congress, it is true; neither one that is "thunderin' eminent for never bein' heard on."

If they won't receive the "Civil Service Bill" as part of the canon, where can I get a text to preach from next time?

Clericus.

MR. WORMAN AND HIS "ENDORSERS."

To the Editor of the Nation:

Sir: Allow me, through the columns of your paper, to confess a mistake, and perhaps to redress a wrong I have unintentionally assisted in committing.

A few months ago the publishers of Worman's Grammars sent me a specimen copy of Worman's "Complete German Grammar;" afterwards, also one of his "Elementary Grammar," fourth edition, revised. From Prof. Worman I received a note, asking me for my opinion, etc. Not having the time for an accurate examination of the books, I merely glanced at the tables of declensions, paradigms, etc.; noticed the excellent type and some other external features, as, for instance, the use of larger type for the endings of declined words, etc.; and thus received, as I must confess, a very favorable impression of the book. It is true I was struck with a few singular blunders which I accidentally noticed, but had no idea that there would be any more of such than are generally found in many American text-books. Accordingly, I sat down to write a short complimentary note to Prof. Worman, in which I expressed myself in terms usual on such occasions. In this consists my mistake, for which I have reason to be very sorry indeed. I should hesitate to confess this publicly, were it not that the book has since received its due at the hands of a competent scholar, Prof. Gustavus Fischer, and that the very just criticisms of this gentleman have elicited a most scandalous and preposterous reply on the part of the publishers, Messrs. Barnes & Co.

Prof. Fischer's thorough and accurate review of Worman's book, in the May number of the *American Educational Monthly*, settled clearly and unmistakably the following points: namely, that Prof. Worman undertook to teach before he had himself been taught; that he set up as an author before he had made himself master of his subject; and that, hence, he is guilty of the charge of charlatanism. How any accurate and competent student of the German language can doubt this—how any respectable teacher of German can dare to risk his reputation by trying to smooth over the almost incredible superficiality of the author of the book reviewed—I am at a loss to understand. Against such proceedings I feel it my duty to protest, and I appeal to those of my colleagues who, for similar reasons, have placed themselves in the same false position, to give openly their verdict against shallowness and pretence.

That verdict cannot be affected in the least by the fact that the revised edition of Worman's "Grammar" contains fewer mistakes than the first. The mere idea of a man's writing a book for general use, without having first made himself master of the subject, is so preposterous and so essentially arrogant that no true man or teacher can have any patience with those who entertain it. It requires no learning to copy from existing books those portions which are generally considered indispensable—namely, the paradigms, tables of declensions, etc. It is also very easy to make a motley collection of rules and illustrations in a similar manner. If this was all, there would be no merit in the work. But who can fail to see that the real work is something very different, and that it consists in something more than a mere reproduction of other works, with only so much originality added as will make it unfit for the use of the student?

Messrs. Barnes & Co. have the boldness to inform the public that even of the most imperfect of the Grammars some 100,000 copies have already been sold. I consider this a frightful evidence of the necessity of just such criticisms as Prof. Fischer has given. If it should be possible for a mere dilettante to succeed at such a rate with his immature productions, without receiving even as much as a public rebuke from the pen of an honest critic, what hopes would there be left for the success of accomplished scholars like Prof. Whitney and others, whose slow and conscientious scholarship is no match for the rapid superficiality of their unworthy rivals? What a premium on quackery if no critic could be found bold enough to face the wrath of the ignorant and to call a literary abortion by its right name!

In conclusion, I would say that a careful reading of Prof. Fischer's article in the May number of the *Monthly* has satisfied me of the correctness of Prof. Fischer's charge, and of the entire absence in the article of any attempt at quibbling or unfair fault-finding. Prof. Fischer has the very best authority in favor of his criticisms, and those who differ from him—except as regards one or two minor points which may be considered

debatable—only prove that they are not competent judges. Prof. Fischer's criticisms need only be read in order to be appreciated by scholars, and none else have a right to be heard in this matter. Respectfully,

CHAS. A. EGGERT.

IOWA STATE UNIVERSITY, IOWA CITY, July 8, 1869.

Notes.

LITERARY.

THE University Publishing Company make announcement of "a book by General Lee," which, however, is hardly to be so described, as it is a new edition of General Henry Lee's "Memoirs of the Southern Campaign"—in the Revolutionary War—which General R. E. Lee has annotated and revised, and for which he has written a biography of his father. The work will contain new steel portraits of General Henry Lee and General Nathanael Greene, and engravings of Marion crossing the Pedee, and Cornwallis surrendering his army at Yorktown, together with original maps and plans. One is reminded again, by this conjunction of biographer and subject, how the fighting of the Revolution—"a war of skirmishes"—has been dwarfed by the war in which Henry Lee's greater son made his celebrity.——Mr. Carleton will publish next week "Claude Gueux" and "The Last Day of a Condemned Man," from the French of Victor Hugo. The two works will be in one volume, and will repay the attention of such of our opponents of capital punishment as are opposed to it on the more sentimental grounds. The same publisher—who is himself a comic draughtsman of some merit—issues a brief prospectus of a new serio-comic magazine—the *Kaleidoscope*—which will be issued intermittently. It is to be profusely illustrated.

—The Philadelphia Library Company have not rejected, but on the other hand have not accepted, the bequest of the late Dr. Rush. We understand the causes of their hesitation to be two: first, perhaps, the proposed location of the new building, on South Broad Street, on a lot left for the purpose by the testator; and secondly, the smallness of the fund that will remain after half a million of dollars (or more) are expended on the building according to the terms of the will. We do not pretend to know more about this controversy than the Philadelphians themselves, though we cannot help regarding both these reasons as insufficient. It is true, the city is not extending southward, but to the west and north; yet the site in question, which Dr. Rush's executor insists on retaining, is not so far away from the centre or from down-town as the Astor Library is from the same points in this city. It is true, moreover, that the surplus of the legacy, when taxes and building expenses are deducted, and even after the annuities begin to fall in, will be comparatively a small amount; yet what library is too rich to accept the slightest positive accession to its resources? Besides, for the sake of a proper fire-proof building, which may also be an ornament to the city, the bequest ought to be accepted, if for nothing else. It is as notorious as that the Philadelphia Library surpasses all others in Americana, that it is kept in the merest tinder-box, and may any day be consumed. It is scarcely less well known that its management, being in the hands of a few very respectable but not remarkably literary or scholarly families, is slipshod and behind the requirements of so great a city, and that its foreign purchases are made by a gentleman on the other side of the water who seems to have little better claim to so important an office than is furnished by the fact of his father—and perhaps his grandfather—having done the same thing before him. What the friends of culture and popular education, in Philadelphia and out of it, would be glad to see, is the acceptance of the Rush bequest even on the terms assigned, and the most made of it; and what might be made of it is a revival of interest in the present library, a change of direction, and such improvements generally as would enable Philadelphia to compare favorably with New York or Boston. In time, it would probably seem wise to make the library free to the public, but at all events it would be—when their owners die—the natural depository of those private libraries for which Philadelphia has a high repute, just as the Public Library has proved to be in Boston.

—Two correspondents in the latest number of the *Historical Magazine* give some facts concerning a subject but little known—the American Version, so called, of the Bible. It seems that in 1847 the "various readings" of editions of the Bible published in Great Britain and in this country having attracted the attention of the American Bible Society, that body referred to its Committee on Versions the subject of collating its editions with those issued in England and Scotland. The committee, which was composed of Dr. Gardiner Spring, Dr. Thomas Cock, Dr. Edward Robinson, Dr. John McClintock, and other scholars of equal weight, went to work with a will, and, taking the Society's royal octavo Bible as a standard, they were not long in discovering about twenty-four thousand variations in text and punctuation between that copy and Bibles printed in London, Oxford, Cambridge, and Edinburgh. To be sure, many of the variations were slight, but many were not, and in some instances to leave them uncorrected left the reader a nonsensical version. This, however, seems to have been less of a trouble to certain members of the Society, and to an influential part of the public which the Society aims to satisfy, than the fact that correction of mistakes in the rendering of the original seemed to lead to the unsettling of faith, and to threaten a shaking of confidence in all the vernacular editions of the Scriptures. And, no doubt, it was the opinion of the intelligent that if changes are to be made in our authorized versions, inadequate as these may be, the work of making them should be done not "in hugger-mugger," nor by men more or less carelessly selected, but by some carefully chosen body of scholars, representing, at the least, all the scholarship of some one of the great divisions of Christendom. Possibly, too, there may have been a suspicion, more or less vague, that as regards a matter which evokes so much feeling as the rendering of the Hebrew Scriptures, the chances are so few in a million that we shall soon get a critical, perfectly uncolored translation, that it is best to leave ill enough alone. Such has been the way of founding different forms of belief, and such has been the way of supporting them, that it would be as hard to find among the scholars who are believers in Christianity a body of translators that could command the complete confidence of the Christian world, as it would be to find such a body among the learned who are professors of learning simply, and not of learning and religion both. At any rate, for whatever cause, the version which was made by Dr. Spring and his associates, after it had been accepted by the Society, was at last rejected because of demands from various quarters, and has never been in use; so to-day American Bibles are like English Bibles—that is to say, all English-speaking people are using Bibles which are full of mistakes. It would be curious to know how many sects would vanish away if once we could have a translation of the Scriptures which should not to some extent illustrate the saying that translation is apt to be travesty.

—One of our publishing houses which does a large business in what is called the miscellaneous book trade has for some time been obliged to use a printed circular for the purpose of carrying on one branch of its correspondence with authors, or semi-authors. It reads as follows, and is not encouraging to the translators, nor the translated, nor the publishers—though we hope, for the sake of the latter at least, that the account of sales here given is a little exaggerated, the more to terrify the letter-writers: "The fact that we have had to get a blank printed to answer the large number of letters we receive regarding translations, will show you better than anything we can directly say how very much the supply of such work exceeds the demand. Not one translation out of twenty that are made is ever published, and not one out of twenty that are published ever pays more than its mere cost. In view of these discouraging facts, you will appreciate that there is nothing personally uncomplimentary in our saying that we can do nothing with yours."

—Mr. Charles Reade writes to the publishers and the public at large a letter in these words, which have been lithographed for the *Galaxy*, and figure as a full-page illustration of the August number of that magazine: "The publishers of the *Galaxy* pay me a liberal price for 'Put Yourself in His Place.' If I were a mechanical inventor instead of a literary inventor, this payment would secure them the sole legal right. In the present iniquitous, partial, barbarous, and brainless state of law, it only secures them a clear moral right. But I hope all respectable publishers will respect that moral right, will put themselves in *their* place, and will forbear to reap where they have not sown." Then in the latter part of the magazine we have an equally characteristic "card," in which Mr. Reade delivers himself as follows: "In reply to recent applications for his autograph, Mr. Charles Reade begs to say that this number of the *Galaxy* contains a fac-simile of his writing, such as it is, and his sentiments into the bargain. This being printed and on sale for one shilling, Mr. Reade will never again pen an autograph for any lady or gentleman with whom he has not the honor to be acquainted." So that point is settled. As to the moral-copyright part of the matter, we hope to see Mr. Reade's wishes and Messrs. Sheldon & Co.'s rights respected; and we hope, too, that Messrs. Sheldon & Co. may see fit to give us this last story in a volume uniform with the set of its author's other stories which Fields, Osgood & Co. have just printed. Most book-buyers in America are agreed in favoring the passage of an international copyright law; but the way in which the pub-

lishers fling us their authors in all shapes and forms, making us own a novelist or a poet in three or four or a dozen volumes of two or three or half a dozen different sizes, is a constant temptation to us to pardon the piratical invader who offers us uniformity and attacks a monopoly so exasperatingly exercised. For the rest, Mr. Reade's handwriting is as bold and clear as himself, and habitual "making copy" has not affected its legibility.

—The fortnightly summary of books published or to be published in England contains a good many interesting titles, but we shall wait some time before we see the volumes to which some of them belong. In Theology, we find one more of perhaps the most profitless kind of works that any theology ever fathered—the Rev. Mr. M. Baxter's "Louis Napoleon, the Destined Monarch of the Whole World." The present is the second edition, too. Considerably more cheering to the reader interested in sweetness and light, and even to him interested in dry light and not over-mindful of the sweetness, is the announcement of a new translation—conjectured to have been made by Keble—of "The Imitation of Christ." It is one volume of a set of five, of which the others are Jeremy Taylor's "Holy Living" and "Holy Dying;" Bishop Wilson's—"good Bishop Wilson's"—"Short and Plain Instructions for the Better Understanding of the Lord's Supper;" and William Chilcot's "Evil Thoughts." The latest Ritualistic publication is "Little Hours of the Day, according to the Kalendar of the Church of England," "a series," we are informed, "of day services, doubles and greater doubles of the first and second class." The compiler does not give his name, but "it is easy to see to what school he belongs," as his critics say. Mr. Baxter aforementioned may take pleasure in "Poems by 'Josephine,'" which are advertised, under the title of "Maranatha, 'the Lord is at Hand,'" written in "the firm belief in the near approach of the 'times of restitution of all things' of which God hath spoken." We may mention here that of their "Child's Bible"—illustrated, expurgated, and inclining towards monosyllabism—Messrs. Cassell, Petter & Galpin have already sold more than fifty thousand copies.

—As interesting as any new thing in the world of English Fiction is the announcement that the author of the agreeable and successful Scotch novel of "Blindpits" is Mr. Joseph Hatton, who wrote "The Tallants of Barton," and who is now about giving us a story called "Christopher Kenrick, his Life and Adventures." "My Insect Queen," "Simple as a Dove," "Wise as a Serpent," "Only a Woman's Love," "Ropes of Sand," are other names, some of them curious, of novels just come or coming. The fashion for phrases and sentences as titles is not going out among the English novelists. It never obtained over here, where we seem to stick to the old custom of personal names as titles with a tenacity that suggests some of our other qualities as novel-writers. Allied to fiction is a new book from Mr. John Ruskin, rather fancifully christened "The Queen of the Air," which is a study of the Greek myths of cloud and storm. Tennyson's new poem is announced as "The Quest of the San Greal," but more than that we do not hear of it—whether it is long or short, or how it treats the subject. It seems almost a pity that he could not have left the subject as he left it in "The Holy Grail." Mr. Charles Edward Stewart, who claims to be *de jure* King of England, and whom we make out to be on duty at the British Museum Library in some capacity, has written a book of "Poems" which will attract some slight attention. Mr. Richard Morris, known for his editorial labors, has his edition of Spenser nearly ready. Professor Max Müller dedicates "to the memory of Colebrooke, Rosen, and Burnouf, the first friends of Vedic scholarship in Europe," his "Rig Veda Sanhita, the Sacred Hymns of the Hindus Translated and Explained"—and translated and explained for the first time, Professor Müller thinks he may say. Everybody will be willing to hear that a forthcoming book in the field of Biography and History is an autobiography of Miss Martineau. Lord Strangford's writings, or selections from them, have appeared in a stout octavo of seven hundred and odd pages. Mr. J. A. Doyle's "American Colonies previous to Independence" is an Oxford prize essay. A Mr. Richard Brown has written a "History of the Island of Cape Breton, with some account of the History and Settlement of Canada, Nova Scotia, and New Zealand." What the discovery of New Zealand has to do with Canadian history it is not easy to see. Cape Breton, it may behoove us, as manifest-destinarians, to make ourselves acquainted with; but a book about the Provinces which will attract more American readers is Captain Campbell Hardy's "Forest Life in Acadie"—a record of sporting experiences by a man of the kind who, after all, make almost the best books of sport—British army officers bored in some British colony. To return to the History and Biography, we may force under that head, in virtue of a scrap of biography which the preface furnishes, the fifth edition, with additions and corrections, of Mr. Darwin's "Origin of Species." The author gives a historical sketch of the motive of the work. Five editions of such a book in a period a little short of ten years, is a fact to be noticed. Messrs. Longmans & Co. have in press a one-volume edition—for students' use—of Macaulay's "Historical and Critical Essays," and—of better omen for the boys—a similar volume of Sydney Smith's contributions to the *Edinburgh Review*—the best things, no doubt, that ever appeared in that periodical. Lady Holland's "Memoir of Sydney Smith" goes into a second edition. "Historical Gleanings"—a series of sketches of Lady Montagu, Walpole, Adam Smith, and Cobbett—is by Professor J. E. Thorold Rogers. A new edition of Sir Joshua Barrington's amusing, if not especially edifying or agreeable, "Sketches of his Own Times" is announced, and will contain much new matter by the editor, Doctor Townsend Young, of Dublin. "The Life of Oliver Cromwell to the Death of Charles I." is a new book on an aged theme, by J. A. Andrews, a barrister. About as little known as any passage of contemporary history—any whose occurrence is known of at all—is the war between Paraguay and the allies. An aid-de-camp to President Lopez—Lieutenant-Colonel George Thompson, Civil Engineer—has written a book that may serve to supply the want. "The Paraguayan War" is the title of it, and it is just published by Longmans & Co. "The Oxford Reformers—Erasmus, John Colet, and Thomas More—a good book, has entered its second edition.

—Of works of Travel and Miscellaneous works that are on the English publishers' lists these are some: "A Catalogue of the Reference Department of the Free Library at Birmingham"—the great rival of the Boston Public Library. The catalogue shows nearly 386 lines of titles relating to the "History of England" alone; there are a still greater number of titles of works relating to Shakespeare; and almost every play, it is said—from the tragedies of Æschylus to Tom Taylor's latest—may be consulted. "Woman" occupies a prominent place in current literature. For this fortnight we have—in addition to the tireless magazines and papers—"Woman's Culture and Woman's Work," by Miss Frances Power Cobbe and some coadjutors, and a pair of lectures on "The Education of Girls and the Employment of Women," by W. B. Hodgson, LL.D. "Sketches of the South and West; or, Ten Months' Residence in the United States," is by Mr. Henry Deedes, a gentleman of whose sentiments and opinions we are not informed; but his publishers are Messrs. Blackwood & Sons, and we fear a damaging attack on the credit of the United States, and a showing of us up in our true colors generally. Dilke's "Greater Britain" goes into a third edition; and—to tell the British plenty about us—Brace's "New West" appears in the English market. "Protoplasm" is a book which illustrates with colored plates Professor Huxley's recent lecture. It is done by Mr. "L. S. B.," of the Royal Society. "Arms and Armor in Antiquity and the Middle Ages" is a work avowedly based on the French of P. Lacombe, by Mr. Charles Boutell, who seems to be more sensible than most heraldic antiquarians, and who has some remarks to make on the contemporary coat armor of the English, and, if we are not mistaken, on the more curious than creditable arms of most of our American States, the newer of which have nobly disregarded tradition and law. The immortal James Howell's "Instructions for Forreine Travell" has been reprinted, under the editorial care of Mr. Edward Arber, who collates with the edition of 1642 the edition of 1650, making of it an octavo pamphlet of eighty-odd pages. Mr. Arber has also just done More's "Utopia." And perhaps some of our readers may like to know that Mlle. Riego Branchardière, or Madame Branchardière, *née* Riego, has prepared a thirteen-page pamphlet containing "The Point Lace Sampler; with Complete Instructions for the Stitches, with the Original Registered Designs."

—A recently discovered inventory of Molière's library shows it to have contained in all about four hundred volumes, among which the classic and especially the Latin historians, poets, and playwrights occupied a considerable space. More than one-half, however, consisted of various French, Italian, and Spanish comic works. There were besides a treatise on physics (Rohault), on the soul (Cassiodorus), two volumes of Seneca, a work on Roman antiquities; a few modern books of poetry, histories, books of travel; several dictionaries, etc.—on the whole, a list pretty strictly accessory to the department of letters illustrated by its possessor. Part of it, and by far the largest, was kept in Molière's lodgings in the Rue Richelieu; the remainder at his home in Auteuil.

—M. Taupin's identification of the Man of the Iron Mask has at length been made public, though not with all his proofs. To the long list of competitors for the honor of having been this distinguished state prisoner M. Taupin adds no other, but sustains the claims of Avedik, Patriarch of

the Armenians, well known to have been kidnapped by the French ambassador at the Porte, M. Ferriol, of whom and of the Jesuits he was the enemy, and a persecutor of the Catholics. According to M. Taupin, Avedik died some years after the date commonly assigned to the death of the Iron Mask; in 1711, and at liberty. In the first months of that year he went daily to the church of St. Sulpice, in Paris, to say mass, and on July 21 he received the last sacrament from Catholic priests. A still more dramatic coincidence was the return of Ferriol, mad, from Constantinople, during the lifetime of his victim, for whose fate he seems to have had some remorse. His royal master publicly affected surprise and sorrow for the sufferings of the Armenian; and, considering the Turkish power at that time in Europe, the theory of M. Taupin seems a not improbable solution of the fantastic mystery.

MR. MILL'S PLEA FOR WOMEN.*

THE case of the advocates of women's rights has never been so ably stated as in the little volume before us, and probably nearly everything they will say hereafter will be said simply in amplification or illustration of Mr. Mill's arguments. His first chapter is devoted to showing that woman's position in society is conventional and not natural; that her subjection to man is simply one of the few remaining results of the régime of brute force by which the world was once governed. The relations of men with one another, he maintains, have been gradually based on abstract justice and equality, but the relations of the sexes are still governed by rules established when superiority of physical force constituted the only recognized title to authority. The continuance of this state of subjection on the part of women, their failure to follow the example of all other subject classes, and rise against their oppressors and throw off their yoke, he ascribes to the elaborate pains which the masters have taken to enslave their minds as well as their bodies by their mode of education; to the natural attraction between the opposite sexes; to the wife's entire dependence on the husband for every principal object of human pursuit, consideration and all objects of social ambition being only attainable through him. This great means of influence over the minds of women an instinct of selfishness has made men avail themselves of to keep women in subjection, by teaching them that meekness, submissiveness, and resignation are an essential part of sexual attractiveness. Had similar machinery, he thinks, been brought to bear on the education of young plebeians and serfs, by way of fixing their relations to the patricians and seigneurs, their emancipation would never have taken place. In fact, Mr. Mill asks boldly whether, had this been done, "patricians and plebeians, seigneurs and serfs, would not be as broadly distinguished at this day as men and women are," "and would not all but a thinker here and there have believed the distinction to be a fundamental and unalterable fact of human nature?"

In order to make this question a "poser," however, we have to admit that sex has in no way affected the relations of men and women, either by way of increasing women's readiness to be subjected, or men's disposition to subject them. Unless Mr. Mill can fairly say that the patrician would have found in the young serf precisely the same material on which to try his educational prowess as man has found in woman, he can hardly ask anybody to admit that it would have produced the same startling effect on the one as on the other; and in this question we find what we consider the source of whatever weakness there may be in Mr. Mill's whole argument. Is there such a thing as sex? and does sex influence character, and to what extent? are questions which must be answered fully and fairly before the ground can be considered cleared for a complete discussion of the extent to which woman's subjection is artificial. If sex does influence character, all comparisons of woman's position and that of other subject classes must have a serious flaw in it. Mr. Mill admits that the natural attraction between the sexes has rendered it all the easier for the men to keep the women in subordination, but what we need to know is whether this has been its only effect. Is anybody quite sure it has had no other? Is it fair to assume, as Mr. Mill does, that it has had no other?

Coming to the question whether the nature of the two sexes adapts them to their present functions and position, Mr. Mill denies that anybody knows the nature of the two sexes, as long as they have only been seen in their present relation to each other. Consequently, he denies also that men *know* women; the nature of women, or what passes by that name now, he says, is "an eminently artificial thing, the result of forced repression in some things, of unnatural stimulation in others." The only way, he says, of getting at a knowledge of the natural difference between the two sexes is by means "of an analytic study of the laws of the influence of circumstances on character"—a work which is in its very nature almost impossible of accomplishment, as Mr. Mill has himself shown in his "Logic." The whole of the circumstances by which character is influenced are never in any individual case within any investigator's reach, nor can he calculate the exact force of any one of them, so that, no matter how much care he took, his conclusions would be little better than guesses. If we cannot know woman from an examination of her as we find her—that is, as a member of society—neither can we know men. The character of men is also highly artificial The natural man, or man in the abstract, uninfluenced by the circumstances which surround him as a member of human society, none of us have ever seen or will ever see. So that, if we refrained on this account from forming any judgment about his rights and duties, and acting on it in legislation and usage, we should bring the social machine to a dead-lock. In assigning a man his position in society, we do not take into account what he might have been if he had had a different father or mother, or been differently brought up, or had been born in a different church or in a different civilization. All this would furnish interesting matter for speculation, but for practical purposes—for the purpose of deciding whether we shall or shall not make him a judge, or a legislator, or a teacher, or the captain of a seventy-four—we have to consider him just as he stands—the product of a thousand agencies, known and unknown, which we did not create and cannot modify.

We may say the same thing of woman. If all that Mr. Mill wishes to deduce from his denial that we know her, is that no restriction should be placed on the play of her faculties by legislation, he will carry most persons with him; but if he wishes to base on it a positive assertion of her equality with man in capacity, we do not well see how he is to carry anybody with him. We are willing to study woman *in vacuo*—but how is the vacuum to be obtained? A writer in *Appleton's Journal* last week very neatly compared this part of his argument to that of a celebrated vegetarian, who denied that the propensity of man to eat meat, or the form or arrangement of his teeth, proved that he was meant to be carnivorous, because we only knew him as a traditional meat-eater, and did not know what he would do in a state of nature, uninfluenced by "circumstances."

Thus far Mr. Mill has been talking of woman's right to equality in the family. In his third chapter he discusses her admissibility to all the functions and employments hitherto claimed as a monopoly by the stronger sex; and he expresses his belief that the disabilities here are only clung to in order to maintain her subordination in domestic life. Here he argues simply from observations of woman in domestic life, and has comparatively easy work; but he marks out her right to the suffrage as a right entirely independent of any question which may be raised concerning her faculties; and her competency to exercise it he deduces *à fortiori* from the fact that law and usage already admit her competency to choose her husband, who is to govern her to the end of her life. As regards fitness of women for office, he is willing to leave that to be decided by experiment. If women are not fit for various callings, they will not succeed in them and will soon cease to follow them; and there is therefore no need for, and may be great injustice and great waste of power in, legislation excluding them from such. His analysis of woman's faculties, as revealed by history and everyday experience, is of course masterly and interesting, though the effect of the argument is somewhat weakened by the extent to which his eagerness diminishes the candor which is one of the great charms of his writing. For instance, by way of accounting for the fact that, though a great number of women are taught music, there have been no great female composers, he says: "Women are taught music, but not for the purpose of composing—only of executing it; and, accordingly, it is only as composers that men in music are superior to women." Now surely this is not a fair statement of the case. Women are not taught music for the purpose solely of executing it any more than men. Both are taught music in the hope of a result of some kind—money, fame, or pleasure. If, amongst the thousands of children who learn it, the teacher should light on a genius, that child becomes a composer, no matter what the intentions of the teacher may be; and that many such geniuses have presented themselves amongst the comparatively few men who are taught music, and none amongst the many women who are taught, is surely a fact worth serious consideration. To be sure, Mr. Mill seeks to account for this by the circumstance that the great male composers have all appeared in Germany and Italy, where the women are in a low state of culture; and this circumstance is no doubt worth consideration also; but he urges it with an air of eagerness to make the most of it which is not characteristic of him.

* "The Subjection of Women. By John Stuart Mill." New York: D. Appleton & Co.; Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.

The book will probably be read by everybody who reads at all; and it is, therefore, needless to attempt anything like a condensation of his whole argument. It displays the dialectical skill, the mastery of style, the breadth and force of thinking, which have won Mr. Mill his high position both as a social and mental philosopher; and the tinge of passion which runs through it, though it has in places somewhat damaged the work for the philosopher, will increase its attraction to the general reader. We have endeavored simply to point out what are, it seems to us, two serious defects in the very basis of the argument. No discussion of the woman question will ever satisfy the public mind, or settle woman's position on a new basis, in which the fact of sex is ignored, or its influence on character and on social and domestic life left out of consideration, and treated lightly; and yet to the charge of doing both these things every leading advocate of woman's rights (Mr. Mill included) is more or less open. As long as woman's case is argued as if she were simply a small and weak man, we shall not get much nearer to a final solution of the great problem of her condition. Everybody knows, as a matter of fact, that not only is sexual attraction one of the strongest of all the social forces, but that its apparently excessive strength is at once one of the greatest puzzles of the world and one of the greatest sources of human misery; and that the question of controlling it or diminishing its force, without affecting injuriously either health or morals or population, has been in every age the question that went deepest down towards the foundations of order and duty—which is simply another mode of saying that marriage is the most important feature of human society; and in marriage woman plays the principal part. Any discussion of her rights, therefore, which treats her relation to marriage as but a subordinate and secondary incident in her career, must be incomplete. We say this in the spirit of an enquirer. Of the evils of her present position we are profoundly sensible; all attempts to improve it have our cordial sympathy; but it cannot be really and permanently improved without treating her maternal function as her principal and highest one, while making ample provision for the happiness and activity of all those who are prevented, by either inclination or fortune, from undertaking it, or who are conscious of the possession of gifts which can be made of more value to society and the owner in other departments than that of rearing or educating children.

THOMASSEN'S UNVEILINGS OF PRIMEVAL HISTORY.*

A MANUAL of prehistoric times, in which the results of recent scientific research in archæology and palæontology should be systematized with reference to some general conclusion, but with no speculative bias toward a particular school or theory, would enable the intelligent reader to form a judgment of the real value and tendency of discoveries which are often discredited by the crude and extravagant hypotheses that they are made to support. Sir Charles Lyell, in his "Antiquity of Man," is clear and candid, as is his wont, in the statement of facts; yet he so intermingles conjecture with fact, and is so inconsequential in his conclusions, that his book is more fitted to confuse than to instruct the general reader. The Duke of Argyll, in his "Primeval Man," has given a fair outline of the enquiries touching man's antiquity and origin; and, while conceding that chronology may require to be extended indefinitely into the past, makes some good points against the Darwinian theory of development as applied to the origin of the human species. But the book is fragmentary and apparently hurried in composition, and is altogether inferior in vigor and logic to the author's "Reign of Law." The essays of Professor Karl Vogt, now in course of publication in the *Anthropological Review*, approach more nearly to an authoritative summary of the science of man's antiquity; but Vogt leans with marked partiality to Darwin's theory, and even attempts to find in *Microcephali* the transition-point from the Chimpanzee to the human species—that is, according to this naturalist, the abortions of humanity were really its crude beginnings, and the ape worked himself first into an idiot in that struggle for existence which eventuated in the development of man.

Dr. Thomassen has attempted an impartial *résumé* of the prehistoric science of man, and has given us an essay worthy in some respects of being reproduced in an English dress. In his preface, he avows the purpose to keep himself as far as possible in the "objective state," and merely to arrange facts, so that every one can readily draw his own conclusions; but in reality he betrays a strong subjective tendency toward certain theories, which leads him into a good deal of special pleading. At the same time, he lays down general principles for the conduct of such enquiries which are worthy to be set as mottoes over the door of every scientist and every theologian so long as the changes shall be rung upon "Genesis and geology:" "He who honestly seeks for truth should not complain of that which startles him out of the jog-trot path of stupidity." "The true spirit of enquiry has this only tendency—to seek the Truth; and in this path it moves unerringly forward." "Science, in so far as it seeks after truth, is itself an integral part of religion." At the same time, Dr. Thomassen is fully alive to the fact that this enquiry into the primeval history of mankind is no mere diversion, but has a most intimate connection with all social questions.

In popularizing the science of anthropology, he has been remarkably successful in rendering its facts and principles intelligible to any fair understanding. Starting with the twofold division of the subject into the Natural History of the Race and the History of Civilization, he defines accurately those points of zoölogical structure which, on the one hand, resemble man to the lower animals, and, on the other, distinguish him from them. He argues that the derivation of man from the ape must ever remain a question of *probabilities;* that not even Karl Vogt assumes to have demonstrated it; and that to insist upon certainty in such a matter is much like attempting to settle the problem so much discussed at Zürich by a learned convocation of the seventeenth century, "Whether Christ wore clothing after his resurrection." Dr. Thomassen devotes his first chapter to discoveries relative to the stone age; recounting in brief the investigations of Schmerling, Tournal, Christol, Bize, Fuhlrott, Boucher de Perthes, Prestwich, Abbé Martin, Lartet, Karl Vogt, and other leading naturalists. Separate chapters are given to the men of the glacial epoch and of the reindeer period, to the findings in peat and in the kitchen-middens, to the pile-habitations and their remains, to mounds and giants' sepulchres; in all which the facts of discovery are lucidly arranged, with the authorities for each. When, however, the author attempts a chronological classification of these remains in a regular succession, he overlooks the facts that, even in historic times, inferior types of humanity have been contemporaneous with a high civilization—the stone age of Britain, for instance, with the luxurious art of the Roman empire; that the tendency of mankind has ever been toward barbarism in the more advanced posts of emigration; and that the vast plateau of middle-western Asia, the historical seat of the human family, has not yet been explored for prehistoric remains.

In a chapter on the origin and development of the human species, the author follows Schaffhausen in applying Darwin's theory to the physical organization of man, and in his closing chapter he seems ready to go even the length of Vogt in allying man to the ape. Yet, like Darwin himself, the author keeps aloof from materialism by holding fast the distinction between the physical and the spiritual. "The investigations of natural history do not concern themselves with the divine, the heavenly derivation of man, but only with the earthly, the natural. And why should it be deemed unworthy of man to regard him as the last and highest development of animal life? Did he come forth any the less good from the hand of the Creator if in the dark womb of untold ages the animal type was more and more ennobled until that human form was attained which man regards as the image of his maker?" So devout a scholar as Professor Tayler Lewis, in his notes to Lange's Genesis, takes substantially this view of the plastic development of the human body, in distinction from the divine inbreathing of the spirit.

* "Enthüllungen aus der Urgeschichte, oder: Existirt das Menschengeschlecht nur 6,000 Jahre? Die Ergebnisse der neuesten wissenschaftlichen Forschungen über die Ur- und Entwickelungsgeschichte der Menschheit, in allgemein verständlicher Darstellung. Allen Gebildeten gewidmet von Dr. J. H. Thomassen." Leipzig. 1869.

ROSCOE'S SPECTRUM ANALYSIS.*

THE sudden impulse which spectroscopic researches received in 1860, and which has resulted in several brilliant discoveries in chemistry and astronomy, affords a singular problem in the history of scientific progress. There was nothing absolutely new in the method of Kirchhoff and Bunsen. It consisted essentially in observing the spectra of the colorations imparted by different substances to the non-luminous gas-flame generally used in laboratories. Colored flames had been used since an early period in the history of chemistry for distinguishing the different alkalies and alkaline earths; and J. F. W. Herschel in 1822, H. F. Talbot in 1826, and W. A. Miller in 1845, had made some study of the spectra of these flames with reference to chemical analysis. The black lines of the spectra of some of the stars had been examined by Fraunhofer, and found to differ from those of the spectrum common to the sun, moon, and planets. The absorption-lines produced by some gases had been studied by Brewster; and

* "Spectrum Analysis. Six Lectures delivered in 1868, before the Society of Apothecaries of London. By Henry E. Roscoe, B.A., Ph.D., F.R.S., Professor of Chemistry in Owens College, Manchester." New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1869.

Stokes had pointed out the use of absorption-bands in detecting certain metals in solution. The coincidence of the bright line of incandescent sodium vapor with the D line of the solar spectrum had been noticed by Fraunhofer; and Stokes and William Thomson thence inferred that sodium was contained in the atmosphere of the sun, because a substance can only emit what it is capable of absorbing.

These investigations appertain to all parts of spectral analysis. Why, then, did they remain comparatively unfruitful while the very first memoir of Kirchhoff and Bunsen created a sensation such as the scientific world had not felt since the discovery of Neptune? Kirchhoff himself seems to think that it was because he and Bunsen first clearly showed that the positions of the spectral lines depend solely upon the chemical constituents of the glowing gases. No doubt, the effect upon the imagination of so broad a proposition upon a new matter of science is great, yet the habitual reliance by chemists upon the flame reaction of sodium seems to show that this law had been implicitly assumed upon all hands to be true in practice. Perhaps the chief causes of the profound impression produced by Kirchhoff and Bunsen's papers were these three: 1st, The flame of the Bunsen burner, which was employed by them, was capable from its intense heat and small lighting power of giving much more satisfactory results than the alcohol flames used by the early experimenters; 2d, The new investigations were conducted with a tact and thoroughness which commanded admiration; and 3d, Bunsen had the good fortune and the skill to detect by the new method two metals—rubidium and cæsium—before unknown, in some mineral water he was analyzing, the mixed chlorides of these metals being contained in the proportion of about a drachm in twenty tons of the water.

Bunsen not only discovered these elements, but studied them so well (working partly in company with Kirchhoff) that they are now among those whose chemical relations are the best understood. They have been found to be somewhat widely distributed through the mineral kingdom in very small quantities. An Italian mineral, which had formerly been analyzed by the celebrated mineralogist Platner, has been found to contain 34 per cent. of the oxide of cæsium, which had been mistaken for potassa. Platner's analysis did not add up 100 per cent. at all correctly, owing to the great difference in the combining numbers of potassa and cæsium. Many a chemist would have been ashamed to own such an analysis; Platner was willing to publish a work which there was no other reason for condemning than one which was perfectly patent, and the result is that time has shown that his experiments were correctly performed. In 1861, an English chemist, Crookes, hardly known before, discovered by means of the spectroscope another metal (thallium) of very singular chemical characters; and this is a discovery which may lead to others, for with thallium a glass has been made which is reported as wonderfully adapted for prisms. In 1863, a fourth metal—indium—resembling zinc was discovered by means of the spectroscope in the zincblende of Freiberg.

The study of the celestial spectra has afforded important information concerning the sun, the stars, the nebulas, some comets, and the aurora borealis. We have learned that many chemical elements which are found upon the earth exist in the atmosphere of the sun, including nearly all of those which form a large proportion of the earth's crust. We have also ascertained, what might have been known *à priori*, that the most elastic of the gases (hydrogen) extends higher from the sun's centre than any of the other substances. The solar spots are getting examined; and if some observations lately reported are confirmed, we shall have some of the theories upon this subject brought to a test. In the stars have been recognized a number of the chemical elements which we know; yet in many of them some of the commonest substances here, and those most essential to life as we know it, are altogether wanting. A displacement of one of the hydrogen lines in the spectrum of Sirius is held to prove that that star is moving rapidly towards our system. The nebulas have been found to be of two entirely different kinds; for the spectra of some of them have been found to consist of isolated bright lines, showing that these nebulas are gaseous, while by far the larger proportion show the continuous spectrum which is seldom produced by an incandescent gas. This difference between the spectra corresponds strictly to a difference between the ordinary telescopic appearances of the nebulas. This is the more interesting, as the first proposition upon which Sir William Herschel founded his nebula hypothesis was that there was no natural classification among nebulas. None of the nebulas have been proved to contain any substance otherwise known to us. Several minute comets have been subjected to spectroscopic examination, and two of them have been shown to contain carbon in some gaseous state. The spectrum of the aurora, as usually seen, consists of a single yellowish-green line, which belongs to no substance with which we are acquainted. As the aurora is held to be above the ordinary atmosphere (and this is confirmed by its showing no nitrogen lines), it follows that there is some unknown gas reaching above the other constituents of the atmosphere. According to the laws of gravity and of diffusion of gases, this substance must extend down to the surface of the earth. Why, then, have not chemists discovered it? It must be a very light elastic gas to reach so high. Now, the atomic weights of elementary gases are proportional to their density. It must, then, have a very small atomic weight. It *may* be as much lighter than hydrogen as hydrogen is than air. In that case, its atomic weight would be so small that, supposing it to have an oxide on the type of water, this oxide would contain less than one per cent. of it, and in general it would enter into its compounds in such small proportions as almost infallibly to escape detection. In addition to the green line usually seen in the aurora, six others were discovered and measured at the Harvard College Observatory during the brilliant display of last spring, and four of these lines were seen again on another occasion. On the 29th of June last, a single narrow band of auroral light extended from east to west, clear over the heavens, at Cambridge, moving from north to south. This was found to have a continuous spectrum; while the fainter auroral light in the north showed the usual green line.*

Professor Roscoe's book contains an interesting and very thorough account of spectrum analysis. The paper, ink, type, and plates are beautiful. In his style, Mr. Roscoe neither aims at sensational effect, nor so strains after simplicity as to verge upon baby-talk. And these are the two commonest faults of popular science. The only exaggeration which we have noticed is in the chromo-lithograph of the spectrum of a nebula. If the book be taken into a nearly dark room, so that at first glance nothing is seen but the dark oblong shapes of the whole spectra of that plate, the figure in question *will* "serve to give some idea of the peculiar beauty of the phenomenon in question." The lines in the spectrum of Sirius, on the same plate, are made much too distinct, both absolutely and relatively to the other stars.

The practical spectroscopists will find here an exceedingly convenient repertory of facts. Kirchhoff's chart of the solar spectrum, with the extension of Angström and Thalén, is very beautifully reproduced in miniature. Huggins's maps of the metal lines are given in a form far more convenient for use at the spectroscope than the two folding sheets in a huge quarto in which alone they have hitherto been published. The numerical tables in full accompany both sets of maps. It is much to be regretted that Dr. Gibbs's important tables for the comparison of Kirchhoff's, Huggins's, and the Normal scales have not been given. We should also have been glad to have Thalén's metallic spectra. At the end of the book there is a "List of Memoirs, etc., upon Spectrum Analysis." This is certainly valuable, and appears to be full. We observe, however, the omission of Stokes's paper upon the absorption-bands as a reagent, and also of Secchi's catalogue of the spectra of the stars. As the work contains little about the spectra of particular celestial objects, the last-named paper might well have been translated and inserted in full, with notes.

Professor Roscoe's book may truly be said to be popular and scientific at the same time. And we call it scientific, not only because it is a thorough account of the facts, but also because it contains long extracts from the original memoirs of the serious workers in this branch of science. There is, doubtless, a vast difference between that knowledge of scientific research which comes of actual practice and that which recommends this book to general readers. No one need be scared by a fear that it is mathematical, for everything which borders upon that subject is omitted. There is nothing about the angles of prisms, the theory of exchanges, or the theory of the displacement of lines owing to the motion of the source of light.

RECENT REPUBLICATIONS.

We have already on several occasions spoken of Mrs. Austin's novel of "Cipher," as it appeared in the *Galaxy*, and have been able to speak well of it, as being cleverer than most of the novel-writing of the magazinists, although deformed by improbabilities, or impossibilities, as well as by sensationalism and a general falseness to the real truth of human nature. We refer to it, now that it appears in book-form, chiefly for the sake of remarking upon an indifference in its publishers which has made them allow themselves to give us so ill-made a book. The plates of the magazine pages have been taken and used again, and, as a result, we have

* We have received permission from Prof. Winlock to state this singular fact, which has not been published before.

chapters beginning at all parts of the page, sometimes up just under the running title, sometimes half-way down the page, sometimes down at the bottom of it. The general effect is that of great slovenliness; and we are sorry to see a fashion which already is too widespread spreading any more widely.

One of the English papers has recently been proving by the simple process of writing out one of his most comical pieces in ordinary English that Mr. C. G. Leland is no humorist. We might thus prove, no doubt, that he is not a humorist of the highest class. It would not be possible, for instance, to take any one of Mr. Lowell's "Biglow Papers," and cause it to evaporate so entirely as Mr. Leland's seems to do under any such treatment as that to which the *Pall Mall Gazette* subjected "Hans Breitmann gife a barty." The residuum of wisdom or, at least, s und sense—a necessary ingredient in true humor; of pathos—a usual c ncomitant of it; and of wit—which is not a necessary ingredient, though it is perhaps a usual concomitant, at least in the case of great humorists—this residuum, when all the Yankeeisms of speech in Mr. Lowell's pieces had been boiled off, and when the curious bits of clerical pedantry of speech had been made to give place to Mill's English, say, in the writings of Parson Wilbur, and when the peculiar Yankee flavor of character had been taken out of the personality of Mr. Sawin and of Mr. Biglow,—this residuum of wit and sense and occasional pathos and wisdom would still leave the "Biglow Papers" a high place in literature, or, at any rate, would leave Mr. Lowell high in the esteem of the reader. But still, we should have lost one of the best parts of his work; we should have lost the vivid portraiture of those personages—types at once and unmistakable individuals—which is, to our mind, the great achievement of the "Biglow Papers" after all. It is more—as being more difficult and rare, and more delightful when done—to have created Hosea Biglow and Birdofredum Sawin, and the Pastor of the First Church in Jaalam, than it is to have put into the mouth of any one of them the sharpest and truest things that any of them has said. And no unimportant part in the making of them was rightly to employ the dialect—of speech and thought—which they severally used. Indeed, when this coloring is gone the person vanishes, and almost we have a book—good as you please, but a book—instead of having our old acquaintances before us. Now, Mr. Leland, who is not a man of genius, but only a man of susceptibility to the influences of genius, and who is not a man of force or depth of thought, and apparently not a man of much strength or delicacy of feeling, has yet had the good luck to study carefully and accurately a very amusing creature—our lager-beer drinking, simple, sentimental, misty, mildly intoxicated, good-natured, thumb-witted, yet shrewd and even cunning, imported fellow-citizen; and he has reproduced him with considerable exactness, though not with too great nicety, as he is, obviously, in his "bier-garten" and in his place among the "bummers," political and military. And, doing this, an artistic aid not to be slighted—indeed, eagerly and gladly to be sought—is certainly the language of the man—the dress of the inner man. It is almost purely a comic figure that Mr. Leland has depicted. Even the German sentiment—beery or not—is always apt to strike us as not particularly touching; and the philosophizing in this book is designedly as laughable as cheap parody can make it. Indeed, the book is very farcical in many places. Nevertheless, it is humorous; and that some of the humorous effect is produced by the use of a queer dialect is a thing not in itself a fault. Anyhow, you do not prove that it is not humorous at all when you show that the humor largely consists in the words; you only show that it is not humorous after the fashion of the best and most enduring humorists; though, from Aristophanes down, hardly one of these latter is to be found who has disdained to use the device condemned by the English reviewer.

It was last October that we reviewed Ludwig Bamberger's political biography of Count Bismarck, which, written in the fall of 1867, had appeared first in the *Revue Moderne* of February, 1868, and in book-form in June of the same year. In the following September the author superintended its translation into German, and added a supplementary chapter, together with one which should serve as a preface. The work, thus enlarged and slightly revised, has been rendered into English by Mr. Charles Lee Lewes, and comes to us in nearly the well-known Tauchnitz shape and typography (New York: B. Westermann & Co.) In reviewing his judgment of Bismarck, and the part played by him in the regeneration of Germany, Mr. Bamberger states that the lapse of twelve months and an intimate knowledge of affairs as member of the Customs Parliament, have only tended to confirm his original speculations. The prime minister remains for him the shifty aristocrat, wise enough to compromise with progress when it serves his ends, which are never those of personal ambition. "We continue to see the same pilot steering, now to the left, now as much, or even more, to the right, as winds and waves, or even his own fancy, may direct." What was his full plan in the attack upon Austria is settled by the letter of Count Usedom to General La Marmora, which the author reproduces with proper respect as official evidence, while showing that a just fear of interference on the part of France had early induced Bismarck to accustom his thoughts to the line of the Main as the immediate fruit of victory. The new preface treats of "Germany, France, and the Revolution," and contains an acute analysis of the causes which united Frenchmen of whatever party against the threatening aggrandizement of Prussia. As the most liberal and intelligent Frenchmen could not trust themselves even to converse with Germans at the time of the Luxemburg affair, this part of Mr. Bamberger's work is especially deserving of study, and enables us to recommend the whole as the best presentation of the character and political motives of Count Bismarck, the nature of the revolution achieved at Sadowa, and the grounds of misunderstanding and jealousy between the two great powers divided (in more senses than one) by the Rhine.

Under our general head, it will be proper to mention here such bound volumes of periodicals as Harper's *Bazar* (Vol. I., 1868), *Harper's Monthly* (Vols. XXXVI., XXXVII.), *Harper's Weekly* (Vol. XII.), and Messrs. Littell & Gay's *Living Age* (Vol. VIII. of the Fourth Series). The *Bazar*, far from being the trivial paper that one might hastily suppose, is an excellent one. Like all the periodicals which the Harpers publish, it is almost ideally well edited, and the class of readers for whom it is intended—the mothers and daughters in average families—cannot but profit by its good sense and good taste, which, we have no doubt, are to-day making very many homes happier than they may have been before the women began taking lessons in personal and household and social management from this good-natured mentor. Then, apart from its claims to feminine respect and liking, the more important part of humanity and creation may properly be much obliged to it for its services to the great cause of dressing well, and particularly for helping on the cause of dressing well at not too great an expense. No doubt, a certain appreciable percentage of the beauty which to-day makes American women the envy of the foreign feminine world, and a chief glory of our native land, is due to little hints that they get from the *Bazar*. Of the *Weekly* and the *Monthly* there is nothing that our readers need to be told.

The *Living Age*, too, as our readers know, we hold in esteem, as being, on the whole, the best of all our "eclectic" publications. It covers very well the field of English periodical literature, and reprints nothing—barring some of its stories and some of its poetry—that does not strike us as being worthy of the honor either in virtue of its value or its current interest.

From the Messrs. Harper we get also the second volume (C, D) of the "Biblical Dictionary" of Messrs. McClintock and Strong. Of the merits of this dictionary we spoke at length, *apropos* of the appearance of the first volume, in the *Nation* of June 20, 1867, and we need only add, in noting the progress of the work, that it appears to be more carefully edited and more accurate in detail than when we last examined it. The American edition (Messrs. Hurd & Houghton) of "Smith's Dictionary of the Bible"—which we at that time compared with this work, though it does not cover the same field—continues to exhibit a remarkable ability and freedom from error; it has reached its nineteenth part, and is in the midst of the title *New Testament*. Mr. Zell's Cyclopædia closes with *Batrachus* Part Sixth of its monthly issues. Finally, one may now obtain the "American Annual Cyclopædia" for 1868 of the Messrs. Appleton—a work assuredly not edited with the learning or precision of the general cyclopædia which it in a manner continues, but nevertheless a useful compilation for many purposes, and as yet without any to compete or compare with it.

The Sacristan's Household: A Story of Lippe-Detmold. By the author of "Mabel's Progress," "Aunt Margaret's Trouble," etc. With illustrations by C. G. Bush. (New York: Harper & Brothers. 1869.)—What with the translations of German novels, and the novels which, though written by English people, have their scenes laid in Germany, readers of fiction seem in a fair way to become as wise in the matter of German manners and habits and traits of character as they may be presumed to be already in the details of English domestic life, the trials of governesses, the secret disquietude of clergymen, troubled either by growing unbelief or an irresistible inclination toward candles and auricular confession, and such other suggestive topics as have for so long supplied the novelist's staple. To tell truth, we find the change of scenes and topics an agreeable one, as we suppose most readers with ordinarily good memories do. The old

themes have been handled so often by indifferently good workmen as well as by masters, and seem so inevitably to entail the same incidents and the same stock characters, that we fancy that the only people, of discreet years, who have for a long time been able to get any sensation of pleasure or novelty from the ordinary English novel have been people blessed with the faculty of forgetting a book as soon as they finish reading it. Fortunately for the happiness of confirmed novel-readers, that is a faculty soon acquired in their case.

In these German stories, however, there is always a certain freshness, coming, in the case of translations from reputable authors, in great part from the kind of thought and speculation with which they are occupied; and in the case of studies of German life made by foreigners, from the novelty of the manners, the household customs, and the ways of looking at life which they describe, which generally makes them interesting reading. To our taste, one of the pleasantest of the latter class is the "Sacristan's Household." It is written with a great deal of grace and spirit, the love story is prettily told, the characters are sketched in cleverly, and the life of a little German village, with its homely heartiness, its petty economies, and its small punctilios, is described in a way that makes the reader understand how carefully the author has studied it, and how thoroughly she has enjoyed it. Then, too, there is no dull or irrelevant matter to be skipped; and although the characters are not specially remarkable for originality, nor analyzed with any great subtlety, they have a certain vigor and vitality, and are uniformly interesting. In its way, which is a very good one, though not the best, the book seems to us to be quite successful.

The Old Testament History. From the Creation to the Return of the Jews from Captivity. Edited by William Smith, LL.D., Classical Examiner of the University of London. (New York: Harper & Brothers. 1869.)—This history, of which Dr. William Smith calls himself the editor, not the author, is one of the many valuable compilations and abridgments which have made the name of that scholar a household word with every student of antiquity, in this country as well as in England. It is both an abridgment and a compilation, consisting of narratives abridged from the Bible, and accompanied by the necessary references and remarks of an explanatory character, and of appendices, notes, and illustrations—historical, geographical, and literary—drawn from the respective articles of the editor's "Dictionary of the Bible." Genealogical and chronological tables, tables of weights and measures, maps, and wood-cuts are added. Nor is a general index wanting.

It is hardly necessary to state that an "Old Testament History" is not meant to be an independent and critical history of the Hebrew people and its ancestors, from Adam to Ezra. But neither is the book before us—what we should naturally expect it to be—a faithful reproduction, in an abridged form and with the necessary explanations, of the narratives contained in the Hebrew Scriptures agreeably to the words and spirit of that Biblical collection alone. Reflecting throughout the semi-critical and orthodox Christian tenor of the "Dictionary of the Bible," it gives us the Hebrew stories in a form modified both by timid attempts at rationalistic conciliation with the results of modern science and criticism, and by additions, explanations, and theological views drawn from the New Testament or its expounders.

Thus—to give a few instances—instead of explaining the story of the temptation of Eve by the serpent as a more or less allegorical legend current among the Hebrews, and for some reason adopted by the author of Genesis, or else plainly reproducing it, according to the words of the original text, as an account sanctioned by inspiration, the erudite compiler presents us with a learned disquisition on the question whether "the serpent, prior to the fall, moved along in an erect attitude" or not—a disquisition including remarks on the structure of serpents in general, on the *saurophis tetradactylus*, the *chamæsaura anguina*, of South Africa, and the fossil ophidia; tells us that the serpent "was a well-known type of the chief of the fallen angels, the evil spirit . . . called Satan . . . and the devil;" that Eve fell into "the threefold sin of sensuality, pleasure, and ambition—'the lust of the flesh, the lust of the eyes, and the pride of life;'" that "the threefold appeal of the tempter to the infirmities of our nature may be traced also in the temptation of Christ, the second Adam;" that "the curse upon the serpent and the promise to the woman pointed clearly to a Redeemer who should be born of woman, and, by his own suffering, should destroy the power of the devil;" and, after some mention of similar traditions of Greek, Buddhist, and Chinese origin, asserts a belief in "the most literal truth" of the Hebrew narrative. The six days of creation are, of course, represented as periods of indefinite duration, and the difficulty created by the mention of evenings and mornings is removed by "the supposition that the work of creation was unfolded to Moses, in vision, as a series of pictorial scenes, divided by intervals of darkness;" so that "it may be safely said that modern discoveries are in no way opposed to the great outlines of the Mosaic cosmogony." We also learn that "the agent in creation was the *Son*, the *Word*." Concerning the one hundred and eighty-five thousand Assyrians of Sennacherib whom an angel of the Lord slew, "in one night," our history believes in the agency of a secondary cause employed to achieve the miraculous destruction; it cannot suppose that the angel stabbed them with his sword one by one; but it has no hesitation in believing that the 185,000 victims of that night "may have been suffocated by the hot wind of the desert, or . . . fallen by tens of thousands before 'the pestilence that walketh in darkness.'" Apparently in confirmation of the view that they perished by a wind—hot or pestilential—two lines from a well-known poem of Byron are quoted. But we remark that they are not quoted as they were written by the noble bard, who made "the might of the Gentile" melt away "in the glance"—and not "'at the blast'"—"of the Lord." This error—or voluntary substitution—is, of course, of trifling import, as the author of the "Hebrew Melodies" is not mistaken by many people for a weighty authority in matters of belief and exegesis.

There are, however, discoverable in this book inaccuracies which, though mostly unimportant, and certainly not surprising in a compilation, ought to have been more carefully guarded against in a publication concerning Biblical matters and edited by Dr. Smith. Some of those inaccuracies may be owing to imperfect revision, such as "*shema*" instead of "*shem*," as the Hebrew for "*name*;" and "multitude" instead of "mortal," as the translation of the name Enos. Others are slight oversights of the compiler; an instance of this kind is the placing of Nazareth and Capernaum, the names of which nowhere occur in the strictly Hebrew Scriptures, on the map of "The Holy Land divided among the Twelve Tribes." Less pardonable are the contradictory statements embodied in the "Map of the Distribution of the Human Race, according to the Tenth Chapter of Genesis," and the paragraphs explanatory of that chapter, to which the map is appended. The map shows Gomer in Cappadocia, and Tarshish in Cilicia, identifying the latter with Tarsus, while the text identifies Gomer with the Cimmerians, and Tarshish with Tartessus in Southern Spain.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Authors.—Titles.	*Publishers.—Prices.*	
Bastian (A.) and Hartmann (R.), Zeitschrift für Ethnologie, Nos. 1, 2	(L. W. Schmidt)	
Dorsey (Mrs. A. K.), Nora Brady's Vow, and Mona the Vestal: Tales, 1 vol.	(J. B. Lippincott & Co.)	$1 75
Fownes (Prof. G.), Manual of Elementary Chemistry, Am. ed.	(Henry C. Lea)	
Ocean to Ocean: a Guide-Book	(J. B. Lippincott & Co.)	0 50
Shelton Mackenzie (Mrs. A.), Married against Reason: a Tale, swd	(Loring)	0 50
Silber (W. B.), Elementary Grammar of the Latin Language	(A. S. Barnes & Co.)	
Smith (Dr. Wm.), Dictionary of the Bible, Am. ed., Part XIX., swd	(Hurd & Houghton)	0 75
Thackeray (W. M.), The Adventures of Philip	(Fields, Osgood & Co.)	1 25
Townsend (Miss V. F.), The Hollands: a Tale	(Loring)	1 50

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The Week.

WHEN the American General Jordan gets his force of six thousand picked men "in that condition of efficiency he wants it to be in, he will sweep down unexpectedly upon the many scattered detachments of the over-confident Spaniards, and is hopeful of capturing them in detail." But meantime we have only skirmishes of small importance. Each one illustrates the barbarity with which the Spanish race carries on war. Both Cubans and Spaniards reproduce the scenes of the old guerilla warfare against the French, and of the fighting of the Carlist troubles. Murdering cruelty worthy of pirates seems to have got thoroughly worked into the blood of the race, and volunteers and insurgents alike kill prisoners, as regularly as they catch them, with what seems a needless ferocity, which to an Anglo-Saxon is revolting. However savage he can be on occasion, when something or somebody is to be stamped out, and however brutal he may be in the treatment of his living enemy, that form of ferocity, which seems as if it must have something of essential cowardice in it, which leads one to put one's enemy to death after his offensive powers are gone, is not among the Anglo-Saxon's faults. But the American Spaniard does it from Mexico to Chili and Havana, and the European Spaniard has a bad reputation in the same respect. The Americans not long since captured near Santiago de Cuba were at once shot, and the commandant at that place could give no better account of himself to Admiral Hoff than that the volunteers forced him to execute the men, although he was unwilling—an answer which called forth a reprimand from Admiral Hoff, and ought to call forth a demand for the commandant's removal and disgrace, whatever may be the "custom of the country." Nothing more is heard of expeditions from this country, and the Junta seems to be entirely disbanded, which leaves out of employment a number of fine officers whose exploits strongly remind one of the achievements of the late military and fiscal departments of the Irish Republic. The men who were taken at Gardiner's Island have been released and sent away with good advice. Such of them as were sick (from eating unripe fruit on the island) were not sick at their departure; so we may as well believe that their stay at the American Bastile was not so full of hardship as it might have been. Mr. Charles S. Spencer, and our other friends of the Republican General Committee, who wanted General Barlow removed for his failure to let them manage his appointments for him, and who have been believing that they saw a favorable sign in the fact that it was the District Attorney who received the President's commission to see that the neutrality law was strictly enforced, will be grieved to see that the General is commissioned in like manner, and that as yet there are no indications that "our best workers" would have any "show" at the Marshal's office.

Dr. A. G. Mackey, of Charleston, we take to be the gentleman who, in the days when a great figure could be cut on a small capital of the right sort, made some figure here in the North as an original Union man, who, at the risk of his life, had preserved a Federal flag and remained true to the Union cause. He has been prominent in Charleston politics since the war, was made collector of the port in that city, and is understood to "swing the negro vote" in that region. Apparently, he is fighting Senator Sawyer, the leader of the Northern white Republicans, and Congressman Bowen; and these two have been too much for him in Washington, and have caused his official head to be cut off and his office to be given to a Mr. George W. Clark. Dr. Mackey stigmatizes Mr. Clark as a third-rate sutler; and when that gentleman forcibly effected an entrance into the collector's rooms, the doctor more than hinted that he did not believe him to be over and above honest. At all events, he avowed his intention of keeping the office himself till he had made an inventory of all the public property in his hands, and received a receipt. This looks business-like and proper, and it may have been so; but we do not profess great faith in the doctor, we may admit, and are inclined to think it would have taken him a good while to make his inventories. We are not believers in Mr. Clark, either, for that matter. The fact is, we suppose that both the one and the other of them are tolerable specimens of a class represented by men like Hunnicutt in Virginia, Bradley in Georgia, "Jack" Hamilton in Texas, and others, of whom there are dozens in every Southern State, and of whom all the good any one can say of them is that they were flaming Radicals once, and of whom the latest bad anybody living at a distance can say of many of them is that they have "sold out" their former friends with as little scruple as ever they showed in speech or action. However that may be, Clark and Mackey had a long wrangle, after which Mackey ordered Clark out of the room; Clark claimed to be the only lawful collector, and Mackey finally called in his boat's crew and used a certain amount of force to eject his successor—all to the credit of the party, and to the great honor of the system which grants offices of prominence to men like Bowen to be bestowed on men like Mackey—original Unionist though the one may be, and repentant rebel the other. We for our part freely forgive the Southerners all that percentage of the contempt that some of them feel for Northerners which has sprung from a knowledge of the practices of these gentry. And we are willing to wait in hope for the action in Virginia of the party which, under the lead of Mr. Walker, has got the better of the Wells party—the first victory of importance over as bad a plague as ever infested Southern politics.

Still these Mackeys and Clarks have some excuse for existing in honor and importance; or, rather, it is easy to see how their task of doing so is made comparatively easy for them. At a little place in Barnwell District, on the Georgia border, there has just occurred a display of partisan hatred and violence which will do something, we may be sure, to delay the day when the colored Radical majority in South Carolina shall feel disposed to loosen their hold on the white minority. The State has recently been divided into townships after the New England fashion, and an election took place last week for the office of township clerk at the place referred to. The Radical

candidate was a young white man, of good standing, very popular with the negroes—a Mr. Pickens Woodward; the Conservative candidate was a Mr. John Greene, who was defeated. The election took place at a cross-roads store, and after it was over Mr. Pickens Woodward and two of his brothers found themselves in company with Greene, his son, his son-in-law, and two men of the name of Tyler. One of the Tylers remarks that he doesn't blame the niggers for what they have done; but what he does blame are these damned white scalawags who consent to run on a nigger ticket. Upon this, A. P. Woodward says his brother ran on such a ticket, and demands that Tyler shall retract. Pickens Woodward, hearing this, steps into the group with his revolver drawn, and John Greene tries to knock the pistol out of his hand; hereupon he is shot dead by A. P. Woodward, and the same person, turning, shoots young Holland—Greene's son-in-law—who appeared to be on the point of interfering. The affair then becomes a *mêlée*, in which everybody is engaged, and in which, when the pistols are emptied, the knife is used till every man in the room is wounded, more or less seriously. Holland, lying on the floor, succeeds in getting out his pistol while the affray is going on, and shoots A. P. Woodward through the kidneys, inflicting a probably fatal wound, after which he himself dies. As usual, the comments of the press are rather worse than the atrocities commented on. All the parties, says the Augusta *Chronicle and Sentinel*, are "highly honorable and of undoubted social standing;" Mr. A. P. Woodward "is a man of good character, and a capital shot with a pistol."

From the rest of the South there is no better news than that the crops—corn, long-staple cotton and short-staple—are all doing well. The heat has been rather too great for corn, but cotton has weathered the caterpillar, we hear, and may be called safe, even in the Sea Islands, where the cotton-worm seemed to have become a regular resident, and where he had nearly abolished agriculture. This is particularly good news, because nearly all the South had invested heavily in fertilizers, and bad crops would have been not only a loss of money but a great discouragement to the Southern agriculturist—never too much disposed to adopt new methods—and would have discouraged still more the negro, who is a natural conservative in all things. In Texas, Hamilton, "the Andy Johnson of Texas," seems to have the better of his antagonists, who, however, will work hard, although talking Radical Republicanism to Texas negroes must be dangerous business. The ex-governor has been playing into the hands of the Conservatives for some time, and though his day will no doubt be short when once they have done with him, his new alliance is likely to give him a gubernatorial term. Louisiana seems to be perfectly quiet. In Mississippi, some of the Republicans propose to elect Judge Dent on a platform like that of the Virginia Conservative Republicans. Judge Dent being a relative of Grant's, there has, of course, been talk to the effect that it was by the President's favor that he is to be nominated and elected; but a very good authority—the best among the Washington correspondents, who tells what we have no doubt is the truth of the matter, and who has very good means of knowing it—says that Grant is averse to the scheme, which certainly did not originate with him and as to which he was not consulted. And, by the way, the talk about Grant's nepotism has for its principal value the fact that it shows on what slight things adverse criticism has to fasten. The *World* gave the other day a list of seven of Grant's relatives, besides Judge Dent, who hold office. But of these, as the *Times* points out, four hold appointments given them by President Johnson; and of the other three, one is an old appointee of Mr. Johnson's, and the other is not in office. It may well be, however, that there were not many applicants for places held by known connections of the Grant family, and that secretaries were not very forward to remove these. In the other Southern States there is hardly a ripple of news. Excitement seems to have risen high in Wilmington at a recent election, and threats were freely made, but nothing came of them. Virginia is still gratulating herself on the result of the late contest, and looking about for Senators—who are to be Virginians, it appears, and not Northerners of any kind—which we suppose is right enough; but what will Colonel Forney say to it?

The French Cable was landed at Duxbury on Friday, and has been found to be in good order in every part of the line. Its arrival at this quiet port, which has been in rather a decaying state of late, created less excitement than might have been anticipated; but with the aid of Boston, the event which is to give the place a new life was celebrated on Tuesday, in a fitting manner. The neighborhood of Plymouth, and another historical "landing," and even Daniel Webster and Marshfield, were duly remembered by those who spoke. Apparently, at least, Massachusetts is nearer the Old World than she was a few days since, and those good Bostonians who, when they die, go to Paris, have now a new consolation in living. The Cable has come in duty free, we see it announced, and, on the whole, cannot complain of its welcome. Reference to the bill reported in January by the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations, regulating the rates and privileges of ocean cables, which stipulates that there shall be absolute reciprocity between the governments connected by and using them, will make manifest the propriety of Secretary Fish's warning to the French company. The written assent which he is reported to have obtained to whatever conditions Congress may impose, corresponds to the provision of the bill which demands "a written acceptance of the terms and conditions" imposed by the act, before the Cable can be laid or established. Practically, the question of reciprocity, as between one Government and the other, may not arise before Congress meets and makes the bill a law; but, as we pointed out last week, we are dealing with a Government which consults nothing but its own pleasure in regard to telegraphic communication within and from its domain, and makes to its own citizens concessions which it denies to Americans.

It is of good omen to the Harvard men who are going to pull against Oxford that the not first-rate crew which they left behind them has beaten the best crew which Yale has turned out for years—has ever turned out, it would probably be better to say; but we believe it is treason to say anything against the pre-eminence of the "Wilbur Bacon crew." All the reporters seem to think so, at all events. This year's Yale crew was certainly an exceedingly good one—heavy, of good age, experienced in racing, sedulously trained, if not well trained, in good condition by all accounts, and with a confident hope of victory—which in itself is very much. But, as it happened, they drew the outside position, which if the competitors go up the course abreast necessitates a longer turn at the stake-boat, and they made a splashing start, while the Harvard crew made a clean one, and were rowing with good style from the word "go." The innovation of keeping the men waiting some seconds between the order to make ready and the order to start, seems to have had the effect of flurrying them, probably dividing their attention between the oars, which should have had it all, and the judge's voice. As it turned out, Yale could not afford either of these disadvantages. Less was known of the Harvard crew than of their opponents, and less is known now, for they seem to have been somewhat reserved in their conversations with correspondents. But evidently they are a very good crew indeed; their time—18 m. 2 s.—has never but once been beaten on the Lake, and five years ago would have seemed fabulous. It is the opinion of experts that the stroke is the one point in which the Yale men were not superior to their antagonists, the latter feathering low, pulling quickly through the water, with a "kick at the stretcher," or foot-board, at the finish, and with a long reach forward, but only a little bending back. Yale feathers higher, pulls about six fewer strokes to the minute, and bends further back. This is the style of the Wards, and is probably better for heavier men and heavier boats than the colleges use. Main strength has played a greater part in the Wards' races than it ever has in those of the collegians; and, anyhow, it would be better, we fancy, for Yale to discard professionals altogether and throw herself, as Harvard does, on a body of boating tradition, no link of which is ever broken, and which is always increasing. There were no Junior or Sophomore crews on either side, we are sorry to see; but the Yale Freshmen, to whom we wish better luck next time, were, like their elders and betters, defeated by Harvard, who certainly gives promise of beating Oxford if anybody in England takes the trouble to see that the American four

gets what we should give an English four who should come here—namely, a clear course. We see, by the way, that the trainer of the Yale crew was allowed to row near them on the home-stretch and speak to them—an example which is not to be followed, it is to be hoped, as being confusing to spectators, to say no more of it. By-and-by, however, the practice would become a fruitful parent of fouls.

What everybody that knows anything about prison discipline has been predicting for years has now come to pass, and the prison at Sing Sing is in a condition of almost complete disorganization. Disobedience, rioting, escapes, and occasional murders on the part of the convicts; inefficiency, alternating with cruelty, on the part of the officers, are the order of the day. This state of affairs is the result of making the prison a political institution, so far as regards its officers; and then letting officers and contractors together, from inspectors down to the favored convicts who keep the books for contractors, make all the money they can out of the State and out of the prisoners. Cruelty, inefficiency, and greedy money-making together have so mismanaged the prison that the rascality of the Democracy in this city is really no more a shame to the citizens than the rascality of the officials who have had Sing Sing in charge has been a shame to the Republican party, which has largely had the appointment of them. It is a pity that the Prison Association, incorporated some twenty-odd years ago, and whose charter empowers it to take evidence and to make thorough inspection, does not publish its testimony in some better form than the bulky volume which at present it has chosen. The appendix to the last report, containing the evidence given before them by Mr. Locke, ought to be in the hands of every voter. Mr. Solomon Kohnstamm, the bounty swindler—whom, by the way, Mr. Johnson pardoned out because his health could not bear confinement—sitting comfortably with his wife in a nicely furnished room, with a closet full of cigars and brandy by his side, and shelves of boxes around him full of little articles of merchandise which he can dispose of to convicts and officers at a small profit, is a figure which it would be of service to the best interests of the prison to have generally known. So is the figure of the convict who, if they will get him a pardon, offers to show two prison officials where they can dig up some stolen bonds, for the return of which a reward of five thousand dollars is offered; and who is taken over to Connecticut by them one night, and does not find the money because they have not got the pardon, but who consents to go again with them on their really getting it and showing it to him. So is the figure of the keeper who was discharged for refusing to falsify the books, and who was told he could have his place again by paying one hundred dollars to a certain inspector. The whole place is a dark place of the earth, and full of the habitations of cruelty—a place for demoralizing criminals.

Mr. Mill's assertion of a widespread discontent with their legal condition among intelligent women has been confirmed, almost upon the appearance of his book, by the petition presented last Thursday in the House of Commons by Sir Charles W. Dilke. It was signed by 25,000 women, and asked for the franchise. The force of it is to be measured not by the number of signatures, but by its relation to the movement as a whole in England, where was witnessed last year a resolute though unsuccessful effort to obtain suffrage through the courts, under the auspices of a "National Society for Women's Suffrage," which issued instructions and blank forms to intending claimants. In Paris, a few days before, a meeting took place, which, perhaps, will not prove barren of results, as surely it should not. The editors of a newspaper, *Droit des Femmes*, gathered some sixty kindred spirits, none notable, together, and after speech-making by both the men and the women, a programme was read and distributed for adhesion. The substance of its claims for women is "civil rights," or a legal existence, and we presume it does not ask the suffrage. The Code Napoléon offers steady work for some time to come, and it will be long before suffrage can be made the logical order of the day. But it is not found that the successes of reform always wait for the logical sequence.

The conflict between Lords and Commons has ended in a compromise involving no substantial sacrifice on the part of the latter. The test vote on the preamble, after the Irish Church Bill came back from the House, produced a pause, which was taken advantage of for a conference between Earl Granville and Lord Cairns, with the effect of bringing about an understanding that saved the bill. The date of disestablishment was retained at 1871, and while the words of the preamble relating to the distribution of the surplus were struck out, the Government plan of distribution remained, modified only by the requirement of distinct and separate sanction from Parliament at every step. In short, the principles of the bill have achieved a complete triumph, and the threatened crisis been indefinitely postponed. The indisposition of the Lords to better themselves by making fresh accessions to their body, which was shown by their rejecting the Life Peerage Bill, even against the support of it by so eminent a Tory as Lord Salisbury, has been regarded with complacency by that wing of the Liberal party which has no desire to stave off the ultimate abolition of the Upper Chamber. For their purposes, the greater the stupidity, obstinacy, and indifference of the Lords to public business, the better. On Monday, the bill consigning the telegraphs to Government control, under the auspices of the Post-office, passed in committee by an emphatic majority. The monopoly is to be permanent; and for those to whom this word is odious in any connection, the *Economist* suggests that as between the Government and any private monopoly, to which the tendency is inevitable, it is wisest to choose the responsible and controllable one, and not opposed to the general interest. The collection and distribution of Cable messages will be one of the new duties of the Post-office.

In France, the expected senatus-consultum has been prepared by the Ministerial Council and submitted to the Emperor; but, whatever may prove to be its nature, it is a programme to which the Liberals do not look forward with eagerness. Their outraged feelings are far from quieted, and their unrest is increased by a want of perfect agreement among themselves. Their meeting to protest against the prorogation has had no other effect than to show, what has been more than once demonstrated, the unfitness of M. Thiers to be their leader or to share the progressive ideas of modern Europe. Silence, the policy advocated by Jules Favre, alone appears practicable until their tongues are loosed again in October. Across the border, in Spain—or, rather, at the border—the Carlist disturbances have been renewed with so much energy that martial law has been proclaimed from Madrid; and several engagements, in some of which the Carlists attacked the town garrisons, have taken place. The reports are unfavorable to the insurgents, who are said to be instigated by Don Carlos in person. Other Continental news is of no great consequence, unless Bismarck's temporary retirement from office, on account of his health, be an exception. Some recent talk of his with a *Herald* correspondent has been published, and shows a ruffled temper towards the late Parliament, and a certain contempt for its capacity to grasp the necessities of the country and the times. He would appear to anticipate some difficulties for them in managing without him, and in order that they may have the chance he has vacated for a time the head of the Ministry. In Bavaria, the fruit of Mr. Bancroft's urgency last fall is beginning to be realized, and the corollary of free expatriation—the abolition of penalties attaching to that act—is now contemplated. Negotiations have been had with the Bavarian Consul at Chicago, by which the Ministry and leading members of the Diet have pledged their support to a bill legalizing in all respects marriages contracted by Bavarians in this country without the previous consent of the home government. The right of citizenship alone is not to be immediately conceded to the wife if an alien; but she ceases to be in the eye of the law merely her husband's mistress, and her children become legitimate, while both may inherit property bequeathed to him, as they could not do heretofore. This legislation is a very proper accompaniment of the late Liberal development in Bavaria, and of Prince Hohenlohe's attitude towards the Œcumenical Council.

SHALL THE REPUBLICAN COMMITTEES OF NEW YORK CITY UNITE?

THE Republican politicians of this State have for some years past been greatly interested in various attempts to reorganize the party in this city. It has been reorganized several times, without being much improved or enlarged by the process; but as there are now two separate "Republican General Committees" in the city, efforts have been frequently made to unite them, and to organize afresh. We do not suppose that these movements have very profoundly stirred the public mind; but as they have attracted some attention, and are certainly interesting to active politicians, a brief exposition of the case may afford instruction to enquiring minds.

The Republican organization, like all other party organizations, tended from an early day to become corrupt. Although the party was always a small minority in the city, it has never, since its formation in 1854, been entirely without power in the State, and has for most of the time had as many offices at its disposal, even in this city, as the Democratic party has had. A party out of power may be honest; but a party in power never can be—at any rate, in this vicinity. When the Republicans swept the North in 1860, and the Custom-house and Navy Yard passed into their charge, the rush of spoilsmen into the local committees drove out what little decency and honesty had continued in them. And here begins our story.

The Republican management in this city is confided to a General Committee, consisting originally of five members from each ward, but now, we believe, of five from each Assembly district. In several of these districts the number of Republican voters is less than 500, and the number of these who have attended primary elections has, of course, been very much smaller—say from ten to fifty. Naturally enough, a still smaller knot of men have found great advantage to themselves in maintaining a residence in these districts, and electing themselves delegates to the various committees and conventions, where their votes were just as valuable as if they had come from St. Lawrence or Chautauqua; and they have managed their votes with such discretion as to have impressed the dispensers of patronage with the conviction that their services would be highly useful to the State. Thus it has come to pass that some dozens of these patriots, each controlling from three to seven votes, have secured snug berths in the Custom-house, Navy Yard, or Internal Revenue offices. The head-centre of the undaunted Republicans of the Sixth Ward (whose vote ranges from 150 to 350, though, under tremendous pressure, it has reached 400) has been for many years a harbor-master, making $10,000 a year himself, and distributing offices among the faithful twenty or so who rallied at his call to the primary meeting. Indeed, so fat were his pickings that a rebellion broke out against him among his neighbors, and the Republican Association of the Sixth Ward actually split asunder. For a year or so two rival associations were maintained in this ward, each with a full complement of officers and delegates, although there never were one hundred Republicans who attended its primary elections—if, indeed, there were fifty. The reader will please pause and reflect upon the stern integrity with which the twenty-five O'Dwyers rallied to the rescue of the Republican organization from the insidious frauds of the twenty O'Brennans, who, though actually in a clear minority of five, had regularly and unblushingly counted themselves in by a majority of six. After the reader has sufficiently meditated on this example, he will perhaps be prepared to learn that this controversy, which shook the party to its foundations, and at one time threatened it with destruction, was happily compromised, with honor to both sides. The great Brennan retained his harbor-mastership, but the leader of the O'Dwyers was made an Internal Revenue assessor, in which position he has well feathered his own nest, without quite neglecting the young eagles of war who followed him in his darker days.

Such heroic souls are plenty within the limits of this municipality. There is the lawyer, whom some call "shyster," who by managing one ward—which gives only 3,500 Democratic majority every time it votes—has made himself a register in bankruptcy, in which position he is ready and anxious to take any little tribute of esteem, from a house down to an old coat; the red-faced rough, who, representing at the utmost a hundred nominal Republicans, has pushed forward until he has obtained a place where the life of the Republican party is at his mercy; the sleek official who took up $80,000 to buy the nomination of his patron for the highest office in the gift of the State, and rent the heavens with his cries against corruption when he found that his candidate was beaten; these, and many more, whem we must not stay to describe, are the offspring of the small and select constituencies which have long held the balance of power in the General Committee of this city.

But, taking a more general view of this choice institution, now grievously rent by divisions, what does the reader suppose he will see in the hall of a Republican General Committee? Stand at the polls and watch the men who vote the Republican ticket in this city. Nine out of ten, at the very least, are respectably dressed, clean-faced, intelligent men; not two in ten bear the slightest trace of liquor in their faces; not one in fifty looks as if he had ever been actually drunk; not one in a hundred looks like a "fighting man." Now go to the first meeting of the Republican General Committee. Behold a shouting, smoking, hard-drinking, swearing, riotous mob of men, two-thirds of whom are red-faced, blear-eyed, dirty, obscene, shoulder-hitting wretches, who look like a cross between bar-keepers and prize-fighters. How, in the name of decency, did they get there? The answer is simple. In the few districts where respectable men have a majority at the primary elections, they make up their tickets with an allowance of two-fifths to the roughs from motives of policy. In the rest of the districts, the delegations are made up of one scoundrel in a good coat and clean shirt, and four scoundrels not so bad inside as he, but having an external appearance more in keeping with their nature. Thus it comes about that, no matter what faction may be uppermost, the roughs are always in a majority.

From 1860 to 1866, this process went on without interruption. Mr. Weed having the ear of the President, the faces of the office-holders were turned toward him, and his word was law in the General Committee. Our picture fails to do justice to the character of the institution during most of that period. The processes of election had become thoroughly corrupted, and fraud in the choice of the delegates was the rule and not the exception. The meetings being held in Twenty-third Street, the Committee was familiarly known as the "Twenty-third Street Gang." In 1866, Mr. Weed broke, finally, with the Republican party. The State Convention being appealed to, and assured that the organization in this city was in the hands of Mr. Weed's devoted friends, ordered a new registration and election, which was carried out—the Weed men generally abstaining from taking any part, and refusing to recognize the new committee. The old rooms being leased by one or two individuals, who adhered to Messrs. Johnson, Seward, and Weed, the new committee was obliged to hire new rooms. A minority of the old committee met at the old quarters, shut out all anti-Weed men, and expelled them from the committee by a unanimous vote, after which they ratified the nomination of Mr. Hoffman for governor. But Mr. Hoffman was defeated, and the author of "My Policy" was repudiated on all sides. The old committee-men found that they had made a deplorable blunder. The Tenure-of-Office law removed all scales from their eyes, and they threw themselves at the feet of their lately despised foes, imploring reunion. But they had lost their hold on the party machinery; and the anti-Weed men, who had rushed in when the others deserted, found the taste of power sweet, and would by no means let it go. For more than two years, the groans of the superseded Weedites have failed to move the hearts of the triumphant Fentonians.

One of the self-appointed leaders of the faction in power is a character worth describing, inasmuch as he has been a chief spokesman of that wing of the party, and a most zealous opponent of reunion. He is a noted "Tombs lawyer;" not absolutely the very worst of his class; we do not award him precedence over two or three other members of the New York bar. But still he is capable of much. In power of speech-making generally, in obscenity particularly, in that horrible profanity which surpasses all others—in using which a man about as capable of conceiving of religious sentiment as a hyena uses the holiest and most feeling terms of religion—our Republican leader is "equalled by few and excelled by none." His description of his escape from his house during

the riots of 1863, delivered in a State Convention two years ago, is worth reproduction for the audacity with which it affects piety: "Then, sir, in the dead of night—driven from my house by a blood-thirsty mob bent on my life, for no crime but that of having loved humanity and struggled for universal freedom—I fled for safety, leaving all my cherished household goods to the mercy of the mob, and clasping under one arm my innocent babe, and under the other my sainted father's old family Bible!" He always winds up his speeches, on any triumphant occasion, with a touch of Scripture, and gives out the Doxology at the close of meetings on election nights. And the people sing it! Two thousand people, most of them moral if not positively religious men, and many of them pious women, actually accept the lead of this gentleman—seem to be, nay, are, moved by his piety, and follow him in "Old Hundred" with a will. We read the biennial account of this incident with a profound sense of our want of language to do justice to the subject. The Devil sprinkling holy water is nothing to it.

The great question that is now supposed to be agitating the Republican party in this vicinity is whether these rival committees shall be consolidated. The intelligent reader may by this time go near to suspect our opinion of the magnitude of this problem. It belongs to a class of questions which, we should say, do not wring the mind with anguish very much if it attempts to grasp them. Shall all of the Honorable John Morrissey's places of entertainment be united in one? Shall all the pretty waiter-girls keep one hotel? Shall Mr. McCoole and Mr. O'Baldwin, the Irish Giant, go into partnership? Shall Reddy the Blacksmith unite his fortunes with the gentlemen in court who were so excessively astonished at his disappearance? Shall the burglars consolidate with the pickpockets? These are questions that will doubtless agitate the country when it takes them into consideration; and equally momentous to the interests of the Republican party and the human race is the question, Shall the two New York General Committees unite?

ILLUSTRATIONS OF OUR PUBLIC SERVICE.

Since the publication of our recent article on "The Wages in the Public Service," some facts connected with that article and the public service have been laid before us which will be instructive if known.

The Comptroller of the Treasury, it will not be to his discredit to say, is a gentleman of moderate means and blessed with that somewhat old-fashioned blessing, a patriarchal family. For these reasons, and on account of the smallness of his salary, it is no secret that he has wanted to resign for some years, but has been induced to remain in office by the promises of committees and members of Congress. At the last session his salary was raised to $5,000, but till then—promises to the contrary notwithstanding—it obstinately stuck fast at $3,500. When the first (supposed) test cases under the "20 per cent. resolution" were awaiting the decision of the Court of Claims, a certain person appeared before the Comptroller to know, if these five test cases should be decided favorably by the Court, would he, the Comptroller, consent to countersign the warrants for all the rest of them? for, if he would, this person would immediately buy them all up, and divide the profits with the Comptroller, or with the Comptroller's wife, or with his eldest son, or with his brother or his brother-in-law, or anybody he might choose to name.

Now the Comptroller was the only officer of the Government who had raised an objection to the payment of these claims, and he was the last officer whose consent was necessary. They numbered over 2,200, and amounted (by a rough estimate) to upward of $600,000. The Comptroller was not asked to stretch the law, nor to rob the Treasury. He was merely to say that he would follow the decision of the proper Court when it came, and at most divert a small percentage of the money not justly due to these claimants to himself, who had been most unjustly dealt with by Congress. Very plausible reasoning. Is there one man in a thousand, smarting under a sense of Congressional wrong, harassed by the pinchings of family economy, who would not have struck out, partly from revenge, "which is a sort of wild justice," partly from want, and done this thing?

And if it had been done, no scandal would have come of it; nothing would have been said; nothing would have been done. The supposed test cases *were* decided in favor of the claimants; the Comptroller *was* overruled by the Court in regard to them. Subsequently, they turned out to be no test cases at all, but nobody knew the distinction then. The Comptroller might prettily have said that he but obeyed the law as laid down by the proper tribunal; he might have ceased to be obstinate, and gracefully yielded; and it would have been rather "chivalrous" to have been amiably overruled by the Court of Claims. Finally, he would have made "a good thing out of it." The taxpayers of the country would have had $600,000 and more of their money paid away to people to whom they didn't owe a farthing; but then they would have saved $1,500 a year on one official's salary. As for the Thirty-ninth Congress, which passed this "20 per cent. resolution," it was dead and gone and forgotten, and no one would have wasted a kick on it. The only odium that would have fallen on anybody would have gone to the unfortunate Court of Claims for daring to decide the five little supposed test cases according to law, and paying no regard to the large outlay behind them. The Congressional lobby, and those members of Congress who somehow are ever innocently co-operating with the lobby, would then have had plenty to say about the folly of keeping a court to make decisions according to law against the Government, when they and their committees stand ready to do it for nothing. And, above all other advantages, the Comptroller would have learnt the lesson of making money—not out of the Government, of course; but, somehow or other, out of his office; and, having learnt the true value of his office, it would then be necessary for him to pay something to keep it—to subscribe to political loyal leagues—to travel round the country attending to his duties of making blatherskite harangues and of proving himself sound on the main question.

And now, another word or two in regard to a case recently stated in these columns: The letter of Mr. Jackson, informing us that his reappointment is not a sham and cheat, made for the cruel purpose of getting him to educate his successor, relieves the Treasury Department of an unfounded charge and relieves the subject of a side-issue. We doubly regret that the charge ever found its way into the *Nation*, because, in the first place, it was an unintended injustice to the Secretary; and, in the second place, because side-issues always distract the eyes of the jury from the main one, which alone is what we need care about. The main issue in this case is not disproved, is not denied—is, indeed, confessed; and it will do no harm, but good, to press it home.

That issue is this: A citizen of this country, having respectability, health, and a well-acquired professional position, abandons his business and his family from patriotic motives at the beginning of the rebellion and serves manfully through the war. Toward the end of the struggle, four years of unusual hardship and exposure in the miasmatic districts of the Carolinas break down an iron constitution, and the soldier is carried to a military hospital. The malarial fever goes to the brain; for weeks he is delirious, and, months after hostilities have ceased, he is discharged from the hospital and the service insane. His mind, however, is restored in time, but his physical health is impaired and his nervous system shattered. Physicians testify that he cannot return to his practice of the law; that he cannot enter into any active pursuit; but that he must, nevertheless, be kept occupied by some regular employment, free from much responsibility or care. A clerkship in the public service fulfils the precise terms of the physicians' prescription—without it, a gloomy insanity may return; with it, he may earn a meagre subsistence for his family. On these facts, Secretary McCulloch, to his honor, appoints him to an inferior clerkship in the Treasury; on these facts, Secretary Boutwell, to his shame, turns him out.

When the Secretary of the Treasury of the United States—by nature a patriotic, just, kind-hearted man—has accomplished this work (under a military President, too) of driving the broken soldier from the public service, eminent gentlemen in New York write to friends in Washington to "see the Secretary about it;" Mr. George Stuart, of Philadelphia, whose name is a guarantee of what is honest and good, writes to another Secretary, and ministers are called out of

the pulpit and judges away from the bench to run about among different members of the Cabinet, and much priceless public time is spent over one little second-class clerkship, in getting this cruel wrong righted.

It was righted. But it was *committed!* And the men who righted it are not the officials who committed it. They are private citizens, who were compelled to take time which belonged to themselves or to philanthropic works, and to go or send to the seat of government, and beg, and push, and importune, as they would not have done to serve themselves, in order that what it was a disgrace to their country and a shame to their party to do might be undone. The heart and judgment of the Secretary doubtless co-operated with these gentlemen, but he was still the slave of a vile system, and in that slavery he had done this injustice. And we doubt whether human ingenuity could frame a worse charge against the system and against the Secretary than this case discloses—of a public servant ruthlessly robbed of what was to him both subsistence and reason, yet who was so capable that his immediate superiors said they did not know how they could dispense with his services, and who at the same time presented such a sad and honorable record of a soldier's sufferings and sacrifice.

It is the honest effort to overthrow such a system which our "men inside politics" term "chimerical" and "theoretical" and "visionary," and "aristocratic."

THE CASE OF COLONEL YERGER.

THE facts of Yerger's case, as developed in the trial, disclose not a single mitigating feature. The murder was most brutal in manner, was deliberate and unprovoked. The very enormity of the deed has suggested the only possible defence—that of insanity. If the culprit be insane, his mania is of such a character as to demand his close confinement in the most secure ward of a mad-house. If he is sane, and we have seen no evidence that he is not, hardly the most sentimental opponent of capital punishment will object to his execution. But the case presents a legal and constitutional question second in importance to none which has ever come before the Supreme Court—a question which involves on the one hand the extent and compulsive force of those restraints established by the Bill of Rights as a protection for the civil liberty of the individual, and on the other hand the power of the General Government, and particularly of Congress, to ignore and destroy these time-honored provisions. This question must be met. It will not do to shut our eyes to the consequences because the offender in this particular case is confessedly worthy of punishment.

The circumstances are few, and admit of no denial. Immediately after the murder, Yerger was arrested, and has been detained by military order, and has been tried by a military commission, although there are State tribunals in Mississippi as well as the United States District and Circuit Courts. This was done by virtue of a provision of the Reconstruction statutes which requires the military district commander to punish or cause to be punished all criminals; "and to this end he may allow local civil tribunals to take jurisdiction of and try offenders, or, when in his judgment it may be necessary for the trial of offenders, he shall have power to organize military commissions or tribunals for that purpose." The prisoner has lately applied to Chief-Justice Chase, at Washington, for a writ of habeas corpus; and the motion was elaborately argued, both upon technical points and upon the merits. The Attorney-General, on behalf of the United States, raised a preliminary objection, which was probably considered fatal to that application. This objection was founded upon the peculiar organization and restricted powers of the Supreme Court, and was, in substance, that the Chief-Justice sitting alone has no jurisdiction over matters arising outside of his own circuit. Such a position could never have been taken in reference to a judge of one of the superior courts in England; but because our supreme national tribunal and its members have no inherent common-law powers, but derive all their jurisdiction from statutes, we are decidedly of the opinion that Attorney-General Hoar's point was unanswerable. At all events, the application to the Chief-Justice has been withdrawn, a stay of proceedings has been promised on the part of the President, and the matter will be brought up anew on the merits before the entire Court at its next session. We may then expect that the question will be presented in the most solemn form, be discussed in the most exhaustive manner, and decided finally and irrevocably. As the subject is of vital importance to us as American citizens, the whole issue being public rather than private, we will briefly examine the merits of the controversy, and indicate what in our opinion the decision should be.

At the outset, it must be carefully observed that the validity of the Reconstruction measures as a whole is not now impugned; the status of the Southern States and the power of Congress over them are not now necessarily involved. The statutes passed by the national legislature, taken together, form a symmetrical scheme for reorganizing the lately insurgent societies and restoring them to their normal position in the nation. Whether this scheme in its unity is in accordance with the theory of the Constitution, whether Congress had any power to interfere, or whether it has exercised that power in a lawful manner, are questions of great political import, but they will never be examined by the courts. Political results have been reached which can never be disturbed by the judiciary. But the particular provision, that offenders of all classes may be tried and punished by military commissions, was not essential to the integrity of the scheme nor to its complete success. This clause might be struck out, might be declared a nullity, and still the process of reconstruction go on to the desired end. But it is this very provision, interfering with the private rather than political rights of the citizen, which furnishes occasions for the interposition of the judiciary, and which has given rise to the present controversy. Should the military be deprived of their judicial authority over civilians, the only result would be that the civil courts, local or national, would be at once restored to their complete functions, as in all the organized States and Territories. We may then limit the discussion to a single issue. Is the provision in the Reconstruction acts permitting the trial of civilian offenders by military tribunals valid? has Congress transgressed the limits of its authority in adopting this measure?

We need not now stop to examine the status of the revolted districts. They may have been left as States with all their rights and duties under the Constitution; or they may have lost all of their original character and been reduced to the condition of Territories; or they may be mere conquered provinces, the acquisitions of a successful war. We will assume, for the purposes of our argument, that they are to all intents Territories, as completely under the legislative authority of Congress as are the District of Columbia or any of the Western Territories which were purchased by peaceful cession or wrested by force from Mexico. This assumption grants all that the most determined supporter of the Congressional policy can ask—concedes enough to satisfy the disciples of Mr. Sumner or the late Mr. Stevens. But what are the powers of Congress over the Territories and the District of Columbia? Are they unlimited? Certainly not. While legislation may be directed to all possible objects, the choice of means and measures by which these objects can be attained is plainly curtailed. Thus, provision may be made for the trial and punishment of all criminals within the Territories and the District of Columbia, but not for their trial and punishment in any possible manner. In respect to these portions of the United States, the Congress possesses all the attributes which belong to it as the legislature of the nation, together with those which belong to the legislatures of the several States. But in all of its acts, whether directed to that portion of the entire domain which is organized into States or to that portion which is left in the inchoate condition of Territories, it is restrained by the provisions of the Bill of Rights: "No person shall be deprived of life, liberty, or property, without due process of law." "No person shall be held to answer for a capital or otherwise infamous crime, unless on a presentment or indictment of a grand jury, except in cases arising in the land or naval forces, or in the militia when in actual service." "In all criminal prosecutions the accused shall enjoy the right to a speedy and public trial by an impartial jury." Such are some of the muniments of civil liberty provided by the Constitution. These clauses are mandatory; they require no statute to make them effective; any statute, or part of statute, which conflicts with their prohibitions is a nullity. This is conceded on all hands to be true when the law operates

within an organized State; it is no less true when the law operates within a Territory, or anywhere within domains belonging to the United States. The latter doctrine was expressly affirmed in the Dred Scott case; and however much we may dislike that celebrated judgment in its application to slavery, it is certainly a binding authority and sound law to the extent we have indicated. The inhabitants of the Territories and of the District of Columbia are citizens of the United States, and as such are entitled to all the immunities which the organic law provides. If it were considered necessary to surround the Congress with a cordon of positive prohibitions in respect to its legislation for the States, where its power is confined within narrow bounds, much more are these prohibitions necessary in respect to its legislation for Territories, where its power is otherwise unlimited. It would be monstrous to assume that the Government may deprive a citizen of life or liberty without due process of law, and without a regular judicial trial, in a Territory where its legislative attributes are supreme, and is only forbidden to do so in New York, where the individual is under the protection of a local judiciary. These seem to us unanswerable conclusions.

Are there, however, any exceptions? Are there any occasions when these clauses of the Bill of Rights may be disregarded and Congress be left unrestrained? It is well known that an affirmative answer has been given—based, as it is claimed, upon the overwhelming necessities of war. Fortunately, the Supreme Court has determined the exact extent to which this claim can be admitted. We refer of course to the case of Milligan, the facts of which arose during the agony of the rebellion. Milligan was engaged in a widespread conspiracy, intended to aid the rebels and thwart the military designs of the Government. He was a citizen of Indiana, was there arrested, tried by a military commission, and imprisoned by its order. An application for his discharge was brought before the Supreme Court, and all the proceedings against him were declared null and void. A majority of the judges held that the restrictive clauses of the Bill of Rights applied to him, and that military trials of civilians can only be resorted to during an internal war, at the very scene of hostilities, where armies are collected and opposed, and all civil administration is thereby for a while suspended. In such an exceptional case, in order to preserve society and punish the guilty, an appeal to the summary processes of the soldier is inevitable. Mr. Justice Davis, speaking in the name of the Court, said: "If in a foreign invasion or civil war the courts are actually closed, and it is impossible to administer criminal justice according to law, then on the theatre of active military operations, where war really prevails, there is a necessity to furnish a substitute for the civil authority thus overthrown, in order to preserve the safety of society; and as no power is left but the military, it is allowed to govern by martial rule until the laws can have their free course. As necessity creates the rule, so it limits its duration; for if this government is continued after the courts are reinstated, it is a gross usurpation of power. Martial rule is also confined to *the locality of actual war*." The dissenting judges did not differ from the majority in respect to the controlling principle of this decision; they simply denied that the necessity need be as stringent as was demanded by the opinion of Mr. Justice Davis. They maintained that offenders might, under some circumstances, be justiciable by military tribunals in portions of the country which were not the theatre of actual hostilities, and in which the courts were not closed; but they, no less than the majority, required an internal war in actual existence. The Chief-Justice stated this doctrine as follows:

"We by no means assert that Congress can establish and apply the laws of war where no war has been declared or exists. *Where peace exists, the laws of peace must prevail.* What we do maintain is that, when the nation is involved in war, and some portions of the country are invaded, and all are exposed to invasion, it is within the power of Congress to determine in what States or districts such great or imminent public danger exists as justifies the authorization of military tribunals for the trial of crimes and offences against the discipline or security of the army or against the public safety."

The substance of the Milligan case would seem to be, that, when a war is in progress within the United States, when the Government is engaged in this internal struggle and to that end must maintain and marshal its armies, a civilian who should interfere with purely military movements, who should throw obstacles in the way of the final success of our arms, may be treated as a military offender. The majority of the Court, however, would limit this power territorially to the very regions where the hostilities are actually raging, and in all other regions would leave the criminal to the civil tribunals. These doctrines of constitutional law must be taken as finally established, and, as we have seen, they apply to the Territories, which are entirely under the control of Congress, as well as to the States, which are under that control only for certain well-defined purposes.

We well might ask, then, what possible foundation is left upon which to base the clause in the Reconstruction statutes which permits military trials of civilians? The ground seems to be entirely cut away from under it. Mr. Attorney-General Hoar evidently feels this difficulty, and has been driven to rest his claim, not upon any legal argument, but upon an assumed fact. In a late opinion in reference to a similar case in Texas, and in his recent argument before the Chief-Justice, he is forced to maintain—and he gravely does it—*that war still exists* in the three unreconstructed States. He argues that, as in the year 1865 there was a war within those districts, the Congress may treat that war as still continuing; in short, that it does continue until the legislature declares it ended. It is a sufficient answer to this position that the Supreme Court does not sanction military trials of civilians in any portion of our domain merely because there is a legal condition of war within the country, but only suffers them in those districts occupied by armies and which are the scenes of martial movements and actual struggles. But apart from this consideration, the assumption of the Attorney-General is most plainly opposed to all the facts of our recent history. If there is now a war in Mississippi, there is one also in Virginia. Who are the enemies? where are the hostile armies? under what authority do they act? what military movements are in progress? The local courts are open in these districts; United States judges hold their circuits within them; elections have been held; conventions have sat; constitutions have been proposed; society as such is quiet; the only disturbances and breaches of peace are individual and sporadic. If this be war, we do not understand the meaning of terms. But it is useless to argue. We might as well attempt to demonstrate an axiom. It may well be that there is some ill-will among the Southern people. It may well be that convictions are hard to obtain from Southern juries. These are grave evils, but they always must for a while follow the suppression of a great rebellion. It is better to endure them, and to await with patience the soothing effects of time; it is better that a few wretches like Yerger should escape their merited punishment, than that a weapon should be put into the hands of some future Government which may be effective in destroying the liberties of the nation.

ENGLAND.

LONDON, July 9, 1869.

THE British public is at the present moment licking its lips over a delightful bit of scandal. The fates of governments and parties may ostensibly occupy its mind, but in private society the one absorbing topic of interest is the history of Mr. Grenville Murray. Although your readers will hardly take that interest in the matter which is felt here, and the affair is not as yet at an end, it is sufficiently characteristic to deserve a few words. One summer evening, then, to begin in the correct style, a gentleman might have been observed leaving the door of the Conservative Club. He was a man of feeble stature and somewhat advanced in years. On the steps he was encountered by a fresh-colored, well-built young man, bearing in face and figure the unmistakable marks of belonging to the aristocracy of England. The youthful nobleman straightway collared the elderly gentleman and administered a certain number of blows with a horsewhip; but how many or with what degree of vigor is still gravely disputed. Whence this wrath in celestial minds? The muse must answer that for some months past there has been appearing a well-printed periodical, selling for the high price of sixpence, and called the *Queen's Messenger*. The mode in which its subscribers were really recompensed for their outlay was by a series of articles on the hereditary legislators of England. In these, every scandal concerning various noble families was

raked up with extraordinary diligence and research; and though feigned names were given, and particular care taken to evade the laws of libel, they were not the less insulting and irritating. Lord Stanley, the Duke of Cambridge, and other men of rank and honor, were ferociously assailed. The resentment expressed not only by the persons outraged, but by everybody who has some regard for the honor of the press, was bitter; no such outrage upon decency has taken place for a generation; and people only refrained from putting the libel laws in action because it was supposed that by so doing they would in fact advertise the paper. The last person assailed was Lord Carrington, who, it seems, is in the habit of driving a four-in-hand, and whose father's infirmities were pleasantly called up for the occasion.

And what has Mr. Grenville Murray to do with it? Ah! that is the mystery of this wonderful history, as the poet has said, and I wish that I could tell. However, Mr. Grenville Murray was lately dismissed from the consular service under some imputations from the Foreign Office authorities, of which I know little. And the main object of the *Queen's Messenger* was to attack certain officials in the Foreign Office under cover of the general assault upon the nobility. Mr. Murray endeavored to deny having anything to do with the paper; but it seems that he lives in the same chambers with his son, who is the registered proprietor; his solicitor admitted in court that he had contributed to it; and, in short, every man in London believes, rightly or wrongly, that he is the really responsible person. He summoned Lord Carrington for the assault, and a singular scene ensued. The assault, of course, was easily proved, and, in fact, not denied. However, the magistrate allowed Lord Carrington's counsel to cross-examine Mr. Murray at great length as to his connection with the paper, and to charge him with downright and systematic lying. A certain box was brought into court by the defendants—how procured is still a mystery—containing the MSS. of the *Queen's Messenger;* and various documents from it were placed before Mr. Murray, in order to ask whether he had written them. After the decision of the magistrate, who committed Lord Carrington for trial, this box became the object of intense interest. How it happened is not quite clear, but it seems that some of the writers in the *Queen's Messenger* endeavored to rescue it by physical force; the lords and gentlemen in court rushed to the rescue; the police joined in; and a free fight took place, which lasted for several minutes. Dukes and costermongers, it is said, met in deadly combat, and the majesty of British law was outraged by a spectacle never before witnessed in a court of justice. The box was at length successfully defended, order was restored, and the magistrate administered a dignified rebuke, which would, however, have been rather more dignified if it had quelled the battle instead of following it.

That the story is thoroughly disgraceful may be easily admitted. The question of the mode in which disgrace should be distributed is not quite so plain. There is, however, a very general sympathy with Lord Carrington, and an agreement that, if he had got hold of the real criminal, it would have been desirable to give him rather more chastisement than less. As the whole matter must come up again before long, I shall not dwell upon this point at greater length. Neither, I am glad to say, is the *Queen's Messenger* to be taken as an ordinary specimen of English journalism. It is a rare exception, and a return to an older order of things. There has, it is true, been a singular outbreak of cheap newspapers lately. Several comic illustrated papers seem to possess a certain amount of vitality, and one of them, the *Tomahawk*, first attracted notice by some audacious attacks upon distinguished people. It has, however, survived the follies of its youth, and except that it has occasionally some rather vigorous drawings, is as harmless and humdrum as most of its contemporaries. Another paper which trades to a certain extent upon the public curiosity about notorieties is *Vanity Fair*. The remarkably clever caricatures of eminent statesmen which an Italian artist has contributed to that paper are drawn from the life, instead of photographs, as seems to be the fashion of most of our modern caricaturists; and if any of your readers wish to know the outward appearance of Mr. Gladstone, Mr. Disraeli, Mr. Lowe, or Mr. Forster, they cannot do better than refer to its pages. There is, however, nothing scandalous in it, and I imagine that the originals of its portraits take them as on the whole complimentary. One of the gentlemen I have mentioned went into a shop on seeing his own speaking likeness, and ordered half-a-dozen copies; he was much hurt when the shopman failed to recognize the gentleman who gave him the order. On the whole, I wonder daily at two or three things about the British press: at its cheapness, its general respectability, and its equally general dulness. One very respectable evening paper, called the *Echo*, is now published for a halfpenny; it is calculated that the paper alone on which it is printed costs nearly four-fifths of that sum; and I should think that it was the cheapest halfpenny work in existence, for it is really well written and contains a good deal of matter. The *Pall Mall Gazette*, which has made a great position for itself during an existence of three or four years, has just lowered its price from twopence to a penny, so that the *Times* is now the solitary daily paper which costs more than that sum. Its circulation has, I believe, diminished of late years in consequence of the competition to which it has been exposed; and it has no longer a monopoly of public opinion; but I imagine that on the whole it is still the most influential, though far from the most widely circulated, paper.

I must turn again to the irrepressible Irish Church Bill. The Lords, having given way on the second reading, have been giving themselves a little liberty. They have in fact so maimed and mauled the bill that its own parents scarcely know it. They have largely increased the endowment left to it; in fact, so largely that more than half of the surplus intended to remain after paying off the Church would be absorbed if their scheme were adopted. Further, they have resolved that the distribution of such surplus as is still left shall be left unsettled for the present, in the hope, as some of them avow, that it may be used by way of what is called "concurrent endowment." The House of Commons will of course disagree to these amendments, and I presume that ultimately the Lords will retreat, with probably some compromise to pacify them. The only point worth mentioning is this: the *Times* has lately performed one of its usual circumgyrations, and has come out as the advocate of concurrent endowments; it proposes that the clergy of the Established Church should be left in possession of their houses and glebes; but that, to make things equal, the clergy of other sects should be provided with a similar endowment from the surplus funds. This plan was ably supported by Lord Grey, whose peculiar mission it is to speak awkward truths, or at least to propose plans which are at once plausible and impracticable. Personally, I am strongly inclined to believe that the course proposed would be the wisest in the abstract. There are, however, difficulties which will probably prevent its ever coming into operation. In the first place, the Liberal majority in the Commons have pledged themselves against it; in the next, the Tory majority in the Lords, who were quite willing to secure the houses and glebes of the Established clergy, are entirely opposed to giving anything to the Catholics or Presbyterians. In short, one party is resolved to take away endowments from every sect; the other is equally resolved to give nothing to any sect but one; and the notion of giving endowments to all, reasonable or unreasonable in itself, affords no ground of compromise between both antagonists. It would not be a case of both sides giving and taking; but of both sides agreeing to do something to which they are equally opposed. I therefore look forward to a little more blustering and sputtering, and talks about dissolution and autumn sessions, succeeded by some arrangement which will disestablish the Irish Church, but leave it a little better off than was originally proposed. In short, Lord Stanley's programme will have been carried out, and as much as possible have been saved from the fire.

FRANCE.—THE EMPEROR'S HESITANCY.

PARIS, July 9, 1869.

IT is impossible to describe the state of animation and agitation in which people are living here now. Nothing is talked of or thought of save the political aspect of affairs; and as to the objects and occupations of society in quieter times, they have passed away from men's minds—and women's, too, for that matter. The look of the Chamber is enough to show you what intense interest the situation excites. Every tribune is crowded; and, from under the laces and flowers of the bonnets, you see eager faces bending down and ardent eyes fixing their bright hold upon this or that deputy's movements. Time out of mind, the genuine Frenchwoman of the educated classes has been a first-rate and eager politician; but all her natural instincts, all her higher aspirations, all her predominant intellectuality have been more or less extinguished by the Empire. As with the clergy (when laboring to supplant the free-minded, enlightened Gallican by the flat-souled, obscurantist Jesuit), so with the women of France has Louis Napoleon endeavored to deal. Instead of trying to raise the feminine standard by the example of his Court and of the "ways of life" of those around him, the Emperor has encouraged its being lowered; and from the Tuileries and Compiègne have sprung the school of overdressed noisy, fast women known by the denomination of "*les Cocodettes*." It is no use mincing the matter: "*la Cocodetterie*," like the restoration of Jesuitism and the almost universal degradation of art, are all direct

consequences of the establishment of the Second Empire, and they are so instinctively felt to be such by the whole Imperial throng that they are persistently, passionately encouraged and fostered.

Well, the change is already visible. The women who crowd into the Chamber of Deputies are not the fashionable dolls who fill official ball-rooms or skate on the "*Lac*" in winter; they are quite well-dressed, *lady-like* women, whose faces are unfamiliar to the crowd of mere empty pleasure-hunters. They are the wives, sisters, mothers, friends of the men whom reawakening France is sending to vindicate her rights; and for a stranger they are a positive study, for he finds that (unless he happens to be *lancé* in real French society) he has to ask the name of nearly every successive face. These spectators of the political drama come from all points of the territory, and neglect country amusements, or travelling, or the charms of distant watering-places, to watch what the representatives of public feeling in this curious nation are going to do with themselves. As to the interest, assuredly nothing can surpass it, and it is the most living drama that ever was enacted. Hardly a debate can go by without some word or other recalling the past, and showing how unforgotten are the links of the chain which bind to that past. A day or two ago, M. Estancelin, *the* Orleanist deputy *par excellence*, made the Chamber quiver by one word. M. de Forcade, the Minister of the Interior, somewhat superciliously tried to put down this gentleman in a discussion, by saying that he was "new" in the House, and did not know its usages. "Moi, nouveau!" exclaimed M. Estancelin; "M. le Ministre se trompe; je ne suis pas un nouveau, je suis un revenant." It is impossible to translate the phrase, for it would lose all its sharpness. Its effect lay in the fact of M. Estancelin's having been one of the last electors at the close of Louis Philippe's reign, and of his return to this present parliament seeming almost like the ushering in again of the Orleans dynasty.

What will happen *immediately?*—namely, within the next few months; what will be the *details* of what we may expect?—these are questions which none can answer. The great outlines are clear enough, and can mislead no one; the filling up is a problem, and depends on individuals. The "great outlines" are these: France is resolved to participate in the work of government; resolved, above all, not to let her money be scattered about, as it has been, wilfully, sinfully, and secretly. The Emperor, like all men who have wielded sovereign power in modern times, is ready to submit to the decrees of popular opinion in the last resort; but, like all his brother sovereigns, he suffers himself to be deceived as to the genuineness and intensity of the popular will. This is, in fact, the one distinctive characteristic of all European rulers since the French Revolution of '93. The English Revolution taught them nothing, nor did even Charles Stuart's fate impress them; but from the moment of the wholesale executions of the "Reign of Terror," they learnt thoroughly one lesson, if no more, that, namely, of obedience to the "people" when the "people" ordained. But here is the hitch. Sovereigns (of no matter what origin) being, after a very few years of activity, more or less shut out from free intercourse with the mass of intelligent, educated individuals, grow to live deafly and blindly in a miserable little world of their own, overcrowded with base spirits and into which no wholesome air ever penetrates. The courtiers, ministers, and functionaries who live by the sovereign maintain him in his dark condition until it is too late, and then the fresh wholesome air from out-of-doors does rush in, but only because the "people" have smashed doors and windows, and brought the wholesome element in with a vengeance. I said it was the same with all sovereigns, of no matter what origin. Now, here is one, Napoleon III., who has gone through all conditions and states: been an exile, a dependent on other men's purses, a needy man, a conspirator against other monarchs' rule—a man whose life has contained nearly every mode whereby political experience could be procured, yet he is probably on the eve of committing the faults that can never be retrieved, and which he knows so well that he has passed the best years of his life in describing and foreseeing them.

"Anything may happen any day;" that is the speech with which men meet each other now on the Boulevards. As far as mere "detail" goes, this is true. It is not true of the upshot of the whole business. The "definitive result" is freedom for France, and a return to parliamentary government, which little by little will grow to be (what it has never been yet) real, *bona-fide* self-government. But the "anything" which may happen "any day" is various. The Emperor may to-morrow dissolve the Chamber or "suspend" the constitution itself, reserving for himself a temporary dictatorship, under which he will propose no end of "socialistic" reforms. This would only be to revert to the formula of 1851, as enounced by M. de Persigny: "With and for the masses always: with the higher classes if they choose; *without* them if they don't choose; *against* them if they object." I repeat it, then, Louis Napoleon might without any great inconsistency revert to this policy (though he would be all but utterly alone if he did so); or he may attempt reaction under more than one shape; or he may yield, and thus govern more or less quietly to the day of his death. What those about him incline to believe he will do, is (what he often has done) "neither one thing nor the other." They incline to fancy that an attempt will be made so to draw on the discussions of the Corps Législatif that, when the simple "verifications" are nearly complete, it will be impracticable to keep the deputies any longer at their post, and that, with but little opposition, it may be feasible to prorogue the house till the ordinary time of assembling in the winter. This would perhaps put off the "evil day" for a few months, and save the concessions which some of those around him are persuading Louis Napoleon are too deeply humiliating. But if this *be* tried, it will be so at such a heavy and definite cost of popularity and public esteem that the Emperor had probably better resort to any other plan than this one.

There is no disguising, however, that this kind of half-measure is the one most to be feared. It is, and has always been, in Louis Napoleon's nature to try and slide out of a dilemma as silently as possible, and in this instance all his Ministry will help him. But afterwards? How will the government meet in January the deputies it has tried to juggle out of their rights in July? The settling day must come, and the longer it is put off, the bitterer the creditor will have become. All violent exits from his actual position are forbidden to Louis Napoleon. War is, first and foremost of all, out of his power, and he knows it. Not only will no one give him a pretext for a conflict, but France will not follow him into one; therefore, it is in the interior that all must be brought to a conclusion. It is said that the Emperor is unwise enough to lean towards reaction. M. Rouher advocates the *status quo*, which is nearly as bad. It is even yet time for Louis Napoleon to unite with the nation, and, by yielding gracefully half his power, preserve the other half for the rest of his days. Nothing else is practicable, unless as a momentary expedient; but this being the state of things, you may easily understand that the public mind runs on nothing but politics from morning to night.

Correspondence.

ANOTHER AMERICAN VIEW OF CHINA.

To the Editor of the Nation:

Sir: The relations of Western countries with China are of special interest at this moment, when Great Britain is discussing the revision of her treaty, and, through hers, all the Western treaties with the empire. For what is accomplished for one is accomplished for all.

In the opinion of the American residents in China, Mr. Burlingame has not helped the American people to a more just idea of the position of China than they entertained before. On the contrary, they believe that his exaggerated descriptions have only further obscured the real state of the facts, and that our people and authorities are further away than ever from apprehending the imbecility of the government and the real barbarism that prevails among a large portion of the population. The immediate ill consequence of such misapprehension is the belief engendered that the Chinese Government will, of its own accord, deal justly with foreigners, and carry out the provisions of the treaties, and that any complaints of its action from foreign residents in the country are either unfounded, or that the action complained of is the consequence of the illegal behavior of foreigners themselves.

This evil remedies itself in time; for the power of the central government is so weak that it cannot control its own officers, and these officers are so generally corrupt, and so adverse to foreign interests and influence, that with a very little relaxation of the rigor with which the English and French have hitherto kept them within bounds, they become too aggressive for the patience of even the most amiable of their foreign visitors. But there is deeper injury done in perpetuating the present miserable state of the country, and so bringing upon it future calamities. It is with regard to the ultimate effects of this soft-handed policy that I take the liberty of addressing you. I do not propose to point out the proper policy. That I believe to be indicated sufficiently by the treaties themselves. They show plainly that if foreigners wish to enjoy the privileges of the treaties, they must look out for themselves. These privileges have not all been obtained, owing to the bad faith of the Chinese, but such as have been were had, and are had at this day, only by the resolute action of the

British and French when attempts have been made to annul them. In accomplishing what I have to say, I must be excused for dwelling at some length on the present condition of the government and the character of the ruling class.

It may be said that foreign nations have always, hitherto, alternated between too lenient and too forcible an attitude towards China. It is sometimes assumed that it is a government, weak-jointed and halting, perhaps, in physical health, but full of good intentions and even of lofty aspirations; that its course is guided by maxims of profound wisdom, and its governors and statesmen animated by a sagacity and shrewdness beyond the average of those of Western nations. This is the view that Mr. Burlingame advocates, and it is the view that will, no doubt, now for a time be in the ascendancy. The Chinese, under the temptation that results from the forbearance of foreign nations under this condition of relations, soon bring about a reaction by a display of very opposite qualities. In this reaction extreme opinions still have sway, but in the other direction. The national character is then represented by the Western press as a very low type of character indeed, full of cruelty, injustice, rapine, and corruption. The truth, of course, lies between. There certainly does not exist a high morality. A lofty standard there may be, but of little effect practically. Though moral platitudes appear constantly in their despatches and edicts, and in their conversations with the foreign ministers, very little of the spirit reaches to their acts. Their sagacity is cunning, and their astuteness is distrust. They cannot see their way to a policy; they cannot even discriminate between useful and harmful propositions. Their simple plan is to reject all, as long as the liberty of action is left to them. They know, in fact, many advanced maxims; for in their former days of prosperity they reached a point which would have been civilization one hundred years ago; but as for an enlightened policy, or any liberality of ideas, such a thing is unknown in China. There is the shallow pretence, but without the reality.

On the other hand, as we who live here well know, they are not savages by any means. Education, of a sort that trains the mind and refines the manners, has long ago reached a high point among them. It bears, in these days, fruit in no way proportioned to its pretensions, and barren of the practical benefit to society which results from Western systems; but, at all events, it elevates them far above the uncivilized portions of mankind. In short, they cannot be treated, on the one hand, as if they had knowledge to see the right, and virtue to do it when seen; nor, on the other, as if they must, as a matter of course, be *forced* to give justice and to adhere to engagements. It is more especially in their state affairs that the Chinese need assistance. They are incapacitated from reforming these by their conventionalism, their self-conceit, and by what may be termed the *custom* of dishonesty. They cannot even think honestly on such matters. They refuse to see conclusions which are painful or distasteful, and cling to error when they must know that it is error. Their boasted wisdom is merely the dry husks of maxims which they cannot apply to the current affairs of the day.

There is thus no vigor in the administration, and without vigor there follows corruption in any country. In China, where the tendency is unchecked by moral considerations, and encouraged by customs unsuited to the present day, it reaches the extreme. When, therefore, it is asserted that this is a great and progressive country, governed upon great principles, guided by a generous policy, eager to enter upon the race for improvement among the foremost nations of the world, not only are Western nations misled, but evil is done to China herself. For in so far as the first act upon such assurances, they will act to the ultimate injury of the latter. It is a simple fiction to say it is a prosperous country. It would not have progressed one iota (unless it is progress to travel on the road to decay) but for the force from the West which has propelled it. It is not even a great country except in regard to numbers, and in that only by taking words for facts; for it is not one country, but several feebly bound together—and many portions a source of weakness and expense to the central government instead of a source of strength. The government is guided by purely selfish instincts—the instincts of an alien race that fears the advent of more vigorous ideas as injurious and dangerous to its now feeble powers. As for "a policy" or "generosity" as affecting the destinies of the empire in the interests of the people, one smiles either with contempt at the credulity or admiration at the audacity of such an exponent of their principles.

These views of the progressive tendency of the Chinese rulers of to-day are, of course, asserted in the interests of these rulers, as, if foreign nations could be brought to believe them, they would leave the Chinese to develop in their own way. There being in truth no will, there would be no way, but still, as regards the rulers alone, they would be relieved from pressure, and so gain their immediate object. Whether they would gain ultimately depends upon the disposition of Russia.

If China stood isolated in the world, the forbearance of all might be an advantage. Shouldered as she is by so powerful and aggressive a neighbor, it may be that the only effective protection for the present dynasty is in intimacy with the other Western powers. If it can be made to appear that the Russians have the will and the power to occupy China, it will be granted that there is at least a strong likelihood of that great event coming to pass. As to the will, there is no proof, of course. One can judge only by analogy. They have extended themselves in Asia whenever they have had the opportunity, and they have recently conquered and annexed the kingdom of Bokhara at great cost, completing the extension of their dominions in that quarter to the borders of British India—a boundary which they must accept as final in that direction. The difficulties in that enterprise were greater, and the advantages not to be mentioned as compared to those to be incurred or gained in the acquisition of China. In the actual direction of this empire, they have taken and occupied with forts within a few years the great tract of country lying between the Amoor and the present Chinese frontier, without any advantage in the region itself to attract them, and apparently only for the object of reaching nearer to China proper. They obtained a valuable port upon the coast, but that they could have had without the costly annexation of so great a territory. They have more young men learning the Chinese language in one way or another than all the other Westerns together, and they push their traders into the country with a pertinacity quite uncalled for by the exigencies of their trade.

Finally, there lies before them a prize unparalleled in the history of the world. A nation of at least two hundred millions of industrious, energetic, and ingenious people, ripe for conquest, and capable, when conquered, of giving inexhaustible supplies of excellent soldiers and sailors; a nation poor, indeed, in resources at present, but capable of a miraculous resurrection under an energetic rule; a country full of natural wealth, with an immense area of fertile soil already under cultivation, with a system of navigable rivers unsurpassed in the world; a coast abounding in fine harbors, and commanding this side of the Pacific; a dominion reaching to the tropics, and including in its wide embrace every climate and almost every valuable production of the earth. Is it not impossible that, with their antecedents, their settled policy for centuries, the Russians should fail in desire for such a prize as this? As for the power, unless succored by other Western nations, the country would lie defenceless before the assault of 50,000 men led by a general skilled in modern war. Such succor, if it came at all, would probably come too late. By occupying the western and northwestern provinces under one pretext or another, and with the declaration that it was provisional and temporary, they could fairly reach the coast and have possession of the main strategical points, with two or three hundred thousand Chinese soldiers under arms and in effective condition, before any of the European powers would have concluded to intervene. Their conclusions then would be uninteresting.

In view of this greatest of hazards, it would seem to be the natural policy of the government to cultivate as close relations with other Western people as possible; to introduce them into the country; to accept their inventions and improvements; to obtain foreign arms and equipments; to train an army to the European standard of efficiency and under European officers. These are the steps which should be pressed on the Chinese authorities by their well-wishers, and sedulously followed up if they wish them to maintain even their present position. It may be, however, that, in the great interests of humanity, foreign representatives may *not* have the prosperity of the present dynasty and government really at heart. Of this I do not pretend to judge. They may feel that nothing will elevate the Chinese people, and place the country fairly in the path of progress and reform, but the government of a Western power. It does, indeed, seem impossible that any real good can come from the selfish and apathetic race of rulers that now misgovern the country; and in the interests of the millions who suffer from their incapacity or perversity, foreign powers are, perhaps, bound to withhold advice or suggestion that may delay the hour of deliverance.

If such is the case, no course seems so wise as to leave them as much as possible to such seclusion as they can keep and to their present narrow policy. With no Western influence but Russian in the interior, and no advisers but their own antiquated maxims, they will drop the easier prey into the lap of their vigorous neighbor—friend or enemy, as he chooses to take

the part and as circumstances recommend. Whether Russia will do evil or good to the world at large when she has an army of two millions of men on the Pacific, and a revenue to match, is a further point for consideration, but much beyond my province to discuss.

I only express the conviction that such a course of things is not only possible, but likely, if the Chinese inclination to resist progress and to hold Western nations at arm's length is allowed to control events.

A China Resident.

[The above is a fair presentation, by an American merchant, of the view taken of the Chinese by a considerable portion of the foreign residents in China. The obvious answer to it, it seems to us, is that the "hammer and tongs" policy has been tried and has failed, while the Burlingame policy has not been tried, and it has in its favor what the other has not, the experience of the civilized world touching the power of justice, humanity, and kind treatment on all classes and races of men.—Ed. Nation.]

VARRO, ST. AUGUSTINE, AND MR. LECKY.

To the Editor of the Nation:

In a work so full of references and citations as Mr. Lecky's "History of Morals," an occasional slip must not surprise us. Such a one, I think, occurs Vol. I., p. 176: "Varro openly professed the belief that there are certain religious truths which it is expedient that the people should regard as false." The reference is "St. Aug., De Civ. Dei, iv. 31." St. Augustine's words are these: ". . . . nisi evidenter alio loco ipse diceret de religionibus loquens, multa esse vera quæ non modo vulgo scire non utile, sed etiam tametsi falsa sunt, aliter existimare populum expediat," etc., etc. Can you get out of these words any such sense as Mr. L. assigns to them? Do they not rather mean that (according to St. Augustine) Varro held not only that some religious truths ought not to be known to the people, but even although certain beliefs were false, that it was expedient for the people to think differently of them (aliter existemare), *i.e.*, believe them to be true? I do not see how *tametsi* can signify anything but "although." With Mr. Lecky's version, we should expect some such word as *veluti* or *quasi* and (even in the Saint's corrupt Latin) a subjunctive mood.

As I understand Varro's sentiment, it is a very common one, of which that author gives numerous instances, and which is not quite obsolete yet. But the opinion attributed to him by Mr. Lecky is most peculiar. I am not aware that any philosopher or theologian ever "openly professed" that it was "expedient for the people to regard certain religious truths as false," or, in other words, disbelieve them.

I take this opportunity of stating that there are several misprints in the American edition; whether they exist in the original English edition I cannot say, not having a copy at hand. P. 192, the misplacing of a reference number has the odd effect of making Sallust quote Pliny. P. 195 (note), *Perseus* for *Persius*. P. 218, quotation in note, *animas* for *annos*. As these three occur within thirty pages, there are probably others.

C. A. Bristed.

Notes.

LITERARY.

Messrs. T. B. Peterson & Brothers have in press reprints of Mr. T. A. Trollope's "Dream Numbers" and "Giulio Malatesta," Mrs. Henry Wood's "Roland Yorke," and Dumas' "Love and Liberty," a narrative of the French Revolution. The same house will shortly publish Mrs. Emma D. E. N. Southworth's "Prince of Darkness."——Mr. John H. Dingman—with Messrs. Scribner, Welford & Co.—announces his "Complete Business Directory of the Trade" for 1869–70, to contain, in one large octavo, full lists of all the publishers, booksellers, stationers, news-dealers, and music dealers in the United States and Canada.

—The Harvard University lectures are going to be of more importance than the outside world had been supposing. Their delivery might almost revive for us a mediæval feature of the student-world, and call to the college, from many States, a concourse of youths intent on hearing the most capable scholars give, *viva voce*, instruction not otherwise to be had. But, probably sooner or later, and before very long, we shall have in books the substance of the lectures, and need not make pilgrimage. Though, on the other side of this question, it is to be said that the lectures which Mr. Lowell has for a number of years been giving at Harvard, and which doubtless contain the best body of literary criticism that has been written in America, are out of the reach of the general public as yet. The *Cornell Era*, a college paper, published some brief notes when Mr. Lowell and Mr. Curtis were recently lecturing in Ithaca, which may properly make us hope that the lectures themselves are not to remain unpublished long. No present need of the American literary world is quite so great as the need of sound and stimulating criticism, because till we have it we want even the atmosphere which men of letters are to breathe while they work. "Early Italian and Spanish Literature" is to be Mr. Lowell's theme in the coming course; and his heart as well as his head will be thoroughly engaged in what must be to him a delightful task, leading his young men through the gayest and freshest of all the painted meadows of song. "Later Italian Literature" Mr. Howells will treat of; and how well he will treat of them those may see who will read his *North American Review* articles on modern Italian poets, and those may guess who know his books of Italian travel. Professor Bôcher, of whom we know next to nothing, has chosen to treat of "Molière"—a topic requiring a man of some size; and the same thing may be said of "Goethe and Schiller," which Professor E. J. Cutler will handle. Professor Cutler is known as the author of some graceful and well-finished verses and as a man of much cultivation. Some of his literary criticism may be seen occasionally in the Boston *Advertiser*, which in this as in other respects is a long way ahead of any other Boston journal—the Boston papers being, as a rule, singularly inferior in ability to what might be expected, considering the literary reputation of the city. It is almost even as the irreverent London *Bookseller* said the other day: "The newspapers of the Hub are nowhere." But then the *Bookseller* "does not understand our institutions" with much obstinacy; and it praises the London *Times* for keeping its American correspondent in Philadelphia. Professor Child will lecture on "English Poetry of the Thirteenth and Fourteenth Centuries," and, to say nothing of his acumen, will bring to its consideration a union of the most thorough knowledge of his subject with a refined taste in poetry—a poet's taste in poetry—which makes him, as we suppose, the most competent man on either side of the water to deal critically with his favorite literature. Another scholar whom it is a pleasure to think of as lecturing on his favorite pursuit—because the lectures will be one more example in a slipshod world of a thoroughly good thing well done by the man who best knows how to do it—is Professor Whitney, who takes up "The History and Relations of the German Language." The Philosophical Course—which will go on at the same time with the Literary, and like that will extend through the academic year—is to be opened by Professor Bowen, a gentleman for a long time Professor of Metaphysics in the college, the writer of a work on Political Economy, of another on Ethics, of a condensation of Sir William Hamilton's Lectures, of a translation of De Tocqueville's "Democracy in America," and the author of other books that have been used inside the college as text-books, but without making much noise outside of it. Professor Hedge and Mr. J. Eliot Cabot follow Mr. Bowen—the one a Unitarian divine very well known, by name at least, to the Eastern public—the other a Boston student of German Philosophy, not so well known except to the select few. Mr. John Fiske, the youngest lecturer, we suppose we may call a somewhat modified Herbert Spencerian, and, we dare say, he is as likely to wake up the undergraduate mind as any of the gentlemen we have mentioned—feebleness of conception and vagueness of language, and a lack of "the courage of his convictions," not being among Mr. Fiske's faults. Last in the course will come Mr. Emerson, who seems to be intending something more systematic than one might have expected, his list of topics reading like chapter-headings in the books of "Intellectual Philosophy for the use of Schools." "The Moral Sense," "Memory," "Imagination," are some of them; but it will not be in old Dr. Wayland's manner that they will be treated by Mr. Emerson. We almost feel inclined to hope that the Faculty will compel the undergraduates to attend both these courses of lectures, which, on the whole, give promise of being admirable. If there is to be any compulsion at all at Cambridge, it may be doubted if it could be better applied than in bringing the influence of such men and such subjects to bear upon the minds of the students. We should add that persons not undergraduates must pay three hundred dollars for both courses, one hundred and fifty dollars for either one, and one hundred dollars for one term of either one—prices which, we should think, would be found high; we were going to say prohibitory. Women are not to be excluded.

—The Arundel Society has an agency here, and ought to be better known by Americans than it is. Its great success in Europe—four or five thousand subscribers await, each fall or each spring, the appearance of its publications—and the real excellence of its works, especially of late years,

ought to be responded to from this side the water more heartily than they have been. Perhaps there may be fifty subscribers in America, but we do not believe there are more. The Society was founded in 1848, having among its founders the Marquis of Lansdowne, Lord Lindsay (author of "The History of Christian Art"), Samuel Rogers, Mr. Ruskin, and Mr. Layard, "the Member from Nineveh," as *Punch* calls him, who, known to the world chiefly as explorer of the mounds where Babylon and Nineveh lie buried, has worked well and to the purpose at the elucidation of Italian early painting. The frescoes of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries in Italy have always been the chief study of the Society. A "copying fund" exists, out of which the best procurable copies in water-color of frescoes, especially those most in danger of decay, destruction, or ruinous repairs, are paid for. These copies form a gallery at the Society's rooms in London, and from among them are selected the subjects of the chromos which the Society publishes—chromos which recent improvements have enabled the council to make very fine. One of those published for the "Second Subscribers" for 1868 is as fine a chromo as even Kellerhoven has produced—as fine, indeed, as it seems possible to produce. The illustrated history and description of the works of the Society, recently published by the secretary, Mr. P. W. Maynard, is an important aid to the study of art; for, though the illustrations are only reproductions in little of the Arundel publications, they, at least, can be had, while the originals are not easy to get and are very expensive; moreover, the text, containing historical notices of painters whose works have been copied by the Society, includes much good matter. The photographs are excellent, even when judged by a very high standard of excellence in such things. They represent all the publications of the Society, and are all taken on the same scale; that is, each photograph is of one-fifth the diameter of its original—not "one-fifth the original size," as the title-page has it, but one-twenty-fifth the size, or one-fifth in each dimension. Those, for instance, taken from chromo-lithographs are, of course, much less pleasing than those from bas-reliefs in plaster and ivory. But there is no reason to take exception to any; every one well represents the subject and idea of the original work. The photographs of carved ivories are very fine. The set of about one hundred and fifty pieces admirably represents the successive schools of sculpture in ivory from the times of the Empire to the XVIth century. The originals being scattered over Europe in a score of museums, treasuries, and private collections, and the casts carefully made in ceramic "fictile ivory," and supposed to reproduce with strict fidelity the precious originals, being themselves very costly and seldom seen, these little photographs are simply invaluable to all students of art.

—Nearly every dramatic author in France who ever had one of his pieces acted on any stage, belongs to a society which has for its object to prevent the extortions of managers. To this end, one of the statutes of the society ordains that no one of the associates shall on any account surrender any part of his legitimate profits to a manager who has accepted a play of his. In France, the custom is not to buy a play out-and-out, but to give the playwright, for a piece in one act, from two to three per cent. of the gross receipts of each performance; for a piece in two acts, from four to six per cent.; and for a piece in three or more acts, from eight per cent. to twelve. Of course, it happens that in order to get their plays accepted writers make private arrangements with the managers, and take less pay than the society permits, although on admission to the society each member gives his word of honor that he will enter into no such transactions. What happens to the offending author in case he is found out, beyond his being sent to Coventry, we do not know; but a manager who has offended has hard measure meted out to him; he must either pay a heavy fine, or he is put under an interdict; and being under an interdict means a good deal—little less than retiring from the theatrical business. No author belonging to the society may supply an interdicted manager with a drama, and unless he can find some new man with talent enough to keep his theatre filled, or finds some good play by an obscure man, he must shut up, and, for the reason above given, shutting up is what happens. Just now there is war between the society and M. Moreau Sainti, of the Folies Dramatiques, that gentleman having been clearly proved to have been giving an author three per cent. instead of the nine per cent. which was his due; and, as he declines to pay a fine of twenty thousand francs, he is interdicted, and will probably soon come to reason. Certainly this application of the principle of co-operation is an odd one; but it seems as if it might be a very good one, though there is, perhaps, not another country in the world where it could be put in operation. It is more promising than the only instance of co-operation in literary business matters which we know of as having been afforded by the United States—Mr. Greeley's, Mr. Thomas Clarke's, Mr. Peter Gerard's, and Mrs. M. K. Dallas's Authors' Protective Association, which is going to publish books for authors who cannot make satisfactory arrangements with publishers. The capital stock of $100,000, in ten-dollar shares, will hardly be remunerative capital, it is to be feared; even although only one vote goes with a holding, whether of one share or fifty. Mr. Greeley's connection with this association is hardly more than nominal, we believe; at all events, he disclaims all responsibility for the management.

—Among the stirring characters who have given to the fifteenth century its romantic interest, there is perhaps none whose fortunes are more full of this interest than George von Podiebrad, the Hussite King of Bohemia. The events, too, of which he was at one time the centre are without a rival, even in that eventful century, in the power of exciting the imagination. The triumphant Ottomans, fresh from the conquest of Constantinople, were preparing to hurl themselves upon Central Europe, while the Christians were inert, discordant, and seemed ready to fall an easy prey. At this time Hungary, Bohemia, and Poland were leading powers, and to them is due the successful resistance made. The renowned Hunyady was the Charles Martel who stemmed this new invasion of Islam. It was fortunate for Christianity and for European civilization that each of these thrones was at this juncture occupied by an able and resolute sovereign. The last number of Sybel's *Historische Zeitschrift* contains an interesting article upon Podiebrad's project of a confederation of Christian sovereigns for the expulsion of the Turks from Europe. George Podiebrad was not a purely disinterested patriot, like John Hunyady of Hungary. He reminds us strongly, in his restless ambition and widely grasping schemes, as well as in their essentially selfish aim, of his more famous contemporary, Charles the Bold. His emissaries were busy throughout Europe; first, in an attempt to engage Pope Pius II. (Æneas Sylvius) in a scheme to set aside the contemptible Emperor, Frederic III., and get for himself the regency over the empire together with the conduct of the war against the Turks; and, when this failed, his ambition took a wider range—he projected a confederation, of which Louis XI. should be the nominal head, but himself the active member, which should embrace most of the states of Europe, and dictate to the rest. Nothing more natural, of course, than that, when the Turks were expelled, the grand prize of Constantinople should fall to the originator and leader of the league. Louis XI. and Venice gave in their adherence to this plan, and for a while, in 1642, it seemed likely to succeed; but it was brought to nought by the countermachinations of Pius II., and perhaps still more by the selfishness of Podiebrad himself. For, as his project was to gain for himself the place of the Turks, and rule from Constantinople, he did not venture to take his son-in-law, King Matthias Corvinus of Hungary, into his confidence, nor even to mention his plans to him, until after sounding France and Venice. Matthias—the real defender of Christendom—naturally feeling sore and aggrieved at this treatment, was ready to ally himself with the rival league, headed by the Pope. Hence the embroilment between the two citizen-kings, inflamed still more by the heresy of King George, which weakened both nations, and distracted the forces of Christendom from the contest against the common enemy.

RENAN'S "ST. PAUL."*

THE third volume of M. Renan's "Histoire des Origines du Christianisme" embraces the period of the first great missions to the Gentiles, of which St. Paul is the hero. It opens with the departure of Paul and Barnabas from Antioch in the year 45, and closes with the arrival of the apostle as captive at Rome, in 61. This period of sixteen years the author justly considers the historically best known in "the embryonic age of Christianity." Before them lie the shadowy "images of a remote paradise, lost in a haze of mystery," which he has reproduced in the pages of the "Vie de Jésus" and "Les Apôtres;" after them follows a long night of profound darkness, through which only "the bloody shine of Nero's savage feasts," "the thunderbolt of the Apocalypse," and the torch which destroyed the temple of Jerusalem, dart their lurid light. These few visible traits, together with the dimly transparent features of the last years of the apostles, are to form the main subjects of the fourth part of the "Origines," which the author hopes to complete in a fifth volume, closing with "the definitive establishment of dogmatic orthodoxy."

As a work of literary art—whether we consider the composition of the whole, the elaboration of parts, or the coloring—"St. Paul" could but

* "Saint Paul. Par Ernest Renan, Membre de l'Institut. Avec une Carte des Voyages de Saint Paul, par M. Kiepert, de l'Académie de Berlin." Paris: Michel Lévy Frères; New York: F. W. Christern. 1869.

with difficulty obtain the distinction of surpassing its two predecessors, for the sole reason that, as works of art, these could hardly be surpassed; and yet we have no hesitation in saying even that distinction must be awarded it. We forbear, however, specifying the grounds on which we base our judgment. The consummate mastership in planning, arranging, and delineating, these charms of diction, can be felt, but can hardly be described, except, indeed, by expressing the impression they produce on the reader. And yet it is chiefly as a product of historical criticism that we must declare the "St. Paul" decidedly superior to both the "Jésus" and the "Apôtres." And here we can specify our reasons. First, M. Renan has, during the elaboration of these volumes, considerably augmented the vast stock of knowledge with which he entered upon this field; secondly, he has in the same proportion chastened his critical fancy; thirdly, he has left behind him that part of his ground in which the adoring believer may find rich materials for the adornment of his temples, and the iconoclastic critic equally abundant fragments to exercise his irreverent art upon, but which offers no material out of which historical monuments—both true and unhallowed by faith—could be shaped by a process, however ingenious, of reconstructive art.

As idyls—accompanied by erudite notes and critical introductions, as fanciful pictures of a "pastorale délicieuse"—as M. Renan designates the life of the earliest followers of the Son of Man—the "Jésus" and the "Apôtres" are really charming productions. It matters nothing that the idyl sometimes almost loses its character, and is, almost imperceptibly, changed into an epic. Idyllic and epic elements are not incompatible in poetry; the picture of the origins of an Utopia must be both epic and idyllic. But Utopias are, unfortunately, only creations of poets or visions of prophets. The Golden Age, the commonwealth of Plato, the "last days" of Isaiah—none of these belongs to the domain of history. And no "grande épopée" of human history, from Moses to Napoleon, has been idyllic; least of all the French Revolution, with which M. Renan so much likes to compare the revolution he depicts. And yet it is for history—critical history—that he endeavors to palm upon us those delicious pastorals. As history, they are far from being delicious—if in fact they are not quite the contrary. The ingenious processes by which our author transforms rugged, rude, and ignorant Galilee—the Galilee of the procurators, the *sicarii*, and exorcists—into an earthly paradise, full of love and joy and sunshine, numberless miracles into natural facts, and all kinds of psychological or historical incongruities into apparently logical developments—those processes are equalled in uncriticalness only by the method he applies in examining ecclesiastico-traditional testimony, and which makes him so often enter as historical a small part of an evidence the bulk of which he rejects as forged, falsified, based on superstition, or altogether incredible. M. Renan, without any qualification, rejects as incredible everything supernatural; but the shadows that accompany the delineations of supernatural things he saves, and—quite as artfully as artistically—works them into new images. His new images are often excellent imitations of the sacred ones he tears; but while orthodoxy must spurn them as devoid of all sacred substance, mere unimpassioned criticism, too, can see in them little more than shadows. The age of Jesus is a fit subject for the pen of sceptical historians; his life can be written only by a believer, for all we have about him comes from unconditional believers.

It is different with the life—or, rather, the career—of Paul. The main and most historical part of it—that which has exercised so vast an influence upon the development of Christendom and the world—can probably well be traced. The earlier part—that embracing his Jewish life, his miraculous conversion on the road to Damascus, and his Christian activity in Syria—furnishes, in M. Renan's elaboration, some of the epic tableaux of the "Apôtres"—with the change, of course, of the grand miracle into a natural, though a very strange, occurrence. The mystery-covered close of the apostle's career is wisely left to take its place among the dim appearances of Christian life in the following period. The volume before us sketches after tolerably authentic documents—M. Renan rejects only the Epistles to Timothy and Titus as entirely spurious—the period of Paul's missionary wanderings through Cyprus, Pamphylia, Pisidia, Lycaonia, Cilicia, Phrygia, Mysia, Thrace, Macedon, Greece, Ionia, Lydia, and Syria—countries through which, with few exceptions, the biographer expressly followed the footsteps of his hero before writing this book; the period which witnessed the foundation, among others, of the primitive Christian communities of Philippi and Thessalonica, of Athens and Corinth, of Ephesus, Colossæ, and Laodicea—cities to the description of some of which charming pages are devoted; the period which gradually developed and matured that anti-Mosaic and anti-Judaic form of Christianity, of which, according to M. Renan, Paul, and not Jesus, was the father, basing it on grace and justification by faith, preaching it to the Gentiles, and passionately defending it against the authority and hostility of the original apostles—the strict but "narrow-minded" followers of both Jesus and Moses. In this period there are but few miracles to be rejected, transformed, or ignored; there is no divine image to be painted over into that of an angelic man; the scene is no Arcadian Galilee; there is no Mary of Magdala; the hero is a very unamiable rabbi.

The reader of the "Apôtres" will remember the portrait there given of the short, somewhat crook-backed, broad-shouldered, small-headed, thick-bearded, and bald Jew of Tarsus, who, as Saul, gloated over the agonies, promoted by himself, of the first Christian martyrs, but, as Paul, was destined to become the disseminator, the great light, of Christianity—the teacher, in distant ages, of Wyckliffe, Huss, Luther, and Calvin. His character, as developed chiefly in the book before us, is far from being the exact counterpart of that unattractive exterior. Paul has changed his religion, but he has not given up his fanaticism. He does not persecute, for the powers that be are against him; but he is passionate, impetuous, vehement, rude, and not incapable of violence. He preaches love and charity, and preaches them in words that alone "can be compared to the discourses of Jesus;" but he seems himself to be inaccessible to all tender emotions. He boasts, and justly so, of grand sacrifices and endless sufferings for the cause to which he has devoted his life; but he is egotistic, jealous, obstinate, contentious. He combats the exclusiveness of Judaism, but without giving up its prejudices. He believes salvation possible only under his own formulas, inveighs against the yoke of the law, and yet often makes concessions, breaks his own rules, and compromises with superstition and untruth. He exorcises, heals, and does apparent miracles. Nor are his convictions and beliefs such as could appear particularly attractive under the pen of a Renan. His theories of sin, indulgence, faith, justification, grace, and redemption; his ideas of marriage, celibacy, and temptation; his belief in miracles, demons, angels, the bodily resurrection of Christ, and the approaching end of the world—all these are little to the taste of unbelieving philosophy, and M. Renan hides neither his tastes nor his philosophy.

And yet, thanks to the wonderful skill with which he handles his pen—as if it were a magic balancing wand, capable of carrying one safely over the double abyss of decided belief and decided unbelief—and thanks, also, to some indisputably grand mental qualities of his hero, he succeeds in representing him to his readers in a rather brilliant light. He almost passionately sides with him—who "never saw Jesus, nor heard his word," "scarcely knew his parables;" who preached revelations of a Christ who "was his own phantom," and "heard himself while believing he heard Jesus"—in his great contest with Peter, James, and other true Apostles, the pillars of the Church of Jerusalem. He even goes to the length of suspecting the bigotry of that Judaizing circle of complicity in the surrender of Paul to the Roman authorities. Altogether, the Apostles of Jerusalem cut a rather pitiable figure in the new volume of the "Origines," and, contrasted with them, Paul easily appears not only the liberator of Christianity, but its very genius.

Looking at the situation from M. Renan's critical standpoint, we must say, however, that he does the Apostles of Jerusalem injustice, and unduly extols their antagonist. We cannot perceive what should have induced them, who lived in the still undestroyed state of Judea, under the law, which was both religious and civil, and which they had seen Jesus observe to his death—what should have induced them to desert the divine institutions of their country and people, that had been binding from times immemorial, for the sake of a new-fangled reform, the fruits of which the world could not enjoy, as it was incontinently to come to a terrific end. Nor can we see what rational ground might have led Paul to use much violence—or, on the other hand, to make so many concessions—in carrying through that reform, while fervently admonishing his converts to live a provisional life, without attempting any change of condition—be it even through marriage—for the time was short, and the world as it was, was passing away. The truth is, the great fault of M. Renan in judging men and ideas of that time is his involuntary viewing them from the standpoint of a philosophical observer who has eighteen centuries of Christianity behind him. Looking upon a Christainized world, he eulogizes him who sacrificed everything to the universalization of the liberating faith, and casts stones at those who, from narrow-minded piety, laid obstacles in his way—forgetting that, according to his own statement, the number of all the Gentiles converted by Paul probably amounted to little more than a thousand, and that these converts mostly belonged to the lowest and most

powerless stratum of society. And there is nothing in M. Renan's narrative which would explain how—without prophetic gifts, in which he does not believe—either "the twelve" or the great missionary could have dreamed of what the philosopher knows; and that, too, while they were momentarily waiting for the end of the world.

Want of space prevents us from calling attention to the numberless beautiful descriptions and generalizations interwoven with the narrative, as well as from exposing the glittering shallowness of others. M. Renan's knowledge is more extensive and exact than profound. He draws his materials from stores both vast and varied; but certainly he is not always conscientious in selecting and sifting them. The ease with which he creates almost perfect forms induces him to be lavish in multiplying striking traits. He likes to dwell on the beautiful, and is almost entirely devoid of humor; but there is something like hidden irony in some of his delineations —though his religious scepticism is most remote from that of Voltaire or Gibbon. We might call him a Rousseau writing sacred history.

MAGAZINES FOR AUGUST.

EVERYBODY who went to the Jubilee—and we believe everybody went—will read Mr. Howells's description of that festival of harmony; but such is the nature of man that we suppose more people will be pleased with Mr. Parton's "'Strikers' of the Washington Lobby"—a piece of writing which is almost enough to make one lose faith that the nature of man is ever going to be any better than it is. It is not the "strikers" that we are thinking of when we say so, but of Mr. Parton's performance, which is a curiosity of literature—as one says "literature," speaking roughly. There was a report current a while since that Mr. Parton was spending his vacation with General Butler—a report which attracted some attention from such observers as, having to keep an eye on everything, remembered that since his Decoration Day Speech, and "the one word, Reparation!" with which the Gloucester boy thrilled us, the General had been remarkably quiet for him, and seemed not to be minding even the Massachusetts senatorship; nor attending to the political murder of Governor Claflin; nor assisting to complete the political resurrection of Doctor Loring; nor laboring for the benefit of Senator Wilson; nor, in fact, doing anything for anybody's harm and his own good. Such observers at once began to wait for Mr. Parton; and here he turns up in the August *Atlantic* with a puff of Butler which, as we say, is a curiosity of literature as Mr. Parton understands it, and one of the most disgraceful things that anybody has read for many a day. Our ready writer begins with a little picture of a certain New England general—whose name we are going to leave unmentioned for the sake of setting an example to Mr. Parton, who is a little clumsy in his workmanship this time—a certain New England general, who was going down to Ship Island to take New Orleans, and who, in the face of popular murmuring, waited and waited in Boston harbor and thereabouts; and who braved newspaper obloquy, and did not deign to explain why he waited; and who, in short, obeyed orders and kept a persistent, and indeed heroic, silence at his own expense, because his Government had told him not to say anything, but to stay in Boston till he was told to go. This fable teaches that appearances are deceitful. And also we may learn from it that, although all the newspapers and everybody that knows him, and everybody that ever did know him, declares that a certain man is an unscrupulous fellow, and has never been anything else, it is nevertheless possible that secretly he may be a man to be admired, and one whom a good person may praise without disgracing himself. Appearances, then, being deceitful, the members of the two Houses of Congress are almost without exception honest men, who never belonged to whiskey rings, who have never sold the knowledge they acquired in committees, who have never offered to join in land speculation with Mr. Case or any other person, whom no railroad owns, and who own no section of land near any railroad—who, in fact, although exposed to very great temptation, and although selected by the average caucus, and although engineering as they do a more gigantic corrupting machine than is under the control of any other set of politicians in the world, nevertheless are as good as any of us who elect them. Don't "they represent us?" Mr. Parton wishes to know. So they might represent us—some of us—and still sell themselves. The fact is not to be lost sight of, however, let us remind Mr. Parton, that, although they go out from us, they go into a place where temptation is great—and that is a thing that we are to pray to be delivered from.

The "strikers" it is, Mr. Parton says, and not the Congressmen, who are the bad people. The strikers pretend they can sell Congressional votes; but in reality they can't; or only very, very rarely. This is the gist of the article—so far as it is a *bona-fide* article by Mr. Parton; and the only comment it calls for is, that of course it is excessively hard to prove that members of a legislative assembly are corrupt. Party feeling shields them; the secrecy of such transactions is a safeguard; the shame is great, to the briber as well as the bribed, and the punishment is great also; the proof, even if the briber has been cheated and made angry, is almost never or absolutely never producible. Definitely to prove the existence of the Augean stable nowadays is as great a labor as once it was to clean it. But the existence of the lobby presupposes corruption; and we for our part as much believe that there is a good deal of corruption in Washington as we believe that Mr. Ashley wrote his letters to Mr. Case, or that our own Mattoon here in New York has paid visits to certain railway directors.

We have just said by implication that a part of this "'Strikers' of the Washington Lobby" is not of the nature of a *bona-fide* article by Mr. Parton, and so it is not. Our readers have not forgotten the famous report in which the member from the Fifth Massachusetts District, after having hunted high and low for evidence against the seven Republican Senators who voted against the conviction of Johnson, had the power of face to say soberly—and it must have amused him as much as it insulted the House to say it—that the seven men whom he had accused were to be considered guilty *because* he had not been able to find the smallest shred of testimony against them. Well, the last two or three pages of Mr. Parton's essay have the ear-mark of the honorable gentleman who gave to our common country the distinction of producing the greatest and most impudent *non sequitur* of this or any other age. Here is a passage to which we wish we could call the attention of all decent people:

"The greatest triumph of the Washington lobby was the acquittal of Andrew Johnson. *It was wholly the lobby's doings.* His conviction was sure until the lobby went to work in earnest, and snatched him only branded from the burning. A person the least credulous of evil can hardly resist the impression that three of four Republican votes were bought and paid for, cash down, only a few hours before the votes were given. Some of the best-informed men in Washington—even the best-informed—[this must refer to the barrel of telegrams]—are convinced of it. They think they know who received twenty-five thousand dollars for a vote, who fifty thousand, who Indian contracts, and who railroad influences more valuable than both those sums united. They think they know at what house, at what time of night, and by what member of the lobby, the money was lost at cards to a Senator who voted next day for acquittal. All of which may be true. Much of the *valuable testimony gathered by the select committee of the managers* seems to confirm these conjectures. We know that the Johnson lobby, utterly devoid of principle and decency, had the money in their hands with which to buy the criminal off. We know that money was raised in custom-houses, and subscribed by distillers, and that a million of dollars could have been procured from those two sources alone, if it had been necessary. We know that the corruptibility of Senators was a topic of conversation at the President's table, and that one of his confidants correctly predicted, five weeks before the test vote was taken which seven Republican Senators would vote for acquittal. We know that two of those Senators, to within a day or two of the voting, continued to declare their intention to vote for conviction, and then suddenly changed their intention without any visible cause. We know that the lobby was in the fullest activity about Washington, rushing to and fro between New York and the capital, and telegraphing in cipher. I know that the strikers of the lobby were not idle, but rose to the occasion, and offered to sell to the managers votes enough to convict for a hundred and ten thousand dollars—but the managers were up to the game. We know that the heads of the Johnson lobby were as sure of an acquittal before the vote was taken as they were after; and that they acted upon their knowledge in the Gold-room and elsewhere.

"Now the simplest explanation of all this is, that the three or four votes *supposed* to have been given against the convictions of the Senators who gave them, were bought with money; and yet the probability is, that they were not."

A thousand things might be said of this tissue of misstatements, but, for one, observe that the one enormous lobby of all—the lobby that was telegraphing into Washington as well as out of it, and telegraphing threats as well as premises—the lobby that wanted the plunder of the country under the government of Senator Wade, and would have had it—the lobby of which our Massachusetts friend would, in all probability, have been the chief member—Mr. Parton leaves wholly unmentioned. Worse than that, he goes out of his way, for the sake of gratifying somebody's implacability—not his own, we believe; for he is not a bitter political partisan, we think—against the men who, as it happened, saved the country from Mr. Wade first and from Mr. Seymour afterwards by inflicting a great defeat on Mr. Seymour's old friend and Mr. Wade's new one; who elevated the reputation for honesty and courage of the Senate of the United States; and who are, all things considered, the very ablest and the most worthy to be respected of all the political leaders of the Republican party—which to-day is not a defeated remnant because Mr. Trumbull, Mr. Fessenden, Mr. Grimes, honest old Mr. Van Winkle, and their associates

courageously voted, on their honor and conscience, that for want of law to convict him Johnson must be allowed to escape.

For the rest, the *Atlantic* is a good number. Mr. Dickens pleasantly praises his friend, Mr. Fechter, who will have hard work to come up to the expectations of anybody who takes Mr. Dickens's language as coolly true. Mrs. Celia Thaxter at "The Isles of Shoals" is very agreeable and poetical; "Before the Gate" is a very charming little poem which honors the *Atlantic*, thus reversing the relations that subsist between the *Atlantic* and most of its poems; of Mr. Howells's "Jubilee Days" it is saying little to say that it is the best writing the Jubilee produced; for we have little doubt, if Boston will allow us to say so, that it is the best thing the Jubilee has produced; "Uncle Gabriel's Account of his Campaigns" is interesting and like life; and "Recent Travels" is good enough for Mr. Howells—when Mr. Howells is in a good deal of a hurry, however. Mr. De Forest is hardly to be praised for his "Taillefer Bell-Ringings," which ought to be more supernatural, or less supernatural, or at all events to be more interestingly natural. As it is, it seems like the beginnings of two slight things.

The *Catholic World* has a reply, which in fairness ought to be read, to the recent article in *Putnam's* on "Our Established Church." In fairness, too, the writer in *Putnam's* should make answer. Lovers of proverbs will find some Spanish ones, with explanations, by the lady who calls herself Fernan Caballero, in this number of the same magazine.

Everybody will agree that the August *Galaxy* is a good summer number, with a general effect of lightness, though there is no particular piece that one would pick out as being especially entertaining. Certainly not Mr. R. J. Hinton's "Race for Commercial Supremacy in Asia," which might answer as reading for next December—or the December after next. Speculations as to the strides of Russia in a given direction, and the strides of England in this and that direction, and other speculations as to the future of Central Asia, are as little capable of rousing the languid reader in America as almost any reading that is set before him. Mr. Grant White's "Age of Burlesque" perhaps comes as near being suitable for the season as anything in the *Galaxy's* list—the philosophy of it being easily rejectable, and the personal reminiscences of Rachel being new and interesting, and the chat about the troupe of "British Blondes" who have just left us being chat about persons whom we have all admired more or less, and who have puzzled many of us not a little. But the "age of burlesque" has not set in yet, and hardly will, we should say, even though *opéra bouffe* has travelled to London and to New York, and had good luck in its journey to foreign parts, and even though our British Lydia Thompson Troupe has had much applause and much managerial imitation here among American audiences. A "season of burlesque" is a better descriptive phrase, it strikes us, for our late time of wandering, now happily at an end; and if Mr. White's theory as to the tendency of our nineteenth century to the sardonical and the unsentimental seems to disappear when the name of an "age" is denied to our period of spectacular plays and Offenbach, that is not an objection which need trouble us too much. Some curiosity to know a new thing, and a popular fondness for easy moving music, and perhaps the most finished company-acting or stock-acting—or whatever it is that "stars" and their assistants do not do—which ever was witnessed in the United States, made *opéra bouffe* successful among us for a year or so. And the amusing, farcical unmeaningness of dramas—to call them so—such as "Ixion," and "Sinbad," and "The Forty Thieves," together with the unreserve of the good-lookingness—if we must not say beauty or prettiness—and the good-lookingness itself, is quite sufficient to account for the recent success of the burlesque on our stage. The exceptionally great success of this particular troupe is no doubt to be attributed to the yellow-haired troupe itself, much rather than to the fact, as Mr. White calls it, that we, all of us, nowadays, have so schooled ourselves to cover up our profoundest emotions with jests, and so believe in the satirical and mocking *Saturday Review*—that we find Miss Lydia Thompson, when she gives us a "walk round," or Mr. Harry Beckett, when as Minerva he drinks spirits out of a black bottle, or Mr. George Fox, when he tumbles out of a donkey-cart, the best expositors of our sardonic frame of mind. The fact is, we take it, that the legitimate drama and melodrama—never driven from the loyal Bowery—will return and reign over us in undiminished splendor very soon, and we shall forget—fickle that we are—our "White Fawns" and "Forty Thieves" just as some of us have forgotten already the many weeks of "Romeo and Juliet" last winter and spring, and fail to remember the unsardonical audiences that are listening to "Enoch Arden's" woes and the sorrows of "Dora." One thing amuses us to-day and another to-morrow; but we may feel pretty sure that not even in Paris, with the Second Empire to form our manners for us, nor in London, with a certain number of admirers of the *Saturday Review* to help give society its tone, nor in New York, nor Boston, nor anywhere else, are we, in our capacity of theatre audiences, going to let the nineteenth century, or anything else, turn our stage into a place devoted to mocking and sneering. Probably the most cultivated class in no country now looks to the drama as a means of so much enjoyment and instruction as it once furnished, and thus the stage is perhaps guided more than formerly by the tastes of the classes next below the most intellectual. One would say that is the tendency at any rate, if it is not a veritable fact. But in this is a guarantee that heartier feelings than those at the basis of satire or self-contempt will rule the stage.

Dr. John C. Draper's article on "Mineral Waters" contains nothing that is new. With every apothecary in New York and all our large cities selling Vichy, and Kissingen, and other medicinal waters, and everybody drinking them with unmedical recklessness, a word or two from a good physician, as to the right use of such agents, would have a considerable value. But Doctor Draper's article is concerning visits to watering-places, and is too general to be of service. Mr. J. T. McKay, who writes "Climmerley Gap," we believe we have met before in a story which also was about a railroad train or a locomotive at a furious rate of speed. This story is tolerably well managed, as such stories go. Mr. Justin McCarthy's "Prince Napoleon" is magazine writing of the better order, but still it is essentially magazine writing, as distinguished from better writing; that is to say, it has the air of having been done quite as much for some purpose apart from the wish to treat of the subject carefully and fully as of having been done with that purpose in view. For the rest, it seems to be fair and is interesting and fresh. "How they Keep House at Compiègne" is better done than most of the work by the same hand, and if there is not much in it, what there is reads agreeably. "Feathered Life" is by Mr. John Burroughs, and has rather more of the books than is usual with his out-of-door papers, but it is good, and it makes one or two real additions to what has been recorded in regard to our smaller birds. The late Mr. Raymond is discoursed about by Mr. Augustus Maverick, who, it appears, assisted at the founding of the *Times*, or rather at the "getting-out" of the first number of that journal. But he does not make his reminiscences so long or so interesting as one would have supposed he might. "On a Cast of Tennyson's Hand" is a characteristic scrap of verse in the shape of a sonnet of the kind that we get from Mr. H. T. Tuckerman; and characteristic, too, of Doctor Parsons, and not of Doctor Parsons at his best, is the "Rose, the Cloud, and the Oriole." Adam plucked a damask rose, our fabulist says, and took it to Eve, "as once she lay in slumber curled," and laying it on her cheek, which he kissed at the same time, the rose became redder than before, for Eve blushed. Then an oriole lighted on the flower, and his breast turned from white and red to orange, and on the instant he snatched it and flew far as an opal cloud that burned overhead, and since then the sunset has its orange and gold and red. In the exercise of a wise discretion, editors might reject poems like this, and without doing any injury to the Nine Muses, one imagines.

Lippincott's contains a critical and biographical sketch of Mr. Joseph Jefferson, the comedian, which will please that gentleman's admirers. It is as good as any of the talk of old theatre-goers to convince us that the men first in their profession, and the greatest actors who ever trod the boards, are vastly less numerous in our own day than they were just before our advent. Mr. Trollope's "Vicar of Bullhampton" is the other readable thing in this month's *Lippincott's*. The second proposal of marriage has already taken place, though we are only in the eighteenth chapter; and provision seems to be made for a deal of misery for several people, though we can hardly tell what Captain Marrable will turn out like. "Is It a Gospel of Peace?" roundly scolds the truculent Doctor Sutherland, whose "war speech" a while ago flashed a lurid gleam on a figure not before familiar to many of us, and which again was at once swallowed up—irremediably, we had been supposing—by the dark. "Manifest Destiny" is by Mr. J. B. Austin, who wants both the Canadas and all the other British territory to the north of us, as well as Cuba, Jamaica, Porto Rico, and the rest of the West Indies—immediately, or as soon as may be. Our destiny, however, is a thing that we have all the same, whether we wait for it or make great haste; and why strong believers in it need disturb themselves, Mr. Austin does not make clear. Nothing is surer than that Canada and Cuba and the rest of the continent will be ready for us fully as soon as we are ready for them; and among the bad friends of America, so far as America consists of something besides feet and inches, not the least bad is the citizen who talks about "terri-

torial expansion" like a Democrat of 1845, while the country groaneth and travaileth for good men—to say nothing of a lack of men merely. "An Adventure in the Snow" makes much out of little in an odd sort of way; and something like that might be said of the book-notices—both of that one which praises the late General Halpine and that one which abuses Mr. Stephen Fiske, whose little book of "English Photographs, by an American," does not call for particular dispraise. We must not forget to mention, in taking leave of *Lippincott's*, the beginning of a novel—"Magdalena," by the author of the "Old Mam'selle's Secret," nor the rather pretty little poem called "The Old Story." It is not a new story, certainly, in life or in letters, but it is neatly told.

As attractive to curiosity as any titles in *Putnam's* table of contents are those of two sonnets by Mr. Julian Hawthorne, the son of the great romance-writer. "Yes" is the title of one of them, while the better one is called "The Usurper," and may be said to be not unpromising. Miss Frances Power Cobbe begins in the August number of this magazine a discussion of the woman question, and seems to hold that woman is in bondage; that her subserviency is morally poisonous, and mentally is very injurious to her; and that the right of voting will put a new face upon her condition, making her in every way better. Mrs. Theodore S. Fay's "French Soldier at Inkermann" is the story of a lad who at Inkermann was in his first battle, and had both his legs shot off. It seems to have been taken down from his own lips, and perhaps has had a touch here and there from the amanuensis. If it is the writer's own, it certainly is well invented, and it is touching. "Old Times in Virginia and a Few Parallels" is by Mr. W. C. Elam, a Virginian, who shows from ancient records that Virginia should not fling reproaches at colonial Massachusetts, because colonial Virginia was just as bad—as having hanged witches, and oppressed Indians and Catholics and Quakers and Baptists, and compelled the worldly-minded into church on Sundays by the use of the secular arm, and freely employed the pillory and ducking-stool and stocks; in short, he shows what the judicious had suspected—that the mass of early Virginians were something like the Massachusetts men as regards the matter of belonging in thought and feeling to the age in which they were born. "Mauritius" is a slight article on a rather good subject; "Among Thieves" is of a kind recognizable by the title; "To-day: a Romance" we confess to having long given up reading; "More Light" is one of Professor De Vere's Popular Cyclopædia articles on lamps, candles, and oils; the ascent of "Monte Rosa," by Mr. J. M. Hart, is spirited and good, which is more than can be said for Mrs. Caroline Cheesebro's tale of "Lavinia," and more, indeed, than can be said of this number of the magazine in general. "Literature at Rome" illustrates pretty well a curious but common kind of criticism of books. One learns nothing of the book reviewed, and, we were going to say, nothing of anything else, and every little while comes a tag of newspaper, and then a line or two of verse, which give one the sort of sense of inevitableness and emptiness and unmeaningness which is given by things happening and words said in a dream. The effect is to make one sigh for a little truth and some force of language.

A very good number of *Harper's* opens with a sketchy illustrated paper on the Japanese as seen by two British army officers, and this is followed by something on "The New Theory of Heat" and an excellent new chapter of Mr. Moncure Conway's "South Coast Saunterings," which some day will make a book with some curious learning in it and with a great deal of personal interest. The English predecessors of our American Brook Farmers are a principal theme with Mr. Conway this month, and his description is worth attention, as being about as good as most of us have seen or will see. Our author is never wholly to be trusted, however, being always subject to cliqueism, if there is such a word. What else would make anybody say that Marvell's "Garden" had been made a household word in England in virtue of being put into Mr. Alcott's "Tablets?" It is a pity that the households are not many into which this household word has gone, but into most of the few it was Marvell himself who took it. This is a small matter, to be sure, but as an example it is large enough, and illustrates the method of a school more important in its influence once than now, and, indeed, of much less influence than Mr. Conway, we dare say, supposes. He is not the only American who went to England a sufficient number of years since to be in the wrong oftener than in the right as regards the fluctuations of sentiment, thought, and opinion in the country he has left behind.

"Reminiscences of Oxford" is by an ancient esquire bedel of that university, who began his college life in 1789, but who must have been a very aged man at matriculation if he is old enough to remember the origin of some of the jokes which he quotes with great garrulity and good faith. "The Graves at Newport" deals with some of the antiquities of the old town; "Slavery in Palaces" is something about the life—to call it so—of a Spanish queen a hundred and fifty years ago; "Borrowed Baggage" is a tale of true love which did run smooth, and "Hetty's Liberal Education" is a tale of love which did "run rusty" enough, the heroine trifling with the affections of the true man, and allowing the trivial man to pay the most marked attentions to her, until it happens that her face and neck get badly burned and scarred by fire, whereupon the slight foppish Thorn absents himself in a sneaking manner, having loved only the beauty of Hetty, while the true man forgives and forgets. Hetty is taken back again, as if she had always been entirely worthy of the brave Mills. "Draw your Conclusions" is cleverer, though not so mouth-filling, as "Hetty's Liberal Education," and introduces the low comic element into some highly complicated affairs of the heart. Poproy is the name of one of the parties, Buffum is that of another, and another is called Adolphus, by way of contrast to Belah, which is Mr. Buffum's first name. This latter device is a great success.

Harper's praises several American works, we see, in its book reviews, but it has been publishing a novel of its own, "The New Timothy," which is very much superior to a majority of contemporary novels, American or other. Its author's name is not given, but it almost deserves a place with "Inside, a Story of Secession"—a story of which not enough has been heard. This new book does not, perhaps, impress as a work based on great culture; but its good sense and the firm texture of it make it always a work that a man need not be ashamed to have done, and it is often vivid and often genuinely humorous. The bitter, sneaking young pair of "poor trash," while attending the funeral of General Likens, are admirably given in the last of these chapters before us Here they are, kicking their heels at the gate of the old man's house, and grumbling over their grievances, one of which is that a brother of the pair has turned his thoughts toward religion—has endeavored to induce "the old man" to come over to the funeral:

"'You hear Doc try the old man?' remarks Toad again, after a silence, whittling nearer his companion and further from the gate, as the company still continues to arrive.

"'To get *him* to come?' answers Zed, with an oath.

"'Not straight out, you know; he hinted round,' said Toady, with half-a-dozen curses. And that was a peculiarity of the Meggar family, that hinting round. Very rarely, indeed, did any one under that roof ask a direct question of, or make any direct remark, unless it was a curse, to any other there. This would involve their looking each other straight in the eyes while they spoke—a thing habitually avoided by them even in the heat of quarrel. Old Mrs. Meggar only asked direct questions, made remarks aimed at some one person under her roof, looking in the eyes of the person she addressed as she spoke; but she was a disagreeable exception to the general rule—a sort of incarnate conscience in the centre of the family on that account.

"'Yes, Doc he hinted round an' round the old man like a bumble-bee, comin' closer an' closer ev'ry time,' said Toad, who had himself not seen his companion's eyes in his life except furtively.

"'An' what *did* that old cuss say?' enquires Zed.

"'He was a-smokin' by the fire. "Ketch me goin' to funerals," says he. Old 'oman was a-knittin' in the corner,' continues Toad. '"Soul?" the old man says, says he, "ha'n't got any. Spit it away in tobacco-juice; puffed it away in tobacco-smoke; drowned it out in whiskey; cussed it to pieces long ago." An' he up an' slams on his breast with his hand. "Hollow!" says he, "hempty!" Old 'oman she was cryin' softly; when he says that she ups an' out.'

"'Breaks for the butter-beans,' remarks Zed, and very correctly.

"'Ha'n't been no fun sence that bar-fight,' continues Toad, at last. 'General Likens *he* comes over—*glad* he's gone; Brown Bob *he* sits an' talks; that young parson act'ly hes his praarrs in the house! Goin' to preachin', too, ev'ry Sunday; old 'oman on old gray, or in the wagon; we a-followin' behind.'

"'An' Doc he tryin' to ease off from swearin'.' Zed continues the catalogue of grievances. 'A fellar that could swear the bark off a black-jack too—*he* tryin' to give up swearin'!' The thought is painful to both in the extreme.

"'Did my best, too, to stop it,' complains Toad; 'his givin' it up. Crossed and bothered him more'n I ever dar to do before. You see I thought Doc he'd blaze out at me like he used to; get in the way again so.'

"'Not a curse at las'. Only got knocked down for your pains,' observes Zed, moodily.

"'But, I say, look here,' says Toad, after some silent whittling under the temporary influence, probably, of the funeral and of the many solemn faces grouped around and arriving every moment, and as if by a desperate effort, 'S'pose a fellar turns out he *hes* got a soul somewhere among his in'ards—and s'pose there *is* a God—' But his conjectures are broken by the indignant oaths of his disgusted friend, who trembles inwardly with even greater apprehension himself."

Mr. Curtis, in the "Easy Chair," gives some very sound advice to Mr.

Nathaniel Sands, a friend of the "practical education," who is not one of its most judicious friends. Mr. Curtis's article is calculated to do good, if only because it takes the question out of the muddle in which one usually finds it, and because of its conciliatory moderation. This, however, is rather to be looked for in a defender of the classics, who generally can admit, if he cannot exactly judge, the value of the practical man's favorite pursuits; while, on the other hand, the latter, trying to estimate things all but imponderable, except by more delicate balances than he has at command, is always in danger of sneering in the dark. The Boston Jubilee Mr. Curtis speaks of with a civility and kindness which we hope the Bostonians will remember to his credit; he is not quite sure about the goodness of the music; but as "a big thing" it was somewhat, he thinks. He does not say the same thing; but, on the contrary, quite the reverse concerning the means and appliances for drinking which were used in the days of prohibition in Maine—the days of prohibition and enforcement.

Hours at Home contains some words of remembrance of Mr. Raymond from a gentleman long connected with him in his work on the *Times*, and who, like everybody else who knew him well, speaks of Mr. Raymond with a good deal of personal affection, and evidently with sincere respect. Very few men have ever died in this country whose departure was the signal for more kinder and sincere notice. Apart from his personal amiability, it seems to have been everywhere recognized, as soon as he was gone, that, during all his editorial life, he had wielded great powers with great regard for the rights and feelings of others, and this is surely higher praise than most men can ever claim. Professor Porter's "Books and Reading" has reached its seventh instalment; "On the Steppe" is a paper of travel by Mr. Eugene Schuyler, who has wandered over the Ural Mountains and had his first glimpse of Asia; "Folingsby's Pond"—there are two, we believe—is by Mr. J. F. Headley, who years ago knew the Adirondacks very well, and in this article tells how one of Napoleon's colonels lived as a hermit in the woods near the Raquette, and was buried at last in the wilderness. We do not know that anything in particular is to be said of the other articles in *Hours at Home*. "The Story of Kristopher Kroy" goes on, and so does "Compton Friars," by the author of "Mary Powell;" and there is a fair allowance of other sober and reputable light reading.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Authors.—Titles.	*Publishers.—Prices.*	
Colange (L.), Zell's Popular Cyclopædia, Part 7, swd.	(T. Ellwood Zell)	$0 50
Eliot (Prof. C. W.) and Storer (Prof. F. H.), Compendious Manual of Qualitative Chemical Analysis	(D. Van Nostrand)	
First Annual Report of the Trustees of the Peabody Academy of Science, 1868, swd.	(Salem)	
Jones (Rev. J.), St. Liguori's Way of Salvation	(Cath. Pub. Soc.)	
Koner (Prof. Dr. W.), Zeitschrift der Gesellschaft für Erdkunde zu Berlin, No. 21.	(L. W. Schmidt)	
Lectures before the Lowell Institute, Boston, on the Early History of Massachusetts, 1 vol	(Boston)	
Lippitt (Brig.-Gen. F. J.), Field Service in War	(D. Van Nostrand)	
Marlitt (E.), Countess Gisela: a Tale, from the German, Part 1, swd.	(J. B. Lippincott & Co.)	0 75
Packard (Dr. A. S., jr.), Guide to the Study of Insects, Part VIII., swd.	(Salem)	0 50
Pomeroy (Prof. J. N.), Education in Politics, swd.	(New York)	
The Woman in Red: a Tale, swd.	(T. B. Peterson & Bros.)	0 50
Twelfth Annual Report of the Board of Commissioners of the Central Park, 1868, swd.	(New York)	
Wainwright (J.), Julius Cæsar: Did he Cross the Channel? Reviewed, swd.	(John Campbell)	
Wallen (Brig.-Gen. H. D.), Service Manual	(D. Van Nostrand)	1 50
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The Week.

A WEEK from to-day the political struggle in Tennessee comes to an end in the election—a temporary end, at least, though there are likely to be after-claps in the fight for the Senatorship, the great prize of the present contest, and though there is no doubt that we are to have fighting enough in the widened arena which will be used by the combatants—Republican, Democratic, and Old-line Whig—after Governor Senter's new registrars have done their work, and taken down the barriers that shut out the disfranchised. It is reported on all hands that Senter's new registrars are unscrupulous in admitting disenabled citizens to the voting lists, and that Senter, whose election is generally conceded, will find himself at the mercy of the Democrats, and will find a Democratic Legislature at the capital who will elect Andrew Johnson Senator. This latter calamity—for it would be nothing else—is, however, to be averted, other accounts say, and the Republicans, with the help of the Whigs—who still exist in Tennessee as in Virginia, North Carolina, and other parts of the country a little out of the main currents of affairs—are expected to elect to the Senate some such person as Emerson Etheridge. Mr. Boutwell's letter to General Stokes seems to have had the effect of warning the office-holders that they will do well for themselves if they abstain from furthering Governor Senter's cause. But, as we have said, victory seems to lie in the hands of the registrars, and it is much more than doubtful if anything can save Stokes, and if within ten days Tennessee is not by fair means or foul practically committed to the policy of amnesty. But, after that, what with the negroes, the Radicals, and the anti-Democrats, it will be possible, good observers say, to keep the State in the hands of the anti-Conservatives; so the prospect is not altogether so black as it might be. One thing is certain—under the proscriptive policy set up by Brownlow, and kept up till it pleased him to kick it down, peace would have been impossible.

As was to have been expected, the Southern Radical negroes look on Conservative negroes as traitors to their race, and latterly in Virginia, and more recently in South Carolina, they have been shocking the white men very much by their "proscriptive spirit"—the life of a white man in either of these States who votes against *his* race being a very pleasant one as long as it lasts—which in South Carolina is sometimes not so very long. The immediate cause of the Charleston riot appears to have been the presence in the city of a brass band composed of colored Democrats from Savannah, who had accompanied a white base-ball club to Charleston, and were attacked by the colored men of the city for being Democrats. But there seems to have been a preceding riot, also speedily quelled, which was caused merely by the unwillingness of the crowd to move off the ball ground when ordered by the police. The military had to be called out, for Mayor Pillsbury, a man of good intentions, but very little force of character, did not know what to do. The city papers, of course, make the most of the affair, for they hate Mr. Pillsbury and do not like negroes; but really there was very little in it, unless it has some value as an admonition to the Charlestonians to choose their policemen carefully, drill them well, and put them under efficient officers. From the rest of the South, the news is of little interest. Judge Dent will get and accept the Conservative Republican nomination in Mississippi; Alabama Republicans expect to send to Congress five out of the six Representatives; and everywhere the news in regard to the crops continues very favorable. There is talk of the largest cotton crop that has yet been raised, and the prospect of Chinese laborers is welcomed eagerly, while the charge that it is desired to engage in the Coolie trade, or to do anything but introduce free immigrants and pay them good wages, is stoutly denied. The whole business of Chinese immigration in its larger aspect, as well as in its details, will doubtless receive some of the early attention of Congress.

Mr. Boutwell has issued his statement of the public debt for August, and it is really, like all his other statements, a charming document. Of course it contains nothing hostile to religion or morals, and not an expression in it would bring the faintest tinge to the most modest cheek, but for this Mr. Boutwell would hardly claim praise. What he may claim praise for is, furnishing a detailed account of the character of various Government securities which the most enslaved and oppressed woman can understand as readily as the president of the Academy of Science. The aggregate of the debt bearing coin interest is $2,107,931,300; bearing interest in paper, $64,810,000; the debt bearing no interest, consisting of greenbacks and the like, and which the Butlerites wish to increase indefinitely, is $423,872,859; and to this must be added $60,860,320 worth of bonds issued in aid of railroads. Since the 1st of March the debt has been reduced $43,896,523; since the 1st of July, $7,435,744, and next month is expected to bring it down $10,000,000 more. All this does not exactly raise Mr. Boutwell to the level of Turgot or Gladstone, because he operates with a heavy surplus drawn from a country of almost fabulous resources, and with a rapidly increasing population, and is doing only what the law directs. He has no intricate problems of finance to solve; but then, when we consider how much less he might do with perfect impunity, we ought to feel thankful to him—and we do. If he will now abandon all official interest in the Tennessee and other elections, and lend a helping hand in reforming the Civil Service, he will have established everlasting claims on the popular gratitude.

"The longer the Indians can be treated fraudulently in a condition of semi-peace, the more money the agents, contractors, sutlers, and frontiersmen generally can make," because we have been in the habit of buying them off when they took the war-path, and the Indian Bureau and the Indian ring had the handling of the money; but there really seems now to be some hope that the ugly-looking Indian ques-

tion may receive a solution not so disgraceful to our civilization as any one that has hitherto seemed possible. Such as persistently run wild, robbing and murdering, will have to be exterminated, unless they accept defeat—dealt with as Carr and Corse have been dealing with them. But an effort to tame them will no doubt succeed, in the case of a good many, as it has already succeeded with the Cherokees, who once owned negroes and who have high-schools. It is intended to put all peaceable Indians into two great reservations—a Northern and a Southern—the one being now in charge of General Harney, the other of General Hazen. From the Southern Reservation very good accounts come already. An army officer, writing to the *Mail* of this city, says it will be occupied by the Comanches, Kiowas, Apaches, Arapahoes, and Cheyennes—tribes numbering altogether between 6,000 and 7,000, and that of these there are already within the reservation more than 4,000 souls, with more than a thousand acres of rich land under cultivation, more than a hundred patches, containing from a few square rods apiece to ten acres apiece, while "pumpkins, melons, vines, and garden vegetables in fabulous quantities are growing everywhere." Several houses have been built and more are to be built, and schools are projected and asked for. It required a good deal of talk to effect so much, but now "even Ten Bears wants his patch fenced in," which we suppose is a fact of great promise, though we do not remember how sanguinary and indocile that chief has been. With the help of Grant's civilian commissioners and of some such body as the Sanitary Commission, it seems as if great good might be done among these people. Of course they will be for some time in a state of pupilage, and must not be expected to stand alone; a couple of bad successive seasons might send them all back to murder and pillage, and the charity of the American people may properly be invoked in their favor.

There is a conflict of evidence as to whether they are enforcing the Prohibitory Law in Massachusetts or not. State Constable Jones takes the Springfield *Republican* to task for saying that "in Boston the liquor law is a dead letter," and makes the editor a bold promise to the effect that if "any candid and fair individual will point out an open bar in the entire State," he will forthwith "abate the nuisance;" but there is n't any open bar. To this the editor replies by enquiring of the State Constable "if he is so jolly green as not to be aware that there are hundreds of bars open in the State?" Furthermore, he says to Major Jones that he and his assistants are commissioned and paid by the State for collecting and acting upon the information which the Major desires the candid and fair individual to furnish; and that, what is more, they have the information and could shut up plenty of open bars any day they liked. But is either the constable or the editor so jolly green, we should like to know, as to suppose that the politicians of the Republican party in Massachusetts, after being so civil to the temperance men in the matter of making them a law just as they wanted, are now going to endanger the party's political ascendancy by enforcing it? They no more intend it this time than they ever intended it before. They know that a certain number of the temperance men—if not all of them—with the zeal which characterizes moral reformers, would "bolt" if they were not pacified by being allowed to seem to have their own way as regards total abstinence, or to try to have their own way, and that with three parties running, the Democrats might very probably slip into power. But if Judge Pitman imagines that the Bullocks, Butlers, and Lorings, and the Slacks and other politicians, small and great, are going to give the State real prohibition till they are forced to do it, he is singularly confiding. Whether they can be forced, is another question.

A curious meeting has just been held in Lowell, at which clergymen who favor compulsory total abstinence sat side by side with liquor-dealers—whom some of them seemed to regard with a good deal of the feeling expressed in the old Washingtonian tracts about "the rum-seller"—and all agreed harmoniously, and with cheers, to demand the strict enforcement of the law; the one party expecting it to break down completely; the other believing, apparently, that more and sharper constables are all that are needed to make the sale of liquor almost unknown in Massachusetts. But the practical Republican politicians do not seem to have been represented in this assemblage, and, till the liquor-dealers and their friends go over to the Democrats in much greater numbers than ever they have on previous similar occasions, or till the earnest prohibitionists do some bolting, the meetings may be held, but the law will be enforced with much politeness.

The Washington correspondent of the Boston *Advertiser*, who is, as we have often had occasion to remark, an unusually sensible and well-informed and accurate writer, says—*apropos* of the reports in circulation as to the truculent character of Sickles's instructions—that neither the President nor Cabinet desires the annexation of Cuba at present, and that our Minister is not, therefore, as some people would have us believe, charged to bully the Spaniards into surrendering the island, or into selling it to the inhabitants for notes endorsed by the United States. The truth of the matter, the correspondent thinks, is that Sickles is instructed to urge the extension of Cuban liberties, either by the admission of the island to complete equality with the mother country, or its erection into a *quasi* independent principality like Canada, or the sale of the island to the inhabitants "on time" without security; and the correspondent thinks this is Grant's favorite scheme, and the one to which Sickles has been instructed to show most favor. All talk of Spain's receiving any cash from the Cubans beyond the first instalment on "a time sale," however, has, it as well to say, a humorous side to it on which we shall not dwell. The idea of Spain being entitled to any money from the inhabitants for leaving them in quiet possession of their own soil would be the best joke of the season, both in Havana and Washington, about the time the second payment came due. We mention this now solely through a regrettable want of control over our countenance. The Cuban military authorities have very brutally murdered, under the form of a military execution, after a very slight investigation, two, as it appears, innocent Americans, whom they found on board a filibustering vessel, and are offering to apologize for it or compensate their relatives. This sort of thing might have been prevented if Admiral Hoff had been instructed three months ago to give the volunteers plainly to understand that the stringency with which we were enforcing the neutrality laws was not an indication of sympathy with them or of a disposition to wink at their excesses.

Senator Wilson has come to the support of Mr. Parton and his article on the "Strikers" at Washington in the last *Atlantic*, and "thanks him for it, and expresses his surprise at the perfect truthfulness of his [Mr. Parton's] statements." He adds "that he has served with more than two hundred Senators, and among them all there are scarcely any whom he could so much as suspect of a corrupt motive." He then says, "Such articles as yours tend to increase the faith of the people and to strengthen honesty. That is my judgment, and I thank you for it." The Boston *Journal* thinks this ought to put the *Nation* to shame, in view of its recent strictures on Mr. Parton's article. On the contrary, the *Nation* finds Senator Wilson's letter very amusing reading. The very article he praises so highly accuses seven of the Senators, at least, of having taken bribes from whiskey-dealers and others to render a false judgment in a judicial proceeding. Taking bribes in an ordinary legislative proceeding is nothing to this; and as the charge comes from a warm friend of Mr. B. F. Butler, it is fair to presume that he has passed over in silence some corruption on the other side, so that, if Mr. Parton's statements be true, Mr. Wilson's hearty commendation of his article is simply ludicrous. What the *Nation* tried to do was to hold it up to reprobation as a disgraceful attack on the Senate, evidently written under the inspiration of one of the most unscrupulous politicians in the country, who had appeared before it as counsel in a cause in the result of which he had a strong personal interest, and had been defeated. To represent the *Nation*, as the *Journal* does, as an assailant of Congressional character in this case, and Mr. Parton as its defender, reads a little like a poor joke. The public, however, is gradually getting to understand this sort of thing.

Some of the other papers say that Mr. John Bigelow is at this moment editing the New York *Times*, and, as the *Times* does not deny it, we presume he is, and its readers are, doubtless, as we are, very glad to believe it to be true. A kind of hortatory article on the uses and abuses of journalism appeared in the paper of Tuesday morning, which read likewhat is called "a salutatory," was excellent of its kind, and, if lived up to, as we have no doubt it will be, will make the *Times* in certain aspects a real blessing to the community. Two things in it are specially notable: one, a recognition of the moral responsibility of editors for the lies of correspondents and telegraphers. A general recognition of it by editors would thin the ranks of the "reportorial" profession seriously. We have yet to hear of a single case in which a correspondent has found himself injured professionally by habitual misrepresentation as long as he was "spicy." The second is a recognition of the mischief and repulsiveness of the practice of puffing obscure people and chronicling their doings. The *Times* might have gone further, however, and put in a word against the puffing of notorious rascals. It ought also to have said a word in condemnation of the common editorial practice of surrendering newspaper columns to any young man who happens to be employed as a correspondent, and allowing him, without any check or supervision, to mingle with his news his own absurd or foolish opinions on all sorts of subjects, together with "digs" at, or damaging stories about, his personal enemies.

The projectors of the new Atlantic Cable, having undertaken in a letter to Mr. Fish to submit themselves, so far as in their own power, to the conditions proposed in the bill introduced into Congress last session, and to endeavor to procure from the French Government the abolition of the monopoly created as to the French coast in their favor, our Government has offered no opposition to the landing of the cable. There is talk of an American cable—that is, of a cable owned in America, and, we suppose, paid out from this side; but we fear no cable can, in the present state of American industry, be made here cheap enough to compete with those of English manufacture. There will probably be an indefinite number laid within the next ten or fifteen years, and in twenty we should not be surprised to see a great deal of the correspondence of the more important kinds between Europe and America carried on by cable. As the world gets familiarized with the telegraph, and business adapts itself to its use, the impatience of the rich and the business men with the letter-post will grow, and at last become uncontrollable.

There has been an interesting debate in the House of Commons on "the Central Asian Question," in which the probabilities of an attack on India by Russia were fully discussed—the weightiest and most authoritative speaker being Mr. Grant Duff. He pooh-poohs the idea that the Russian position in Central Asia endangers the British Empire in India, showing that the Russian army of occupation is so small, their real base of supplies so far off, the distances they would have to traverse in order to reach the British frontier so great, and in a military sense so *aggravated* by the absence of roads, the wildness of the country, and the character of the native population, that it is "preposterous" to fear a hostile advance from them. The *Times* takes a different view as to the nature of their occupation of Central Asia, believing it to be more solid and permanent than Mr. Grant Duff does, but holds that their civilizing influence must prove a source of security instead of peril to the English dominions. In the meantime, there is no doubt that, whatever the facts may be, the talk of the Russian advance is already seriously agitating the minds of the Hindoos, and a pamphlet of an Indian officer of high rank attempts to show that the spread amongst the natives of a belief that England was really afraid of Russia, and had reason to be, would be a serious matter. Shere Ali, the new Ameer of Afghanistan, finds himself growing more "interesting" both to Russians and English every day; and if he does not make a good thing out of their competition for his affections, he must differ from most Asiatics of his mental calibre.

There has been a meeting in London of the National Society of Women's Suffrage, at which Mrs. Peter A. Taylor presided, and Mr. John Stuart Mill, Lord Houghton, and Mr. John Morley, of the *Fortnightly Review*, spoke. The meeting was numerously attended, and was, in point of intellect, very weighty. It appeared from the report that during the year 229 petitions, signed by 41,000 persons, had been presented to Parliament, and 18,500 pamphlets distributed. There was nothing very new in the speeches, but they were all very hopeful, except Mrs. Taylor's, whose gloom, however, Professor Fawcett endeavored to dispel by examples of difficulties overcome drawn from his own experience. The society is about to lose one very truculent and powerful enemy in the person of Mr. Fitzjames Stephen, the barrister, and principal writer for the *Pall Mall Gazette*, whose fierce tussle in the *Gazette*, some months ago, with Miss Helen Taylor, on the subject of women's rights, was one of the prettiest pieces of intellectual fence ever witnessed. He goes out to India as Legislative Member of the Council in place of Mr. Maine, the author of the "Ancient Law," who retires. Mr. Stephen is an utter radical on almost every other subject, but touching the arrangement of the family he is a disciple of the patriarchs, and the most formidable upholder of their system. His departure will probably be worth to the society 100 petitions, signed by, say, 20,000 persons.

The Emperor has at last sent his long and anxiously expected message making concessions to the Liberals. He offers to allow ministers to sit as members in the Senate and Assembly; but while they are to be responsible for their acts, they will depend only on the Emperor, and can only be impeached by the Senate; to surrender the right of making changes in the tariff or postal system by treaty without parliamentary authority; and to permit "interpellation" or questioning of ministers in their places on notice; to allow to the Corps Législatif, as well as himself and the Senate, the right of introducing bills, but they must be referred to a committee and to the Council of State—leaving the Corps, however, the final decision; and to leave to both Houses the privilege of electing their own officers. The Senate met on Monday to draw up the "senatus consultum," in which all these changes are to be embodied. The new ministry contains only a few new men—notably Prince de la Tour d'Auvergne, a middle-aged trimmer of high degree, and Duvergier. Rouher goes out, of course, regretted by none, and with the reputation of one of the ablest "Swiss" that ever took the floor. Duruy, the late Minister of Public Instruction, is a real loss. He has done more for the cause of education in France than any of his predecessors, and has been the object of fierce and bitter hostility at the hands of the priest party, aided and abetted, it is said, by the Empress. One of his worst offences in their eyes, as our readers may remember, was his efforts to establish a system of higher education for women. His successor, M. Bourbeau, is a man of Ultramontane leanings.

Spanish affairs have reached a shape in which they are likely to remain till the Cortes meets again in October. Everything is ready for a monarch, but no monarch appears, and Prim says the reason is that the affairs of the kingdom have been in such a disordered condition that nobody would take the crown at any price; but the constitution once adopted, the republican agitation put down, and the finances regulated, a king can be found—and, in fact, one is now ready. Who it is that is waiting for the throne is a matter of guess, but the public eye is turned to Montpensier as the coming man. He has just got back to his home, and Prim, in reply to the remonstrances of the Republicans on his being allowed to re-enter, asked, and was not answered, for a legal reason for expelling him. Marshal Serrano has got the title of "Highness" as regent, and is getting on very well under it, having squelched a small Carlist rising without much trouble. He has, by-the-by, formally received General Sickles, and expressed his admiration for that person, in good set diplomatic terms, which leads us to fear that his copy of the New York *World* does not reach him regularly. A letter to the Council of Ministers from the Captain-General of Madrid—drawing a very gloomy picture of the state of the country, and announcing his intention of retiring into private life if a monarch is not at once chosen and order restored—has produced a good deal of impression on the public mind, and it is supported by other accounts—all of which agree in pronouncing Spain to be in a very bad way.

THE ADMINISTRATION AND SOUTHERN POLITICS.

THERE is a good deal of discussion going on about the letters Messrs. Boutwell and other members of the Cabinet have thought proper to write to Tennessee, expressing their preference for Stokes over Senter for the governorship of the State—Stokes representing the policy of continued proscription, and Senter that of immediate enfranchisement of the ex-rebels, numbering in all, it is said, about 100,000. The sympathies of the various members of the Administration in the case of Virginia have not been so openly manifested, but whatever Grant's may be—and they are said to incline to Walker—the relation of the two parties in Virginia so closely resembles those of the two parties in Tennessee, that we can hardly err in placing Messrs. Boutwell and Cresswell on the side of Wells.

There are two objections to members of the Cabinet writing letters of encouragement, or otherwise taking part in State elections at the South, which are both worth the consideration. One is, that the opinion of members of the Cabinet as to the way in which Republicans should vote in Tennessee or any other State, is worth no more than the opinion of any other citizen of another State, of mature age and fair capacity, who has never lived in Tennessee, and has no special knowledge of the temper of the people, of the drift of popular feeling, of the necessities of the day, and of the character of the local politicians. Mr. Boutwell and Mr. Cresswell, in other words, know no more about the way a Republican should vote in Tennessee than Mr. Senter knows about how a man should vote in New York. They know they don't know it, and the Tennesseeans all know it, and indeed everybody knows it. They have no special acquaintance with Tennesseean politics, and, *per se*, their letters, if they wrote them in private life, or even as members of Congress, would simply be a piece of impertinence, to which the State voters would pay no heed. Indeed, we risk nothing in saying that Mr. Boutwell or Mr. Cresswell hardly expects anybody in Tennessee to vote for any particular candidate in deference to his opinion, *as an opinion*. What he expects is that his letter will influence people—but through their fears, not through their judgment.

In other words, the reason why the opinions of these two gentlemen about the Tennesseean election are of such importance is, that one of them appoints all the postmasters and the other all the revenue assessors and collectors and inspectors, and so forth, in the State, and, consequently, can remove the persons now filling those places. Were it not for this, the opinions of Mr. Fish, or Mr. Robeson, or General Sheridan, or Mr. Hoar would be just as valuable as theirs. What they really mean when they recommend Stokes for the suffrages of Tennesseean voters is not simply that, in their estimation, Stokes is the best man for the governorship, but that if any Federal office-holder in Tennessee fails to "work" for Stokes, or to use his influence for him, he will be made to "rotate" in his office in such a way that the office will become vacant, and another citizen of more zeal be called to fill it. In fact, their letters are simply threats to abuse the patronage at their disposal for the purpose of influencing a political contest which concerns them no more than any other American citizen, and concerns them far less than it concerns the voters in Tennessee, and about the merits of which they are not well informed, and in which any mistake on their part would do incalculable mischief. We pass over with a mere mention the obvious fact, that the duties of those who are charged with the management-in-chief of the Treasury and Post-office of the United States are just now of such magnitude that it is no disparagement to either Mr. Boutwell or Mr. Cresswell to say, that men of twice their ability and powers of work, great as these may be, would find in them full employment for all their faculties of whatever nature.

The second objection is that their interference helps to maintain and stimulate the feeling of antagonism and mistrust between the mass of the Southern people and the Federal Government, which is one of the great difficulties of reconstruction. A State once admitted to the Union, the punishment of any portion of its population for having taken part in the rebellion ceases to be the duty of the Administration or of anybody connected with it. Even if we admit that it is a matter of concern to the Federal Government that the franchise in every State should be impartially bestowed, it is not a matter of concern to it, and it ought not to act as if it were, that a certain portion of the population should be disfranchised for past offences. In so far as Congress has not provided for anything of the kind, the matter ought to be left in the hands of the people of the State, who understand it. Attempts on the part of officers of the General Government to secure a continuance of a policy of proscription, against the wishes and the judgment of even a portion of the Republican party, are, therefore, ill-judged as well as indecent, and are calculated to prolong hatred and distrust of the United States amongst that immense and influential class of the Southern people—the men and women who aided and abetted in the rebellion, and their children. If this were a despotic government, it would make no difference how these people feel or were likely to feel; but as it is a democratic republic, it is, we submit, our duty and our interest to try to placate them, and would be, though they were all possessed by devils. The time for punishment of rebels, as far as regards the Federal Government, was during the continuance of military rule, and the place for punishment was the courts. The opportunities thus presented having passed away, all talk of the matter had better cease. We do not expect Mr. Boutwell to give offices to rebels or Democrats, but we do expect him not to use his patronage to help to divide the Republican party at a State election on a question of disfranchisement.

In this, as in many similar cases, Mr. Boutwell, as well as many other Republicans, does not seem to have ever asked himself a question which all politicians ought to ask themselves every hour, and that is, "What practical good will result from what I am doing?" The great end in view, in all the whole process of reconstruction, is to bring back the Southern people as speedily as possible to true allegiance—that is, allegiance of the heart to the United States. Keeping the most influential portion of the community disfranchised, therefore, could only be justified on the ground that it would promote love of human equality and of the Union amongst the disfranchised. To believe that it would have this effect, it would be necessary to disregard all we know of human nature and of history. The natural effect of proscription is to excite hatred and discontent. It is only justifiable as a means of security—but this it can never be as long as the proscribed have a near prospect of coming into power. So that to make further exclusion of the Southern whites from a share in the government a measure that will bear examination, we ought to make it perpetual. Military government, in short, may have its uses, and may do good; but class government, whether based on loyalty, caste, or color, is sure to breed bad passions, and, if they exist already, runs a fair chance of making them perennial. Men will almost always sooner be governed by a dictator than by neighbors they detest.

THE RECENT ATTACK ON THE USURERS.

THERE is a vast difference, not always sufficiently remembered, between what law writers call *mala in se* and *mala prohibita*: that is, between offences against laws enforcing some principle of abstract justice or morality, and laws merely embodying some people's views of what is advantageous for the regulation of commerce or industry. The former are wrongs, whether they be legally prohibited or not, and whether the legal prohibition of them be enforced or not. The latter are wrongs only so long as the prohibition remains on the statute-book, or has not fallen into desuetude. To commit murder or to accept a bribe is a wrong, whether prohibited by statute or not. To have carriage-wheels of more than a certain width is prohibited by the laws of many States, and is, justly or unjustly, punishable by fine and even imprisonment. The law against murder or bribery may not be enforced by a lax government, but the crime remains; the law concerning carriage-wheels is a law only so long as it is enforced. When the circumstances which led to its enactment have so entirely changed and disappeared that the law itself has become unnecessary or mischievous, it naturally falls into abeyance. There are in every country numerous laws or enactments which involve no principle of justice or morality—which, owing to the continuous changes going on in the affairs of men, have ceased to be necessary or useful—and which

have gradually fallen into disuse and become totally disregarded, although they have never been expunged from the statute-book, and remain to this day nominally the law of the land. They *should*, indeed, be expunged from the statute-book, and would be, were it not that legislators find it more profitable to legislate on the affairs of railroad and other corporations than to attend to their legitimate duties.

To this class of laws belong the usury laws. It seems as if no sane man could argue that there is any violation of justice or morality in receiving or paying eight per cent. interest on money that is not equally involved in receiving seven; that it can be just to receive twelve per cent. in Illinois, but a crime to receive eight in New York, or seven in Massachusetts; that it is justifiable for the Government of the United States to pay twelve per cent., or seven per cent. in gold, or seven and three-tenths per cent. in currency, but sinful for its citizens resident in the State of New York to do the same. There are men who claim that it is wicked to receive any interest at all on money, but even they see no greater wickedness in taking eight per cent. than in taking seven. In fact, no man worth listening to has ever yet attempted to place usury laws upon any foundation of justice or morality, or to defend them on any ground save that of expediency, based on the belief that the great mass of borrowers are not capable of judging for themselves what interest they can afford to pay, and that the lenders have it in their power to extort all sorts of unreasonable terms for the money which they have to lend. The usury laws, having no foundation in justice or morality, but being founded only on principles of expediency (which have been found to be extremely inexpedient), have gradually come to be totally disregarded. For years and years they have not been enforced; the best and purest citizens have infringed them daily, not secretly or in disguise, but openly and in the market-place; the daily journals have quoted the transactions as part of the natural and legitimate business operations of the country; corporations, cities, counties, the United States Government itself, have thousands of times infringed, are daily infringing, these laws all through the State, as well as in sight of Trinity steeple; common consent, universal practice, the whole force of public opinion, all stamp usury laws as obsolete and dead; and the commercial community has unanimously branded as dishonorable all attempts to appeal to them in evasion of legitimate business engagements. Yet here we find in New York City a jury, composed of intelligent merchants, framing bills of indictment against reputable bankers for infringing laws that are deemed obsolete by common consent, and that no man dare appeal to in his own defence without being stigmatized as dishonest and tricky. What does it mean?

It means that a large and daily increasing portion of the wealth of the country is getting to be employed in very questionable financial transactions, and that in the course of these transactions some weeks ago a number of influential capitalists had enormous speculative interests in the advance in the price of Government bonds and gold and other stocks, while a similar number of equally influential capitalists were equally interested in having the price of these different articles decline. Of course it was the interest of the latter to make money scarce, in order to force the former to sell. By taking advantage of the weak and expanded condition of some of the poorly managed banks, they frightened these into refusing to lend. By holding out inducements to officers of other banks, they bribed those into likewise refusing. By ingenious manœuvres of various kinds, they threw a part of the financial machinery of the country into temporary confusion, and really succeeded in making money for a time so scarce that borrowers were glad to take it at any price, and readily paid as high as one-quarter and even one-half per cent. per day for its use. In this way those who were interested in the decline of stocks and bonds and gold—the *bears* of Wall Street—were really on the point of defeating their opponents—the *bulls*—and forcing them to sell. Then, but not till then, did the public conscience suddenly revolt with indignation at the depravity of the men who openly and barefacedly infringed these sacred usury laws. The press re-echoed or inspired the public demand for the enforcement of the law, the sympathy of all classes who had suffered inconvenience at least was enlisted, an example was required, the aid of the grand jury was invoked, the frightened bear speculators promptly relaxed their hold upon the money market money suddenly became abundant and easy to obtain at seven per cent. per annum, securities of all kinds rapidly advanced, the great bear combination was defeated, and the triumphant bulls went on their way rejoicing. The bulwark of liberty, the pillar of our institutions, the pride of Anglo-Saxon freemen, the grand jury of our fellow-citizens, was degraded into a simple piece of Wall-street speculation-machinery, and the whole country looked on with a dim and uncertain belief that the law had been vindicated, innocence protected, and that virtue was triumphant.

The whole proceeding is a piece of trickery and sham. The men who first complained, the jury that led the investigation, the witnesses summoned, the judge on the bench, all feel somewhat ashamed of their share in the proceedings; they all know as well as we do that the usury laws are as dead and obsolete as the laws relating to carriage-wheels in Jersey or to bakers' apprentices in Rhode Island; they all know that the appeal to these laws is a sham and a fraud, and that they have all been used together as convenient and despised tools of a set of gigantic gamblers, who are as ready to-day to appeal to the sacredness of obsolete laws as to defy all law to-morrow, if law happens to interfere with their reckless greed. But at the time when the proceedings were begun, this was scarcely recognized; it was impossible to deny the existence of the law; no one durst plead its obsoleteness; the public sentiment, often passionate and hasty, had already prejudged the case; and thus the grand jury was hurried on until it brought in a formal indictment against a number of the principal offenders. As usually happens in such cases, the convicted offenders are not those who had anything to do with bringing about the great stringency, but entirely inoffensive persons, who, having money to lend, received therefor whatever interest it happened to be worth. Their transactions having been open and undisguised, they have all pleaded guilty, and now await the action of Judge Cardozo, upon whom falls the difficult task of deciding what punishment they shall suffer. We can scarcely expect that his decision will be rendered at an early day.

The question of most interest connected with this investigation is this: How is it that the usury laws are not repealed when their injustice, inefficiency, and absurdity are so generally recognized, and the laws themselves practically ignored? Besides the indisposition among legislators to attend to any business of real utility, and conscientious objections of ignorant members from the rural districts, there is said to exist a powerful opposition to the repeal where one would least expect it, viz., among the national banks. One would think that banks having money to lend would desire to be authorized to get as much as possible for it. But the contrary appears to be the fact. It was openly asserted during the recent excitement—with what truth we know not—that certain bank presidents were leagued with the speculative cliques who made money so scarce and expected to derive large profits therefrom. Indeed, it was said that the legal proceedings were begun partly with the hope of proving this charge against certain bank officers, although, as far as we are aware, no such proof has been furnished. It is very evident, however, that there is temptation enough in times like the present to lend color to the report that it is among bank officers that the opposition to repeal originates. At the next session of the Legislature the subject will unquestionably be again introduced, and we shall then have an opportunity to see who it is that is benefited by retaining the usury laws upon the statute-book.

THE PREVENTION OF BRIBERY.

Several schemes for the prevention of legislative bribery and corruption have been brought forward within the past two or three years. This is of course natural enough, when we reflect upon the vast amount of dishonesty in the various State capitals which has been brought to light within the same period of time. It might be said with truth, that, since the settlement of the Reconstruction question, one of the chief functions of the leading journalists of the more populous and active States has been the exposure of the log-rolling, wire-pulling, and open corruption practised by the various gentlemen whose election they had

themselves promoted and secured. In this condition of affairs, of course their minds have been greatly occupied with the invention of devices by which this lamentable running down of our political machinery may be stopped. The plans proposed are innumerable. On one side it is urged that, inasmuch as most of the corruption takes place in connection with "private bills," the legislatures should be prohibited by constitutional provision from passing any save general laws—in other words, that no laws either furthering or invading individual rights should be permitted—the argument being that, although it may be possible to hustle a bill affecting a single town or county or railroad through the legislature, it is manifestly impossible to hustle through a general law affecting all the towns or counties or railroads in a State, for the simple reason that the interests of one railroad would be at variance with those of another; that the grant wanted by one town would not be the grant desired by all; that the bill very popular in the county of Jericho would be detestable in the eyes of the inhabitants of the county of Jerusalem. And in some of the States constitutional provisions against special legislation do actually exist. But to the argument to which we have just referred, it is objected that legislatures which are intent on corruption will probably find means to override the restriction; that laws may easily be framed, general indeed in form, but affecting only a single individual or corporation.

Again, it has been urged that corruption may be greatly reduced, if not entirely destroyed, by limiting the duration of legislative sessions—the argument being that if time enough for necessary business only is allowed, it will be extremely difficult for corrupt law-makers to find that opportunity for crime which sessions of uncertain length are continually offering. But to this it has been replied, in the first place, that the short sessions, combined with frequent re-elections, make the matter ten times worse, for each legislator remains on the stage so short a time that he has no sense of responsibility; he therefore occupies his short moment of power not in the transaction of necessary business, which would bring him only the reward of conscious integrity, but the unnecessary business which brings him in solid wealth and notoriety. A legislature which should sit for some months, it has been said, may be watched to some purpose, but in a session of a few weeks any scandal may be perpetrated with impunity. Imagine, for example, the Legislature of New York sitting for a week! And it is further said that, as an actual fact, there is very little difference as to corruption between the States in which the duration of the sessions is limited and those in which no limit is set. Kindred arguments are also in use, *pro* and *con.*, as to the possibility of stopping bribery by lengthening or shortening the term of office. Does any one believe that a long term secures honesty? Let him look at Florida. Did any one believe that a short term secured it? Let him look at New York!

The common way of effecting the object in view is, of course, the passage of stringent penal laws, such as have been introduced into the new constitution of this State, drawn up two years since. But the most novel and original plan is one lately brought forward and urged with great gravity by the Chicago *Tribune*. That journal, after saying that no effective anti-bribery law has ever been framed, proposes the passage of the following constitutional provision, which it thinks will meet the case thoroughly:

"1. No vote of either House of the Legislature, or signature of the Governor or other officer essential to the passage of any act, shall be valid if it be induced by any personal fear, favor, reward, or hope of reward, in or to any member or officer voting for or signing the same.

"2. The Courts of Record of the State, in any suit or prosecution wherein the rights or interests of parties are affected by any act of the Legislature, or signature of any officer, may, at any time within one year after the passage or performance of such act, on the application of the parties to the suit, join and try the issue, whether such act or signature were induced or affected as aforesaid; and, if the act or signature were so affected, may adjudge the act void, and may proceed to try and determine such suit as if no such act had been passed or signature given."

The *Tribune* continues:

"It may be objected that this would leave the entire enforcement of all our laws to so capricious a tribunal as a petit jury—whose verdict some irreverent but experienced lawyer has declared not even Omniscience could bet on with a fair chance of winning. But it must be remembered that the administration of justice depends on the verdicts of petit juries in any event; and the more important the question of fact involved in the enforcement of any law, the more surely should there be some mode of trying it, and, if necessary, trying it again, until the truth is so apparent that nobody cares to risk the cost of any new or further trial.

"No principle can be more evidently just than that a law in the enactment of which bribery enters should be set aside. The ordinary laws against bribery are practically null. The party who pays the bribe, having got his act through, it is law, and nobody has any longer the power to contend with it. The payer and receiver of the bribe have a mutual interest in concealing their crime, and the parties defrauded by it are bound hand and foot by the fraudulent enactment. But make the law void, and the facts relative to the bribery liable to be tried in every court in the State, with no check except that the losing party shall pay the costs if he fails to prove that some vote or signature was bought or unduly influenced, and our future Legislatures would, in our judgment, be as free from the temptation of money as our courts of justice have hitherto been. The parties most careful not to use it would be those who wanted to secure the passage of the law."

Now we do not propose to go into any examination of the merits of this scheme in detail, for we imagine that most of our readers will agree with us that it is an impracticable one. To permit courts of justice to enter into the question of the motives of every legislator who voted for a bill would be to consume the whole time of judges in an investigation which would, in nine cases out of ten, lead to nothing. Anybody who wanted to delay a case for a year or two would only have to insist on trying this issue. By the time all the prominent journalists who had accused, and all the prominent lobbyists who were suspected, and all the "enemies of the bill" who knew that money had been paid for votes—before all these persons had been examined, and their evidence duly weighed by the jury, the poorer party to the suit would have been driven to such expense and trouble that he would be ready to submit to any compromise rather than go on. An old-fashioned chancery suit would be nothing to it.

All this and much more is so evident that we do not propose to discuss the merits of the scheme any further. But we mention it because it has one characteristic feature of all the plans we have noticed, and exhibits this feature in a plainer light than any other. The common trait to which we refer is that they all proceed on the assumption that legislative dishonesty can be rooted out by legislative enactment or constitutional provision. We do not believe that it can. We do not believe that either long sessions or short sessions, or limited or unlimited terms, restrictions on special legislation or fine or imprisonment, or even the thorough-going measures of the *Tribune*, will ever have the desired effect. So long as we continue to elect to office men of bad or doubtful character, so long shall we have dishonest bills passed. To treat men whom we elect to make laws for us as children, and to erect bars here and point out gates there, and warn them against pitfalls in this direction and point out stumbling-blocks in that other, would be all very well if we had the slightest control over them after their election. But we have not. They are free agents; and whether they receive with respect our warnings in the shape of constitutions and laws, or whether they laugh at them, depends on what sort of men they are, not on the stringency of the warning. There is this peculiarity about the crime of bribery, that, while in almost all other offences against society it is for the interest of some individual or his friends to expose the criminal—as, for example, in murder, robbery, arson, and the like—in the case of bribery it is for the interest of no one to produce the evidence. The ordinary motive to disclose the facts, therefore, cannot be relied on; and in the absence of this security, what have we to fall back upon but high official character? There is our true safety. When we have men in office whose honor is above suspicion, our laws against bribery will be found to be the most effective in the world; until that time comes, we may cover our statute-books all over with such laws, and to no purpose.

SOCIAL DISTINCTIONS FROM BRIDGET'S STANDPOINT.

THERE was one period in the domestic history of the Roman Empire which must have been full of humorous and odd situations, but of which, owing to the destruction of the files of great dailies, monthly magazines, and religious and other weekly newspapers by Alaric, who hated the press, not a trace has come down to us—we mean the period when manners, having become very luxurious, and social life splendid and complicated, British, Thracian, and German slaves fresh from the forest were constantly called upon to act as waiters, grooms, valets, cooks, and so

forth. It is useless to tell us that the newly caught savages were first used as field-hands, and tied up in the *ergastula* overnight, and that it was after long training that they were employed in menial duties, properly so called —if indeed the Roman-born slaves were not always reserved for this class of service. This was, no doubt, true of the great establishments; but there must have been plenty of Romans of moderate means who, when they wanted a cook or man-of-all-work, went to the market and bought a cheap newly imported barbarian; and, having taken him home, went through the agony of seeing him break their dishes and wine-jars, upset their lamps, and spoil their victuals. We know very well that many people feel warranted in supposing, on the strength of one passage in Juvenal, that, when things went wrong in this way, the master went out, dug a hole, set up a cross, and crucified the clumsy servant; but this can hardly have been a common practice. The vast majority of Romans bore with him as best they could; larupped him probably with moderation; and the mistress, when she went to the bath, told amusing stories to her friends of the queer things he had done, and of his ignorance of the usages of genteel Roman life. Now, what would we not give for a volume of these stories! Some of them must have been curious beyond imagination, because the contrasts they described must have been such as have never been seen in the modern world.

And yet we are probably now witnessing in the United States the last of a state of things not very far removed from it in grotesqueness and oddity. Since the fall of the Empire, nothing so closely resembling this one feature of domestic life in Rome has ever been witnessed as the efforts of Americans during the last thirty years to get their house-work done by European, and particularly Irish, immigrants. The classes in Europe which employ servants have ever since found or formed servants for their work amongst their own countrymen, possessing a certain familiarity with their ways, and prepared for household duties either by acquaintance with them from childhood or gradual training. It has fallen to the lot of the Americans to be forced suddenly to receive into their houses a great body of aliens, fresh from a mode of life not very much superior to that of the ancient Germans, as described by Tacitus, and to trust to them for the performance, without any preparation, of the thousand small domestic duties on which so much human happiness depends. The result has been a body of comedy which, if preserved, would not only be one of the most amusing pieces of literature in existence, but would throw more light on American civilization and manners in our day than anything the celebrated coming historian will find to his hand. One hears every day perfectly well-authenticated anecdotes, which for comicality and illustrative and descriptive absurdity have never been surpassed, and which ought to be written down, but which thirty years hence will be forgotten. By that time, the typical Bridget of the magazines will have become a faint memory. The supply of her is already beginning to slacken, and she is getting old. Before long, she will be simply known as the mother of innumerable Maggies and Minnies, who will work sewing-machines and make watches and tend power-looms, read the *Ledger* and *Godey's Ladies' Book*, and be a good deal "out of health."

The Chinaman will by that time have taken her place, and, heathen and outlandish though he be, he will never be half as amusing as she has been, because though American ways may be very strange to him, he has in him something which Bridget has not, and which is the mainstay of Chinese civilization, and that is a highly developed imitative faculty. He can repeat, with extraordinary fidelity, what he has once seen done; and—though he may copy without intelligence, like the Californian Chinaman who, having been shown by his mistress how to make a pudding containing three eggs, but having seen her throw one bad egg away, continued for months after, whenever he made the pudding, to use four eggs, regularly breaking, examining, and throwing one away as he had seen her do—still, it will be found that a capacity for routine is perhaps, on the whole, far more valuable in a household than intelligence—if we have to choose between them. Untrained intelligence is apt for a good while to run into mere zeal, which in housekeeping, as in diplomacy, is a dreadful thing. Anyhow, the Chinaman is coming, and we venture to predict that he will in twenty years have totally superseded Bridget.

Like nearly all actual observers of social and political phenomena, we do not know or do not consider how interesting future generations will consider the household crisis through which we are now passing, and how eagerly they will pick up all scraps of information about the effect on American life of the great European emigration of the nineteenth century. To be sure, the subject has been greatly discussed in periodical literature, but the discussions have been too homiletic or reflective, and not sufficiently narrative or anecdotical for the purposes of the future historian. We ought to have a printed collection of the incomparable stories now current in every circle of the extraordinary things Bridget has done, of the pretensions she has put forward, and the mistakes she has committed.

There is one of her difficulties which only few Americans understand, and which, nevertheless, must be understood, in order to judge her fairly. There is something almost pathetic in her attempts to grapple with it. It lies in the confusion in which she is involved by finding the standard she has been in the habit of using at home to ascertain the social position of her employer—and thus satisfy herself whether, when she changes her place, she has risen or fallen in the social scale—almost utterly useless on her arrival in America. The following advertisement, which appeared in the *Herald* a few days ago, is a very amusing illustration of the fog in which she gropes her way for a good while after landing, if not all her life:

> WANTED—A SITUATION BY A WOMAN AS COOK IN A PRIVATE FAMILY; the family to be as high in society as a Lord's family is in Europe. Apply at No. 125 West Twenty-Fifth street, between Sixth and Seventh Avenues.

In Ireland, she has tolerably easy work in rating people. The landowner—or, as she is in the habit of calling him, "the estated gintleman"—occupies, in her mind, as he does in that of the rest of the community, the highest place; if he is a "Lord," so much the better, but a "Lord" is, after all, only a superfine landowner; the title is a mere ornament on an article in itself good and substantial. After the landowner come the professional classes — barristers, doctors, and ministers of the Established Church—and she of course grades these, in some degree, by their wealth and connections, but still puts none of them down very low. With merchants of means she is not familiar; and has the old feudal or—what is still more intense—Celtic clansman's doubts whether a trader can ever be a gentleman. She grows up with the idea that this is the natural order of society, which was from the beginning and shall be to the end, and does not even dream of the existence of any other arrangement of classes. She arrives in America with her scale in her hand, and finds it utterly useless. The equivalent of the country gentleman she looks for in vain. She would probably put in his place an *idle* man drawing a large income from any source, but him she does not light upon, or sees only in very small numbers. On beginning her practical acquaintance, too, with American life, she finds that—no matter how fine the house in which she undertakes to cook, sweep, dust, or wash—the owner probably has "a store" to which he repairs daily, and in which he passes most of his waking hours at work. Now this fact, when she first grasps it, is more than "a painful revelation" to her. It absolutely disorders her faculties and destroys some of her best qualities. The horrible feeling takes possession of her that her master and mistress are not "a rale lady and gintleman," and, after a brief period of sauciness, she tries again—perhaps advertises for a "Lord," in order to make assurance doubly sure—and on finding that everybody either has "a store," or associates with people who have, she concludes that in the new country wealth is the only standard of respectability; and to wealth merely, apart from occupation or birth, she never brings herself to pay any respect, much less "petty allegiance."

In attempting to judge people by the standard of wealth, however, she again finds herself plunged in difficulties. She has certain notions about the manners peculiar to gentlemen of which she cannot rid herself, and which exercise a disturbing influence on her investigations. It is simple enough to divide families as she does—into "first-class," "second-class"—according to the kind of house they live in, and the number of servants and horses they keep; we have heard of her asking a lady at an intelligence office "whether she was a first-class family." But then, if the head of the family does not answer her ideal in respect to dress, bearing, and *exigence*, she is again plunged in doubt. The nature of her difficulty here is well illustrated by what she said the other day when giving warning to a lady, on the ground that her master was not a gentleman; her previous employer was a gentleman, she said, inasmuch as "he had three kinds of wine on his table, and swore." In fact, the mild-mannered, kindly American householder, who wears old clothes, runs errands for his wife and daughters, likes rather than eschews "chores," never rings the bell, and hates to give trouble, and does not mind blacking his boots on a pinch, and washes down his meals with ice-water, and speaks to Bridget as if he and she had gone to school together, is a being whom she never thoroughly understands, and is constantly disposed to regard as an impostor—a person living in a style he has no right to, and surrounded by luxuries he does not know how to enjoy. She will probably never understand the

society in which she lives; and the only definite conclusion she appears to have reached about her business in it is, that she ought to get all she can out of everybody she has dealings with, and wear silks.

Correspondence.

THE LOBBY AND LOBBYING.

To the Editor of the Nation:

Sir: In your article on the "Existence of the Lobby," in the *Nation* of July 22, the term "lobby" is used in the sense that is implied when you speak also of the "professional lobbyist;" and it is assumed that your correspondent, in saying that "some kind of lobby will continue to be a necessity," means the same thing. No notice is taken of a distinction which is intimated by your correspondent in a sentence immediately following the passage which you quote, and closing the paragraph where it occurs, viz.: "Nothing has a stronger tendency to make lobbymen corrupt than to assume that *every one who lobbies* uses corrupt means."

It has been the way with certain papers here in Massachusetts of late to darken counsel by thundering by the wholesale against "lobbying;" and I have been hoping to see some competent discussion of the subject which should distinguish a little. One tires of that kind of discussion wherein, as Dr. Johnson ponderously says of the human memory, "particular features and discriminations are compressed and conglobated into one gross and general idea."

Much of what is generally known as "lobbying" is done by lawyers and others who are not of the professional lobby. This sort of lobbying may or may not be paid for. It is not, I believe, generally esteemed disreputable among persons who are practically acquainted with legislation. Such men as the late Governor Andrew, for example, engage in it. What sort of services are rendered in this kind of lobbying will be understood readily enough by any one who, from public or private reasons, may ever have felt the responsibility of securing the passage of an important measure to be resting upon his shoulders. It is enough for my present purpose to say that they are *not* the services of those hired squatters at the State House to whom—and to whom alone—you refer.

I happen to know that the distinction above referred to was in the mind of your former correspondent when he wrote the passage which you quote, and I think it is fairly suggested in the sentence which you omit to quote. Let me say, then, that you do him injustice, after your description of the professional lobby, in saying that "it is to men like these that our correspondent would have us believe members must go in order to obtain information." And let me also venture to ask your attention to your correspondent's text and to the general subject again. To the *Nation*, if anywhere, we must turn for a fair consideration of such a subject. X.

Boston, July 26, 1869.

[We think that any wrong there has been in the matter has been due to want of clearness on the part of the correspondent, as well as of the *Nation*, though we admit, on looking at his letter once more, that we have imputed to him a more general defence of the lobby than he can fairly be made answerable for. On the other hand, nobody can have supposed that, in talking of "the lobby" as an objectionable body, we meant to include in it such men as Governor Andrew, or others, who once in a while try to push important public measures by personal solicitation. The duty of noticing all exceptions and distinctions is doubtless binding on all writers; but it is only binding within the limits imposed by the patience of readers and the natural life and bodily endurance of editors. If nothing could ever be left to people's imagination or good sense, no periodical could possibly live a month. The existence of the professional lobby cannot be denied; and the theory that it is simply a band of impostors, who never accomplish anything for their clients, is one which few people have yet swallowed.—Ed. Nation.]

THE HARVARD UNIVERSITY LECTURES.

To the Editor of the Nation:

Sir: From the announcement that "either course of the Harvard University lectures will suffice to occupy the whole time of the student," and that "examinations for honors will be held at the end of the year," it may be inferred that the courses are really to be regarded as forming the basis of a system of post-graduate *study*, the cost of which is, indeed, not relatively higher than that of a single undergraduate year.

The number of people, however, who have at once inclination, time, and money to study quite out of the limits of the *Brodwissenschaften*, and can command a residence near, if not in, Cambridge for a year, and a freedom from other engagements three afternoons in the week, is, I fear, not large, and the funds of the University, we may suppose, will be largely drawn upon to eke out the salaries of the lecturers.

As a graduate of Harvard who would like to attend these lectures but for their "hard condition," I venture, therefore, the enquiry whether a much greater audience, larger receipts, and a more widespread and quickening influence might not be secured for our lecturers by some such expedients as lowering the price very considerably, holding the lectures in the evening, and admitting the two upper classes of the college at perhaps $15 a course. As regards the last step, college men know how generally the evenings are given up to loafing, and how eagerly the chance to spend some of them in hearing Lowell, Child, Howells, and Emerson would be welcomed.

It seems certain, at any rate, that there are a great many men and women who would like to hear these lectures, especially those of the Modern Literature course, who are quite unable to pay $150 for the privilege, and who do not care to pass a competitive examination at the end of the year. Is it not possible to provide, in some way, for this large class, without doing injustice to the few special students, and, at the same time, to increase, rather than diminish, the total receipts of the lectures?

Cantab.

Cambridge, July 31, 1869.

GYMNASTICS AT DARTMOUTH.

To the Editor of the Nation:

Sir: Under the head of "Literary Notes" (No. 210), in commenting upon Dr. Allen's "Physical Culture in Amherst College," your critic is of opinion that exercise at College gymnasiums in this country "is voluntary in all other places than at Amherst."

Allow me to state that the students of Dartmouth enjoy the advantages of compulsory class-drill daily, in a gymnasium which is second to that of no other New England college; that these exercises take place at a fixed time, under a leader, and occupy half an hour; and that our instructor, though not a physician, "is not a boxer merely, or a fancy performer," but "a gentleman of culture" and "a college graduate." A Junior.

Dartmouth College, July 12, 1869.

Notes.

LITERARY.

Dr. J. Thomas, the editor of "Lippincott's Pronouncing Gazetteer of the World"—a work which has met with much deserved favor—has been employed by Messrs. J. B. Lippincott & Co. to prepare a "Universal Pronouncing Dictionary of Biography and Mythology." The first five parts of it are announced as ready.——Messrs. Roberts Brothers have in preparation "The Primeval World of Hebrew Tradition," by Dr. Hedge; a "Homiletical Commentary on the New Testament," by Dr. Joseph Parker, the author of "Ecce Deus;" the "Writings of Madame Swetchine," translated by Miss Laura Preston, the translator of the "Life of Madame Swetchine," with which volume this one is uniform; a narrative poem called "The Woman who Dared" (durst?), by Mr. Epes Sargent; "Thorwaldsen: his Life and Works," from the French of Eugene Plon, by Miss Luyster; "A Day by the Fire, and Other Papers," hitherto uncollected, by Leigh Hunt; "Little Mysteries and Little Plagues," by John Neal; "Letters Everywhere," which we suppose is a juvenile, and which has concealed letters in pictures and text, and several other juveniles, including one old one and one new one, by Miss L. M. Alcott, one illustrated by Oscar Pletsch, and some others, which it will be time enough to mention by-and-by.

—The projected republication of Mr. Samuel A. Goddard's (of Birmingham) letters on the rebellion, which we lately announced, is dependent, we learn, on a certain number of subscriptions from the author's countrymen. Ninety have already been obtained over here, and sixty more are required, and, we hope, will be forthcoming. Rev. Samuel May, jr., 27 Hollis Street, Boston, will be glad to receive them from any quarter, or subscribers in this city and vicinity may send their names to Mr. S. V. Haughwout, 490 Broadway. The price of the volume has been reduced to five dollars, payable on delivery. Mr. Goddard's services to the Amer.

ican cause were unremitting; and we may therefore expect from his writings, when brought together, an almost connected view of the course of events during the civil war. If not exactly history, we shall thus get at least contemporary illustration of history, that should be quite as instructive as formal narratives, with a better chance of being entertaining. In spite of our national partiality for the "American view" of foreign affairs, the American view of American affairs and American character from a foreign standpoint is much more worth considering; and to Mr. Goddard the compliment has been paid of having been "the most useful and intelligent American who has resided in England the last forty years."

—*Apropos* of the "American view of America," there is still another view from which we may derive benefit, and that is the one given us in the weekly issues of the London *Anglo-American Times*. This paper we take to be edited not by an American, but by a very thorough and generally well-informed friend of this country. From the start a readable journal, it has latterly, and apparently under a changed management, shown a peculiar ability, especially in extracting the pith of American discussions, and giving in a condensed form the substance of many long and wearisome articles. This practice proves a disciplined and cultivated mind on the part of the editor, and that he is not content to conduct his paper with scissors alone. He quotes, of course, liberally from the American press, as a main object of the paper is to keep Americans abroad informed of opinions and events at home; but even into the news items a good deal of original work is put, in the way of comment, explanation, or illustration. The *Anglo-American Times* watches closely the expressions of the English press on American affairs, and not unfrequently feels called upon to reply to them. In this way it gives its readers a just and pretty complete view of America as she appears to friends and unfriends in Great Britain, whose opinion, after all, is that for which we ought to care most of all the nations. That the *Anglo-American Times* never makes mistakes of judgment we do not say; nor that it never brings small things into undue prominence, to the neglect of greater; but in this it shares the liability to err of all foreign observers of any country, and these mistakes are seldom without instruction. Its tone is in full sympathy with the party of progress in this country; and this and its fair acquaintance with the American character and ideas make it capable of considerable usefulness wherever it is taken. It has just established an agency in this city, and those who may desire to subscribe for it or to advertise in it can do so by applying to Mr. J. A. Knight, 26 Pine Street. We do not anticipate for it an extended circulation on this side the water, but we have endeavored to show why sending it here is not exactly sending coals to Newcastle.

—The want of comic talent is certainly not the reason why we have to answer in the negative the often-asked question, "why we have no comic paper in America?" There are, indeed, few questions to which we might better apply an old recommendation to philosophic querists which directs them first to prove their facts. The truth appears to be that we have so many comic journals that none is the comic journal *par excellence*, like the English *Punch*, and the French *Charivari*, and the German *Kladderadatsch*. We have a thousand newspapers varying in humorous power from the San Francisco *Weekly News-Letter*—which is a class by itself, and beside which *Punch* seems, in point of general excellence, even feeble—down to the seven-by-nine sheet of the county town in the country, with its column of "spice," or "brevities," or "dashes here and there," or "odds and ends," which its patrons as regularly expect as they expect the news of the county court or the county cattle-show. Mr. Nasby, the San Francisco "Town Crier," Mr. Mark Twain, Mr. Josh Billings, some of the men on the *World*, Mr. Leland, the jester of the Boston *Post*, the balladist of "Truthful James," some of the story-tellers of the "Editor's Drawer" of *Harper's*, to say nothing of the jokers who scintillate more or less feebly in the journals of the Union generally, would, if they could be got together in one corps, make a comic journal which it would be very hard to beat, and which would easily take away our seeming reproach. Our artists we should have to breed probably; though Mr. Bush, and Mr. Worth, and Mr. Stephens, and Mr. Nast, and Mr. Fay, especially the first-mentioned, offer us already some good material, and would no doubt offer us more if the demand for their work were steady, and their powers were focussed, as the Harpers—say—with the publishing ability that they possess, and the editorial ability that they always know how to secure, might very probably be able to focus them. Hitherto publishers and an editor, and especially publishers, seem to have been the great want of the American comic paper which has at various times made an attempt at existence. We say that publishers in especial have been lacking, because it has always seemed that with sufficient purchasing capacity the chief difficulty could be overcome; a very large public is ready and avid, artists are obtainable, there is plenty of humorous talent in the country, but the money to monopolize Billings, and buy all Mr. John Paul's puns, and to take Mr. Nasby out of his Toledo *Blade*, has never been forthcoming. Great things have had feeble beginnings sometimes, and the little periodical which lies before us, and has suggested these remarks—Mr. G. W. Carleton's *Kaleidoscope*—may form the foundation of a journal of world-wide fame. Such a future is, however, only very slightly indicated by this first number. The *Kaleidoscope* is a small illustrated magazine of thirty-two pages, which is to be issued "once in a while," and is to be edited by Mr. Roderic Triplex, Mr. Roger Triplex, and Mr. Robert Triplex—gentlemen whose real names are as unfamiliar, we should suppose, as their assumed ones are likely to remain, so far as celebrity is gained by successful humorous writing. What we have given us here is anything but good. There is a little flavor of the "Bohemianism" of the old *Vanity Fair;* and there is a little smack of the "Harry Franco" or "Salmagundi" kind; and there is a letter from "Ralph Retina," who has come to New York from the town of Zenobia ("formerly Mosquito Hollow"), by way of Pegwacket, and who writes to his mother about the politeness of New York hackmen and shoddy, and the billiard-playing and drinking of the pale-faced young men, and all the rest of it, in the manner of the "Ethan Spikes" who used to be in fashion so many years ago, and whose pale ghosts seem even drearier than did the veritable beings themselves. The illustrations are rather better than the text, and seem to show here and there a trace of Mr. H. L. Stephens, but they are all very slight. We wish it might attract to itself some of the many men capable of making it entertaining; but unless the *Kaleidoscope* should thus become a nucleus for other wit than its own, we fear that few will care how intermittent it shall be in its appearances.

— Soon after the movement was inaugurated for raising a general fund for Harvard College, we received a letter from a graduate of high standing and character, complaining that on one, at least, of the class committees to collect subscriptions men had been placed who in college made a practice of cheating their instructors—at recitations, examinations, and in other ways. On this account, the writer went on to say, he could not contribute to the quota of his class, for fear lest his gift should never reach its destination. This reasoning, however, was open to the objection of being a good deal too logical, and if it were sound there should be far fewer honest and upright citizens than we do actually recognize. The maxim that all's fair in war has only to be applied to the relation of schoolmaster and pupil, as viewed by the latter, to account for the petty immorality—to give it that name—which all schools develop, and which may or may not survive the period of discipline and the arrival at years of discretion. That much of it is due to false modes of discipline and of teaching there cannot be a shadow of doubt; and this aspect of the question has been discussed with great practical ability by Miss Mary R. Goodridge, a teacher in the High School at Plymouth, Massachusetts, who recently read a paper on the effects of the marking system before a county association of teachers. This paper has been reprinted in the *Massachusetts Teacher* for August, and we can say of it that it is the best piece of writing on educational topics we have ever seen from the pen of an American schoolmistress. We reproduce a paragraph which arrested our attention, both because it re-echoed the apprehensions of our Harvard graduate, and because it is something new for a schoolmistress to take any more thought of the political bearing of her vocation than the committeeman takes when he admonishes each boy that he may one day become President. Miss Goodridge remarks:

"I know some say that school dishonesty is a very small matter—pertaining to school and its temptations only—and does not affect the outside life at all. I know the same boys who talk freely together of the various methods of cheating they use in school will not tolerate for an instant any such practice in their games, and the boy is disgraced among them who attempts it. But it seems to me, if under any circumstances they should be exposed to other petty but frequent temptations, they might find the resumption of the school-conscience dangerously easy and convenient. I have been told that a boy may cheat his way through the schools, and in college reduce the practice to a science and a fine art, and come out a perfectly honest man at last, with whom you might trust untold gold. Untold gold, perhaps—that may be quite possible; but what will be the effect of this habit of so many years if he chooses politics as his sphere?"

—The Convention of Philologists which has just met at Poughkeepsie will be memorable as the first successful attempt to excite among linguistic students something of the same spirit of community and active co-operation which exists among scientific men. It is very much to the credit of

those gentlemen who started the movement and carried it through that it has maintained a liberal as well as earnest character; we owe it to them that American scholars have taken a long step towards knowing one another better, and understanding better the needs of American scholarship. The friends of the movement have felt from the first the importance of having it controlled by the best men, and in the interests of the highest scholarship; and the convention showed throughout the best spirit and temper. If, after all, it turned out in any degree to be the case that second-rate men obtained the care of the convention and leading places in its counsels, it was not the fault of the convention, but of those scholars of eminence who unfortunately stayed away. For the absence of these men was painfully evident. There were hardly half-a-dozen present who can fairly be considered as standing in the front rank *as philologists*. Neither Harvard, Cornell, Michigan, Rochester, nor Washington Universities; neither Bowdoin, Dartmouth, Amherst, Williams, Union, Columbia, nor Princeton Colleges were represented. Had not Yale been alive to the importance of the occasion, and been present in the persons of her most distinguished scholars, it is much to be feared that the convention would have fallen under the management of small men. It could not be otherwise, therefore, than that persons of an inferior grade, whether of ability or reputation, should take a more prominent place in the convention than fairly belonged to them. Prof. Hadley gave the convention nothing at all; Dr. Taylor and Prof. Whitney very little, though that was of the best quality. But it was noticeable that the papers read were largely by persons who are not widely known in the community—it is fair to add that several of these papers won for their authors a reputation as well deserving to be known. Some, however, were of very little merit; most of the members of the association must have rejoiced in that article of the constitution which requires all future papers to be submitted to the Executive Committee. The need of such a provision was only too evident on one evening, when a paper in defence of classical studies wearied the audience for nearly an hour and a half of very rapid reading with its verbosity and fallacies. Indeed, this interminable paper had no business in the convention at all. But some papers of real merit were read—those, for example, which treated of the proper pronunciation of Greek and Latin. And it was well done to advise, as Professor Whitney's committee did, the adoption in our schools of the Continental sounds of the vowels in the pronunciation of both Greek and Latin, and the observance of the written accent in pronouncing Greek. On the whole, a good beginning has been made. An association has been formed, with the most eminent American philologist at its head; and this affords as good an opportunity as our philologists need have for combined action and free interchange of thought. Some important considerations for all interested in the work of the convention we propose to take up very soon, at greater length than is here possible.

—The "First Annual Report of the Trustees of the Peabody Academy of Science," in Salem, Mass., is a pamphlet which relates the nature and circumstances of this important foundation from the beginning, and the steps taken in the past two years to carry out the wishes of the beneficent founder. Passing over the wise arrangements, happily effected, for securing at once the substantial nucleus of a great museum by joining the valuable collections of the East India Marine Society and the Essex Institute, we shall confine ourselves to the Academy's proposed plan of operations. This embraces the following objects: 1st, To give courses of lectures to the Normal School, to teachers, select classes of students, and persons interested in science; to distribute collections, properly labelled and mounted, to schools, as aids in illustrating text-books and lectures; and to provide special students, eager to study science, with the means of doing so without cost of tuition. 2d, To diffuse scientific knowledge by public lectures both within and without the Academy, and by means of catalogues prepared as a sort of text-books for each department of the Museum, and sold at a very low price; to encourage the formation of scientific associations, by giving them collections, etc., towards their outfit; to serve as an inexpensive medium for the supply of investigators, in all parts of the country and in Europe, with the materials for their studies, by purchase or by exchange; and to encourage any county scientific publication that may deserve it. 3d, To inaugurate a systematic survey of the county, and to publish a series of communications on special subjects, carefully assigned to the officers and students of the Academy, under the title of "Annals of the Scientific Survey of Essex County"—a work, says the Council, whose "prospective value may be partially estimated by the fact that comparatively little is known of the natural resources of any county in the State." 4th, To illustrate to the fullest extent in the Museum the natural and physical history of the county, but to make the general collection serve an educational purpose by confining it to "series of typical species," and thus ridding the cases of superfluous specimens, which may as well be stored out of sight. 5th, To establish a scientific library. 6th, To give freely or in exchange to institutions and individuals in the interior "typical collections of native products, especially the marine animals and plants." The attention here bestowed on Essex County is in accordance with Mr. Peabody's design and with the consolidation already referred to. So far from detracting from the usefulness of the Academy, it will probably increase it, by compelling the thorough investigation of a narrow field, and by fostering a scientific spirit in the people of the district that cannot fail to be diffused in time and to be felt all over the country. The Academy should therefore be regarded as truly a national institution as the universities, and the reading of the report will remind liberal givers that Mr. Peabody's bequest, munificent as it was, can be helpfully supplemented by other donations.

— Mr. Francis Peabody, the first named of the Academy's trustees, and who died shortly after accepting the office, was one of the founders, nearly forty years ago, of the Salem Lyceum, to which and to one or two others instituted about the same time the lyceum system of to-day owes its origin. The subjects of the first course are curious reading now: "The Advantages of Knowledge; Authenticity of Ancient Manuscripts; Steam Engine (by Col. Peabody); Physiology; Geology; Optics; Nervous System; Astronomy; A Workingman's Party (by Edward Everett); Public Education, with a sketch of the origin of public schools in Salem; Human Mind; Respiration; Circulation of Blood; Digestion." The fact that this sensible procedure has been pretty much abandoned, induces us to quote here the excellent observations of the Executive Committee in the report just mentioned:

"It may be remarked," say they, "that lectures affording solid instruction, in an agreeable and interesting way, are much needed in this community. The persons who for the most part supply the popular lecture platforms are either professional lecturers, given to sensational, declamatory fine writing, gentlemen of some general reputation obtained in other fields, or the advocates of some particular hobby or reform. Lectures are given and attended, not for instruction and improvement, but to gratify curiosity or to afford amusement and excitement to audiences. The result is that the lecture now seldom instructs. Aiming at other ends, the modest rewards of the scholar and man of science are no longer the measure of payment, and prices have risen to an exorbitant rate. Lecturers swell their incomes by a winter's tour at one or two hundred dollars a night. They are paid as opera-singers are paid. The lecture platform is thus forced to pay a heavy tribute, and in the smaller towns and communities the performance is beyond the reach of the people. It would be idle, even if it were desirable, to attempt a change in this condition of things, or to enter into a crusade against the present system; but it would seem that much might be done in this county by an institution like this, co-operating with local societies, to furnish that which the lyceums no longer supply."

—Our American lecture system being such as it is—namely, a system of bringing the people face to face with men and women whom they are curious to see, and of calling together in a social way communities not sufficiently amused, and hardly knowing how to amuse themselves—it might be supposed that the local committees of young men would be capable of getting their lecturers without advice and assistance from others. It is not as if the business before them were like that which the management of a similar English committee has on its hands—the business of selecting some speaker capable of giving instruction to a comparatively unintelligent audience on some definite and practical topic. The American course, which "judiciously combines instruction with entertainment," is apt to combine its instruction with its entertainment very judiciously indeed, the young people think, and gives a good deal more of Miss Dickinson and Mr. Gough than of Mr. Waterhouse Hawkins. But, nevertheless, the young men's committees away from the great centres find the need of accurate information as to the standing and qualifications of lecturers, both new and old, as to their terms, their addresses, and a dozen such matters, and the American Literary Bureau undertakes to act—gratuitously—as an intermediary between the associations and the lecturers. Of the latter, it now has some seventy on its list. Its founder was, we believe, Mr. J. K. Medbery—a gentleman known to the readers of the *North American Review* as the writer of a vigorous exposure of the New Jersey Railroad ring. Recently he has received as an associate in the management Mr. S. Humphreys Gurteen, a graduate of Jesus College, Cambridge, whose taste and judgment will, no doubt, be of service to the patrons of the Bureau in the matter of advising as to the choice of lecturers, and more especially in a branch of business which the managers talk of carrying on, and which consists in the examination of manuscripts for the press, the finding of articles for

such as need them, and of publishers for such as have articles and other writings to sell. Writers who wish to be informed as to the aims of the Bureau will do well to send for circulars. The one which we have before us gives us, we may remark, no information on two important points—namely, what charges the Bureau makes for giving to authors information as to the details of publishing, and, secondly, whether or not it has ever actually been of service to authors in the disposal of their writings; of our own knowledge, we can tell our readers nothing as to either of these points.

—Better news to the lovers of English literature has not come for many a day than is contained in a circular which we have received from the Rev. Mr. A. B. Grosart, of 15 St. Alban's Place, Blackburn, Lancashire, England, whose address we give in full, that some of the American book-lovers whom he desires to oblige may be able to communicate with him. His circular describes a library of the rarest works of the Elizabethan age, and the age immediately succeeding, which Mr. Grosart, out of love for them and for no remuneration, is reprinting, under the name of the "Fuller Worthies Library," and of which six volumes, at low prices, have already appeared. The prices may indeed be called low. For example: the Bodleian contains a copy, believed unique, of Joseph Fletcher's "Historie of the Perfect-Cursed-Blessed Man. Setting forth Man's Excellency by his Generation; his Miseries by his Degeneration, and his Felicitie by his Regeneration;" and the only sales of it that are noted in the bibliographies put the price at £23 2s., £16, and £15, while the same author's "Christ's Bloodie Sweat" would, if put into the market, bring an equal sum. Mr. Grosart proposes to publish, in a one-volume edition, 106 octavo or large-paper copies of these works, and 156 duodecimo or small-paper copies, and for the prices respectively of 10s. 6d. and 7s. 8d. He has chosen the octavo and quarto sizes for his library as being, on the whole, most convenient, and as being the sizes of the vast majority of the volumes which contain vital literature. To go back a moment to the matter of cost: the smallness of the edition that will be published (always 106 and 156 as above-mentioned), the known destination of each copy, and the fact that the copies will not be issued through the ordinary bookselling channels, will cause the library to increase steadily in price, and the money invested in it will really be money drawing a good rate of interest. The editor remarks of these works of Joseph Fletcher's, that he would not have any one suppose that it is merely because of their antiquarian value that he intends including them in his collection; he rigidly excludes such authors as are not valuable in virtue of their matter, and "Fletcher's Poems" seem to him "marked by striking originality and penetrativeness of thought, vigor and resonance of versification, ingenious and unexpected rhymes, and not a few gleams of 'the faculty divine' that remind us of knowledge of them by Milton and other poets: *e. g.*, Thomas Fuller's puns and playing on words are anticipated." He continues: "Homely but powerful, discursive and yet concentrated, leading the way, yet nevertheless finished and racy English, it seems a pity that these two poems should not have their place in the not over-large collection of English sacred poetry." A judgment to which, not knowing his author, we do not agree and from which we do not dissent, satisfying ourselves by saying that Mr. Grosart writes a sort of English that shows him to be an enthusiastic student in his favorite field; is often happily forcible in phrase—something as "an Elizabethan born out of due season," and when he talks as a critic concerning authors of whom we know something, we find ourselves in agreement with him. The other works in his list are these: "Thomas Fuller's Poems," complete for the first time; Dr. Thomas Washbourne's "Divine Poems," complete; "Giles Fletcher's Poems," complete for the first time; "Phineas Fletcher's Poems," complete for the first time and in 4 volumes; "Joseph Fletcher's Poems," as above-mentioned; "Sir John Davies's Poems," complete for the first time, and, though hitherto sold at fabulous prices, now offered at 25s. for the large-paper, the price having been raised, and at 12s. 8d. for the duodecimo; the "Complete Works of Henry Vaughan, the Silurist," in 2 vols. of verse and 2 vols. of prose; the "Complete Works of Fulke Greville, Lord Brooke," in 3 vols. of verse and 1 vol. of prose; "Sir John Beaumont's Poems," complete; "Selections from the Unpublished Writings of Jonathan Edwards, of America, with facsimiles;" a reprint of the edition of 1692 of Baxter's "Grand Question Resolved—What must we do to be Saved? Instructions for a Holy Life, by the late Reverend Divine, Richard Baxter;" an "Annotated List of the Writings of Richard Baxter;" "Palmer-Bacon: Lord Bacon not the author of 'The Christian Paradoxes,' being a reprint of 'Memorials of Godliness,' by Herbert Palmer, B.D., with introduction, notes, and appendix;" and, finally, "Who Wrote Brittain's Ida?" (generally assigned to Spencer but assigned by Mr. Grosart to Phineas Fletcher), which is a pamphlet, by Mr. Grosart we assume, which may be had for 2s. 6d. We do not make out clearly whether a person is held to be "a subscriber" in case he orders any number of volumes less than all; "non-subscribers" must pay for each volume an additional sum, varying, for the duodecimos, from one shilling more (as is much the most common) to five shillings, as in the case of the first volume of Phineas Fletcher. But any one can get a circular, and can at the same time have this question answered. Crashaw, Cowley, Donne, Marvell, Samuel Speed, Giles Fletcher, sr., will probably follow the poets above-mentioned, and, if all goes well, we shall ultimately get Quarles, Wither, Drayton, Daniel, and others.

—A literary character, very well known—once better known than latterly—Mr. William Jerdan, has just died in London, at the age of eighty-seven years. He was a Scotchman of the middle class; was educated for the law; but, like many a Scot before and since his day, he went up to London to push his fortunes in literature, and at the age of twenty-four became a reporter on the *Aurora*, which, dying, he transferred himself to the *Pilot*, and afterwards to other papers. His "Autobiography," published some seventeen years ago, contains a full account of his struggles and labors and of his final success. This work and his "Men I Have Known," published two years ago, are what will keep his name longest alive. Mr. Jerdan, what with his active political life and his literary position as a literary journalist, and his agreeable social qualities, was known to nearly everybody in London, and he had what may be called a peculiarly Scottish weakness—a fondness for collecting and relating personal anecdotes. So his reminiscences are very interesting, and worth the attention of the lovers of informal history. To say nothing of numerous other journals with which he was connected at one time or another—literary journals, political, comic, satirical—he was for thirty-five years an editor and part proprietor of the *Literary Gazette*, a forerunner—not of their excellence, however—of the *Spectator* and *Saturday Review*, or rather of the literary *Athenæum*, which latter journal it more nearly resembled both in character and calibre. Besides the works already mentioned, Mr. Jerdan was the author of four volumes of the "Memoirs for Fisher's National Portrait Gallery of Eminent Personages of the Nineteenth Century," of the "Paris Spectator," and of a "Voyage to the Isle of Elba"—works pretty much forgotten, and likely to remain so. He edited two of the volumes of the "Camden Society," assisted in founding the Royal Society of Literature, contributed to the *Quarterly* and the *Edinburgh*, as well as to countless magazines and annuals. On the whole, he was a very busy man, kind-hearted, and, like most members of the press—at least of the press of the first half of this century, a period when reporters and editors occupied a position not unlike that which actors occupied, and when, being without recognized position, they clung together all the more closely—he never grudged his assistance to others of his profession, but aided many in their struggles for honors and independence. He has a small niche in the back closets of history as being one of those who seized John Bellingham when that unfortunate man had shot Perceval in the lobby of the House of Commons. Mr. Jerdan was pensioned in 1852, and a testimonial was presented to him by many men of eminence in politics and literature, as a public acknowledgment of their recognition of his services to literature, science, and the fine and useful arts.

—Lady Duff Gordon, a versatile, fertile, and entertaining writer, whose later works have made her name widely known in this country as well as in England, has just died of consumption at her place in Egypt, whither, indeed, she had gone to die—or rather to prolong as much as possible a disease which she knew would end in death. She was connected through her mother, Mrs. Austin, with William Taylor of Norwich, whose name is of such frequent recurrence in the literary history of the early part of this century and the latter part of the last, and who is still remembered as the introducer into England of the taste for German literature, and the translator of much German poetry, and also as the open advocate, during Tory supremacy, of liberal principles in government and freer thinking in religion. He was a man of strong and active mind. Lady Gordon's mother, Mrs. Sarah Austin, continued the work begun by William Taylor and Thomas Carlyle, and distinguished herself very much as a translator into idiomatic, flowing English of some important German works. Some of our readers will recollect as hers the English version of the amusing travels of Prince Pückler Muskau—a German nobleman who visited England about forty years ago, and gave his views of society with a frankness that his readers find commendable; and more of our readers may know Mrs. Austin as the translator of the charming "Story Without an End." Lady Gordon's father was the well-known jurist, John Austin.

She married Sir Alexander Duff Gordon. She has followed in her mother's footsteps as a translator, though, perhaps, not with equal success; her mother being acknowledged as on the whole the best of the English translators of the century, if we exclude from consideration some felicitous scraps of work by men like Shelley. Lady Gordon, however, is better known and better liked for her travels, which are always bright and entertaining, and contain on every page proofs of the author's good heart as well as the active and penetrating mind which belonged to her in virtue of her paternal and maternal ancestry. A list of her works includes a translation of Niebuhr's "Greek Legends," which was done while she was still a girl; "The French in Algiers," a translated abridgment of Feuerbach's "Criminal Trials;" translations of Ranke's "History of Prussia" and "Ferdinand and Maximilian;" of Léon de Wailly's "Stella and Vanessa;" of the Countess d'Arbouville's "Village Doctor" and von Moltke's "Russian Campaigns on the Danube" (1829–30). Better than these is the story of "The Amber Witch," which most readers of twenty years ago will remember for the vividness of the strange, pathetic scenes which it describes, and which we suppose must have been a translation, though we are not sure, and have not the book at hand to inform us; and better, too, than these are the "Letters from the Cape" and the "Letters from Egypt," which are wholly original and, as we have said, wholly good. The Egyptians among whom Lady Gordon's lot was cast in her last years looked up to her with great affection and unbounded respect. Doctors of Mohammedan divinity are said to have admitted the likelihood of her being saved at last; the peasantry believed in her as incarnate kindness and justice and knowledge; and the officials stood in awe of her. Her loss will be regretted wherever her books have been read; but among her friends in Egypt the sorrow for her loss will be sincere and deep. She must have been not far from forty years old.

—Excepting the drama of "Sakuntala," no work of the ancient Hindu literature has received as much attention or called forth as much admiration as the Bhagavad-Gita. Scholars especially of a mystico-metaphysical turn of mind have been quite carried away by what seemed to them its profound and subtle speculations, and the high tone of its morality. It is most accessible to English readers in an edition published by Mr. J. C. Thomson about a dozen years ago, with a translation, copious notes, and an elaborate preliminary dissertation—the version of Wilkins, which Mr. George P. Philes was recently at the trouble of reprinting in this country, being quite antiquated and of inferior authority. A Dr. Lorinser, not otherwise known as a Sanscrit scholar, has just put forth a new German translation, of which the two noteworthy features are, that it imitates closely the metrical form of its original, and that its notes and accompanying dissertations attempt to prove the Hindu poet to have borrowed many of his ideas and expressions from Christianity and the New Testament. Such a theory, which would have been met with derision twenty years ago, now demands and will receive at least a respectful hearing, since the belief in the immemorial antiquity and pure originality of the classical Sanskrit literature has been severely shaken by attacks on many sides; and Weber has drawn out with great fulness the special evidences of an importation of Christian ideas into the legends and worship of Krishna—the divinity into whose mouth the exalted teachings of the "Bhagavad-Gita" are put. We have not looked into the details of Dr. Lorinser's proofs closely enough to judge them critically; but we are confident that he has been to some extent at least run away with by his theory. His columns of parallel passages from the Gita and the Testament, given in his appendix, are to us anything but convincing; the coincidences of thought and word are of a kind themselves to need considerable support from without in order to seem otherwise than merely accidental. The new tendency to trace Indian ideas to foreign sources is liable to exaggeration, no doubt; but a considerable infusion of a sceptical and iconoclastic spirit into the treatment of Hindu philosophy will do no harm. We are yet far enough from understanding the history and rightly estimating the merits of that very imposing but somewhat oddly constructed and unstable system. The title of the work is "Die Bhagavad-Gita: übersetzt und erläutert von Dr. F. Lorinser."

WOMAN FROM A CONSERVATIVE STANDPOINT.*

"The Family" is the last of a series of three volumes in which Professor Riehl endeavors to construct a system of social and political science upon the basis of what he calls "The Natural History of the People." Of the first two volumes—which are entitled respectively "Land and People" and "Civil Society"—we shall not here speak, but shall confine ourselves to a discussion of the topics treated in the third volume, which is divided into two books—"Man and Woman," "House and Family." In the heading of the first chapter, Riehl boldly asserts "Social Inequality as a Law of Nature." If human beings were sexless, then we might dream of them as everywhere free and equal; but, by the very act of creating man and woman, God has made inequality and dependence the fundamental conditions of all human development. It is the most daring and defiant thought of modern radicalism to denounce as one of the remaining results of barbarism—as a vestige of the régime of brute force which once ruled the world—this relation of the sexes, which is enjoined by nature, unfolded and enforced by the customs and traditions of ages, and engraved upon the brazen tables of universal legislation.

Some socialistic philosophers (and among them the younger school of Hegelians) lay particular stress upon the theory that, by the fall, Adam first became human, and that, before the commission of sin had awakened him to self-consciousness, he had been little more than a tame brute wandering about in Paradise like a gorilla in a zoölogical garden. By transgression he was humanized, the family was instituted, and organized society and civil government became possible. Riehl regards it as a significant fact that just at this point of transition of animal into man, this "*Menschenwerden*," out of which all the various forms of social and political life have been developed, woman's subordination was decreed by Jehovah: "Thy desire shall be to thy husband, and he shall rule over thee." To the man it was said: "In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread." Each decree was alike prophetic and of perpetual validity; each was uttered in the form of a curse—a *divine* curse, whose secret fruit is blessing. The mystic philosopher, Jacob Boehme, whose sedentary life as a shoemaker seems to have given a peculiar original stimulus to his reflective faculties, puts a new and profound meaning, says Riehl, into the Hebrew myth when he affirms that our first progenitor, Adam, was both "man and woman, and yet neither man nor woman." Plato expresses a similar thought. According to Riehl, this notion is not a mere empty fancy, but rather the legendary reflection of a great historical fact, namely, "the obscuration of the antithesis of sex among all primitive peoples." The old tales about Amazons symbolize the same thing; and in Dahomey we find in reality such a state of society, where one-half of the army consists of women who are not permitted to marry. In these and many other facts of a like kind, our author discovers a general law of the differentiation of sex as a result of culture, or, to use his own language, "*die Scheidung der Geschlechter im Processe des Culturlebens.*" This is observable in works of art. The experience of every one, in looking for the first time at portraits of women famous for their beauty several centuries ago, is a feeling of surprise at the bold, strongly-defined lineaments and features, which seem too hard and masculine for our ideal of female beauty. The portraits of Mary Stuart, the fair Queen of Scots, always produce this effect upon the eye of the nineteenth century, and he who expects that her face will impress him as it did her contemporaries will be inevitably disappointed. The same is true of the heads of angels and saints in mediæval paintings and the Madonnas of Van Eyck and Hemmling. The Holy Virgin appears to be at least thirty-five or forty years of age, and even the child on her lap has a very mature look. Although this result may be due in part to the antiquated stiffness of the costume, yet, as regards the lines of the face, the artist followed nature; but since then nature has changed. The delicate maiden had, three centuries ago, a more masculine physiognomy than now; and in the lowest classes of society this characteristic is still preserved. The face of a peasant woman is hardly distinguishable from that of a peasant man; and this resemblance increases with age, until, in threescore years, they become as like as two eggs. There is also a striking similarity in height. The short, slender woman by the side of the tall, large-boned man is a product of progressive and hereditary culture, and is very rarely found among the inferior classes of the people. In ruder stages of semi-civilization, this was true likewise of the highest circles of life. We see a recognition of this fact in Schnorr's or Kaulbach's illustrations of the Nibelungen, where Kriemhild and Brunhild are almost equal in heroic stature and stateliness to Siegfried and Hagen; and at the present day, among the peasantry of the North German Marches, grenadier-like women, as tall and strong as the men, are the general rule; whereas, in our cities, they would be looked upon as very conspicuous exceptions. The same gradual differentiation of the sexes as the result of culture is manifest in the tone or *timbre* of the voice, which among rude tribes or uncultivated classes of society is nearly of a uniform quality, and almost on the same key. The man's voice is a tenor and the woman's an alto; but, with the progress of civilization, the former sinks into a deep base

* "Die Familie. Von W. H. Riehl." Stuttgart: J. G. Cotta'scher Verlag. Pp. 292.

and the latter rises into a soprano. These changes of *timbre* of the voice have revolutionized music, broken up its original monotony, increased its heterogeneity, evolved complex harmony out of simple melody, developed the chant into the oratorio, the recitative of the ballad into the fugue of the serenata, the solo into the symphony, and rendered the grand opera, with its wealth of vocal and orchestral combinations, possible. It is a significant fact that European theatres are obliged to depend upon Hungary, Galicia, and other borderlands of civilization for their high, clear tenors; and our modern culture has so effectually eradicated the deep contralto voice of the woman that musical composers have almost ceased to write for it. This divergence of the sexes is seen also in their respective costumes. The dress of the peasant and that of his wife are scarcely distinguishable in cut or color, whatever name may be applied to it—blouse, kirtle, tunic, or petticoat—it is essentially the same garb. The Tyrolese woman is an unconscious bloomer, with man's hat, short skirt, and high lace-boots. With the increase of culture and refinement, each sex assumes a more and more distinctive costume, until it is difficult to conceive a more striking contrast than that which now exists between a gentlemen's scanty dress-coat and tight pantaloons and the long, full, trailing robes of a fashionable lady. This antithesis extends also to color; the woman decks herself in all the tints and hues of the rainbow, while the man has become sober, subdued, dark, or at least monochromatic in his raiment.

Among the poorer peasantry there is no strict division of labor according to sex. Man and woman do precisely the same things. Indeed, so perfect is the identity of their occupations that it often seems to us an absurd exchange of work. The man frequently boils the porridge for dinner whilst the woman is chopping wood or working in the garden; and it is by no means uncommon to see a shepherd knitting stockings as he watches his flock whilst his wife is reaping grain or following the plow. What each one shall do at a given moment is determined by accident rather than by any sense of the fitness of the occupation for the person, such as governs the assignment of employments in the higher ranks of life. It is curious to observe how the highest idealism of Plato's state coincides with this crude realism of peasant life; for in the Republic the women have no peculiarly feminine kinds of labor, but perform the same work as men, even to becoming soldiers. In the latter case, however, the Greek philosopher, having no great confidence in their valor, recommends that these Amazonian forces should be kept in the rear as a reserve—or, rather, as an *arrière-garde*—which might at least serve to terrify the enemy by their numbers. As a result of this homogeneity of character and of occupations, the domestic life of the peasant is exceedingly monotonous; his conjugal love has its source in convenience, or at most in mere friendship; there is not the slightest touch of the chivalry of minne-service in it; the imagination of the novelist may clothe it with idyllic colors, but the peasant himself has no consciousness of this poetic side of his existence. The only pastoral aroma which he appreciates is that which arises from the neat dung-heap at his front door.

Such are a few of the facts from which Professor Riehl attempts to build an argument against the modern theory of woman's rights. The inevitable tendency of civilization is to separate the sexes, and to cause man and woman to diverge as they develop their inborn peculiarities. Here, as everywhere, the law of evolution is from homogeneity to heterogeneity. Not only physiology and physiognomy, but also pathology, furnish illustrations of this principle. The morbid idiosyncrasies of women, the large group of diseases scientifically classified as "female," scarcely exist in rude states of society or among the lower classes of the people. It must be remembered, however, that by the term "lower classes of the people" is meant not the poor and ignorant proletariat of our large cities, but classes which are hereditarily "low," like the peasantry of Europe, and which in this country can have no existence. Looking at the subject from the high standpoint of history, our author comes to the conclusion that the effort to reform society, so far as it affects the social, political, and industrial position of woman, indicates not an advance towards a more perfect civilization, but a relapse into barbarism. His argument is original and ingenious, and rests upon a very wide range of observation and study; but at the same time his reasoning is illogical and his inferences incorrect. His chief fallacy consists in a misconception of the real aims of those who plead for woman's rights. His statement of the tendency of culture to develop the antithesis of sex, and to strengthen the masculine qualities in man and the feminine qualities in woman, is unquestionably true. Yet the corollary to this proposition is not that the existence of woman should be merged entirely in that of man (which is in law equivalent to annihilation), but that, on the contrary, she should have a fuller and freer individual life; an opportunity to work according to the measure of her faculties, not in subjection as the serf of another, but in independence as an intelligent personality. The soundest portions of Professor Riehl's book are those chapters in which he emphasizes the fact of sex and the influence which this fact exerts as an irrepressible force in human society. Book II., which is entitled "House and Family," we have not space to discuss here. It consists of six chapters: "The Idea of the Family," "The Whole House," "The Family and Domestic Architecture," "Renunciation and Recognition of the House," "The Family and the Social Circle," and "The Reconstruction of the House." They are all full of suggestive thought and contain much information as regards German life, which could hardly fail to interest even those who have no sympathy with the deeply dyed conservatism of the author. An English translation of this volume, with annotations by a competent person, would be a welcome aid to those who are sincerely endeavoring to solve one of the knottiest problems of the day.

PROFESSOR JOEL PARKER ON POLITICS.*

THE political pamphlet, as a means of instructing and directing public opinion, has long been in common use in England, but has never been completely naturalized in the United States. It might be well for us if to the newspapers and the speeches of Senators and Representatives in Congress could be more frequently added the careful and thorough discussions of public questions by men who have made law and politics a scientific study rather than a trade or profession, who have been the calm observers of political contests rather than active combatants in party strifes. Still, it cannot be hoped that, in the hurry of American life, such essays will make any deep, direct impression upon the common thought and opinion. The day has passed in which the letters of a Hamilton and a Madison could change the destinies of the nation.

The pamphlet before us belongs to the general class we have mentioned, and the reputation of its author as a jurist will secure for it a somewhat careful examination. Professor Parker was for many years, during the ascendancy of the Democratic party in New Hampshire, Chief-Justice of the Supreme Court of that State. He was subsequently transferred to a chair in the Harvard Law School, which he continued to occupy until some time in the year 1868. After his resignation, he was appointed to deliver lectures upon constitutional law and civil polity in Dartmouth College. Three lectures, originally given in the Law School, and repeated during the present year in Dartmouth, Professor Parker has now submitted to the wider audience which is reached by the press. They treat of questions which lie at the bottom of our whole political system; which are involved in the very theory of our government; and whose correct solution is perhaps even more necessary at the present time than ever before in American history. They are respectively entitled "The Three Powers of Government," "The Origin of the United States, and the Status of the Southern States on the Suppression of the Rebellion," and "Three Dangers of the Republic."

The first lecture is devoted to a discussion of the proposition that, in order to the security of civil and political liberty, every government must be divided into three co-ordinate and independent departments, with a separate and distinct class of functions assigned to each, so that each may become a check upon the unlawful designs and aggressions of the others. This proposition may well be considered a truism by American political writers, and we cannot discover that Professor Parker has thrown any new light upon it, has based it upon any surer foundation of *à priori* reasoning or of experience, or has made its importance to appear any more clear and certain. It was well to insist upon it while lecturing to the young men beginning their studies, but the book would have been better without it. Professor Parker sets out with the statement that "systems of government are of three sorts—monarchical, the government of one; oligarchical, that of a few; democratic, that of the whole." We may remark in passing that this is neither an exhaustive nor an accurate method of describing governments according to their outward form. All the sovereignty of a nation does in truth reside in that aggregate which we call the people, and every government is merely their creature and instrument, and ultimately derives all power as a trust from them; yet, when we examine the actual governments which now exist, we shall find no such thing as a democracy in the sense given by Professor Parker. There is no instance in which the administration of all public affairs is committed to "the whole." There

* "Three Lectures delivered in the Law School of Harvard College and in Dartmouth College. By Joel Parker." New York: Hurd & Houghton. 1869.

are, perhaps, a very few civilized nations in which a monarch holds and wields all political functions; but in the vast majority of actual cases the government is in the hands of a few, or, as we should prefer to say, of a part. If such governments be oligarchies, then the United States and Great Britain are oligarchies, as well as France, Austria, and Prussia. Austin very properly calls such forms aristocracies, and separates them, by a line of division impossible to be drawn with any exactness, into oligarchies, where the power is lodged in the hands of a very few, and democracies, in which it is confided to a large number of that entire aggregate called the people. By this classification the United States and Great Britain would fall into the rank of democracies, although in neither country is there anything like a government "of the whole."

Professor Parker next proceeds to elaborate the proposition that each of the three kinds of government may be despotic. This is certainly true. The *forma imperii*, as the German writers say, has absolutely nothing whatever to do with the *forma regiminis*. An uncontrolled few may as easily wield their power without rule and limit as an uncontrolled monarch or an uncontrolled "whole." Indeed, a pure democracy, or government of the whole (if there were any such thing), would of very necessity be a despotism, because the self-same body which possesses the administrative function would also hold the ultimate sovereignty. In order to preserve civil and political liberty, there must be some constitution emanating from the sovereign whole, which shall be a check upon the actual rulers, and which may be written, promulgated by a conscious act of the sovereign body, or may be historical and traditional. Professor Parker finds this check, as our fathers found it, in a scheme which separates the executive, the legislative, and the judicial departments, makes them free as well as co-ordinate, and allots to each a distinct class of functions. So far, we must entirely agree with his positions. But it is to be remarked that the United States is the only nation in which such a complete freedom, as well as separation, has ever been attempted or even suggested, and this is the radical idea of our whole system which distinguishes it from that of European countries. The separation into executive, legislative, and judicial is common enough; it is the freedom of each to act within its own sphere which is peculiar to ourselves. There is no such thing in England as an independent judiciary considered as a co-ordinate and free branch of the government—in the American acceptation of the term—for the simple reason that it is impossible for the class of questions which we call constitutional to arise and come before the British courts, while it is the very power of our own tribunals to entertain and decide such questions which makes them an independent and co-ordinate department in the political system. Nor is there any longer a free executive in Great Britain. Of course, whatever of executive power exists is entrusted in fact to the ministers of the crown and not to the crown itself. For a long time these ministers were in theory, and to a considerable extent in practice, independent of the Parliament in respect of those powers which are administrative rather than legislative, and they also assumed to lead the two Houses in all important matters of legislation. But this time has passed away. The ministers are now only the servants of Parliament, directly carrying out its will in the executive as well as in the legislative department. Recent events have shown that the House of Commons has drawn to itself all political power, and now wields, without any effective organic and constitutional restraint, the function of administering as well as of making the laws. Great Britain has become a nation practically governed by a single representative body, whose majority possesses absolute authority, and is held in check by sentiments only, and not by institutions.

The lecture concludes by a reference to recent facts which indicate a partial abandonment of the radical idea of our own national Constitution. Among these are mentioned certain unauthorized acts of the President during the war, and especially the emancipation proclamation—"that great humbug"—the proclamation of martial law, the suspension of the writ of habeas corpus, and the arrest, detention, and trial of civilians by military officers and tribunals. Since the war, Congress has striven to override and destroy the independence of the President, of the Judiciary, and of the States. This is shown by its denial of representation to the revolted States at the return of peace, by its whole course of legislation in respect to reconstruction and in respect to the Executive, and by the limitations which it has placed upon the jurisdiction of the Supreme Court. We shall not follow Professor Parker through this portion of the lecture. Dissenting from many of his conclusions, with some of them we heartily agree. But we must say that throughout the whole discussion he exhibits an acrimony of manner and spirit which is more naturally expected of the partisan newspaper than of a learned lecturer to students of jurisprudence.

The second lecture opens with the statement that "there are two theories in relation to the Constitution of the United States which not only differ widely in reference to its origin and the powers which exist under it, but which may lead to very different results in regard to its amendment." These are said to be: (1) That the States were originally sovereign and independent; that they formed the Constitution by surrendering a portion of their powers to the General Government, and thus created a nation and a people by this act of union; and that separate States are therefore necessary, not only to the orderly working, but even to the very existence of the Constitution, the Government, and the nation. (2) That the nation and the sovereign people thereof were called into being by the Declaration of Independence, existed as such prior to the Constitution, adopted that fundamental act as the expression of their supreme will, and delegated some powers to the General Government and others to the separate States. The lecturer has here quietly ignored the doctrines of Calhoun and his school of extremists, who deny that there is now, or ever has been, any nation, and assert that the United States is merely a league of sovereign and independent commonwealths. Professor Parker maintains the first theory with much earnestness and no little dogmatism, and evidently supposes that the second has no basis of fact or of reasoning on which to rest. He occupies the exact ground which has long been held by the Democratic party, and upon which Mr. Alexander H. Stephens has lately placed himself. We do not intend to examine the professor's argument. It is enough to say that the question whether the several States or the one people were the original sovereigns is one of fact, not depending upon what has been said, but upon what has been done. That a nation—a people—exists is a historic truth, not a logical conclusion. We may enquire in passing, however, if Professor Parker can tell us when the States formed out of the cessions from France and Spain and the conquests from Mexico became sovereign. This territory never belonged to the other commonwealths individually. It was bought or conquered, and governed by the United States, and the States themselves became such only by an act of Congress. The same is virtually true of all the other commonwealths, except the original thirteen colonies which unitedly revolted. But in maintaining his dogmas, the professor is forced to some conclusions which, we should suppose, must have given his logical mind a good deal of a strain. Thus, when he finds in the preamble the statement that "We, the people of the United States, do ordain and establish this Constitution," which to the common mind would imply the existence of that people, he is driven, by a course of reasoning which is, in the true sense of the term, absurd, to the self-contradictory result that this people, represented as ordaining the Constitution, were in fact called into being by, and at the same moment as, the instrument itself; in other words, the creators were themselves created by and with their creation. Some of the fables of Hindu mythology go as far as this, but surely nothing else does.

We will not stop to comment upon the propositions which Prof. Parker lays down in regard to the status of the revolted States after the close of the war. They are the legitimate deductions from the premises assumed, and they necessarily lead to an establishment of the right of secession and to a destruction of the very idea of nationality. They are one and the same with the teachings which for a generation had been given in Southern colleges to Southern young men, and which did so much to make rebellion possible. It is much to be hoped that the students of no leading Northern institution will become indoctrinated with such exploded heresies.

In the third lecture, our attention is called to three dangers which menace the Republic. These are said to be an undue extension of territory, an undue extension of the right of suffrage, and an undue desire for office. Of the first and third we shall say nothing. Under the second, the notion that the suffrage is a manhood right is vehemently assailed. But the discussion is chiefly directed to the questions of negro and of female suffrage. In regard to the former, we must say that the professor does not object to the electoral capacity being conferred upon negroes as such, but to its being granted to so many ignorant negroes. In regard to the latter, the objections appear to be that God never designed women to vote, because Hagar did not vote against Abraham's putting her out of his house or tent, and because we are not told that the Queen of Sheba, or any of the New Testament women, voted. We are then referred to many instances of women distinguished in history who did not vote, among whom are mentioned Zenobia and the wives of the Pilgrim Fathers. It is also urged, not in a single jocular remark, but through several pages of argument, that women should not be permitted to vote because in such case none but young and handsome men would stand any chance of election to office.

But we have a graver fault to find with this lecture It cannot be said

to contain a sentence of reasoning; it is simply a mass of vituperations and personal attacks upon what are called the "leaders of the dominant party." Bad motives are imputed with the same freedom as by the most unscrupulous partisan editor. Republicans are said to advocate negro suffrage only to maintain themselves in power; the Southern States are reconstructed solely for the benefit of party; offices are sought and held only in the hope of plunder. These and similar charges are repeated *ad nauseam*. We are willing and anxious that professors of law and civil polity, when before their classes, should handle the important subjects of the day with perfect freedom, and not shun them because they involve the measures of opposing parties; but we cannot say less than that this lecture transcends the limits of decency, and degrades the professorial chair almost to the level of the Southwestern Democratic stump—an institution which one would not expect to find established at a college which claims Webster and Choate and Chase.

NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW FOR JULY.

THE two things that most strike a thoughtful American in England—that force themselves on his attention while he is dutifully on his way to the Abbey which he has crossed the ocean to see, or while he is enthusiastically making his pilgrimage to Oxford or Stratford—are the dreadful squalor of the lowest class of Englishmen, and what seems like the indifference of the rich and ruling classes to the hopeless degradation and wretchedness of so many millions of their fellow-beings. Cases like that of the miserable man and woman—though they were respectable, intelligent, and to some extent educated—who, the other day, in London, poisoned their two sleeping children and then themselves, in utter despair of finding work and wages, attract always a good deal of pitying and enquiring attention, and regularly cause the newspapers to point out that the suffering must be great from which such relief is sought. But, on the other hand, how likely such comments are to dispel the general carelessness may be partly guessed from the laughter and contempt which greeted Mr. Gladstone's recent question whether people like the couple just mentioned, and people of the classes just above them, were not "our own flesh and blood"—laughter not wholly caused by Mr. Gladstone's use of a sentimental argument or transgression of the House's standard of taste.

That the subject demands the gravest consideration Mr. Norton's careful article in this last number of the *North American* makes very evident. Of the twenty million inhabitants of England and Wales, nine millions are in the receipt of an average yearly income of £35, which is a little less than two shillings a day; or, if we count one other person as dependant on each of these persons with a two-shilling daily income, we have eighteen millions out of the twenty millions of English and Welsh living on a shilling a day. The disproportion between the incomes of the rich and the poor is as striking as the immense disparity in the numbers of the two classes. Eighteen millions live on a shilling a day, while the class who (with their dependants) possess yearly incomes of more than £300 have for their support £633 a piece, or about thirty-five shillings daily, and number only 400,000. What this means when taken out of abstract figures and put into facts, no one can realize who has not seen it. "Constantly increasing rates," says Mr. Goschen; "constantly increasing pauperism; millions of money spent, yet without satisfaction; and, infinitely worse, millions of human beings whose very name implies a degradation in their own eyes." Take the case of the farm-laborer in Herefordshire. There, says one writer, his "ordinary wages are nine shillings a week; his ordinary home is two small rooms, through the thatched roof of which the rain drops on to a floor half mud and half broken stones; his daily food dry bread and rough cider; his normal condition one of ignorance and squalor." Things can hardly be much better off in Cornwall, Devon, Somerset, and Dorset, where the weekly wages is ten shillings and sixpence. The laborer's cottage is described by one observer as "miserable," by a second as "deplorable," by a third as "detestable," by a fourth as "a disgrace to a Christian community." "Modesty," says another, "must be an unknown virtue, decency an unimaginable thing, where, in one small chamber, with the beds lying as thickly as they can be packed, father, mother, young men, lads, grown and growing-up girls—two and sometimes three generations—are herded promiscuously; . . . where the whole air is sensual, and human nature is degraded into something below the level of the swine." Unchastity is perfectly common, and "incest anything but uncommon." "Very few laborers over forty," says Mr. Mechi, "can read and write;" and Mr. Edward Stanhope reports that the object of the farmers is "to keep the school down; their view is that more than a little education is very much too much; they are afraid the laborer will be spoiled for field-work"—a suggestion that marshals the friends of England the way they should be going: to spoil the laborer for the life of field-work which we have just been looking at is what no politico-economical considerations ought to prevent them from striving to do. The town laborer is not much better off, though somewhat better off he undoubtedly is. Let any educated person, says Mr. John Simon, medical officer of the Privy Council—any person who knows the conditions under which alone animal life can thrive—"learn by personal inspection how far these conditions are realized by the masses of our population, and form for himself a conscientious judgment as to the need for great, if not almost revolutionary, reforms. Let any such person devote an hour to visiting some very poor region of the metropolis, or in almost any of our large towns. Let him breathe its air, taste its water, eat its bread; let him fancy what it would be to himself to live there in that beastly degradation of stink, fed with such bread, drinking such water." And the worst of it is, that this state of things does not diminish in spite of the well-judged and ill-judged attempts at diminishing it, but increases; and that the "dangerous classes," and the pauper and ignorant classes—dangerous enough, too—increase in an accelerated ratio from year to year. Mr. Goschen says that in the two years from 1866 to 1868 there was an addition of twenty per cent. to the army of metropolitan paupers.

Yet in spite of such facts some things that Mr. Norton relates would give one some courage to hope that the great body of the English people are not becoming imbruted, if it were not that the exceptional cases are those of people who showed a heroism in resisting their outward circumstances which of itself would assure us how idle it is to expect for them many imitators. We hear of one woman whose husband was a shepherd earning ten shillings a week, "besides what he got at lambing time." Upon this sum (out of which they paid sixty-three shillings annual house-rent), the pair brought up a family of eight girls and six boys, never had a penny from the parish, and never let their girls go out into the field to become demoralized. The girls even learned to read and write, but the boys are less educated, as three of them began to go out to work at six years of age, and one has on this account never been able to learn his letters. The woman remembered the time when her husband's wages being ten shillings a week, and she having nine children to feed, fourteen pounds of flour cost three-and-sixpence—a time that was probably before the repeal of the corn-laws, the repeal of which, sure enough, is no wonder. And as that was done at last, so perhaps there may be something done now to remove the burden which is weighing England down and making her great cities a defilement of civilization. It must be nearly time; already it is found that a Scotchman in the field can do the work of two English laborers, and English artisanship is behind that of the Continent in very many branches in which formerly it was unrivalled; the men are deteriorating in body and in mind. But it is Englishmen who are loudest in their outcries against the present order of things, and the day is not come yet for any one to fear that England will not somehow contrive to do her duty. But the task is immense; and if it were not for the outlet afforded by emigration—an outlet more used each year—one might be compelled to think of the "almost revolutionary reforms" of which Mr. Simon speaks. At all events, it seems as if there must be some revolutionizing of British notions of the office of the state and of British unwillingness to permit its larger activity, unless we are to see the state quiescent till the weight of misery which it controls shall subvert it.

Mr. Charles Francis Adams, junior, makes an article, entitled "A Chapter on Erie," which is certainly admirably well done. It must have been a work of great labor to track the courses of the Drews, Vanderbilts, Fisks, Barnards, Cookes, Mattoons, Cardozos, and the rest of the men who have let us see so plainly that neither Wall Street, the New York bench, nor the Albany Legislature had previously taught us all they had to teach of the most audacious and shameless disregard of honesty and honor. If we were going to find any fault with Mr. Adams's essay, it would be that perhaps the reader unlearned in law, and in the manipulations of stock operations, will not fully understand much more than that the various parties to the contest were all a set of rascals together. To protect the community against the thieving and other villany of these men, it will be necessary that something more definite than this charge against them be impressed on the minds of the people at large, and the narrative cannot be made too clear. School-girls ought to be made to see just how every man who put his money into Erie stock has had a certain number of dollars stolen from him by certain men, church-members and others, in Wall Street; and how certain judges, who claim for themselves and families the civil regard of their fellow-citizens, have been

bought and sold, and have even been privy to the hiring of kidnappers and possible assassins. But the story, as it stands, will well repay a little study. And to the reader who comes to its perusal not wholly unprepared, it will be as interesting as a novel, in virtue of its story, and very agreeable for its style—a style relieved by a prevailing tone of sarcasm and satirical contempt, which gratify the reader much as an honest expression of public opinion in regard to Mr. Adams's quarry would gratify him, that is, which seems to put the men in their proper place, and thus relieves the mind from the indignation with which it sees the wicked flourishing, and the mean in high places, and the decent man beguiled of his stock. Governor Claflin—in spite of the fact that some practical politicians in Cambridge speak of Mr. Adams as a young man who has lately been writing in the *North American Review* about railroads—has certainly done well to make him one of the State Commissioners to examine into the management of Massachusetts railroads. They are like other railroads in other States, and will bear a certain amount of watching very well, and "practical railroad men," while they are very good at watching, are not always so good at telling what they see; they have defects of style; but a clear style is an important qualification in a commissioner who is to enlighten the people at large. Why will not some of the publishers get out a cheap pamphlet edition of the essay? To do so would be to deserve well of the Republic, and, we should think, to put money in the publisher's purse.

Mr. John Fiske, in his "Laws of History," is very efficacious in his handling of Professor Draper, who, however, may hardly require quite so much labor; his views do not now meet with wide acceptance; we had supposed it was only the Roman Catholic reviewers who now brought him out for formal attack. For the rest, Mr. Fiske's essay explicates very well the law of progress in history, and also applies Mr. Herbert Spencer's (heterogeneity and homogeneity) law of organic life to historical phenomena—an application which seems to us decidedly rather of speculative than of practical importance. Professor Allen's article on "The Religion of Ancient Greece" leaves off at the point where the general reader begins to be most interested, but to scholars it will be welcome as giving—not without additional critical remarks of value—the latest and best views in regard to the Greek mythology, in its mythic stage, comparatively considered. Professor J. D. Whitney on Volcanoes, and Dr. Isaac Ray on Hereditary Insanity, are both authorities, and so we may consider Mr. Karl Blind on the politics of "Hungary and Roumania," of which he seems to take a judicious view, favoring the Austro-Hungarian monarchy, and deprecating Roumanian independence as sure to end in the Russification of the Principalities and Turkey.

We hope Mr. J. M. Merrick, jr., is not too hopeful in his anticipations of what is going to happen to us in the way of wine-making and salvation from whiskey as a national beverage. He expresses the opinion—and not sarcastically, but with real enthusiasm—that before the next decade is over we shall see "American wines ranked as their merits deserve." The unmixed juice of the Delaware grape already, he says, yields "a wine of which any *vigneron* or any country may well be proud;" the little wine that has been made from the Iona grape has astonished everybody, and gives a wine which "will enable us to rival in this country the very choicest and most famous vineyards of the Rhine;" "one of Mr. Bull's seedlings produces a very fine port wine;" "the Rogers Hybrid No. 1 is said to make a fine sparkling wine;" and the Hermon grape of Missouri "gives, it is said, a genuine Madeira wine." Mr. Merrick seems very sure of living to see the grape culture and the wine-making interest of the country equal in value the cotton crop or the hay crop, and he quotes from Mr. Bull, of Concord, one new, ingenious, and forcible reason why we all may join in his wish: It is a crying evil that the young men abandon the country and betake themselves to the city, because the farm-work is odious, and moreover is unprofitable, so that the farmer lives close to the limit of his means, and has no money to expend on self-culture or to make his home attractive to his boys and girls. Now, says Mr. Bull, the culture of the vine is easy, and the making of wine a very interesting and light form of highly skilled labor; the harvest is delightful, a holiday in fact, and the profits are considerable. Under Mr. Bull's own encouragement, a good many of the farmers in his neighborhood have added considerably to their incomes by grape-raising, and in this same way, as he believes, a vast number of the farming class might be raised from the condition of being slaves to the soil up to independence and competence, and he adds, "I confess, gentlemen, that this aspect of the case gives me more pleasure than any other"—as well it may. Perhaps, too—who knows?—the decay of Mr. Bull's native New England, and the loss that all the world would suffer in losing the New England mind, or a great part of it, might be averted or long delayed if a good article of cheap red wine were added to the native diet. The boy may now be born who shall live to see coffee, and pie, and rum, and the various sorts of medicinal "bitters," all discarded from the New England table, and to see ruddy faces and contented countenances and a cheerful theology and sound digestions as common in Massachusetts as in Gascony itself, or in Normandy, where man, woman, and child drink cider and milk at every meal.

The critical notices are few but able, with the exception of one or two.

History of the Town of Lexington, Middlesex County, Massachusetts, from its first settlement to 1868, with a genealogical register of Lexington families. By Charles Hudson. (Boston: Wiggin & Lunt.)—There are not a few superfluous pages in this on the whole interesting and well-constructed work. We do not mean that the chapters which trace the origin and progress of the Revolution, both before and after Lexington's famous participation in it, should have been omitted. They might have been greatly condensed, however; and if the first thirty-two pages of the book were dropped altogether, the true beginning of it would be found in the right place. His readers can discover betimes and skip Mr. Hudson's pardonable commonplaces and patriotic outpourings, and will not find it too hard to forgive him for them; but they may not all be able to detect the inexact and erroneous generalizations in which he frequently indulges, of course with the worst possible waste of space. We have in mind particularly his notions of the purposes of the Puritan fathers, and his apology for them, where we might have expected more clearness and correct information in a member of the Massachusetts Historical Society; and also his statement, "on a broader scale," of "the causes which led to the Revolution." The chapter devoted to the latter deals exclusively with the question of the right of taxation, and leaves out of sight the numerous enactments, long previous to the Stamp Act, by which the industry and commerce of the colonies were hampered and repressed in the most outrageous manner. "We have seen," says Mr. Hudson, a little later, "that the controversy originated in the question of taxation;" which, if true, would make the Revolution a sudden outbreak, instead of a growth, and a contest for abstract right instead of resistance to the most concrete and material grievances. This, to be sure, is the popular and traditional way of looking at it, and so is the view that "though our high-minded and patriotic [Revolutionary] statesmen, North and South, regarded the institution [of slavery] as corrupt and degrading to our national character, they fondly believed that the odious system would soon cease in the Republic." And, finally, granting that "slavery in Massachusetts was never hereditary by law," can any one assert that "there never was a time when our courts would not have given freedom to the children of slaves?" At least, there is no proving such a proposition.

We have touched first on Mr. Hudson's weak points, and the parts of his history which do not immediately relate to Lexington. When able to put his own hand upon documents, we have found him what we may call a pleasant and judicious, if hardly graphic, chronicler, and trusty enough. His chief business with the town, as he confesses, is to describe the battle of Lexington—a twenty-minute skirmish on the town common—and the retreat of the British from Concord; and to give biographies of the two eminent divines whose combined ministry lasted from 1698 to 1805. All this is carefully done. The Rev. John Hancock and his kinsman, the Rev. Jonas Clarke, were men and clergymen of uncommon force of character—the latter illustrating, by the lead he took in public affairs, the view which Locke held of true politics as a part of moral philosophy, and therefore within the natural province of the pulpit. He wrote the town's Revolutionary manifestoes, and they are fine specimens of that sort of documents. Both these clergymen were Calvinistic in their theology, and yet not only is the First Parish of to-day Unitarian, but "the Calvinistic Congregationalists have no organization in Lexington." It would be interesting to learn how this change of faith was brought about under the successors of Hancock and Clarke—who, says Mr. Hudson, were mild and liberal in doctrine—and Mr. Hudson should have told us. Lexington owed much, and in many ways, to the neighboring university, and its Calvinism was perhaps tempered from the first by Harvard College; but we infer that Mr. Clarke's successor, the Rev. Avery Williams, at whose ordination the Rev. Dr. Kendal assisted, was the middle term between the old faith and the new; and yet he was a graduate of Princeton. The Unitarians, indeed, have the strongest associations with the Lexington of the present century. There preached, at various times, Follen, Emerson, May, and Staples; and there was born, grandson of the Captain John Parker who led the minutemen at Lexington, the Rev. Theodore Parker, in whose study visitors used

to see the musket carried by his ancestor on the memorable April day, and now preserved in the Senate Chamber of Massachusetts.

The military history of Lexington in the French wars, the Revolution, and the late rebellion, puts the patriotism and courage of its inhabitants in high relief. They have shown a just pride in the opening conflict of the Revolution, and we only hope they will not be persuaded to substitute a pretentious and probably badly designed monument for the plain and sufficient shaft that now tells the story of duty unadorned. And, by the way, in spite of the rivalry for glory between Concord and Lexington, Mr. Hudson, in giving a long extract from the late Mr. Everett in commemoration of the battle, might have admitted Emerson's beautiful ode, beginning

> "By the rude bridge that arched the flood,
> Their flag to April's breeze unfurled,
> Here once the embattled farmers stood
> And fired the shot heard round the world."

In celebrating the whole day, these verses deserved a place corresponding to Lincoln's masterpiece at Gettysburg. In its educational provisions, the town has served as an example to others, and was the scene of the experiment of the first Normal School. In its ecclesiastical experience, it suffered no disturbance by reason of the Dedham decision of 1820, as the Unitarians had possession both of the town and of the parish; but the division of the ministerial fund gave rise to a controversy which caused no little unpleasantness in the community.

Mr. Hudson has taken great pains with his very full and orderly Genealogy, in which, besides names already mentioned, will be found the pedigrees of the Hoars and Lawrences, and other families of local or national renown. That mistakes occur in these records is to be expected, of course. The labor involved in preparing them is enormous, the materials unequally accessible, and while the chances of original error are almost infinite, the printing adds still others. It is not in a spirit of hypercriticism that we venture to point to an obvious contradiction in dates occurring on opposite pages, but referring to the same event: Did John Parker marry Hannah Stearns Feb. 17, 1785 (p. 172), or Feb. 7, 1784 (p. 173)? That the latter date is probably the true one is shown by the date of the birth of their first child.

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The Week.

THE event of the day in politics is the rather surprising refusal of General Rosecrans to accept the Ohio nomination. Probably other motives may have had something to do with his taking this course. It is as well, perhaps, in view of the Sulphur Springs negotiations, to say little about his unwillingness to "go back on his record"—though a "Copperhead" is more offensive to the nostrils of a Union General than a former rebel; but perhaps he had no desire to be beaten, as he probably would have been. The Catholic question has been made prominent in Ohio of late, and not to the advantage of a Catholic candidate. The Democrats must be more or less demoralized by this refusal, which will affect the minds of the soldiers a good deal. In Pennsylvania there is neither Catholic school question nor anything else to break the prevailing apathy, but Republican prospects are thought to be not bad, though why not we do not see. In Tennessee and Mississippi they are surely anything but good. In Mississippi, where the Republican platform contains nothing against which we hear any complaint alleged, Judge Dent is determined to be governor if he can, and will do what he can to break the party in two—a course that we can see no excuse for, but in which there is a good deal of danger that he may succeed. Alabama seems to have sent four Republicans and two Democrats to Congress, which is one less Republican than was expected. The escape from having another Democrat was very narrow, and was indirectly the cause of riot. Mobile is probably fuller of revolvers than any city of its size in the world, and is a haunt of rascals, so that there is less than usual to wonder at in the unprovoked firing upon negroes assembled to celebrate a political victory.

The Tennessee election has been, as everybody expected, carried by Senter by an enormous majority—say 60,000—the Democrats all going for him, and a considerable portion of the Republicans. The general result seems to be that the Democrats have once more got the State into their hands, the Republican element in the Legislature being small, and likely to be powerless. The help Mr. Boutwell gave Stokes did him no good, even with the Republicans; and it is reported, most likely untruly—for Stokes is not a fool—that he consoles himself and his friends with saying that Congress will set the election aside, and put the State under martial law. It is not by any means improbable that this is what a good many people who voted for him think *ought* to be done. To many of the Southern Radicals these Southern elections are games conducted on the old principle of "turkey for the white man and buzzard for the Indian; or buzzard for the Indian and turkey for the white man;"—that is, the majority is to be respected if it is on the right side, and the holding of an election is simply the concession to "ex-rebels" of an opportunity of evincing their repentance The triumph of the Democracy in Tennessee is, of course, a misfortune but it had to come; there was no way of avoiding it, without changing the form of the Government. There is, therefore, no more use in whining over it than over bad weather or the shortness of winter days.

In Virginia the Walkerites, having triumphed, have assumed the imposing title of "True Republicans," and claim all the honors and prerogatives of genuine orthodoxy. The Wellsites, being beaten and feeling rather humble, have apparently laid aside their proscriptive policy, and now propose to make friends with the victors, and reunite the party by a grand reconciliation. These offers, however, the Walkerites scornfully, and as it seems to us foolishly, reject, the chairman of their committee, Dr. Gilmer, haughtily refusing even to "confer" with Colonel Jenkins, the corresponding functionary on the other side; and he justifies himself by saying that if the Wellsites are Republicans, why the Walkerites are Republicans too, and it is all right, and there is no need for any reconciliation. This is all very well, as far as brotherly love goes; but it does not touch the important question of the division of "the spoils," which is no unimportant matter. It makes some difference to the Wellsites whether they are to be simply privates or have a share of the commissions.

A new "Republican Central Committee" has been started in this city, to take charge of the interests of the party in the place of the Twenty-second and Twenty-third Street "gangs," of which we gave some account a fortnight ago. The new committee have issued an address to the party, in which they draw on the whole even a less flattering picture than ours of the old organizations. The preparation of fraudulent rolls of voters and the use of Democratic "roughs" to control the primary meetings, were amongst the least of their offences. Another was a corrupt understanding with Tammany for the division of the spoils. In fact, no one should fail to read the address. It is a new and interesting chapter in the history of "the men inside politics." The "gangs," it must be observed, however, have been brought to grief mainly through their having come across an honest and courageous man in their pursuit of plunder. General Barlow, the United States Marshal, refused to allow them to fill his office with their rascally nominees, and the ridiculous meetings they held in consequence of his opposition, and the ridiculous demand which they addressed to the President for the General's removal, first drew to them the attention of the public and led to the exposure of their real character and the formation of the new committee. It now remains for the State Convention to repudiate them formally and recognize the new committee. One of the delightful things about the "Radical" "gang" was, however, the spectacle it afforded of love for the black man and "hatred of treason." This we shall be sorry to lose, because it furnished occasionally an evening's entertainment of unusual richness and variety. We hope the new committee will be particular about the character of the "tried leader" whom it puts up to conduct the hymn-singing on election night. For this, at least, if for no other office in the gift of the people, a fair moral character is absolutely necessary.

Collector Grinnell has not fared so well in the matter of appointments as General Barlow, mainly, of course, because he has such a large number in his gift; and report says that in order to keep his innumerable promises of places he has to keep up such "rotation" as never was seen, and is daily beset by the friends of men who want

offices and the friends of those who have just lost them. The excitement amongst the drunkards and stupid and dishonest people, caused by this perpetual commotion, is intense. The number of members of these classes who want to qualify for governorships of territories, as our correspondent "Clericus's" friend, the Congressman, pleasantly suggested, by a short term of service in the Custom-house, is immense. Amongst those who have been "rotated" out of office are the female searchers, who strip and examine lady passengers suspected of smuggling lace or jewelry on incoming steamers. These searchers are mostly poor widows, and the office, though a wretched one, is one in which, owing to the temptation to bribery, and facility with which bribes may be received, needs good character—perhaps more than any other in the service. The late incumbents have, however, all had to quit, and "the party" is now receiving service from a new batch, who, as our friend the Congressman also suggested, are stimulated to honesty and fidelity by the knowledge that they, too, may any day be turned out themselves.

The Albany and Susquehanna Railroad is a new road which runs southwesterly from Albany to the upper waters of the Susquehanna, and ends at Binghamton—through which town passes also the Erie, coming in from the other direction. Just south of Binghamton, at Great Bend, in Pennsylvania, this latter most famous or infamous of all railroads is struck by a road which taps the great coal region of Pennsylvania; and from Great Bend on to Binghamton the Erie is the coal-dealer's way to all the Albany region and to New England. It is a way which Mr. Drew and Mr. Fiske and the rest of them have not made so cheap that the coal-dealers have not been very anxious to get to the Albany and Susquehanna road by some other line; and they are now building a road which, going round Great Bend, stops at Binghamton. It will soon be done; and Mr. Fiske and the other Erie managers have lately been bestirring themselves with great activity to circumvent the coal men, and get control of a great part of the coal market, by getting the Albany and Susquehanna into their own hands. We are therefore having a railroad fight more lively than ever we had; and have been getting proofs in the shape of lawsuits at the rate of about two a day—to say nothing of armed reprisals between the contending parties—that a "railroad man" of our time and country leads a life much like that of a Japanese daimio or mediæval baron.

In September comes off the election of officers of the road; and on August 7 was the day when the company's books were closed, and after which stock could not be transferred. At that date Mr. Fisk had "got" the company, it is understood, or would have were it not for two things: the company would not transfer 1,350 shares which he had bought—we do not use the names of the various minor actors on the one side or the other—and there are 3,000 shares out which he declares were illegally issued. So he brings Suit No. 1, and enjoins President Ramsey and everybody else not to allow these 3,000 shares to be voted on. Ramsey answers by an injunction restraining the railroad company from transferring the 1,350 shares above-mentioned to the Fisk party. But Fisk's lawyer — who throughout seems to have been very much too sharp and too quick for his opponents—soon gets this injunction removed. Suit No. 3 is a Fisk suit, and is brought to compel the company to make the transfer on the books. Suit No. 4 is also a Fisk suit, and Ramsey is enjoined not to act as president. Suit No. 5 is a Ramsey suit, and Ramsey in turn attacking the Fisk party, the company enjoins certain directors not to perform any of their official duties. Here we have the railroad company neatly tied up, so that it can do nothing for Fisk and nothing for Ramsey, or anybody else. Fisk's attorney now promptly brings suit in the name of a stockholder, who recites these facts, calls the court's attention to the fact that he is pecuniarily a sufferer because of this inaction, and the court civilly appoints Mr. James Fisk, jr., and another gentleman, receivers. Ramsey also gets a receiver appointed; but to get him he goes into an Albany court whose order is not in force till Saturday morning at 9 o'clock, whereas Fisk's appointment is dated Friday, and is in force from the moment it was made, for it was obtained in the First Judicial District—the only one, by the way, in which the rule just stated holds. To sum up: the suits now number some nine or ten; the receivers have had a good-sized fight; everybody is enjoined in all manner of ways; Judge Barnard, in this city, stands by his friends; at Albany, Judge Peckham is prompt in behalf of Ramsey; at last accounts, something very like a state of civil war exists on the lower portion of the road, and Gov. Hoffman has been obliged to give warning that he will take military possession if violence continues. The question now is, which will be the next road the Fisks will fix upon, and what becomes of the stockholders during and after "a war?"

As is usual in Harvard experience, the boat built for the race turns out not entirely satisfactory, and an English builder was commissioned to build a new one, which was to be four or five feet shorter than the Elliott boat, and, we suppose, round bottomed, in the English fashion, instead of slightly flattened, as is the style in this country. The new boat is probably done by this time and in use, and the crew are very likely in it, and still wishing for some one of the aged Harvard shells laid up in the Cambridge boat-houses. We are glad to see that the course is to be buoyed off, and two-thirds of the width of the river kept perfectly clear for the contestants. It would be about a not very great thing, to be sure, but American wrath in case the crews were interfered with would be louder, beyond a question—and deeper, we do not doubt—and much more unanimous, than when, a while ago, Mr. Sumner's shout set the rest of us shouting, and was so fearfully reverberated from the other side. On the whole, despite the dangers of acclimation, and the novelty of carrying a coxswain, and the crookedness of a course which a Bostonian compares to the crookedness of several Boston streets, there seems to be no more reason, as yet, why we should haul down the American flag than there was when our four champions were among us. Still, although it is our official, and personal, opinion that the Harvard crew will beat, and though we are willing to put our cause unreservedly in their hands and Mr. Blaikie's, and to beat or be beaten with them, it does us no harm to reflect sometimes on the Roahr crew and what it did in Charlestown last June. It would be worth while to export a few steamer-loads of young gentlemen from old Cambridge to do cheering from the river bank. Americans abroad must do their duty.

The case of Major John Haggerty, titular American Consul at Glasgow, Scotland, is at once melancholy and amusing. He is of Irish parentage, though born in Glasgow. He is an honest and able man, and served with distinction in the war, and has since the war been making herculean, but vain, efforts to induce his countrymen here to vote the Republican ticket and to shake off the British yoke. Although not a very prominent Fenian, his connection with the Brotherhood, and his feelings towards the British crown, were sufficiently notorious to satisfy anybody but a Fenian, or partially demented person, that he might as well expect to be appointed Gold Stick in Waiting as to be allowed to act as Consul in a British port. No government was ever known to grant an exequatur to a man connected with an organization formed to bring about its overthrow. Of course, the cute Republican politicians who gave him the place knew this perfectly well, but, by giving it him, they made him believe that they were doing something very fine for him, and threw on the British Government the odium of keeping him out of it, and are probably now laughing over it at the sea-side or in the mountains, while Haggerty is spending his hard earnings in some Scotch tavern. The same "little game" was on the point of being tried on a certain Mr. Savage, who was at one time a Fenian "head-centre" or some such dignitary. It was seriously proposed to give him also some very handsome and opulent consulship, also on British soil; but either Savage himself or some of his friends saw the joke before he started to take possession, and consequently he wisely stayed at home, and we hope has made them give him something in which he can get at his pickings without having to incur obligations to the hated Saxon. There was only one thing wanting to make poor Haggerty's case a perfect and symmetrical "sell," and that was that some Republican organ

should pretend to think the British Government had played him a mean trick, and this, sure enough, the New York *Tribune* did on Tuesday last. "A great government," it said, "cannot afford to do small things, and yet it does them sometimes," etc., and winds up by hinting that it is Glasgow that will suffer from Haggerty's absence. One of the worst results of "the six hundred years of wrong" is seen in the Fenian capacity for being humbugged.

The "usurers" in this city have been called up by Judge McCunn for judgment, and sentenced to five days' imprisonment in the City Prison—not by any means a light sentence at this season. Some of the papers seem to think this is very fine, as it constitutes that enforcement of a bad law which it is now the fashion, in imitation of General Grant, to call the best mode of ensuring its repeal. No doubt this is true of legislation in comparatively unknown and untried fields; but a more disgraceful bit of barbarism than shutting up two men in jail for nearly a week in summer, in a great commercial city, in order to convince the public that an obsolete law ought not to be carried out, has hardly been witnessed since the days of witch-burning. If this is the only way in which we can find out that usury laws are absurd, what is the use of our eyes and ears and memory and judgment? Was it not to find out things of this sort, without torturing our fellow-creatures, that God gave us our faculties? What should we say if it were gravely proposed to burn two infidels at the stake in order to show that religious persecution was cruel and foolish, or to hang a corn-dealer to prove the folly of legislating against regrating and forestalling?

The Spanish Government, like the Austrian, has found itself at last obliged to go to loggerheads with the clergy, who have been conniving at the Carlist insurrection; indeed, the latest despatches say that several of the insurrectionary bands have been led by priests. The Government have accordingly ordered the bishops to issue pastorals inculcating loyalty on clergy and laity, within eight days, on pain of being refused permission to exercise their functions within the kingdom, and seem to have the hearty support of the town population at all events.

In France there is little, if any, change in the situation since the publication of the Emperor's concessionary letter. The Senate is busy in deliberation on the proposed changes, and is adopting them one by one—the deliberations of the body on the Imperial suggestions being really merely a kind of playful compliance with the forms of the constitution. The reforms have been conquered by a now famous body known as the "tiers parti," made up in part of moderate Liberals and in part of supporters of the Government, and which literally sprang up in a day after the Chamber met, and signed, to the number of one hundred, the address which brought the Emperor down. Seeing his own adherents going over, he gave way without more words. M. Mazade says, in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, that the Government had made up its mind to yield immediately after the elections; but, instead of yielding at once, it waited till the Chamber met, to see what force it would have, and thus lost the credit of yielding voluntarily. All are agreed that personal government is at an end; and M. Saint-Marc Girardin has significantly come out with an article on what he calls the "Three Crises of Personal Government in France—1814, 1830, 1848." The fourth crisis—that of 1869—has, it must be admitted, been better managed than any of the former ones—if indeed we have seen the end, which many doubt.

Things are not going well in Austria. The "Dualism" is not working easily. Nobody is satisfied with the present state of things except the Hungarians. Their success in getting all they want has stimulated the exertions of the Bohemians and Croats, who demand the concession of autonomy also; and, unfortunately for the Austrian Ministry, there is not a single reason for refusing their demands which would not also apply to the demands of the Hungarians. So discontent grows in these provinces. Meetings multiply, and Panslavic agents work harder than ever. The Poles of Galicia are quieter, as they are doing better under Austria than they have done before since the partition; but it is certainly no part of their programme to form part of the Austrian empire for an indefinite period. M. de Beust, in the meantime, takes it coolly; is not very sanguine about the preservation of peace, though he says if Europe gets over the next four years without an outbreak of hostilities, it may last a long time.

Russia is getting more and more afraid of Bismarck. We mentioned some time ago the very unpleasant impression produced at St. Petersburg by the apparition in the Baltic of the new German fleet, which, if report speaks truly, would hardly find food for half an hour's cannonade in the Czar's whole naval force. An additional source of anxiety has now been furnished by a project, ascribed to Bismarck, to pierce Schleswig with a canal, so as to give Prussia readier access to the Baltic, and it is rumored that the Czar is going to maintain the balance of power in the north by building up a new Scandinavian state, composed of united Sweden, Norway, and Denmark. The New York *Times*, approving of this, calls loudly for fewer and bigger states, not only on the ground of economy, but because a large state is "a power; has a literature, a national spirit; does memorable things, and breeds great men." We doubt very much if anybody knows whether a division of the world into a few large states will be a good thing for mankind or not. Thus far, large states have, perhaps, done more harm than good. As a matter of fact, most of the great literatures, great men, and great deeds the race has to boast have thus far been furnished by small states. If we take the history of Athens and Sparta and Republican Rome out of the ancien world, what have we left? Imperial Rome was no doubt great in many ways, but it was made possible by the discipline and sacrifice of little early Rome. Take Holland, Florence, Venice, England, Sweden, and Switzerland out of modern Europe, and what have we left? In fact, we owe to small states nearly all that is most precious in literature, laws, and traditions. Big states, no doubt, can be "run" cheaply, but whether they will do as much for civilization and human character as small ones is certainly fair matter for doubt.

The anti-capital-punishment men in England have made the annual effort to procure the abolition of the death penalty, and have been defeated in the House of Commons by a majority of 60. Some of the statistics furnished in the course of the debate were curious. Out of 155 sentences of death passed in Great Britain and Ireland during the last six years, only 82 had been executed. Of the remainder, 23 were for infanticide, which in practice is never punished with death. There is a still more remarkable dwindling down amongst the cases in which verdicts of wilful murder are found by coroner's juries. In fact, the general result is, that there is no crime less likely to be followed with the legal penalty in England than murder; but sentences of imprisonment for life are there equivalent in practice to sentences for twenty years; here they are only equivalent to about six years. It appears, too, that great numbers of persons who are in favor of the death penalty as a general rule, when the question of applying it in a particular case comes up, oppose it violently. There seems to be little doubt that in most countries, too, the public sympathy with criminals grows faster than sympathy with the victims of criminals. The percentage of homicides to population in Italy, and especially in the Papal States, is enormous; but the popular horror of capital punishment is proportionately intense, and the most atrocious murderers are rarely executed unless their crimes have had a political complexion. What is going to be the end of the present drift of feeling, it would take a wise man to say. Saint Just was apparently not so very far in advance of his age when he inserted an article in his draft of a constitution providing that riots and other disorders should be repressed by six old men, wearing tricolored scarfs round their waists. If, after having arrived on the scene, and requested the rioters to desist, the latter persisted in their violence, the elders were to "declare the law in mourning" ("la loi en deuil"), and pronounce the rioters wicked persons ("méchants"), and deprive them of the rank of citizens. The effect of this on the feelings of the rioters, after hearing that "the law was in mourning" on their account, he left to the imagination; but the scheme was, of course, based on the hypothesis that it would be harrowing.

OUR FINANCIAL RELATIONS WITH FOREIGN COUNTRIES.

In discussing our foreign relations, little or no attention is paid to the peculiarly delicate financial relations which the enormous extent of our natural resources and our great needs during the war, compared with the amount of our disposable capital, have been for some years back establishing between the United States and Europe. The causes of the steady efflux of Federal obligations to Europe during the last six years are well known, but no exact information exists as to the amount now held abroad. The estimates of the best authorities—bankers, brokers, and Treasury officials—among whom we have made enquiries on the subject, vary greatly, and range from nine hundred up to twelve hundred millions. That we may not be accused of exaggeration, we propose to use the lowest of these figures for our argument. In addition to "governments," many other American securities are held on the other side of the Atlantic. To the State and city bonds and the stocks of the older railroads that were placed there before the civil war, large quantities of the obligations of several Pacific railroads have been added during the last two years. Altogether, we feel safe in saying that the total of American securities owned abroad represents at this moment a value of not less than twelve hundred millions. The financial history of modern civilized states will probably be searched in vain for another instance of so enormous an indebtedness on the part of a nation to foreign capitalists. The public debt of Great Britain is larger, and that of France relatively but little, if any, smaller than ours. Yet of the consols and the rentes only a comparatively insignificant portion is in foreign hands. Even in the case of such chronic borrowers as Russia, Austria, Italy, Spain, and Turkey, the total of their respective loans contracted in foreign markets will be found to be relatively far less than our national debt to European capitalists. Certainly, if there could be any glory in so vast an absorption of national promises to pay, we should have occasion for no little pride; and if the respectability of a debtor could rest on the number of his creditors, we might claim on that ground alone to be the most respected nation on the face of the earth.

But, unfortunately, there is the reverse of the medal, which has been persistently overlooked by the patriotic souls who are in the habit of exulting over the plethora of 5-20's in European cash-boxes as evidence of the unlimitedness of our national credit. What does, indeed, this fact of our indebtedness to the Old World to the tune of twelve hundred millions really indicate? Nothing less than a state of financial dependence bound to exercise, while it exists, an influence on our international relations of the extent of which the general public appears to have as yet but a faint conception. However disagreeable the necessity may be, we shall be compelled, sooner or later, to open our eyes to the truth that the billion and more of our bonds now across the water will prove an uncomfortable, though often a useful, fetter in our future dealings with other nations. We shall have to think twice hereafter before we act. Whether willing or unwilling, we must be prepared to find ourselves often stopped in the pursuit of any foreign policy involving serious consequences. The alternative of refraining strictly from any unreasonable or provoking attitude in international disputes, or of undergoing a complete financial breakdown even before we have got very far in quarrelling, will stare us mercilessly in the face. We are, in short, put upon our good behavior towards other countries—how, we shall presently endeavor to show.

But a few months having elapsed since Mr. Sumner launched his thunderbolt in the Senate, we are justified in supposing that neither the immediate response to it, in the form of a considerable fall in the price of all American securities in London, nor the consequent decline in "governments" and rapid rise of the premium on gold in New York, have been forgotten. A perfect panic ensued, as will be remembered, among the holders of our bonds in the former city, and millions after millions of five-twenties were thrown upon the market in headlong haste, causing a depreciation of five per cent. in a short time. But for a fortunate circumstance, we should have then witnessed the first practical illustration of what we have said above. We have before us a letter from a prominent German banking-house at Frankfort-on-the-Main, stating that the Bourse of that city had, within a few weeks after the delivery of Mr. Sumner's speech, absorbed over thirty millions of the five-twenties that had been rushed upon the London market under the first effect of the twenty-five hundred millions claim of the Massachusetts Senator. That the British holders were in haste to part with their American bonds was no more to be wondered at than that the Germans—who, as neutral parties, viewed the situation more coolly, and of whom the intelligent classes know, as a rule, more about the United States than Englishmen—eagerly availed themselves of the chance of a good bargain. But supposing the Germans had not been willing to take the tens of millions hurried off from London, what would have inevitably happened? In the first place, the general depreciation of our securities in England and the sympathetic reaction upon all values in this country would have been far greater; and, in the second place, the same millions that now quietly repose in Germany would have flowed straight back to the source from which they were originally derived—that is, New York. We need not dwell upon the disastrous consequences the return of many millions of five-twenties a week for a month or so would have had on this side. Let any one who is unable to form an estimate of them himself seek light from any banker or broker on the subject. He will be told that the flooding of our markets with many millions of "governments" in the space of a month, would have caused a disturbance of all values such as has not been seen in Wall Street since the summer of 1864, and as could not help being followed by the greatest distress in all business circles.

Now, is there any one foolish enough to believe that if, instead of the mere transient clouding of the political horizon by a parliamentary demonstration, the grim spectre of actual war between us and Great Britain should rise before the foreign holders of our bonds, another such safety-valve as that described would open for our benefit in Germany or any other part of Europe? On the contrary, in that event there would be not only a general reflux of our securities from England, but an even mightier stream would set in in the direction of New York from Germany, Holland, Switzerland, and wherever else the five-twenties in their widespread flow have found their way. The Germans, especially, who hold the bulk of the twelve hundred millions of bonds in foreign parts, and who understand our financial condition as well as ourselves, would be the first, from their knowledge of our inability to bear the cost of another great war, to rid themselves of our national promissory notes. The recollection of the genial soil which repudiation theories found among us would revive in them with double force, and make them act upon the principle that partial losses are preferable to the risk of losing everything. Not tens but hundreds of millions would then be forced back upon us in a rapid current. And how should we face the emergency? Would it be possible for us to meet the enormous draft of specie that would be made upon us? Where would be the limit of the upward bounds of gold, of the fall in every kind of securities, and of the fluctuations in all mercantile values? Probably even before the firing of the first gun we should be in the midst of a national crisis, compared to which that of 1837 would appear as insignificant as that of 1857.

We have referred exclusively to the *Alabama* question in the foregoing, because that is of the greatest present concern to us. But the financial fate that would befall us if the final solution of that complication should be sought at the cannon's mouth would be hardly less severe in the case of war with any other country; and hence our escape from an entanglement with Spain through the faithful execution of the neutrality laws affords no less occasion for self-congratulation to all good citizens than the second sober thought of the public in regard to our misunderstandings with Great Britain. It is no doubt unpleasant to be thus obliged to count in advance the cost of every shift in our foreign policy. But the sooner we learn to understand the state of financial relations to Europe in which we now are, and which will continue just as long as the balance of trade keeps largely against us, and we need more capital to develop our resources than we have ourselves accumulated, the better it will be for us.

THE CLERGY AND THE COURTS.

An injunction has recently been rendered by Judge Jameson, of the Supreme Court of Chicago, restraining an ecclesiastical court of the Episcopal Church of the diocese from proceeding with the trial of Mr.

Cheney, an Episcopal minister, at the suit of Bishop Whitehouse, for the omission of the words "regenerate" or "regeneration" in the baptismal service. The cause of the injunction, as set forth in Judge Jameson's decision, is certain irregularities in the procedure of the ecclesiastical court. Had the court proceeded according to the rules and canons of the church, he says a civil court would have no right to interfere. The church association is, as he says elsewhere, "no more in the eye of the law than is an association for any temporal purpose, a base-ball club, a lyceum, or an organization for the construction and operation of a railroad," yet, as the decisions of its courts on the trial of clergymen touch "rights of property," the civil courts may properly be called on to intervene to prevent injustice being done.

Now, what is "the property" involved in the present case which entitles Mr. Cheney to ask for the protection of the temporal power? It is "the function or business of a minister of the Gospel" which he exercises, and from which an adverse decision of the Bishop's court would probably have cut him off; not simply the amount of salary now due to him, or to become due to him, from the congregation with which he is connected in Chicago, but the abstract right to pursue the calling "of an Episcopal minister." It must be borne in mind that his deposition by an episcopal court for error in doctrine, and particularly such an error as the one he is charged with, would not prevent his joining either the Presbyterians, Congregationalists, Baptists, or Methodists. In fact, it would render him rather acceptable to most of them. Consequently, all he had to fear from the ecclesiastical court—even if the worst came to the worst—was a deprivation of the opportunity of pursuing his calling as an *Episcopal* minister—a distinction which Judge Jameson seems to overlook, as he in one place treats a "minister of the Gospel" and "Episcopal minister" as synonymous terms, though he acknowledges, a little further on, that it is only from the Episcopal Church, here and in England, that a condemnation would drive Mr. Cheney. For the doctrine that the profession of a "minister of the Gospel" is "property" *as against the religious denomination or association to which the minister belongs*, Judge Jameson relies on two recent decisions of the Supreme Court in cases arising in Missouri, in one of which it was held that the right of a minister to preach was property *as against the State Legislature*, which sought to prohibit him from exercising it unless he took an oath, which it was impossible for him to take, with regard to his participation in the rebellion. But these are the only authorities Judge Jameson cites.

We do not propose here to attempt a refutation of Judge Jameson's view of the law. What we wish to do is to call the attention of religious denominations to the possible, and even probable, consequences of this extraordinary decision. It is, of course, perfectly plain that if the position and status not simply of a minister of the Gospel in general, but of a minister of a particular church or sect, be "property" in the eye of the law, any attempt on the part of the association to drive a minister out of it for any reason at once entitles him to the judgment of the civil courts on the legality and even reasonableness of the proceeding against him. It does not matter whether the charge be one of immorality or heresy. Property is property, and the law does not permit even an immoral man or a heretic to be deprived of it, except under the sanction of judicial decision. In this case, the civil court bases its interference on the violation by the ecclesiastical court of its own rules and regulations; but it is obvious that if it be the right of civil courts to revise the proceedings of ecclesiastical courts on one point, they may revise them on all points. Supposing the composition of the court had been perfectly regular in the present case—suppose the citation had been duly served—and the canon, in fact, observed in every particular—Mr. Cheney might still, if the judgment had gone against him or seemed likely to go against him, have come into the civil courts as a citizen exposed to spoliation, and demanded protection on the ground that the ecclesiastical court had not observed the rules of evidence, or had construed the Thirty-nine Articles or the rubric in a non-natural or non-historical sense. Judge Jameson would then have been obliged to go over the whole ground to satisfy himself that the ecclesiastical court had properly interpreted the rubric and the canons and the Thirty-nine Articles, and had, in short, dealt with Mr. Cheney according to the rules and regulations of the Episcopal association. Rules and regulations, canons and articles, are but words; to have force, somebody must interpret and apply them; and if the tribunals instituted by the church cannot do this, and cannot decide in the last resort touching the extent of their own jurisdiction, and the guilt or innocence of ministers and other officers brought before them, and cannot pronounce positively and definitively whether a man has or has not ceased to belong to the association, and is or is not fit to minister at its altars, their proceedings are simply a mockery, and they themselves a sham, like the Convocation in England, and the proper place to try questions of heresy and ecclesiastical discipline is a court of law. In fact, if Judge Jameson's decision be good law, every attempt to depose a minister by the denomination to which he belongs will have, in order to be prompt and effective, to take the form of a bill in equity. Had it been good law thirty years ago, the dispute between the Old and New School in the Presbyterian Church, instead of being fought out in the Synod and General Assembly, would have followed "the bristling sinuosities" of a chancery suit. In short, we should by this time all be familiar with the spectacle, so common in England, of lawyers arguing the most knotty questions of religious doctrine before the civil courts. It was in a case almost exactly like Mr. Cheney's that the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council decided that nobody had any right to drive an Episcopal clergyman from his living because he did not believe in the eternity of future punishment; and whether a belief in the eternity of future punishment was part and parcel of Anglican doctrine was decided by an elaborate examination of the Articles by men who had never studied theology.

The mischief and inconvenience of such a state of things would, however, be much greater here than in England. The lawyers before whom ecclesiastical questions come in England are mostly members of the Established Church, and imbued with great reverence for it and for its rights. Many of them have made a special study of canon law; more still of civil law. The judges, too, are a very homogeneous body, and famed for their caution and discretion. Everything the State can do is done to raise them above temptation or suspicion, to clear them of all political, religious, or social bias. With all this, however, the decision by them of questions of church doctrine and discipline is universally acknowledged to be a great scandal and absurdity. Nothing could possibly do more to show what a ridiculous as well as monstrous thing the union of church and state is. We need hardly point out to any intelligent reader the greater abuses to which the assumption of similar jurisdiction by the civil courts in this country would lead, and the exasperation to which it would give rise. Judge Jameson is a man of learning and character, and himself an Episcopalian, so that the impropriety is, in this case, reduced to a minimum. But fancy the power of deciding on the right of ministers to remain in a religious denomination committed all over the country to the class of lawyers whom caucuses and popular election now often elevate to the bench; fancy Judge Barnard and Judge McCunn deciding what a Presbyterian minister was bound to believe on the subject of human ability, or an Episcopal minister on the nature of the sacramental elements, or restraining Archbishop McCloskey from silencing an immoral priest!

We cannot pass from the subject, however, without calling attention to the growing tendency amongst judges, of which this Cheney case is an illustration, to make a lavish and indeed reckless use of the power of granting injunctions—the greatest power with which judicial officers were ever armed. The system of equitable jurisdiction, of which it forms a part, is emphatically a system of conscience. In it the judge enjoys a discretion which he does not enjoy in the common-law courts, and it is permeated throughout by the supposition that any community which employs so delicate a machine to do right between man and man will not do so without providing judges not only of great learning, but of great integrity and delicacy of moral fibre to work it. With all its faults — and it has had shocking faults—the administration of equity as distinguished from law has always, both in England and in this country, been until recently remarkable for its purity and its *caution*. It is rapidly losing that character with us. We need only mention the abuse of equitable

remedies by judges in this State to show what a frightful weapon the power of granting injunctions is, when wielded by ignorant, hasty, or corrupt men; what serious injuries to mind, body, and estate may be worked with it; and how desirable it is that the exercise of it should be forthwith surrounded by positive restrictions, and not left any longer to the discretion of the bench, when we refuse to pay enough to make it worth the while of our best lawyers to mount the bench; and when nearly every State in the Union has done all it can to discountenance the idea that careful training and learning are requisite for practice at the bar.

OPINION-MOULDING.

We raised three weeks ago, as we thought very modestly and inoffensively, mentioning no names, the question whether it was as necessary for the publishers of very cheap papers to be "as wildly sensational, vulgar, and slangy as they usually maintain that it is," and propounding the theory that it was the New York *Herald* which first set them a bad example, and, in fact, begot the "lively writer" who is now the great bane of the press. In some obscure way, however, this seems to have given offense to one of our daily contemporaries, which castigated us severely, and, amongst other cruel and unjust things, said that the *Nation* was "aristocratic." As our bones are still aching from the effects of this infliction, we might naturally be expected to look on the character and influence of the press as a delicate subject of discussion, and endeavor to avoid it; and we almost think we should do so for the present, if the New York *Times* had not, in an article to which we made brief reference last week, brought it up once more—we presume by way of indicating the views of its new editor as to the proper business of daily newspapers. Tempted and somewhat encouraged by this, we shall take the liberty of saying something more about it, by way of elucidating what we have said already, premising that we have nobody in particular in our eye.

The *Times* dwells with emphasis on the fact that news has become of immense moral and social as well as commercial and political importance to the world; that the daily papers are the dispensers of it; and that, therefore, the editors work under a load of responsibility such as hardly any other class of men are called on to bear. In fact, though they make no comments whatever, they are able, by their mode of reporting the events of the day, to mould public opinion completely. They color the light through which their readers see the world around them; and they really almost decide, by the extent to which they share in building up and casting down the reputations of legislators and other public officers, whether the laws under which the community lives shall be nullified or enforced.

One of the first duties of the press, therefore, is not indeed to publish no false news—for this would be an impossibility—but to do its utmost to get accurate news, and, after it has got it, not to color it to suit the editorial taste or necessities. This again, when examined closely, is found to be simply a question of men. News is an impalpable thing—an airy abstraction. To make it a ponderable, merchantable commodity, somebody has to collect it, condense it, and clothe it in language; and its quality—indeed, its whole value—depends on the character of the men employed in doing this. Now, we do not mean to say that there are no honest, painstaking, scrupulous, and accurate men employed as reporters and correspondents by the daily press. This would be a ridiculous calumny. But we do say that the number of such men is smaller by far than it need be or ought to be; and that the reason is that such men are not generally and systematically encouraged for their honesty and accuracy. These qualities are not exacted of the reporting class as essential to professional success. On the contrary, they are constantly treated as of inferior importance—far inferior to smartness, "spiciness," and enterprise. The first thing required of reporters is that they shall supply at least as much news as the reporters of the other papers; the second, that they shall supply as much more as possible; and a man who takes upon himself to discriminate between facts and rumors, or to remain silent sooner than telegraph or write what he feels satisfied is a sensational falsehood, but which for a day at least, if printed, would put his paper in request, is too apt to find his value decline and his prospects grow dim. On the other hand, the busy and unblushing collector of all the rubbish he can lay hands on too often grows rapidly in the profession—all the more rapidly if he makes his news the means of damning political or other opponents.

The general result is that newspaper reporting is about as demoralizing a business as a young man can engage in. Men of great capacity and force of character may stay in it, and thrive in it, and remain scrupulous in it, and eventually rise out of it into the higher walks of the newspaper calling; but it is not a good place for scrupulous men; and some of the best known men in it are persons who love notoriety more than anything else, and chuckle over a well-told lie, or successfully defamed character, as an artist over a good picture or statue. Of course, such men are comparatively few in number; but, as usual, they do four times as much work as their betters, and they get most of the poor prizes the calling has to offer. One consequence of all this is that, although there are great numbers of young men of talent and education only too willing to embrace the press as a profession, they are kept out of it by the fact that they are not willing to expose themselves to be detailed to listen behind doors or under sofas, to steal private confidential correspondence, to dress up sensational blatherskite, or to blackguard respectable men old enough to be their grandfathers because they do not "vote 'No' on the Eleventh Article;" or, what is nearly as bad, to have to associate with or be classed with those who do these things. One of the first duties of the editors of the great daily papers is, it seems to us, to give decent and sensible men a chance of thriving in the profession of which the editor is the head.

Coming to the editorial way of treating public men, it ought to be observed that, inasmuch as they have the making of men's reputations in their hands—and on men's reputations the public happiness largely depends—the sedulous and persistent puffing and exaltation of feeble, ignorant, or worthless and naturally obscure persons is just as great an offence against the common weal as the persistent vilifying and belittling of really able and good men. We know it does not seem so. Praise, or even adulation, always bears the appearance of kindliness, and therefore is readily bestowed even by well-meaning people, and always commands more or less popular sympathy or indulgence. But when bestowed on unworthy objects, it is none the less a fraud on the public. It, in the first place, enables a man of no ability or character to assume an appearance of fitness for places of honor and emolument, and, what is more, to get them. In the next place, it secures for his opinions and wishes an amount of respect, or for his wares an amount of demand, to which they are not entitled; and, in the third place, by perverting the popular judgment, it deprives men of real value of their proper place in the public estimation.

To anybody who has never watched, from a professional standpoint, the process of puffing a charlatan or pretender into notoriety and success, we may, in saying all this, seem to be fighting a shadow. But there is nobody who has much acquaintance with the machinery of journalism, and knows how to "put this and that together," who cannot enumerate scores of persons enjoying a fair amount of popular attention and confidence, or making a living out of popular credulity, and getting good offices, without a single claim to the respect of any human being, and solely owing to their diligence in running from one newspaper office to another and their skill in getting on the weak side of editors and reporters, or to their professional connection with some widely circulated paper.

As regards the general tone of the press, there is no doubt it has greatly improved within twenty years; but we adhere to the opinion that whatever is worst in it has been largely due to the immense pecuniary success of the *Herald* as a buffoon. It owed its success in large part, no doubt, to the fact that it was not simply a buffoon, but an able purveyor of news, and a change from its ponderous and dull predecessors of the "blanket-sheet" variety. But its most striking feature was what we may call its telescopic mode of treating everybody and everything in its editorial columns. Seen through one end of its glass, all men and all subjects were magnified to more than mortal dimensions; seen through the other, they were belittled infinitesimally; and the whole process was carried on amid much laughter as a good joke. Everything grave or thorough it stamped as "old fogy"

and "fossil," and treated religion and wisdom and morality and knowledge and discretion, and everything else that makes individuals or states in the slightest degree respectable, as funny but transparent humbugs. It *took*, however; it found a market, it increased its circulation enormously, and indeed founded a school of journalism. Its imitators, of course, improved greatly on its morality; *that* was a little too bad for any civilized community; but they retained many of its methods and some of its spirit, and justified themselves, as it justified itself, by alleging that what they supplied was what the public wanted—witness their growing sales. To this it is of course a sufficient answer to say, that if men of all other callings followed the example of some conductors of newspapers, and carried on their business solely with reference to profits, civilized society could not hold together. What really keeps up human progress, and makes the world fit for intelligent beings to live in, is that most men say, in doing their work, "I might make more money by supplying a different kind of wares, or resorting to this or that practice; but I will not do so: I owe something to my country and my kind as well as to myself; I have not done my whole duty when I have made a fortune. Civilization is entitled to a contribution at my hands, and the smallest I can make is to be a better, honester, and more high-minded and scrupulous man than the criminal code requires me to be, or than my pecuniary interest merely would tempt me to be."

THE PRESENT CONDITION OF THE MASSACHUSETTS TIPPLER.

BOSTON, Aug. 7, 1869.

THE controversy which has lately arisen between the Springfield *Republican* and the State Constable, as to whether the Prohibitory Law is enforced in this State, exhibits in an amusing light the difficulties which beset the enquirer after truth in this matter. For if the enquirer after truth conducts his enquiries in the channels indicated by the officials charged with the enforcement of the law, he inevitably reaches the conclusion that the sale of liquor is an offence of the past, that the bars are indeed closed, and that the very liquor-dealers of other days have abandoned their noxious vocation and betaken themselves to those harmless pursuits in which the friends of reform have always hoped to see them sooner or later engaged. On the other hand, if the said enquirer reads the various publications in the "rum interest," he finds, to his amazement, that, if the bars are all closed, the little rooms behind the bar at any rate are open; that the sale of ardent spirits goes on at a fast and furious rate; and that the Liquor Law is a farce. In this state of things, the experimental philosopher has nothing left but to relinquish all hope of acquiring truth from either the officers of the law or from the "great independent organs of public opinion," and to institute an investigation on his own account. Animated by the desire to do this, I have lately made a short excursion along the coast of Massachusetts, and have done my best, in the interest of truth, to discover the precise amount of "enforcement" accorded to the inhabitants of the various towns on my route. The result I now proceed to lay before you, premising, however, that the names are omitted, for reasons too obvious to mention, and also that the places visited were not selected but taken at hap-hazard, so that they might fairly represent the general state of things.

The first place to which my friend and myself turned our steps was a little town, not far from a large city, where is kept a hotel famed for miles around for the excellence of its dinners; not a place which the noisy poor specially affect, but one where the sedater rich congregate. Lying quite off the usual lines of travel, not connected with the great centres of industry by any railroad, it seemed eminently a place where the absence of a hostile population would make enforcement of the law easy; it might be that in large towns and cities a truculent proletariat would defy the law, but here, in such sequestered loneliness, we should certainly find it triumphant. We were surprised, therefore, to discover about the bar-room that suspicious odor which may or may not be itself "within the statute," but which certainly betokens the presence of something that is. Nor was there wanting about the water belonging to the establishment, when poured into the bar tumblers, that peculiar flavor which reminds the guest of his predecessor's partiality for a more generous liquid. But all our doubts were finally removed when, on beginning our enquiries in the usual manner, we were served with what we called for with that promptness for which the hotel in question is famous, and with a publicity which we had not expected. Delivery, deglutition, and payment all took place in the most open manner possible. I am bound to say, however, that on reappearing at the same hotel a week later, and attempting a second violation of the law, the proceedings were different. Whether it was that on this second occasion my enquiries were addressed not to the landlord, but to his assistant, and that this assistant was gifted with a mind more capable of distinctions than his employer, or whether it was simply accident, or whether it was caprice, I am unable to say, but certain it is that the ceremony was this time much more mysterious. In order fully to explain the case, let me go a little into detail. What I called for was a cobbler, and I called for it, naturally enough, in the bar-room. Now the wine was poured out, and the ice broken, and sugar put in, and the mixture shaken, to my certain knowledge, behind the bar—even the straw, I think, was inserted there. But when the final moment approached, all was changed. The face of the vendor, up to this period radiant with hospitable smiles, became suddenly overcast with hesitation and dread; he beckoned me silently, and silently I followed him. Evidently the law was now to be vindicated, and the vindication was accomplished, in the most simple manner possible, by handing my cobbler to me, not *across the bar*, but in the *small room behind the bar*. In order, sir, that you may appreciate the full force and legal effect of this, I append below a diagram of the premises.* On this second visit I improved my opportunities by interviewing the landlord, a genial and communicative man, who certainly had not much of the prohibitionist about him. The following conversation ensued:

"I suppose the Prohibitory Law does not give you much trouble down here?"

"Well, no; this is n't the kind of place they prohibit; small bars, and places where they make a noise, you see—those kind they shut right up, but they do n't want to interfere with a quiet, respectable place like this, supported by business men; we do n't have any rows here. The State Constables do n't trouble us except when they want their dinner."

"So you sell just as much as ever?"

"Oh! yes; just as much as ever."

"But they have notified you to close your bar?"

"Oh! yes; they 've notified us to close our bar—and we *have* closed our bar!"

The next place which we tested was a village a little further along the coast—once a flourishing town, but now inhabited chiefly by poor people, fishermen, and shoemakers, not supported by "business men." The only hotel we found in a state of great dilapidation, and the landlord could with difficulty be prevailed upon even to enter into conversation with us. When at length we had obtained a hearing, we asked if we could have a room. "Wa'al," the landlord said, "do n't know; do n't cal'late to take in strangers at this hotel." We asked, in some surprise, whom he did take in, on which it appeared that he was so disgusted with the Prohibitory Law that he proposed taking down his sign that night. His bar had been closed; and although, after our experience at ———, we were at first at a loss to understand why this should lead to such violent measures on his part, the explanation was soon given. This, as I have already said, was not a place supported by "business men," and we found that places not so supported fared but badly in the hands of the State Constable. On this account, our host had determined to stop innkeeping. We prevailed upon him at length, however, to give us a bed, and then, becoming softened, he led the way to a mysterious closet, where the remnants of his former bar were to be seen, the life slowly and surely, but illegally, oozing out of them. Here he seemed to take a saturnine satisfaction in witnessing the violation of the law which was ruining him.

Our next stopping-place (excepting one where the closing had been very effectual) was a large town, which I will no further describe than by saying that one of Massachusetts' most noted sons once made it his home for a few weeks for the purpose of being elected to represent it in the National Legislature. There we found again that all the bars were closed; but rumor said that there was one hotel the landlord of which was "opposed to the law." To him we went. He was a thin, knowing-looking old man, and he at once assured us that it was impossible for him to comply with our request, because he could not be sure that we were not constables in search of evidence against him. We assured him we were not, and entered into conversation. We asked him how long he supposed this thing would last. "Well," said he, with great irritation, "as long as this petticoat law lasts, probably. We can't sell anything now. Even cigars they won't let us sell out of the case." We asked him how that was, and were told that it

* Our correspondent's diagram we do not reproduce. It represents the small room as being not at all a secluded place nor one difficult of access.—ED. NATION.

was petticoat law also—a mistake on his part, of course; but he was quite convinced of the truth of what he said. "All the bars are closed in ———, are they not?" "Oh! yes," he said, "all closed." We waited a moment or two, and were rewarded for our patience. "We can sell cider," said the landlord, after a pause. We again waited. "I've got some very fine old cider, bottled in '51," he continued; "if you'd like a bottle of *that*, I can give it to you." "Yes," we said, we should like a little of that; on which we were again conducted to a hospitable closet, whose shelves revealed a sad tale of crime and lawlessness. The landlord produced—but I must not go further, or his worst suspicions as to our connection with the Constabulary may seem justified. The relation which exists between certain vendors and vendees in this State is a confidential one, and faith must be kept. Cider, bottled in '51, was what we bought, the bar having been, as in the other cases, closed by action of the authorities.

We had seen enough to understand how the law was enforced in the country districts: it was time to return to Boston and see what had been done in our absence. The bars had all been closed there some time since, the matter had been much discussed in the newspapers, and there was now a good opportunity for seeing what had been really accomplished. I went to one of the prominent hotels, and, seating myself in the restaurant, asked a waiter whether he could bring me anything. "Anything I wished." What I called for was immediately brought. I asked how it was that this was done. "Oh!" said he, as if he were explaining everything, "the bar is closed." "And you sell everything as before?" "Oh! certainly, sir. In the restaurant, everything is furnished that is called for." "But how is it if any one goes to the bar itself?" "Oh! if any one goes to the bar, what he calls for is handed to him at the lunch-department, on the other side of the room."

And what is the upshot of all this? It can hardly be questioned by any candid person who reads the admissions of the various persons whose testimony I have already given that the bars in the towns visited are thoroughly closed, and therefore assertions by the State Constable to this effect are amply substantiated. The bars are closed, notwithstanding the insinuations of the Springfield *Republican*, not only in the country, but in that very centre of the criminal traffic itself—in Boston. On the other hand, there seems no room for doubt that allegations like those of the *Republican*, to the effect that the sale of liquor goes actively on, are entirely worthy of credit, and can be proved to the satisfaction of any doubting mind. Further, the investigations conducted by me all point to the conclusion that the enforcement at present in vogue is an enforcement against the poor, but not the rich. Those places supported by "business men" go scot-free; and even in small towns, such as those I visited, where enforcement is the strictest, the business man is at no loss to find the key to the mysterious closet, or the means of approaching "the other side of the room." With the poor, however, the case is different. Every day we read descriptions of ferocious descents by the Constabulary on some small dealer in some obscure quarter, of seizures of his whiskey, and consequent vindications of the majesty of the law.

"A Progressive Man."

FRANCE.

Paris, July 23, 1869.

One of the papers of the "moderate opposition" published two days back a list of the various movements, backwards and forwards, that the Emperor has made since the elections; and they certainly are curious enough. First, there is the letter to M. de Mackau, saying that no government that "respects itself" ever makes "concessions;" secondly, the decoration conferred upon M. Jérome David, the notorious *réactionnaire;* thirdly, the letter to M. Schneider declaring that the said "decoration" meant nothing at all; fourthly, the "message" purporting to grant no end of "concessions" to the Chamber; fifthly, the decree shutting the Chamber up; sixthly, the offers of the Ministry to certain members of the Left Centre; seventhly, the nomination of ministers taken exclusively from amongst the nullities of the "Right;" eighthly, the maintenance of the decree which suspends the Chamber; and, lastly, the letter to M. du Miral, which says this is against the Emperor's will. It would probably be impossible to find an example of any other sovereign in Europe who has given such a quick succession of proofs of irresolution in such a short space of time. But those who have been used to the Emperor since his early days feel no astonishment whatever at this excessive weakness of purpose, but say that in every occasion of his whole life, great or small, he has never had a will of his own. In truth, if you track back to the *coup d'état*, you will find not so much Louis Napoleon as St. Arnaud, Fleury, de Morny—the men, in short, of desperate fortunes, who, having been made the confidants of the Prince's dreams, determined that they should become realities. *His* nerve failed him, according to the most reliable accounts, ten times every day. And so again with the Italian war of '59. If it had not been for Cavour and Orsini, that war would no more have taken place than has the war the Emperor has been dreaming of ever since the Prussian victories of '66. And again with Mexico; in the outset it was the determination of M. de Morny and the Empress combined which brought about that never-enough-to-be-reprobated expedition. The external world made its "Emperor" according to a species of traditional image, and set it up, and said "this is he;" but "he" was all the while nothing of the kind, as his intimates were for ever repeating. After Mexico came Von Bismarck and the collapse of Austria; and a corresponding collapse became visible in the ruler of France. Since that day—since the day when there was really a man with a will in Europe—the phantom "ogre of the Seine" has vanished. Neither at home nor abroad has he any more terror spread around him, and the truth of Cardinal Antonelli's famous words has grown evident: "Walk up to him boldly, and he will always recede."

But the fact of Louis Napoleon's weakness being found out does not make the situation more easy or more agreeable. France has no institutions, no men, and no school wherein to form men for the future. I speak this of the classes whence politicians are taken—of what in England are called the "governing classes;" but if you descend a step lower—if you examine the lower classes, the "masses," you start back in affright at the monstrous amount of ignorance you find. Not only is instruction, learning, whatsoever comes under the term "education," wanting, but there is a total failure of the special teaching which is necessary to the poor at every hour of their lives. You will hardly believe me if I tell you that in the provinces the daughters of peasants learn neither how to sew nor how to cook! French peasants are deplorably ill-fed; but as much comes from the ignorance of the mother of the family as from insufficient means. Try to tell a French peasant's wife how she may make a good and nutritious soup out of breast and flaps of mutton, with a bit of beef-bone, and she will snarl at you, and say you want *her* to feed on "offal" because she is poor, and you, "the rich man," want to keep the proper pieces of meat for yourself. Give her a couple of pounds of good rump of beef if you will, and she does not know how to make it into soup. She will either put it into six times the water it requires, or put in the water hot, or boil it, or in some way spoil it completely. Nay, for that matter, the rarest thing going is, even in Paris, to find any cook, man or woman, knowing how to make a genuinely good *pot au feu*. This fact is well known to the French soldier, who is the only true maker of a first-rate *pot au feu*, and who looks on aghast at the muddle made of this excellent food by cooks "in kitchens." The simple fact is that they don't learn, and that, throughout the land, neither the peasant's wife nor the girl who hires herself out to small households in towns as a cook has ever learnt how to make the best of her raw material. Well, then, the consequence is that the laboring man is mostly fed upon a sort of hog-wash made of carrots, turnips, and cabbages, boiled in water, mashed and hashed together, into which, on "great days," a nasty bit of hard, ill-salted pork is shoved. So much for the cooking. As to the needle-and-thread business, I would ask any observant traveller to look at the way in which the clothes worn by the female peasants are mended. Patches are admitted everywhere, and a patch may be of a different color or stuff from the garment itself; but it is in the *way* in which a patch is inserted and sewn in that you recognize the careful housewife. On the blouses and trowsers of a French laborer you will seldom see a patch neatly put. It will be puckered in one corner, or the edges will be left jagged, so as to make them liable to catch in something and tear out again. It is never "clean work." And this is the ruling fault throughout this country; no one is taught the value of clean work. What precision is inwardly to a man's character and mind it is outwardly to the fashion of his work; above all is precision necessary to women. This is not the fault of the poor people themselves. There are no schools in which they can learn what they most need. A wretchedly insufficient number of these exist, in which Jesuits, or *Frères Ignorantins*, or Sisters of Charity, teach as ill as possible a certain sum of that knowledge which comes under the head of "education;" but of what the "housewife" will require in her poor little *ménage*, so as to make her husband more comfortable and her children cleaner—of that no French child in town or country ever learns anything.

Much of all this absence of proper, practical, and what I would call "professional" education (above all, for women) is ascribed to the influence of the clergy; and undoubtedly the Jesuits have done all they could to keep

the population in darkness. But that does not bear upon technical instruction. The Jesuit will, if he can, keep a man from learning history faithfully and truly; but there is nothing in the fact of knowing how to sew or to cook which prevents superstitious practices; therefore, the Jesuit would have no objection to that. A woman may make the best soup in the world, and write letters to the Virgin—which she devoutly believes the Virgin replies to! One does not prevent the other. No; it is simply that the want of the sort of practical education I allude to has never been adverted to—that is all.

This question of education, as connected with the clergy, does, however, bring one to perhaps the most radical foundation of morality and immorality in France. Little by little the two parties—one in favor of obscurantism, the other in favor of enlightenment—are growing more decided and doing battle more openly as the Œcumenical Council at Rome is looming in the distance. At the head of the modern liberals stand the Père Hyacinthe, the Père Gratry, the Archbishop of Paris, and a few others of their description—and a hot time they are beginning to have of it now. The event which, in this respect, has created the greatest sensation is the last meeting held in Paris by the International Peace League. The Père Gratry, prevented from attending in person, wrote a letter to the president, which was publicly read, in which he said that the state elections proved that France was determined (and equally so) upon two things—upon freedom and upon peace. After this letter had been read, and Messrs. Michel Chevalier and Passy had made their speeches, the Père Hyacinthe delivered an oration upon peace and upon the conquests of modern science and industry which is still ringing in the ears of the Ultramontanists. But this subject would lead too far at the close of a letter. In a future one, I will enter more at length into the female education question; the disputes of the clergy and the university; the Bishop of Orleans and M. Duruy; the freethinkers and the Princesse de Beauvais' admirable establishment; the union of science with faith—and the results all this leads to.

Correspondence.

THE PHILOLOGICAL CONVENTION.

To the Editor of the Nation:

Sir: The "literary note" in your last number, on the subject of the late Philological Convention at Poughkeepsie, touches the main points of interest in its action so fairly that little more need be said about it; yet, to one or two points there suggested, it may be well to direct a little further attention. The convention was properly regarded by those most interested in it as a decided success; the more gratifying inasmuch as men had doubted before whether American scholars in this department had enough *esprit de corps*—enough enlightened interest in the higher phases of their work—to bring them together in any respectable number. To see assembled a hundred men—professors, teachers, and private scholars—whose main study was language and literature, was cheering to the eyes of those who love sound learning. That many were wanting who should have been in the gathering was so much the worse for them; their lack of faith in the movement this time was natural and excusable; perhaps they will see reason to do better next year. The spirit of the assemblage, too, was all that could be desired; no one seemed to have come with "an axe to grind," or with the selfish intent to thrust his little self and his little concerns unduly before the public eye. No time was lost in wrangling over matters incapable of settlement, or in tedious discussion of business details; and it was refreshing to behold a constitution of forty lines adopted without dissent in five minutes, under the efficient management of the Constituent Committee's representative, and the convention, in the sequel, resolved into an association, and in full operation as such, in about five minutes more. That the time of the meeting was always occupied by the most important subjects, and duly apportioned to their several importance, no one will claim; but all the papers offered by their authors were read, and most of them talked over, with what fulness and insight there was time and talent for. Our philological brigade is not yet so organized as to have its acknowledged chiefs, commissioned from above; nor is it likely ever to be so well disciplined as to assemble simply to listen to and obey any such chiefs. While the general average of our philology is as low as it is, the average merit of the utterances of our philological conventions cannot be very high; for the one must of course represent the other. We have many scholars who, in their pent-up spheres of labor, do not know what their fellows have already learned and left behind them, and what are the living questions of the time; and they cannot well avoid exposing themselves a little, before they find out. And we have not many scholars, perhaps, who, in a field so long and so thoroughly cultivated as philology, can do work whose results, if brought out before the eyes of the world, would be deemed real contributions to philological science.

The paper which had most decidedly this character at the late meeting was one on the methods of etymologizing in our native Indian languages; and the convention showed, by the warm interest with which they received it, how well they appreciated its character, and how ready they were to accept and profit by things of solid worth. The highest degree of enthusiasm awakened was called out by the appearance and words of one who had spent forty years laboring as a missionary among the Indians of Canada—one of those men, lovers of knowledge as well as of religion, who in so many lands do honor to the name of American missionary. Indeed, the amount of attention given to our aboriginal tongues—that vast field of philological exploration which lies nearest to us, inviting and demanding our labor—was one of the gratifying features of the occasion. Far too much of the time of the convention, no doubt, was occupied with discursive and pointless disquisitions on matters connected with general philologic pedagogy (not including the subject of pronunciation, the discussion of which was timely and able, and the result reached a valuable one); and this was so keenly felt by many of the members that the same mistake can hardly be made again. The paper to which you take especial exception—the elaborate derogation of classical studies in the guise of their extollation—appeared to be condemned by the general sense, as conceived in the wrong tone and style. If papers of this class, however, are to be excluded, it must be mainly by the pressure of better ones. And no American scholar need have been restrained from offering the best work he is capable of producing by fear of finding an audience inattentive and unappreciative.

The main use of the organization, it should seem, must be to make our scholars in language acquainted with one another, to teach them severally what the rest are thinking and talking of, and to stimulate them to productive effort outside the class-room. Where and how what is produced shall be placed on permanent record is a matter of minor consequence. For the establishment of a journal, for the exercise of any critical control over the philological force of the country, such a society is too miscellaneous and too little centralized. But a small part of what is best among the papers of the kindred scientific association finds its way to the public through the proceedings of that body. And how small a part of its papers are fit to be brought before the wider scientific public at all! How much is aimed over the heads of the Association itself at the ladies and the laymen in the outskirts and in the galleries! N one who has the interests of American science truly at heart comes away from one of those meetings without a strong dash of mortification through his satisfaction. That it will be thus with the Philological Association also there is no good reason to doubt. Yet, so long as on the whole it shall accomplish good, and be one of the agencies tending to raise the character of American scholarship, our duty will plainly be to keep it alive and labor earnestly for its prosperity.

Who knows but the new Association may contribute an item toward the settlement of the conflict now raging as to the respective advantages of a scientific and classical training, by showing how a crowd of philologists behave when they get together; how wisely and how well, in point of style and spirit, they talk and write; and what superior appreciation they show of the real claims of studies lying outside their own beats! Certainly, if they are to justify the assumptions of some among their number, they need to set a shining example in all these respects. And they must be prepared for sharp criticism on the part of the public that is looking on from without, and that will not fail to draw its comparisons.

We have made, as you truly say, a promising beginning: what it will lead to must be determined hereafter. No such thing succeeds without hard work on the part of a good many persons; and those who stand aloof, ready in case of failure to say, "I told you so," will have the satisfaction of feeling that they have helped the fulfilment of their own forebodings. There has been thus far, in this country, no organized body of men whose business it was to hear and judge essays in all the different branches of philological science; there has been, and still is, no periodical in which such essays could look and feel at home. The Philological Association promises to take away from us one of these reproaches; it may be hoped that its influence will lead to the removal of the other also.

August 9, 1869. T. P.

Notes.

LITERARY.

MESSRS. D. APPLETON & Co. announce "The Suez Ship Canal," by E. Hepple Hall.——Messrs. J. B. Lippincott & Co. announce "The History of Canada from its First Discovery to the Present Time"—a very good subject, indeed; "Erling the Bold: a Tale of the Norse Sea-Kings," by Mr. Ballantyne, the author of "Deep Down;" "Adventures of a Baltimore Trader on the Coast of the Pacific," by Mr. Geo. Standish; "A Wreath of Rhymes" and "Poems," the one by "Millie Mayfield" and the other to be published under the equally good name of "Xariffa;" a new work by "Ouida;" Volumes II. and III. of Allibone's "Dictionary," which complete that desirable book; Globe editions of "Wordsworth" and "Burns;" and nineteen or twenty volumes of pocket editions of "English Classics," such as the "Vicar of Wakefield," "Collins and Gray," "Goldsmith," "Locke on the Human Understanding," Falconer's "Shipwreck," Thomson's "Seasons," St. Pierre's "Paul and Virginia," Madame Cottin's "Elizabeth, or the Exiles of Siberia," and a dozen others of the old favorites—"classics" or not. A set of "unclassics" would be a welcome gift from some right-minded publisher—some of the old good-for-nothing books that used to have the credit of unsettling the female mind, but over which the female mind of our better day would preserve a perfect equilibrium—books like the "Female Don Quixote" and the "Thaddeus of Warsaw" and other tales of wonder, out of which amusement would still be got by a good number of readers.——Mr. P. Donahoe announces "The Irish Widow's Son; or, The Pikeman of '98," by Mr. Con O'Leary.——"The Spanish Barber" is a story of the dissemination of the Scriptures in Spain by the author of "Mary Powell." It is to be issued by Mr. M. W. Dodd.——Fields, Osgood & Co. do not yet make their fall announcements, but they add to their list "Sermons by Stopford Brooke."——Messrs. Kelly, Piet & Co. have in press "The Life of Madame Louise de France," "The Life and Revelations of St. Gertrude;" "The Day Sanctified: being Meditations and Spiritual Readings for Daily Use," selected from the works of Saints and approved writers, and a set of Miss Edgeworth's "Parent's Assistant," "Popular Tales," and "Moral Tales."——Mr. George A. Leavitt announces "Remember," an illustrated keepsake annual, by Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Stoddard, which is a gift-book for 1870; "From Year to Year," another illustrated annual, by the Misses Cary; "Women of Worth and Beauty," which also is illustrated, and a gift-book; "The Shakespeare Annual;" and new editions of "Byron," "Burns," "Pope," "Scott," "Cowper," "Moore," and "Fielding."——Among their technical medical works Messrs. Lindsay & Blakiston announce three which may prove to be worth lay attention: "Fœticide, or Criminal Abortion"—a lecture by Professor Hodge, of the University of Pennsylvania; "On Athletic Training and Health," by Dr. Harrison; and "On the Human Hair," by Dr. Baeder.——Messrs. G. P. Putnam & Son announce for republication "Christopher Kenrick," by the author of "Blindpits."——Roberts Brothers announce "Roman Imperialism"—the recent article by Professor Seeley, the author of "Ecce Homo;" and "Tales from the Old Dramatists," by Shirley Brooks, who has struck a mine worth working.

—The last *New Englander* contains several purely secular articles of great interest, and, amongst others, one on the *Alabama* question from President Woolsey; being a careful and elaborate statement of the opinions which were hastily expressed in his College lectures, of which an imperfect report appeared two months ago. There is nothing new in the ground he takes, but he fortifies it with more care and precision. He deals first with what we may call the "fons et origo malorum" theory about the Queen's Proclamation, which formed the weft of Mr. Sumner's speech, and leaves hardly a shred of it. His treatment of the great "pacific blockade" theory, which formed the warp of the speech, he deals with in the same manner. In fact, he denies it any place whatever in international law, and says it is a "nondescript—half lion, half lamb." Responsibility for the *Alabama* doings, however, he brings home to England with unanswerable force; and we recommend all orators and writers who have it in contemplation to give vent to their feelings hereafter on this subject to study the article. We are sorry to see that he makes no mention of Senator Sumner's application of the "law of nuisance" to the *Alabama* case. This we have always looked on as the spiciest and most original portion of the speech, and are disappointed in finding it passed over without notice.

—The "University of the State of New York," which has just held a sixth annual "convocation" in the Assembly Chamber at Albany, is an entity as to whose status there is some degree of misapprehension in the popular mind. Most of the newspapers which have noticed that anniversary have done so under the heading "College Commencements;" and the more prominent of the "regents of the university" there assembled—such as Chancellor Pruyn, Vice-Chancellor Verplanck, and Generals Wetmore and Leavenworth—have been classified as "eminent instructors." Many well-informed people confound the body in question with the "University of the City of New York;" others believe it to be a legal fiction; and even that fountain-head of authority, Webster's Unabridged Dictionary, has been obliged to devote a separate paragraph, under the word *university*, to define the eccentric New York institution which under that name bewilders all ordinary minds. If, then, this venerable myth be not, as has been so generally believed, a legal fiction, but, as Chancellor Pruyn has recently felt justified in calling it, "a glorious reality," we have reason to rejoice that an institution of such magnificent possibilities has come out of the dead past into the living present. For it is undeniable, that during the half-century which preceded the first session of the "convocation" in 1863, that body had very illy answered the requirements of a university in either the English or American sense of that elastic word. But we would fain believe that better days have dawned. The several annual sessions of the University convocation have been very useful gatherings, and have steadily grown in influence and popular appreciation. The sixth anniversary, just celebrated, was more numerously attended than ever, was honored by the presence of eminent educators, discussed "live" subjects, and came to useful conclusions.

—Among new English books of Poetry we find mentioned one by the widow of the late Mr. T. K. Hervey, a literary journalist of some repute. "Our Legends and Our Lives" is the title of the work, and its author's name is Eleanora Louisa Hervey. It is described as being of the nature of gift-book poetry, which description would answer for most of Mr. Hervey's verse, a volume of which was published a year or two ago by Messrs. Ticknor & Fields. To the three Cornish "Mysteries" hitherto known a fourth has been added. It was discovered by the Rev. Mr. Robert Williams, the author of a Cornish Dictionary, who, with a Mr. Wynne, was engaged in cataloguing a collection of manuscripts known as the Hengwert and Peniarth manuscripts. "The Ballad History of the Wonderful Derby Ram, detailed from its stupendous origin to its tragical termination in a series of Imaginative Sketches, and with an Introduction and Notes," is the work of Mr. Priestman Atkinson and Mr. Alfred Wallis, the latter having furnished the prefatory and explanatory matter. Mr. William Morris has decided to publish the volume of autumn tales which are to form a part of his "Earthly Paradise," in November next, instead of waiting till May, when the winter tales will be ready, and the work will be completed. A Mr. David Johnston has executed a new line-for-line translation of the Divine Comedy. He employs blank verse, and his work is commended by those who have seen it; but most of the curious who may wish to compare it with Mr. Longfellow's translation will be disappointed, as the three volumes are privately printed. Of more interest than any publication that we have yet mentioned under the head of poetry, is the "Life, Letters, Prose Remains, and Poems of Arthur Hugh Clough," which will have an appreciative and loving American audience, if not so large a one as it will have in England. No doubt the two volumes which Messrs. Macmillan & Co. announce will contain all that was in the volume which was privately printed some years ago, and is known to a few of the American admirers of the poet, whom some think the poet most characteristic of this nineteenth century of ours, and to whom it is possible to give higher praise than that. Mr. G. W. Edginton puts forth the second volume of his translation of the "Odyssey," done into a kind of so-called verse invented by himself. The Early English Text Society intends to issue early next year a long alliterative poem on the Fall of Troy, which Mr. Robert Morris declares to be the production of some West Midland poet, and which Mr. D. Donaldson, on the other hand, declares to be by the Scotch poet, Hucheowne, the writer of several alliterative poems, who is conjecturally indentified with Sir Hugh Eglinton. Mr. Laing's "Select Remains of the Ancient Popular Poetry of Scotland" goes into a new edition, and in October there is to be a complete edition of Sir David Lyndesay's works.

—We may place among books of English fiction the "Aventures d'Alice au Pays de Merveilles," which is a translation of the Rev. Mr. Lewis Carroll's now famous story-book, which has reached its sixteenth edition in English, and has been translated into German. Alice was originally put in print, we hear, for the author's own children, but she bids

fair to delight millions of people, big and little, outside of her native parsonage. A work of another writer for children, the Rev. Mr. George Macdonald's "Seaboard Parish," goes into a second edition. Messrs. Trübner & Co. announce a translation by Captain H. Rogers, R. E., of a Burmese book of fables, entitled "Buddhahosha's Parables." Professor Max Müller furnishes an introduction, which contains Buddha's "Dhammapadam," or Path to Virtue. And here we may mention that Mr. Otto Kistner has just issued through Messrs. Trübner & Co. a bibliographical work containing the titles of almost a thousand works, greater or smaller, on Buddha and Buddhism—a list which is supplemented by Mr. William E. A. Axon, who, in the last number of *Trübner's American and Oriental Literary Record*, gives thirty-three titles of books and articles which had escaped Mr. Kistner's attention. Among works in History and Biography the one which bids fair to be most interesting is a life of Lord Palmerston, which is to be done by Sir Henry Bulwer. It is said that Palmerston left behind him a very full diary, extending back as far as 1827, and that his widow has put it into the hands of Sir Henry. Another book of secret history is the "Memoirs" of the Honorable William Wickham, a gentleman who was employed by the English Ministry, during the wars against Napoleon, to distribute the British gold which kept England's allies up to their work. The anecdotes related are said to be very amusing, and the revelations made to be of a surprising character. Of notes of travel we find two or three worth mention: Mr. Hepworth Dixon is to "do" Russia, which country he is soon to visit. Mr. Consul Petherick and his wife have written "Travels in Central Asia; an Exploration of the Western Nile Tributaries." A country about which little is known, British Guiana, is treated of by Joseph Beaumont, late Chief-Justice of the colony. "Five Years in British Guiana: a Description of that Country and its Peoples, and an Account of their Political and Social Condition," is the title of the work, which ought to be fresh and interesting. Among scientific works announced or newly published, one that the general reader will probably find as interesting as any other is by Dr. Charles Elam, and is entitled "A Physician's Problems," which is described not very lucidly as "a contribution to the natural history of Thought and Action, Brain, Mind, and Nerves." Perhaps the reader may be helped by learning that one of the chapters deals with "Reverie and Abstraction," another with "Moral and Criminal Epidemics," and another with "Natural Heritage." Sir James Clark, M.D., has written a memoir of Dr. John Conolly, in which he gives an account of the present improved system of treating the insane in England and other countries. Under the head of Science we suppose we may put a reply to Mr. Mill's "Subjection of Women." It is anonymous, and has the undescriptive title of "The Grosvenor Papers." And perhaps we may range under the same head "An Entirely New and Complete System of Universal Line Writing and Steno-Phonography," which is by Mr. Melville Bell, whose name most of our readers will recollect as that of the inventor of a system of "visible speech" which was more successful as a realization of an old dream than most people expected. A book that may be classed as Miscellaneous, which will have an interest for certain sections of the reading public, is "A Report by the Committee on Intemperance from the Lower House of Convocation of the Province of Canterbury"—that same province being in all probability the spot on the earth's surface where there is most drinking and most drunkenness.

—At the head of the new English books pertaining to Theology and Religion—at the head of them so far as concerns the interest taken in such books by the untheological reader—is the announced "Select Correspondence of Keble." At the request of the poet's representatives the Rev. Dr. Moberly has undertaken the task of editor, and notice is given that any one who has in possession important or characteristic letters of Mr. Keble will confer a favor by communicating with Dr. Moberly on the subject. We may add that, on application made by Mr. Browning, Mr. Tennyson, Lord Russell, Herman Merivale, and others equally distinguished, the Dean of Westminster has given the required permission for the erection in Poet's Corner of a tablet to Keble's memory. Another work of some general interest is Mr. S. Baring-Gould's "Origin and Development of Religious Beliefs." It is, perhaps, likely to be curious rather than very weighty; though, for that matter, it as likely to be as decidedly polemical as anything else, for Mr. Gould is a Ritualist of an advanced type, and has already struck some telling blows in print at his opponents, whom he hates with a good, sound, theological hatred; apparently he does; at all events, he hits out with quite a degree of viciousness, and is at the same time facetious, and enjoys the spilling of blood. The Rev. Mr. Orby Shipley, who is very well known as a Ritualist leader—or rather file-leader—issues a new edition of a volume of his Ascetic Library—namely, the "Counsels upon Holiness of Life," which is from the Spanish of Luis de Granada. Whatever else he may be, Mr. Shipley is an editor of taste and judgment. That is to say, he is an editor of judgment so far as concerns catering to his own public, which is a public that reads eagerly the almost impossible things of Faber—things which are actually written, or one would hardly believe they could be; and he is an editor of taste so far as regards the external appearance of his books, which is always pretty enough to tempt the reader, and which we wish our other religious editors and publishing committees would imitate. An American theological or religious work is nine times in ten so repulsive in the matter of print, paper, and binding as to give needless pain to any person of susceptibility, and, we really have little doubt, partly to neutralize the good which may be done by the contents of the volume. "What is Ritualism?" is by an anonymous author who calls himself "Excelsior," but whom Ritualists would not allow that name, for he is so Low Church that, after being severe with the advanced High Church for several pages, he closes his pamphlet with the prophecy that "Ritualism will be exposed, formalism abolished, and the Church purified from the pollution." Another work on the same side of the Anglo-Catholic controversy is "The Advance of Popery in this Country," by Mr. J. C. Philpot, a Fellow of Worcester, Oxford. It is said to be eloquent, but to lack notes and an index. "Broad," rather than "High" or "Low" or "Anglo-Catholic," we take Mr. Augustus Clissold to be. He has written a two-shilling pamphlet on the question, "The Centre of Unity: What is it? Charity or Authority?" And while the controversy thus rages as to the doctrines of the Church, and it seems as if she must be rent in twain, or into many parts, the attack on the temporalities begun by the disestablishment of the Irish branch of the Church has to be met, and will not be resisted by the united factions, which are quarrelling with each other spiritually; for if the Ritualistic party could have their way, there is little doubt that we should see disestablishment in England before two years were over. However, there are enough to fight disestablishment without the Anglo-Catholics, and a very firm and united front we may rely on the others to show, whatever may be their private opinions of each other's future state. Mr. Charles Hastings Collette is already out with "A Reply to Cobbett's History of the Protestant Reformation in England and Ireland." Mr. Collette edits and compiles the labors of others.

—A rumor has been current that *Punch* has just been sold by Messrs. Bradbury & Evans for what at first glance seems the very small sum of £7,000. So famous a paper could hardly be worth less, we suppose; especially a paper published among a people who are not particularly quick-witted, and who have believed in *Punch* years enough to make it quite certain that it may be stupid for quite a number of years without being found out by its public. For some little time, however, it has been found out by its more discerning readers, especially by its American readers, who during the war had their eyes wonderfully opened to the dulness of all jokers whose jokes were cracked on the wrong side. But the fact is, that whatever it was that opened people's eyes, when once they were opened, there was the stupidity plainly to be seen. Always, indeed, except in its very great days—the days of Blanchard, Thackeray, and Jerrold—its main dependence was on its draughtsmen and on an occasional lucky hit, rather than on anything like sustained excellence; but of late years it has had neither the one nor the other, and the aged jester has long given the spectator a pretty unmixed sensation, not very mirth-provoking, of the same sort that he gets when he sees the rheumatic old clown grimacing on the sawdust where he can no longer win golden opinions. And apart from its inferiority to its former self, it has latterly had a good many rivals, each not much, if at all, inferior to itself. The *Tomahawk* has had some full-page pictures, or cartoons, as they are called, which have been better than anything *Punch* has had since the *Tomahawk* began operations—indeed, have been so remarkable some of them, for grim imaginative power as to take them at once up into the region of true art. So of the *Vanity Fair* caricatures—to call them so—they have been of a high order of artistic excellence, and have made the paper in which they appeared more desirable than *Punch;* and to mention no other rivals, for a long time *Fun* has been, so far as we can see, quite as good as its patriarchal contemporary. The new owner of *Punch*—if it really has a new owner—is a Mr. Agnew, of Manchester, who will perhaps infuse some new blood into its veins, as everybody will be glad to see him do, despite the sins of his patient.

LANDSCAPE ARCHITECTURE IN CHICAGO.*

THESE two pamphlets are complements of each other, and, taken together, give a comprehensive synopsis of the general facts bearing on the subject of parks for cities, and valuable suggestions as to the way in which the experience of other cities may be of service to Chicago. Each pamphlet is characteristic of the tastes and occupations of its author. The larger, by Dr. Rauch, is full of statistics and generalizing, and is chiefly valuable as an encyclopedic article on the subject. The author brings together a great deal of useful and interesting detail about the past and present of public grounds; and, in order to omit nothing, begins his enquiries at the period when the Garden of Eden was opened to the public. Then he carries the reader through religious, classical, and modern history, and comes on down to the Central and Prospect Parks—the two last great works about which we have any definite knowledge—and proves conclusively that a demand for parks is innate in man; that parks are necessary for the happiness and welfare of communities of men; that Chicago is a community of men; and that, therefore, a park or parks are essential to the present and future prosperity of Chicago. He wisely abstains from advising how or where to lay out the great park; but the importance of having one, and having it as soon as possible, he duly enforces.

In enumerating the public grounds of great cities, Dr. Rauch is more polite than discriminating in his description and judgments. Thus, in speaking of Boston, he says: "The Public Garden, which was once a portion of the Common, is now separated from it by Charles Street, and will soon rival it for beauty and usefulness." This, we think, must be gentle sarcasm if the doctor has an eye for effective and tasteful treatment of public grounds, or else it is flattery, as competent judges of such kinds of beauty consider that garden a fine monument of wasted opportunity. To call the drive round the muddy basin in Providence near the railroad depot a park is civil, but it is a misuse of language; and to praise the squares of Philadelphia, sacrificed, as they are, to the straight and diagonal walks and rows of soft maples and horse-chestnuts is encouraging the rest of the country to follow a very bad example. Dr. Rauch thinks that the part of Fairmount Park which has been for several years public property is tastefully laid out, and is a delightful place. Its situation, trees, and water deserve praise; and to escape from the dust and heat of the city to find such a breathing-place is delightful; but it is no better laid out or improved than the Boston Public Garden, and both of them should cover those who laid them out with discredit rather than honor. About one-third of the pamphlet is given up to the sanitary part of the subject. Here Dr. Rauch is strong, and the facts he brings together deserve attention, and are as important to the rest of the country as to Chicago.

Mr. Cleveland approaches the subject from a different point of view. He is a professional landscape gardener, of long experience and good taste. Casting aside all questions of health and tradition, he discusses the æsthetics of the subject. He divides his pamphlet between Boston and Chicago; Boston and its vicinity, with its hills and rocks, offering opportunities the opposite of those which belong to the nearly dead level of Chicago. He counsels Boston to convert her suburbs, the winding roads, picturesque ledges, and tree-clad hills of Dorchester, Roxbury, and Brookline, into a great park, by bringing every road to the perfection of a park-drive, and planting and decorating the roadsides, waste places, corner lots, and public areas. Such a system of treatment would greatly beautify the environs of the city, and is desirable under any circumstances, but, we think, rather as the introduction to a park and an adjunct of it than as its substitute. It is true, such a plan admits of indefinite extension, and permits the purchase of large areas which might be added to the general system, and then be laid out as lawn, meadow, or water. Without such open areas to give breadth of effect and great contrasts of light and shadow, form and color, there would be a fatiguing sameness in the plan proposed. However beautiful detail may be, and however varied in its application, we weary of it unless it is often relieved by the contrast of simplicity; the dead level of a snow-covered lake in winter is often as beautiful as the play and sparkle of its water in summer; a wide reach of meadow, without a tree upon it, as pleasing as the most effective combinations of trees and flowers. Broad meadows and long vistas, bounded by a group of trees, say, a pleasant view, a fountain, or a sheet of water, are especially agreeable to those who live in thickly-settled places, where enclosures, houses, and people seem to "pre-empt" the air and sky, and forbid even the thoughts to wander out of the public highway. However perfectly Boston may lay out and enrich her highways and byways, let her never substitute what they give for the variety and grand effects that might be produced in many eligible areas which could be obtained by the city at a moderate price. When Mr. Cleveland turns to Chicago, with her level plains, he feels the want of variety, and dreads the tameness and sameness which is liable to follow any system that may be adopted in laying out a great park under such circumstances. Of course, the difficulties are very great, and the most skilful person will be unable to produce as much beauty or variety as come naturally with surfaces like the Central, Prospect, or Fairmount Parks; but the occasion should stimulate the artist; and, with money and time, a man of genius can make on the most level prairie a park which almost would leave nothing to be desired. Our author is less dismayed by the park on the prairie than by the long boulevard of fourteen miles which is to sustain and connect many little parks and squares. This boulevard will be three hundred feet wide, and gives little opportunity for variety. Mr. Cleveland thinks the wearying repetition of any kind of plantation may be relieved by converting the whole into an arboretum, where trees and shrubs planted in families can interest not only by their beauty, but by the facts of their family history. But, however scientific or tasteful the plantation may be along this boulevard, fourteen miles of it is sure to be tedious, if taken as a whole. That, however, is what it never will be; it will be seen and visited in sections, and if treated locally—contrasting, perhaps, one section with another, sometimes breaking away from trees entirely, and using only shrubs and flowers, grass, margins, or architectural adornment—sameness may be avoided, and a visitor kept actively interested all the time.

When men like Dr. Rauch and Mr. Cleveland begin to discuss carefully these subjects public attention will be aroused, and we may believe that good results will follow, and that not Chicago and Boston only, but all the large cities and towns in the United States will have their Prater, or Bois de Boulogne, or Champs Elysées, or Central Park.

* "Public Parks; with Special Reference to the City of Chicago. By John H. Rauch, M.D." Chicago: S. C. Griggs & Co.
"The Public Grounds of Chicago. By H. W. S. Cleveland." Chicago: Charles D. Lakey.

CURRENT FRENCH LITERATURE.

IN our ordinary apprehension of individual death, the more sweeping catastrophe of the extinction of the entire human species seldom occurs to us. Dr. P. J. B. Cherubin has not only thought of it, but given the subject serious study, as is shown in his "De l'Extinction des Espèces: Etudes Biologiques sur quelques unes des Lois qui régissent la Vie." No more than individuals, he says, have races indefinite duration; the fact of the existence of innumerable human generations does not prove the contrary; for the period embraced by them, however long it may appear as contrasted with the duration of human life, is, after all, but an insignificant space when compared with the thousands of ages that have elapsed since the origin of our globe. Palæontology demonstrates that species totally differing from those we see around us once existed on the earth and in the waters. Notwithstanding the immense distance we go back in the past by the aid of this science, and the tributes it brings by almost daily discoveries, no vestige of proof has yet been discovered authorizing the belief that species once obliterated have again, after any lapse of time, returned to light. True, these discoveries may serve to connect broken links in the chain of beings, or fill voids that have separated certain races one from another; but that is all. Such is the main idea of the author's thesis. His work is not so much a statement of discoveries made in palæontology and biology as deduction and reasoning from the mass of facts scientifically recognized and classified. On one capital point he appears to us wanting not only in clearness, but in fairness. The question of extinction is argued as though extinction had always been the result of gradual organic deterioration and ultimate decay, and allowance is not made for exterior causes, which have often been potent, such as climatic changes, deluges, earthquakes, and other convulsions of nature. And regarding Dr. Cherubin's idea of the insignificant period covered by the existence of innumerable human generations, we must say that it appears to us to be of formidable duration. If, at the expiration of more than forty or fifty centuries—to take only the extremest minimum claimed—there is not yet any perceptible symptom of deterioration, the extinction of the human race from gradual decay must be distant beyond calculation. In fact—leaving out of consideration, as being forms ideal or idealized, the figures left us by Greek art, which is almost as old as our earliest recorded history—the evidence would seem to show that, even as an animal merely, man does not deteriorate with the lapse of ages, but is improved.

During the past decade, the literary life of Switzerland has been most active, running mainly in the direction of historical studies and the reproduction of ancient MSS. of the mediæval and Reformation periods. Every

canton has its Historical Society, the enthusiasm of their labor of love appears to have created an *entente cordiale* between Catholics and Protestants, and in the "Archiv des Schweizerischen Piusvereins" and the "Helvetia Sacra" the Swiss press furnish solid proofs of their successful researches. Archæological studies are also cultivated with energy, and a work lately published at Lausanne, on the age of stone, the age of bronze, and the age of iron, might serve as an introduction to the essay by Dr. Cherubin of which we have just been speaking. It is "Monuments de l'Antiquité dans l'Europe Barbare," by Frédéric Troyon, who enjoys a certain reputation as the author of "The Fossil Man," or syllabus of studies on the most ancient traces of the existence of man. It is an archæological arsenal.

Any one seeking information concerning the internal affairs of Cuba may find it in "Réformes dans les Iles de Cuba et de Porto Rico," by Porfirio Valiente, with a preface by Edouard Laboulaye. It does not appear from the work who Señor Valiente is, or what have been his opportunities for the acquisition of his knowledge, but he is certainly at home in his subject; his information is full, detailed, and apparently accurate, and a man "endorsed" by Laboulaye is not a person to be slighted. The history of the two colonies of Porto Rico and Cuba, all the questions—political, administrative, economical, and social, including those of slavery and the coolies—are treated with fulness and with what we are disposed to think entire command of the subject; certainly the statement of the Cuba question, so far as it has formed part of the politics and diplomatic history of the United States, is thorough and able. At page 227, the author states that, during the presidency of Mr. Polk, at a time when the Spanish treasury was exhausted, and a heavy war-debt was pressing on the Government, the then American Minister at Madrid proposed to the Spanish Minister of Foreign Affairs the cession of Cuba. The proposition was favorably entertained, and the price of the "Pearl" fixed at a hundred millions of dollars. The Cabinet at Washington approved of what was done, and authorized our Minister at Madrid to close the negotiation—endeavoring, if possible, to obtain some reduction in the price. Meantime, the secretary of the American Legation at Madrid, whom the Minister, on account of his ignorance of the Spanish language, had been obliged to call in as interpreter, visited Paris, where, at a dinner with some friends, he spoke of the negotiation. The intelligence was immediately transmitted to London by some one present, and, as a matter of course, the English Government interfered to prevent the consummation of the sale. Another illustration of the value of our system of regulating the civil service. We feel a reasonable certainty that the author of this work must be the Don Porfirio Valiente long known here in New York as an ardent and intelligent champion of Cuban independence—the same who accompanied Lopez on his fatal expedition, afterwards practised law in this city, and for some time edited a paper in the Spanish language—*El Porvenir*.

It is not often that Brazil favors us with a literary work. Yet here is "La Science et les Systèmes. Questions d'Histoire et de Philosophie Naturelle," by Don Pedro Americo Figueiredo e Mello: dedicated, with "eternal gratitude," to His Majesty the Emperor of Brazil, and published at Brussels. In its arrangement and groupings of historical development it is creditable to the infant literature of the empire, but it is not particularly strong or original in its reasonings.

"Seize Mois autour du Monde, 1867-69," by Jacques Siegfried, takes us pleasantly by Constantinople, Athens, Smyrna, Syria, Palestine, Alexandria, Cairo, the Red Sea, Bombay, Agra, Benares, Calcutta, Japan, over the Pacific to San Francisco, and across the Rocky Mountains to the Valley of the Mississippi. The author does not say so, but there is internal evidence showing that he travelled as an agent, either commercial or diplomatic, of the French Government. M. Siegfried is an Alsatian, and therefore has more of the modern idea of commercial enterprise than his countrymen of Southern and Eastern France. It is thus, we suppose, that he gives in his preface a glimpse of the situation at home, which is quite as interesting to the American reader as any of his trans-oceanic sketches. He complains of the absence of French enterprise. He finds the young men of England, America, or Germany numerous and active in China and Japan, taking home with them not only fortunes, but experience and enlarged ideas. In France, on the contrary, he complains they are still in the old beaten track, delving at Greek and Latin, strong in Greek mythology and in the names of the provinces that formed Alexander's empire, while profoundly ignorant of contemporary history and modern geography. Knowing nothing of modern languages, and particularly of the English, young Frenchmen are forced to search for a career in their own country. The first evil resulting is the close struggle for civil office at home; and this is so great that the *ne plus ultra* of the ambition of a careful father is to obtain for his son some such place, where he may earn just enough to obtain a livelihood filled with privations. And this state of things is far from changing for the better. Then, while the dissatisfied Liberals of Germany and England naturally seek independence in foreign countries, discontented French Liberals are kept at home, and with smothered aspirations become the stuff that *révolutionnaires* are made of. According to M. Siegfried, Bombay has heard of the great American rebellion. Thus it was: Up to 1861, Bombay exported annually from 300,000 to 400,000 bales of cotton, worth twelve millions of dollars. Failing the American supply of 4,000,000 of bales, a colossal rise took place, and cotton, until then in Bombay worth 80 or 100 rupees, rose at once to 700 rupees. Such a stimulus worked wonders, and Bombay exported a million of bales, worth more than $150,000,000. Oriental heads were turned; the wildest speculation set in; fifty new banks and companies had all their stock taken at fabulous prices; money no longer appeared to possess value. The only difficulty was how to invest it. The Back Bay Company, supposed to have deeply at heart the filling up of a small arm of the sea near the city, sold its first issue of stock at twelve times its nominal value. Every one counted his gains by the hundred thousand, and Premchund Roychund and some other native merchants became millionaires a hundred times over. Then, one fine May morning, came the news of Lee's surrender. Down went the card-houses; Back Bay, quoted at 60,000 rupees, sank to 150! Premchund Roychund failed for $150,000,000, without a cent of assets, and the famous Bank of Bombay melted into air.

The commercial question is evidently uppermost in the mind of our author, but he has, nevertheless, an eye for the beauties of nature and art. His official position made him the recipient of several superb Oriental *fêtes*, such as are seen by few travellers. And then he describes the Taj-Mahal. What young woman that has read "St. Elmo"—and what young woman has not?—does not recall the sensation of inferiority and reverence impressed upon her by our gifted Alabamian's use of those mysterious words? M. Siegfried's description of this "poem in marble"—the tomb of the beautiful Nourmahal—is enthusiastic; for he places it above the Alps, St. Peter's, Naples, the Bosphorus, Michael Angelo's Moses, the Raphaels and the Murillos, Baalbec, Karnak, and the Acropolis. Then he goes to Hong Kong, where of the commercial expenditure three hundred millions is for opium. At Shamien, near Hong Kong, he sees with mortification the French portion of the European reservation—a vast desert space, waiting for the arrival of some French house, and waiting in vain. "Is it not shameful," he exclaims, "that our young men have not had enterprise enough to take their share with English, Americans, and Germans of this grand Chinese commerce?" The appendix contains much valuable commercial information in the shape of reports to the French Minister of Foreign Affairs; and an excellent map accompanies the book, which we heartily commend.

A. De Gaston, who modestly describes himself as "tout à la fois artiste, journaliste, encyclopédiste et romancier," bestows upon us "Constantinople en 1869," and sets out with this startling proposition: "Born in America, which familiarized me when quite young with the idea of long voyages, I have long been animated with an immense desire to visit the Orient." There is room for long voyages, one would say, between some of his thoughts. What is the connection between an ardent desire to go to Turkey and a familiarity with long distances? We regret to say it of our countryman, but it is the truth, that his book is vapid except when it is impertinent, is always superficial, is platitudinarian to the last degree, and is remarkable for stale anecdotes and an irresistible gravitation to a French theatre, wherever one is to be found.

The veteran historian, Capefigue, gives us "Isabelle de Castille—Grandeur et Décadence de l'Espagne;" in which he sketches a rapid outline of the history of Spain, and dwells with some emphasis on the essentially Spanish (as contradistinguished from Roman) origin of the Inquisition. The necessities of the epoch and the situation must be understood to appreciate it; the Inquisition and the Holy Brotherhood (La Santa Hermandad)—frequently and ignorantly confounded—both came in under Isabella. Cervantes, in "Don Quixote," never lets an occasion pass of praising the Brotherhood. The Inquisition, in its first period, was a patriotic necessity, just as revolutionary tribunals and committees of public safety have been found to be in other countries. It was in its second period, as a mere tribunal of theology, that it earned its well-deserved odium.

Simultaneously, at the Hague and at Paris, have just appeared two works on Rembrandt—"Rembrandt Harmenszoon van Rijn"—that is to say, Rembrandt of the Rhine, son of Herman. They are "Rembrandt Harmensz. van Rijn: sa Vie et ses Œuvres, par C. Vosmaer," and "Rembrandt et l'Individualisme dans l'Art, par Ath. Coquerel fils." The dissertations of Ch. Blume, Thoré, Taine, and others on Rembrandt are well known to art-readers; and the fruits of the learned research of Immerzeel, Scheltema, and Millies for documents concerning the great artist, give us all the elements of a complete biography. Nevertheless, a book was yet wanting that should give a *résumé* of the labors of the critic and the archivist; and such a book M. Vosmaer has given us. A single detail shows with what conscientiousness his work is prepared. He has travelled throughout Europe, wherever a Rembrandt was to be found in a collection, and, with the exception of a few scattered in England and Russia, has thoroughly studied all the master's works. Of the valuable material accumulated by his predecessors he has made the best possible use, has added hitherto unpublished autograph letters of Rubens, and thrown satisfactory light on points hitherto problematic and disputed. The fault of the work is the common one—that it degenerates into panegyric. The author's enthusiastic admiration for his subject has utterly blinded him to his weaknesses and imperfections. Not a solitary stain will he recognize on his idol; and he appears to be satisfied that he has demonstrated that Rembrandt was not only the king of painters, but the man, *par excellence*, whose heart and whose character equalled his talents. Without believing the half that is told us by Housbraken, the Vasari of Holland, there is more than enough left to make M. Vosmaer's position simply absurd. "If we compare Rembrandt the artist," says M. Vosmaer, "we naturally think of Shakespeare," and, further, "Rembrandt the man brings up Michael Angelo." One reflects with some uneasiness as to what would have become of Ophelia and Imogen under the brush of the great painter of beggars. But to compare the quiet burgher of Amsterdam, whose cook had him for a lover, and who never took the slightest part in the affairs of his city or his country, with the grand genius who bearded Julius the Second and defended Florence against the tyranny of the Medici; with the chaste lover of Vittoria Colonna; with the austere thinker, who, pursued by honors, thrust them aside to remain in solitary contemplation of his art; with the worthy suitor of "divine poesy"—is pushing the parallelism too far altogether.

M. Coquerel's work is the reproduction of a lecture on Rembrandt delivered by him at Amsterdam, Paris, and other cities, and it has evidently been the subject of much polish and studious revision. The author does not dwell so much on the biography as the special artistic merit and characteristics of the great Dutch painter. Like M. Vosmaer, he yields to the temptation of comparing Rembrandt and Shakespeare—"ces deux géants du Nord." It tries the patience to be told that "there is nothing more lugubrious—no scene of horror more startling in the '*sombre dramaturge Anglais*'—than in any given picture of Rubens or in some of his engravings." Will our French friends never have done making unto themselves a Shakespeare that is half Molière and half Hoffman? M. Coquerel has written an interesting chapter on Rembrandt. Like M. Vosmaer, again, he volunteers to carry weight. M. Vosmaer's weight was Rembrandt's personal perfection. M. Coquerel's burden is the proposition that the accredited superiority of Catholicity over Protestantism in the fine arts is an entire mistake; but he argues as Protestant rather than artist, as most Protestant artists will tell him.

In his "Histoire de Léonard de Vinci," M. Arsène Houssaye has fallen very far short of the inspiration of his subject. Leonardo da Vinci, the many-sided man in a truer sense than that in which those words can be said of most on whom they are bestowed—the anatomist, chemist, musician, geologist, mathematician, improvisatore, poet, physician, subtle student of humanity, painter, and engineer—merits an infinitely better book than this. There is little in it not already told us by Vasari, Venturi, Stendhal, and Taine; and all of it is disfigured by overmuch declamation and a constant striving for antithesis. Beyond the biography, M. Houssaye gives us some interesting details concerning the search (June, 1863) for the remains of Da Vinci at Amboise, France, where he died and was buried, and in giving them to us reproduces Overbeck's interesting account of the discovery of Raphael's tomb at Rome.

In all Europe, there is no name more widely known in the literature of music than that of M. F. J. Fetis. Some thirty years ago he published his "Biographie Universelle des Musiciens," and he now announces as complete his long-looked-for "Histoire Générale de la Musique depuis les temps les plus anciens jusqu'à nos jours," in eight volumes, the first of which is just issued from the press of Firmin Didot. Judging from the first volume, and from what we know of the author, his work will be found to be no mere review—a pretext for ingenious research and elegant dissertation—but a thorough presentation of all that science and erudition can do for so vast a subject. The labor of fifty years of the first literary musician of Europe on such a theme cannot fail to produce a work that will create an epoch in the historiography of his art. Treated by him, the history of music is the reconstruction of an important fragment of the history of humanity. Music, says M. Fetis, "is the ideal art *par excellence*. Unlike poetry, painting, or statuary, it is not intended to produce the manifestation of determined ideas, or the representation of external objects; but its province is to awaken emotions and express sentiments whose endless modifications escape analysis. The poems of Homer, of Pindar, and of Anacreon fathered the poetry of Latin antiquity, of the Middle Ages, and of modern times; something of them may be found in the productions of the most original geniuses; Homer and Virgil still live in the poetical apocalypse of Dante, whose original creations have inspired his successors; the tragedy of Æschylus, Euripides, and Sophocles may be partly found in the tragedies of to-day; the statues and bas-reliefs of our artists differ but little in their aim from the productions of Phidias and Praxiteles, and not always do they excel them; to the art of the Grecian painters our modern artists have added nothing but perspective and more skilful shading of color; the object sought to be represented, which is nature, still remains the same. Music, on the contrary—vague in its essence and sublime in its effects—has, in the multiplicity of its forms, nothing identical but sound and time. Among the peoples of India, in China, among the Arabs, among the Greeks, in the mediæval plain chants, in the harmonic combinations of the fourteenth, fifteenth, and sixteenth centuries, in the popular melodies of different nations, finally, in the dramatic or instrumental productions of our day, the art so little resembles itself that we feel tempted to attribute to it as many diverse origins. Imitation of nature is, within a certain limit, the necessary principle in the arts of design; that of music is spontaneous emotion." And this cannot be called mere enthusiastic eloquence; though whether we should allow M. Fetis the word "ideal" to use just as he uses it is a question. To defy analysis and to be most emotional is not to be truly ideal in the highest degree, though there is a school which seems to hold that belief—a school in literature as well as in other fields of human activity.

VIOLLET-LE-DUC'S FRENCH MEDIÆVAL ARCHITECTURE.*

THE remarkable series of works on the architecture, decoration, costume, and industrial arts of the Middle Ages in France, begun eleven years ago by the publication of the first volume of the work named below, now approaches completion. This work, the "Dictionary of Architecture," is finished; the "Dictionnaire du Mobilier" is in course of publication; and with these larger and general works should be named several smaller ones which have been issued at different times. The monographs upon the castles of Coucy and Pierrefonds are independent essays, illustrated, full, and of permanent interest; and the elaborate treatise on the military architecture of the Middle Ages and the Renaissance in France, though containing nearly the same matter as that given to the same subject in the larger work, under numerous titles and scattered through nine volumes, yet, by its thorough rearrangement and complete form, deserves the name of a separate and independent work. All these volumes are alike in form and size of page, and all have illustrations of the same character; there is constant reference from one work to another, and this of necessity, because many things must be considered in several aspects; and a general subject—as, for instance, carpenter-work or glass-painting—is to be thoroughly treated only when traced through a score of minor articles having to do with it, and seen reflected in a hundred illustrations meant to explain other things as well.

The encyclopedic character of this series of works is the more worth dwelling on because it is not the arts only that we have here a history of; we have a history of the condition of the people, of manners and customs in war and in peace, of the dress and habits, the enjoyments and sorrows, and almost of the whole daily life of those typical mediævals, the French. And it is rather to such special and technical treatises as these under consideration than to historical writing of the general and literary sort that we must look for a right use of the historical evidence contained in existing remains. What the French writers call *monuments*—namely,

* "Dictionnaire Raisonné de l'Architecture Française, du XIe au XVIe Siècle, par M. Viollet-le-Duc, Architecte du Gouvernement, Inspecteur Général des Edifices Diocésains." 10 volumes, of which one is a table, 8vo; about 5,000 woodcuts. Paris: formerly Bance, now A. Morel & Co. 1857-1869.

all works of art illustrative of an epoch, from a cathedral to a miniature or a jewel—are historical documents of great importance; and, for the proper treatment of them, we repeat we must go to the architects, the soldiers, the jewellers, and the collectors and investigators of the most recent times. The feeling of respect for the once despised relics of the past has been of modern growth; and with it has grown the sense that the relics are to be studied and the sense of how to study them. It is in men like M. Viollet-le-Duc that this feeling and knowledge first appear and produce the best results; and books such as his are and must long remain important to all historical students.

If we consider history, even in its more customary form, as a mere record of wars, we find it impossible to understand the record aright unless by close study of existing monuments (to take the French word in its own sense) we have learned how our fathers fought, how it was they triumphed, and how they died. It is well to know that Sir Walter Scott was not a very profound antiquarian, and that his knighthood and his monkery are false—mere figments of the brain, and interesting only because the brain was a dramatic poet's; but there are few among even our critical modern historians who could reconstruct the account of the siege of Torquilstone. As it stands in "Ivanhoe" it is altogether false—not one incident of it could have happened as it did; and it would be good to have somewhere an accessible and reliable account of some siege of the time—as of Chalus, where Cœur de Lion met his death, or of Chateau Gaillard, which Philip Augustus wrested from Cœur de Lion's feeble successor—that the student might be able to picture to himself as they happened, and not as they only can be fancied to have happened, the scenes of which he reads delightedly. Now, just this accurate knowledge is put within our reach by such books as these before us. The ruins of mediæval castles have been explored and studied, and in imagination restored; some of them have been actually restored or are in process of restoration; the contemporary literature has been searched for legends and stories, and the miniatures of contemporary manuscripts have been critically examined for what they might reveal to the practised eye; existing weapons and engines of war have been studied, and from the descriptions, the allusions, and the pictures lost ones have been made anew—even a trebuchet and a mangonel have been built and set to work; the singular system of defence by means of temporary wooden-covered galleries, mounted upon the walls when a siege threatened, the changes in this system, and its supersedure in the fourteenth century by permanent machicolated galleries of stone, have been examined, practically experimented upon, and understood. The acumen and patience shown in all this research have been great, but not quite so marvellous as they at first appear, for practical knowledge is a great enlightener. M. Viollet-le-Duc, for instance, employed to restore the great château of Coucy, constructed and hung out from the walls of the donjon tower a scaffolding for his masons; and this he modelled after the hoarding which had been used for defence, and mounted and adjusted it by the means used for the hoarding as far as he could ascertain them. At all events, here was a means of building, and putting up a sufficient means of defence, actually tested. M. Viollet-le-Duc's galleries might have differed in inessential particulars from any which the defenders of the keep had ever put up; but more than one set of defences may have been used, all slightly different among themselves. The essential thing was to build hoardings that would meet all the conditions, and perfectly account for and explain every putlog hole, corbel, groove, or eye left in the old masonry, as well as allow for the free use of every weapon known to the defenders, and provide for the perfect command of the whole site. Granted that much will always remain unexplained, the importance of learning in a scientific and practical way all we can learn is only the more plain. Historical truth is hard enough to get at, at the best. We have always, and shall have always, to contend against our ignorance of the real motives of men, and the daily loss of the unrecorded, unwritten, and almost unspoken daily history of the men who make history. And since all accounts of men's motives must be always untrustworthy—mere matter of conjecture, it behooves us to be very sure we understand exactly what they did, how they did it, and how they dressed, how they moved and looked, what language they spoke—in short, *how they seemed to their contemporaries*. Like the pictures that Dante saw on the path, as he climbed the mountain of Purgatory, the living should seem alive to us. And this truth of "local color"—this accurate picturing of the "situations" of the past—is not yet a part of the work of the historian. The poet has some of it seized for us; no one ought to be sure he understands the Italian republics until he has read "Sordello;" but the expert has more.

It is to be observed that antiquaries are all liable to as bad mistakes as Mr. Oldbuck himself unless they are more than antiquaries. The dreadful oubliettes, dungeons where the victim cannot stand up nor lie down, nor find any comfort—inverted hollow cones into which the prisoner is thrown, and up whose walls of smooth stone he cannot climb—these bugbears of the Middle Ages become ice-houses sometimes when examined by unbelieving architects in search of facts. Horrid ditches full of bones are found to be in suspicious proximity to the kitchen, and the physiologist examines them and fails to find any vestiges of humanity. M. Viollet-le-Duc tells an interesting story about the identification of the *stimuli*, an effective sort of abbatis, mentioned by Cæsar in his account of the siege of Alesia. The antiquaries had had the making of the notes of the school editions of Cæsar's Commentaries, and had misinformed generations of boys about these *stimuli*, telling them that the iron spike was driven into the head of the log which was fixed into the ground. Sharp boys of country experience must have misdoubted something—must have seen that the log would have split three times out of four, and would never have held the iron spike securely; moreover, that it would have been impossible to sharpen the spikes afterward, or keep them sharp while driven. Now comes Captain Prévost, quoted by our author, and clears up the simple mystery; we refer our readers to Vol. V. of the *Dictionnaire de l'Architecture*, article *Fossé*.

In relation to architecture, civil and religious, these books are almost alone in this, that they analyze both style and construction, set up and prove theories, establish points that have been doubtful, explain, state general truths. The splendid works upon architecture and the cognate arts which late years have produced, are devoted almost wholly to the giving of plates, often marvellously correct and beautiful, of the monument chosen, complete and in detail. Very seldom is there any attempt at examination or explanation. Whereas the books of Viollet-le-Duc proceed the other way, treat of tower, spire, cupola, vault; painting, carving, glass-painting, joiner-work; angels, the Trinity, the Tree of Jesse, the personified Church; ewer, brooch, table, chair; and illustrate the general treatises by thousands of examples. In treating the subject in this way, a profound and accurate as well as varied knowledge has been needed—a knowledge resulting from long familiarity with all branches of the subject, and shaped by sound judgment and power of discrimination. Few men have had the opportunities which have been enjoyed by M. Viollet-le-Duc; as architect in charge of the restorations of Notre Dame and many other churches, large and small, and of the castles we have named, he has had great chances for investigation; and he was fortunate in being prepared for the best use of these by a youth spent in wide travel and study of the architecture of many lands. But, if his opportunities have been great, his ability and his industry are great also. He has proved himself a most excellent draughtsman, nor are there anywhere, except in the works of Mr. Ruskin, such admirable drawings of architecture. It is not only architectural forms only that he renders well and spiritedly; he draws the figure admirably for his purposes, and nothing can exceed the vigor of his sketches of workmen, soldiers, or passers-by, introduced to explain his subject or only to give the scale. Moreover, he draws with such ease that he never spares drawing—a great thing—the reader seldom wishes for more representations of a building than are given. We speak in this personal way of these six or seven thousand illustrations because they seem to be all the author's own work—because it is probable that, except a few diagrams, they have all been drawn by his own hand. This proves, moreover, our author's great power of work, but that is evident to any cursory examiner of his labors, and we pass to the consideration of other points brought to our attention by the books themselves.

A Complete Latin-English and English-Latin Dictionary for the use of Junior Students. By John T. White, D.D., of Corpus Christi College, Oxford; Rector of St. Martin Ludgate, London. (Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1869.)—On the back of the volume before us we read: "Complete Latin-English and English-Latin Dictionary," without any further qualification, for which, we presume, the author is not responsible; the title-page not quite distinctly qualifies the word "complete" by the addition of "for the use of junior students;" but the author's preface plainly defines the limited scope of the work by stating that, "except so far as is necessary for etymological purposes, words occurring in writers ordinarily read by less advanced students of the Latin language are, for the most part, alone explained." We must, however, confess that even within these narrow limits this dictionary hardly deserves to be called complete. It requires but a slight scrutiny to discover the absence of

words such as even a more moderate-sized school lexicon than ours is would omit only from inadvertence. Such are—to mention words properly belonging to the columns of one page—*ducatus*, *ductim*, *ductito*, and even *dualis*, which is not given, as a derivative, under *duo* either. Few pages may betray equally grave omissions, but all we have examined show that lexicographical fulness is not among the distinctive merits of the work. In reality, what Dr. White principally aimed at is etymological and grammatical clearness, and a systematically precise statement of meanings and shades of meanings. In this respect we may call his production very elaborate.

The principal features of his plan for the Latin-English part, to which we confine our remarks, are the following: Each leading word is so printed as to exhibit its process of formation. "Immediately after the assigned origin of each word, the literal interpretation is given between parentheses; and that English rendering of which such interpretation holds good in a pre-eminent degree is placed first in order, and regarded as the proper or primary meaning. When the source of a word is not discoverable, the fact is stated." Figurative or metonymical powers are given, as such, when they fall within the restricted scope of the whole. A brief reference is usually made to some classical author. Peculiar grammatical constructions are noticed. Historical, mythological, and geographical names are included in the body of the work, in most cases with the addition of their meanings. Philological comparisons with Sanskrit, Greek, and Teutonic roots are introduced. French derivatives from the Latin words are also given.

All these features are consistently carried out throughout the work, but it is the putting in relief of the derivations to which the author seems with most care to have devoted his labor. The references to and brief quotations from authors are also carefully executed, and decidedly ample for a book of these dimensions. The English renderings, on the other hand, we find, like the vocabulary, less full. The philological remarks are often very poor. Thus we read under *hera*: "akin to herus;" under *herus*: "etym. dub."—without even a mention of the Teutonic *herr*, not to speak of ἥρως, κυριος, etc.; under *doleo*: "prps akin to Sanskrit root DRIor DA, *to cut asunder*"—where ὀτλεω is so much nearer; and under *dolo* again: "akin to Sanscrit root DRI or DA, *to cut* or *hew asunder*," while Eng. to *deal*, Icel. *dela*, and δαιδαλλω remain unmentioned.

A proportionally very large part of the space is surrendered to the proper names, which collectively almost form a kind of classical dictionary. But this part of the work is executed with less regard for symmetry, uniformity, and accuracy than those more properly belonging to the sphere of a Latin lexicon. Thus, while of Horace, Virgil, Suetonius, Seneca, and the two Plinys we hear who they were or what they wrote; of Plautus also at what village he was born; of Ennius, in addition, in what years he was born and died; and of Cicero even on what day he was born, and at what age and by whom he was murdered—Sallust and Livy are entered only as "Roman names," and Tacitus and Martial are entirely forgotten. Vitellius and Nerva are given as emperors of Rome; of Trajan we read when he reigned, and what his character was; but Tiberius, Titus, Domitian, and Hadrian are entered only as names, and Caracalla and Heliogabalus are omitted. Of Atticus we hear who wrote his life; Agricola, like his biographer, is forgotten. Roscius Otho is twice given—under both names—and his law twice fully, though not uniformly, spoken of; but there is no mention of Licinius Stolo and his laws under either of these names. The cruelty, the brazen bull, and the fate of Phalaris are minutely mentioned; but of Dionysius we hear only that he was tyrant of Syracuse. Donnus, "a petty sovereign of the Alps," is given, but the Carthaginian Hannos are all forgotten. Alymon is entered as "the father of Iphimedia," but Iphimedia herself is not to be found.

The geographical portions are at least as negligently done. Of Phocis we are told between what territories it lay, and what mountains and waters it contained; but Ætolia is only "a province in Central Greece," and Doris is given neither as a division of the same part of Greece nor as a territory of Asia Minor, while the Dorians are barely mentioned, and their fabulous ancestor, Dorus, is forgotten. Of the Locri, who are enumerated by divisions, the Opuntians are omitted, and the Epizephyrians, a mere colony, are mentioned, under *Zaleucus*, as "*the* Locrians." The city founded by these colonists in Lower Italy is incorrectly called Naryci*um* under *Locri*, though correctly given as Naryci*a* under its own head. Laconia is designated "a country in the centre of Southern Greece, or the Peloponnesus," which is also stated—and only then correctly—of Arcadia. Heraclea, "now *Erakli* or *Eregri*," is designated "a maritime town of Pontus," instead of a maritime town of Bithynia, on the Pontus Euxinus. Such names as Cyme, Dorylæum, Gaza, Opus, or Ozolæ are omitted, while others of minor importance, like Maronea or Marpessus, are given.

The mechanical execution of the reprint is very pleasant.

A Treatise on the Law of Shipping and the Law and Practice of Admiralty. By Theophilus Parsons, LL.D., Dane Professor of Law in Harvard University, at Cambridge. (Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1869.)—In his work on "Maritime Law," published in 1859, Professor Parsons treated of shipping, insurance, and admiralty, because he thought, as he says in his preface, "that the law of shipping and the law of marine insurance could not be learned fully and accurately, excepting in their connection." In 1868, however, he found that the connection was not so important (or did his publishers ask for two new volumes?), and he gave us a separate work, in two volumes, on marine insurance, and now we have two volumes on shipping and admiralty.

In these last volumes we have not found so much additional matter as there was in the volumes on marine insurance, and yet they constitute something more than a new edition of the treatise of 1859. In most of the chapters on shipping some changes have been made, and all the recent cases are cited in the notes. The chapters on hypothecation and general average have been rewritten; new and valuable chapters on collisions, wharves and docks, and passengers have been added.

The chapters on admiralty do not contain so much that is new, though all the recent cases appear, and if no change has been made in the text, it is because the jurisdiction was settled and the practice remains the same. Instead of fifty pages of appendix of the volumes of 1859, we now have two hundred and fifty, the additional pages being taken up by the statutes of the United States on subjects connected with shipping. These statutes are arranged according to the dates of their passage; and instead of the promised index of their subject-matter, only a chronological list, with their titles, is given, but yet they form a valuable accessory to the work.

Minor Chords. By Sophia May Eckley. (London: Bell & Daldy. 1869.)—Mrs. Eckley's religious poems are probably successful so far as concerns the expression of her own religious feelings and belief; and many of her fellow-believers will probably find them satisfactory as devotional poetry. Her secular poetry we have found wanting in many respects—in so many respects that we are hardly able to call it poetry at all. In the whole volume we find no piece which is well conceived, and, what is rarer, there is none that we have found which is at all happy in expression. One merit, however, Mrs. Eckley has, if she has no more—and it is not a common one—the merit of not being a plagiarist, nor even an imitator; whatever poetry there is in her book is her own. Considering the apparent genuineness and fervor of feeling which is displayed in several of the religious poems in this little volume, we should say that the church might very probably yet be indebted to Mrs. Eckley for more than one good hymn. And yet, without care and study she cannot try to draw from this source with any hope of great success; "Siloa's brook" and Helicon being in some respects not so much unlike.

Astronomy without a Telescope: being a Guide-book to the Visible Heavens, with Maps and Illustrations. By E. Colbert. (Chicago: George & C. W. Sherwood. 1869.)—This work is in the atlas form, and contains fourteen celestial maps, representing the stars from the first to the fifth magnitude, white upon a blue ground. The maps are accompanied by carefully prepared descriptions of the different constellations, pointing out the relative positions of all the brightest stars. We think these maps will be found useful. We have seen none so well adapted to the wants of students in astronomy. The account of the constellations given in most text-books in astronomy is generally too brief and superficial, and the maps, if any are introduced, are usually coarse and inaccurate. The instruction in astronomy given in most schools is defective in respect to practical acquaintance with the heavens. Students seldom have sufficient knowledge of the stars to enable them to distinguish one region of the heavens from another. They may learn the sizes, distances, and motions of the planets and their satellites, and yet not know Venus or Jupiter by sight. They cannot point out in the heavens Sirius or Arcturus, although they may know their distances, and how these distances were ascertained.

Good instruction in astronomy should gradually make the student familiar with the appearance of the heavenly bodies at the same time that it acquaints him with their nature and motions. For such a study of the constellations we recommend Mr. Colbert's atlas. It may be used for beginners in astronomy, or in our colleges and the higher grades of

academies, in connection with other text-books of a more advanced character. It should not be inferred, however, that this work is confined to a representation and description of the fixed stars. The reader will find treated with rare skill most of the topics usually discussed in astronomical text-books for high schools.

The Elements of Theoretical and Descriptive Astronomy, for the Use of Colleges and Academies. By Charles J. White, A.M., Assistant Professor of Astronomy and Navigation in the U. S. Naval Academy. (Philadelphia: Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger. 1869.)—There is no lack of text-books in astronomy adapted to the wants of students in our high schools or schools of lower grades. Such books must be almost entirely descriptive, avoiding the introduction of algebra and geometry. Nor is it difficult to find suitable works on this science for very advanced students, containing a full discussion of astronomical instruments, elaborate applications of the law of universal gravitation, the full consideration of eclipses, and a thorough treatment of astronomical problems too difficult for the general student. Teachers in colleges and the higher grades of academies can use neither of these two classes of text-books. The former are too superficial and the latter too elaborate. Usually the first half of Herschel's "Outlines of Astronomy" is used. It is no reflection on this treatise to say that it is not a good text-book, inasmuch as it was never intended to be used as such. A good text-book for students who can read Herschel's "Outlines" with appreciation has been hard to find.

In view of this want, we have read with special interest Mr. White's treatise, and, after a careful examination, we can recommend it to teachers as the best work of its kind we have seen. It covers the same ground as that part of Herschel's Outlines which is usually studied; while the more systematic division of the subject, and the introduction of simpler mathematical processes, make it much better than that work as a text-book for college use. No statement the proof of which comes within the scope of the work is made without a demonstration; and yet the theoretical discussions are remarkably simple, and within the limits of the mathematical knowledge of all college students. In those branches of the subject upon which the views of astronomers are most liable to change, the reader will find the most recent theories and the latest information. It is a pleasure to read a book which is written in a style so clear and finished, and which shows so much care in its preparation.

First Lessons in Civil Government. By Andrew W. Young. (New York: A. S. Barnes & Co. 1869.)—It is a merit in Mr. Young's "Civil Government" that it does justice to that side of our political system—the State governments—which is wholly overlooked by most school-books; one hundred and forty-four pages are given to the Government of New York, and only thirty to that of the United States. This is, however, a disproportion in the other direction, for the National Government requires fully as much explanation as that of the States. And, of course, it unfits the book for the use of any school except that of this State. For a State so populous and important as this, it may be well enough to have a special text-book; a work of real general value for the whole country would be a brief comparative view of the Constitutions of the several States, giving those features which are common to all, or nearly so, with the important variations presented in a tabular form. Mr. Young's treatise has many points of merit: it is, however, sheer dishonesty to put the date 1869 on the title-page of a book which contains on a single page (162) so many obsolete statements as the following: That the ratio of representation for Congress is 90,716: that New York has thirty-three representatives, and New York City and County four; that "in the Southern States a large portion of the people are slaves;" and that "members of Congress receive for their services eight dollars a day."

Stretton: A Novel. By Henry Kingsley, Author of "Ravenshoe," "Geoffrey Hamlyn," "Hillyars and Burtons," etc. With illustrations. (New York: Leypoldt & Holt and Harper & Brothers. 1869.)—Mr. Kingsley's new novel gives the history of four young Englishmen of the well-known muscular-Christian type—a type which in his hands becomes fearfully muscular and queerly Christian—in its author's usual dashing, rattling style, and is as entertaining as his stories usually are. His books are easy reading of the kind which does not presuppose hard writing; they are easy because they cause no thought in the reader, and appear to have cost the writer very little. Character-painting, in any legitimate sense of that term, he has no conception of; when he has called a hero "ox-like," or "bucolic," or "violent and cruel," described him as "Antinous Evans," or noted his resemblance to a bloodhound, he has come as near to either analysis or description as his nature allows him. His heroes are so much alike—in this story at least—that we have found ourselves continually at a loss to know which was a Mordaunt and which an Evans, and been forced more than once to recur to the opening chapters and trace out a pedigree in order to be sure that one of the boys was not in love with his own sister, or about to marry his aunt. But there is plenty of "go" in the story, and some effective pictures of school escapades, of boat-racing, and of incidents of the Indian Mutiny. Mr. Kingsley is at his best when he has out-of-door life to deal with, and there is a boyish sort of fun that he is not a bad hand at, and although he dogmatizes with characteristic self-confidence on other subjects of which he knows as little as a decently intelligent man well can, his conceit is always too amusingly barefaced to be offensive. He makes no improvement in his craft as a novelist, or rather he grows worse and worse with each story, although he makes efforts at art—or at least says he does. "Stretton" is even more carelessly written, and the story more loosely and inconsequently put together, than is usual even with him.

The Science of Right. By J. G. Fichte. Translated by A. E. Krœger. (Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1869. 12mo, pp. 505).—This is a translation of Fichte's *Grundlage des Naturrechts* by the recent translator ofthe *Wissenschaftslehre.* Mr. Krœger does not always understand the English use of words and constructions; but much worse translations of German philosophy have appeared in our language. The work itself is interesting not only to the student of the history of philosophy, but also to the student of general history; for notwithstanding the very scientific form of Fichte's theory of rights, in its special doctrines it chiefly reflects the opinions of his time and of his country, as modified by his individual temper. Americans should accept with some reserve the representations now made that Fichte and Hegel illustrate the best thought which Germany has produced.

Travels of Fah-hian and Sung-Yun, Buddhist Pilgrims, from China to India (400 A.D. and 518 A.D). Translated from the Chinese. By Samuel Beal, etc. (London: Trübner & Co.; New York: John Wiley & Son. 1869. 12mo, pp. lxxvi., 208.)—Where a country is so wanting as India in materials for the orderly construction of its own history, every gleam of information from without is doubly valuable. A few incidental and fragmentary notices by Greeks, growing out of Alexander's Indian expedition, have proved of incalculable worth to Indian chronology. And in working out the history of Buddhism, the notices of Chinese pilgrims who, in the early centuries of our era, made the tremendous journey to Hindustan in search of the authentic scriptures of their faith, are playing an important part. The earliest of the accounts of such pilgrimages now known to exist are given by Mr. Beal in this elegant little volume, and for the first time in English. Rémusat's French version of the travels of Fah-hian is well known to scholars; but, having been made more than thirty years ago, when little was known of the subject it deals with, is no longer reliable. We cannot commend the Chinese monk's story to the American public at large as a juicy and entertaining narrative; the blight of triviality and barrenness which rests upon the whole body of Buddhist literature is over it also; but the translation is doubtless a valuable one; the notes are instructive, and the elaborate introduction—a sketch of the history of this religion in China and of its development in its native land—will be found interesting by many whom the main text will repel. A very pretty sketch map of the pilgrims' route is an admirable addition to the volume. An index would have been one still more admirable; and we can hardly pardon Mr. Beal for having failed to let us have it.

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The Week.

IT was said at the time that Governor Hoffman's friends "killed" Hancock in the Pennsylvania Democratic Convention; that the Cuban-Fenian meeting the other evening was got up for the purpose of getting cheers for an informal nomination of the Governor for President; that the Fourth of July meeting of Tammany was for the same purpose; that Mr. James Fisk, Jr., and Mr. Jay Gould began the Albany and Susquehanna war—at all events, made their appeal to the Governor—that our chief magistrate might have an opportunity of showing to all mankind his energy and executive ability; and now comes the story about Rosecrans's nomination in Ohio, which also puts Mr. Hoffman in the attitude of a most carefully groomed competitor in the next great race. The story is to the effect that Mr. Pendleton is a person whose political death is desirable and necessary, and that, in order to secure it, Mr. Hoffman's friends proposed that if the Ohio brethren would support Hoffman in 1872, Judge Ranney—most popular of Northern Ohio Democrats—should have the second place on the national ticket. He must be nominated, then, and elected, Governor of Ohio, to give him prestige. But "Ohio's Favorite Son" heard of this "little game," as they say in California; and though he himself did not wish for the nomination—for the Democrats are to be beaten in Ohio this fall—it behoved him to show his strength and prevent the Ranney movement. This he easily did, and he did it by having Rosecrans put in nomination, as he easily could, for he is still the most potent of the Ohio Democracy. Thus the Tammany ring was defeated; but now, Rosecrans having declined, Pendleton has to come out, after all, and take his beating. He cannot say, in 1872, that he made a good, sound, "peace" platform, and then got Ohio to accept it by the skilful employment of "Old Rosey;" on the contrary, he must make confession that his platform would not do, that his generalship did not serve its purpose, and that it is a part of Ohio only of which he is the Favorite Son. So Mr. Hoffman has apparently put one more candidate out of the way; but, like Washington Irving's Dutchman, certainly he is running a long time before it is time to jump.

There is at least one moral to be drawn from tales like this—and if they are false, the moral may be drawn from the fact that they are everywhere current—and that is, that it is a fine thing to be the ally and pet of the gentlemen whose duty it is to decide at election time how large the Democratic majority in this city is to be. To begin with, one can thus be made to show on one or more municipal tracks any desired amount of running power. Then, as the majority in the city, made to order, can be made big enough to cover over the adverse majority in the State, a candidate with these gentlemen behind him can be New York's Favorite Son any day he likes. And then, when the friends of such a personage as that go into the national gatherings of the Democracy, and place before the convention his name as that of a candidate who has thirty-three electoral votes safe in his pocket, the convention may be supposed likely to be civil. We may yet live to see the three head men of Tammany giving us a President—in which case the expenses of supporting those pillars of the State will be shared between us and the nation at large—without our share becoming much smaller either, we suppose. As the work nearest the hands of decent New York Republicans, we hope attention may be given to the firm establishment of a Republican General Committee in this city which shall not be owned by these same gentlemen who have made us a Governor, and who talk of making us a President. And we dare say leading Democrats in other States may soon be willing to lend our City Republicans their moral support. As matters stand now, New York when in convention exerts in the party councils an influence to which neither the brains nor the numbers of her Democrats entitle her, and overslaughs foreign Democrats by her frauds about as much as she does her domestic Republicans.

Tennessee politics are largely personal, and when the Nashville *Banner* comes out against Ex-President Johnson as the Senator to succeed Mr. Fowler, it is not so easy as it would be in the case of a Northern party organ to say whether the man it fulminates against is distasteful to a section of the party to which the paper belongs, or whether it is merely that the paper has decided to support one chieftain's claims rather than another's. We may indulge a cautious hope, however, that Mr. Johnson is not going to be sent, for our national sins, to sit for six years in the United States Senate. The *Banner* cannot see what it is that Andrew Johnson has accomplished for Tennessee that Tennessee should be expected to load him with additional honors, and says that it is not a gladiator that Tennessee now wants in the Senate, but a man of peace. Union, civil order, and quietness at home are what Tennessee has need of now, and not a Senator at Washington who will infallibly draw on himself, his State, and his people the fire of Congress and general ill-will. This sounds very well; and also it sounds a little like some gentlemanly and smooth-tongued statesman of the Old Line Whig order who might like a place in the Senate for himself; and the voice may be the voice of the *Banner*, while the words are the words of the Hon. Emerson Etheridge or the Hon. Baillie Peyton. A better assurance that Mr. Johnson will not be sent to Washington again we get when we ask ourselves in vain what on earth the Northern Democratic leaders can be thinking of not to entreat with their Southern brethren to keep him at home, where he can only do the Republican party local good and his own friends local injury. Still, a Legislature made up all but wholly of Tennessee Democrats is hard to hold. As for Senter men, Senter seems the only one of them left.

Elsewhere politics are not particularly lively, though Grant has made some stir by what he has been saying about Judge Dent's candidacy in Mississippi. Dent is trying to divide the party, Grant says in substance, and shall not have his help, for he believes that but a very few Republicans are among those who want the Judge as a candidate, and that their success would necessarily be a rebel success. This will be pleasant news to the astute Mississippians who, having read the Democratic papers carefully, were thinking that to get Grant on their side, all that would be necessary would be to put in nomination

a relative of his. This Dent movement in Mississippi is practically a request to the President to lend aid in breaking up the party which elected him, and is a request to which he was justified in giving an answer. The one he has given is a negative which will give general satisfaction to the Republicans, to those of them who disapproved as well as to those who approved Mr. Boutwell's and Mr. Creswell's interference in Tennessee politics. We learn that in the case of Virginia, as well as of Tennessee, Grant's sympathies were with the Radical wing of the party. He acted, however, on the theory that there was a real division of opinion among the Republicans of these two States, and that they had a right to settle their disputes without intervention from outsiders; but the Walker men and the Senter men will no doubt find that they will have to live up to their pledges if they expect to be recognized as within the pale. Much sensation has been excited by the announcement that General Canby is going to exact the iron-clad oath of the members of the new Virginia Legislature—which will exclude most of the Walkerites.

A Labor Convention, larger than has ever been held before, is in session in Philadelphia. Up to the moment of writing, nothing has been done beyond hearing an address from the Vice-President and a report from the executive committee, and refusing to admit Miss Anthony as a delegate from the Working.women's Association, on the ground, as urged by one member, that she was an enemy of labor, having employed women and unskilled labor in the *Revolution* office. The address and report, perhaps, indicated pretty clearly the objects of the Convention; if so, they are—the formation of a workingman's political party, pure and simple; the influencing of State Legislatures by agitation; opposition to Chinese emigration—the workingmen having apparently at last got hold of what seems a very simple idea, that taxes on foreign commodities do little for the native laborer, so long as foreign laborers are admitted without stint or hindrance; the restriction by law of the profits of all distributors and exchangers of commodities; the payment of the national debt in greenbacks. The Vice-President also indulged in a good deal of savage denunciation of "the old Norman law of inheritance," whatever that may be; of "the British villanous land and money systems;" and he announced his desire to have the country made "hot" for "the knaves and idlers" connected with these systems—by which we presume he means capitalists.

The condition of the judiciary in this State has received two signal illustrations during the week. The game of cross injunctions and counter orders which was carried on between Judge Barnard, acting in the Fisk interest, and Judge Peckham, acting in the Ramsey interest, with reference to the Susquehanna Railroad, at last brought things to such a pass that the only mode of deciding who was entitled to the possession of the road left open to the disputants was an armed struggle; and to this they resorted. Each brought on the ground a body of armed retainers, variously estimated at from 400 to 800 men, and tore up the track, destroyed culverts and bridges, seized on rolling stock, and finally used the locomotives as rams, after having carried the opposing forces to the scene of action. The traffic of a great public highway was thus for some days completely suspended, a whole district convulsed by private war, and the property of a great corporation placed at the mercy of a pair of undisciplined mobs. There was no use in saying to the leaders in the struggle that they ought to lay down their arms and submit their quarrel to the decision of the officers of the law. They had exhausted all legal means of redress when they took up arms. They had employed some of the acutest lawyers at the bar; and these, working night and day, had done all that skill, learning, and ingenuity could suggest to get from the people's judges an authoritative answer to the question, Who is entitled to the possession of the Albany and Susquehanna Railroad? But it was found in practice that, there being a great many judges, all having concurrent jurisdiction, and some ready to take one side of a controversy and some another, one suitor was speedily armed with as many writs, of the same force and effect, in his favor as the other had in his favor; and as each writ related to the same subject-matter, there was nothing left for it but to fight—in other words, but to resort to the reserved right of armed self-defence which corporations as well as individuals undoubtedly possess in the absence of courts.

A good deal of fault has been found with Governor Hoffman for stepping in and taking charge of the road at the request of the parties, it being no part of his duty, it has been said, to work railroads at the request of contending speculators. But what better use could a governor possibly put himself to than taking charge of a great highway threatened with complete closure, and devastated by civil war, owing to the total absence of judicial means of deciding to whom it belonged? If this be not a legitimate part of a governor's business, what can be the use of governors? With what face could he keep troops to prevent either Fisk or Ramsey from working the road, after they had told him that they could find no judicial redress, and had offered to place this great body of unprotected property in his hands till some peaceful and rational mode of settling their quarrel could be hit on? Concurrent jurisdiction, when held by a large body of judges in several different courts, may work well enough when judges are carefully selected, and when they use their discretion in constant dread of the opinion of the bar and of the public. But, as long as we do not allow them to be selected, in any proper sense of the term, but rather tossed up for in one of the dirtiest of games, and are content to see men on the bench who care no more for the opinion of either bar or people than for the lowing of so many oxen, we ought to be only too thankful that we have a governor who is willing to step in, as Mr. Hoffman has done in this case, to keep the peace in an inexpensive and sensible way.

The other illustration was a *habeas corpus* issued by Judge McCunn for the deliverance of one Pratt, a Texan cut-throat, who was one of the ringleaders in the brutal murder of Captain Smith, in Texas, last October, on which we commented at the time. Smith, an ex-Union officer, was, as part of a preconcerted plan, lodged in jail on some trumped-up charge, apparently that the Ku-klux might find him "handy" when they wanted him. He, knowing what was coming, applied for a guard of United States troops, and got it; but the "regulators" arrived, Pratt amongst them, intimidated the officer in command into offering no resistance, and then entered the jail and riddled poor Smith with balls. General Reynolds has been in pursuit of Pratt ever since, and at last caught him here, and a *habeas corpus* from Judge McCunn caused the jailer to produce him, with the return—which the Supreme Court of the United States, in the case of Abelmar agt. Booth, has pronounced sufficient, and, as regards all State courts, final—that the prisoner was in custody under the authority of the United States, and he was accordingly remanded to the jailer's custody. Marshal Barlow, then, in order to be secure against fresh attempts to release the prisoner on the part of other New York judges, transferred him to Fort Schuyler, on hearing of which Judge McCunn issued a fresh order, directing the Marshal to discharge the prisoner, which the Marshal, under the decision above referred to, disregarded, as he held the prisoner, as Judge McCunn knew, under the warrant of the United States Commissioner. Whereupon the Judge prepared a warrant for the arrest of the Marshal and the commanding officer at Fort Schuyler, on hearing of which the Marshal, by General Grant's order, surrounded himself with a guard of soldiers. Pratt was discharged by the Commissioner for want of evidence.

The affair has been in many ways scandalous, but it could not have occurred if our bench was in a proper condition. It was a gross abuse of Judge McCunn's discretion to hear, and indeed encourage, a long argument on the return to the *habeas corpus*, after he had found the prisoner was in the custody of the United States; and the reason why, after this, Marshal Barlow removed the prisoner to Fort Schuyler, and surrounded himself with a guard, is the very same reason which drove the Union Pacific, and will probably drive other roads, into removing their offices out of this State. The relations between the States and the United States are very delicate, and are largely dependent for their proper and peaceful maintenance on the character of the judges. With such judges as some of those we

now have in this city, an armed collision between the two will always be one of the possibilities of every question of jurisdiction. Men like Judge McCunn cannot be allowed to have their own way simply because they are judges. Even if the inhabitants of this city be willing to put up with them, there is no reason why the United States should let them discharge its prisoners on *habeas corpus*, and lock up its officers for contempt of them; they all doubtless feel it, and there are cases in which their duty requires them to show it. Arrests under a United States Commissioner's warrant would be complete farces if State judges, as judges now are, could discharge them; just as the collection of the United States revenue would become a farce if injunctions, such as Judge Barnard issued the other day, could be enforced by State judges against collectors, forbidding them to demand and receive their dues. This last case is to be removed to the United States courts; but suppose the latter to dissolve the Barnard injunction, and Barnard to reimpose it and issue contempt warrants against all persons who disregarded it, what is to be done? If the troops cannot be summoned from Fort Schuyler to protect the Federal officers, in what sense is this State "a State in the Union?"

Count de Rochechouart, the present French chargé d'affaires at Pekin, has been writing a letter to the *Journal des Economistes* on the subject of Chinese money, in which he makes sundry observations on the condition of Chinese society which, we regret to say, place our Celestial brethren in a much less favorable light before the world than the accounts given by Mr. Burlingame. He says, for instance, that the adulteration and other cheats in the copper coinage have long been one of the great sources of revenue to the Central Government, and that when, by reason of the approach of a band of rebels, for instance, the copper coins fall heavily in value, owing to their great weight, the Mandarins have a pleasant way of levying the taxes by a silver standard, just as if the United States Government were, when gold was high, to levy its taxes in paper estimated in gold. He says that it would never do to abolish the consular jurisdictions in the trading ports, and submit the Europeans to the jurisdiction of the mandarins, who, he says, possess too few moral qualities, and are too ignorant, to make it possible to entrust them with the duty of doing justice between Europeans. Indeed, he adds that these functionaries "have only one idea, and that is, to throw us into the sea and get rid of us."

Talking of the Chinese, we find some observations in the Ashtabula (Ohio) *Sentinel* on the probable effect of an influx of the Chinese and other Asiatics on American society which are well worthy of attention. It scoffs at the notion that the civilization or social or political life of an Aryan race can be seriously influenced by contact with any number of barbarians of the Turanian or any other stock. If they settle among us permanently, they will adopt our religion and manners; if they do not, they will take themselves off when they have made a little money, and leave us as they found us. But that they will prove willing, industrious, and economical servants, working at small wages, when they see Americans constantly occupied in devising means of escaping work themselves, the writer pronounces a pure though sweet delusion. He says the great danger of the country just now is not the Chinese immigrants, but American laziness. No native American wants to do any hard work any longer; he imposes it on machinery or foreigners. He won't serve an apprenticeship to any manual art, or dig, delve, or mine, wash, cook, or plough, milk cows or bear children, if he can possibly get anybody else to do it for him. The *Sentinel* says there are 5,000,000 of blacks at the South and 10,000,000 of whites, and the whites do nothing nevertheless but howl for "more labor," being themselves nearly to a man idle. The farm-houses at the North, it says, are full of "well-dressed young ladies waiting to be married;" and the father is left to till the farm owing to the departure of the boys to peddle illustrated books, quack medicines, and patent rights, or be clerks in a store—a statement which, coming from a Western country paper, we commend to the attention of the ferocious agricultural organ which so cruelly chastised the *Nation* for saying the same thing a few weeks ago. We are still of opinion, however, that the Chinaman will supersede Bridget; her Aryan origin will not save her.

We must remind the *Sentinel*, moreover, that the eagerness to escape manual labor is not peculiar to Americans. All races share it; in other countries, a particular class of the community impose the lowest kind of toil on their own countrymen; here the natives, owing to their superiority in culture of various kinds, impose it on foreigners. But the dislike of manual labor is really the mainspring of civilization. The ideal world of some of our social philosophers, in which everybody would work with his hands, would be simply a world of barbarians. It is well known that the most ardent preachers of the dignity and delight of manual labor are persons who themselves only resort to it for amusement or exercise.

The new French Minister of Justice, M. Duvergier, has presented the "exposé des motifs," or, in other words, the reasons which have actuated the Government in proposing the reforms to be embodied in the pending senatus-consultum. There is, however, nothing new in the statement of them, and the document is interesting rather as a specimen of the way in which an absolute monarch saves his dignity in giving way to popular demands, than as a political paper properly so called. Great care is taken in it to represent the coming changes as the products of the Emperor's "foresight" and "sagacity;" the part which it assigns to the nation is that of "assenting" and "adhering" to them. The general result of the change is, that the Lower Chamber gets the power of introducing and *fully* discussing laws, instead of only partially discussing and agreeing to them, as heretofore; it gets the power of discussing and voting on the budget, item by item, instead of having, as heretofore, to accept or reject it as a whole, or *en bloc*, as the French call it, so that an objectionable appropriation can now be struck out without leaving the country for one year without revenue; and the Government surrenders the power—which, combined with the vote *en bloc*, rendered the control of the Chamber over the finances a mere sham—of transferring to one department of the public service, at its own discretion, money voted for another. Heretofore, for instance, supposing three millions were voted for education and five for the army, the Government had the power, exercised every year, of devoting six millions to the army, and only two to education, and so on; so that the country really had no share in fixing the comparative importance of different branches of the public service. The election by the Chambers of their own officers will do something to put a stop to the very comical hortatory labors of the chair, and the control of the commercial treaties and postal tariffs will probably endanger the treaty with England. The majority of the Chamber are undoubtedly protectionists, and are powerfully influenced by the great manufacturers; and the *Journal des Economistes* acknowledges that in this case economical progress will probably be hindered by political progress. There is no mention in the "exposé des motifs" of the abolition of Article 75 of the Constitution, which exempts functionaries from prosecution, except by permission of the Council of State, and so long as this lasts personal government is really not destroyed.

For the first time in the history of the empire, statistics making some approach to accuracy have been published relating to the population of Russia. The difficulties of making a census in that country, owing to the semi-barbarous condition of the eastern portion, are well known; but M. Semenoff, the chief of the Statistical Bureau of the Ministry of the Interior, has made some deductions from the census of 1863 which may be relied on with some degree of confidence. He gives the total population as 60,909,000; the births as 3,089,450, and the deaths as 2,243,321 per annum, at which rate of increase it may be said that in Russia population, as in Germany and England, doubles in about fifty years, or one-half less rapidly than in the United States. There is one birth every year to 19·7 inhabitants, while in France there is only one to 375. The deaths, on the other hand, are one in 37, which is a higher rate than that of any European country, and makes large families very necessary; but, as might be expected, the further west one comes, the more the rate of mortality declines, the average of life increasing with the civilization of the community, until in the Baltic Provinces it stands almost on the same level with that of Germany.

THE NEXT WORK FOR THE REPUBLICAN PARTY.

The speech made the other day by Governor Palmer, of Illinois, before the Ohio Republican Convention of that State, deserves attention for having stated in pretty plain terms the conditions on which the retention of power by the Republican party depends, or rather, indeed, the kind of work to which Republicans have now to devote themselves. He says frankly that the people will sustain no party on account of its past deeds, and that the services of the Republican party are part of the inheritance of the nation, but that, if the organization is to live, it must live by laboring for the welfare of the country. He then goes on to indicate in what way it must labor for the benefit of the country by enumerating the questions which it must deal with—or, as he says, "the abuses that have grown up during the war which it must take hold of." These are "the heavy burden of taxation;" a want of responsibility on the part of public officers; gross corruption in the States, counties, and towns, especially those which have been long in Democratic hands. In other words, he thinks that the great work before the country now is the purification of the State governments and State institutions—which, during the long absorption of the public mind in the contest with the South, have largely fallen into the hands of thieves; and the restoration of the States to their proper dignity and weight in the Federal system—they having, he thinks, owing to the excesses of the State-rights party, lost both "their purity and respectability."

This is, we believe, the first formal expression we have had from any public man of what nine persons in ten have been thinking, and what five in ten have for some months back—indeed, ever since the Reconstruction question was fairly disposed of—been saying in private. The idea which formed the Republican party, and which during the last fourteen tremendous years has held it together, has been worked out. It is now embodied, or will beyond peradventure very soon be embodied, in legislation. The work of achieving its triumph, however, was of such magnitude and such a nature that it necessarily diverted the mind of the public from all other political questions. Its most marked effect, apart from the emancipation of the slaves and the eradication of the color discrimination from legislation, has been to develop enormously the public taste for general ideas and abstract propositions, and to foster greatly the popular faith in loud-sounding formulæ. The multiplicity of strange, sweeping propositions on all sorts of subjects which one hears now every day announced from platforms and pulpits and in newspapers as legitimate inferences from the doctrine of human equality, which was necessarily and properly the principal weapon in the anti-slavery struggle, is one of the most striking political phenomena of the day. Under the cover of this taste and tendency, of course, a great number of abuses have sprung up and are flourishing in all branches of administration; and a great number of problems of the last importance are pressing for solution. The administration of justice and everything connected with it, from the courts of last resort down to the police and the jails, is, in nearly every State, in a condition which everybody admits calls for treatment of some kind. The power of the great corporations, and particularly railroad corporations, has assumed proportions which are exerting most deplorable effects on the State legislators and on the judiciary. The management of the prisons in a very large number of the States is honeycombed with abuses. The machinery of municipal government, especially in the now numerous large cities, is either out of gear or unfitted to its work. The only thing about public schools which seems to be well settled is, that they ought to exist. On all that relates to attendance, discipline of pupils, the pay and qualifications of teachers, the courses and hours of study, the public may be fairly said not yet to know its own mind. It is agreed on all hands that men should abstain from the abuse of intoxicating drinks; but about the best mode of preventing it there is the wildest confusion of opinion; and in all discussions which take place on the subject, it is plain that we are still far from anything approaching to general agreement upon a subject on which, perhaps, in a democratic country, it is more necessary there should be something like general agreement than on any other, and that is the proper limits of the province of government. There is a large and powerful section of the community which thinks the Government should do nothing for a man except help to keep him from being robbed. There is another which thinks it should regulate his drink, his hours of labor, the kind of labor he should pursue, and even lend him money at low rates of interest. The relations of capital and labor, of husbands and wives, are in every State in a condition of extreme disorder, and the discussion of them, so far from having as yet seriously engaged the attention of the mass of the people, is mainly confined to a few enthusiasts or a few demagogues—the latter doing all they can to darken counsel. The way they have begun to bid against each other of late, in diminishing the hours of labor, is a striking illustration of the way in which the subject has thus far been neglected by the bulk of rational men.

Last of all, there comes the tariff question. There is probably nothing before the public which comes home to men's "business and bosoms" as this does. The manner in which it will be settled affects the price of everything—everybody eats, drinks, and wears. It is not now settled, or anything like it. The protectionists are not satisfied with the present tariff, because, although it falls very little short of prohibition, it does not afford them, in many branches of industry, protection enough. The free-traders are hostile to it: first, on principle; and, secondly, because, besides increasing prices in the domestic market, it has so raised the cost of home production as to be killing our foreign trade. The great markets of the world, as was well illustrated by the late returns of the foreign commerce of China, are gradually passing into the possession of other nations.

Now, the question before politicians is, whether you can take the Republican organization, as it stands, and use it for the solution of all these questions? There are many reasons for desiring to use it for such work; and first amongst them is the fact that, as we have often remarked, it contains in its ranks nearly all the reformers, and people of reforming tastes and tendencies, to be found in the country. Indeed, one might roughly describe the distinction between the two great parties by saying that a Republican thinks the world needs a great deal of improvement, and that there is no comfort to be had in it without continual attempts to improve it; while the Democrat thinks it is, or was till the Republicans took charge of it, a perfectly satisfactory world, and that by letting things alone, and properly respecting the rights of liquor-dealers, more happiness can be got out of it than in any other way. But then, when you come to look facts in the face, and sit down, for instance, to draw a platform which shall command the adhesion of the Republican party about education, or the judiciary, or the tariff, or prohibition, or the civil service, or almost any other question now agitated, you feel at once that, powerful as it was on the question of equality before the law, it is not to be depended on for concerted action on any other. There is not a single problem of magnitude now ripe for discussion on which anybody who wants to keep the party together dare press it to declare itself. Many of the leaders know this perfectly well, and are accordingly trying to elevate some question not prominently before the public into factitious importance, so as to keep the ranks unbroken as long as possible. But, practically, this is about as sensible as trying to keep an army together by avoiding the enemy. The business of a party is not to exist simply and divide the offices, but to take positive and incessant action on a great variety of subjects.

Then there is another question which may be said to be dividing the party already, without any pressure from the outside, and that is, the question of the fitness of faithful rascals for important public offices. These gentlemen enjoy, owing to the war, a position such as they have never enjoyed before, inasmuch as service in the field or elsewhere, which many of them can boast, provides them with a kind of moral corset which gives them a most imposing "set-up," and enables them to make as good an appearance as if they had begun life as saints. People, too, have been very loth to poke them in the ribs, or otherwise call public attention to the fact that the corset was there, and the fine figure was a sham after all; and they have consequently had a run of good things during the last five or six years, such as has never fallen to the lot of men of their kind before, and probably never will again. But we believe we are right in saying that a large portion of the Republican party begins to tire of the spectacle of their elevation, and even begins to tire of the party discipline to which they owe it. Good men all over the country, who have worked in good causes all their lifetime,

are beginning to ask themselves seriously whether they have not voted the regular ticket, and overlooked the little black spots in the career of candidates, fully as long as is good for either their own souls or for the country. We see or hear from such men every day. Whatever policy the Republican party may adopt, they say some change or convulsion is necessary that will rid it of some of its most active "workers" and officers of all grades, and not a few of them are ready for anything that will bring this about.

THE PROSPECT IN FRANCE.

THE situation in France seems to become more and more interesting as the weeks roll by. The contest between the Liberals and the Emperor has since the elections been exceedingly dramatic; the plot full of startling incidents and surprises, and possessing one of the highest merits of plots, in that it has thus far given nobody the slightest inkling of what the *dénoûment* is to be. When the new Chamber was dissolved in the spring, although there were some bad signs for the Government, such as the election of M. Grévy, nevertheless there was no general expectation that the system of forcing official candidates on the electors, by means of official bribing and threatening, would work less well than it had always done; for besides the usual influence of official pressure on the minds of the peasantry, and the enormous number of the Government functionaries, the prefects have under the constitution the power of gerrymandering the election districts immediately before election. If, for instance, as at Bordeaux, the prefect has reason to believe that the vote in a particular district is likely to go against the Government, he can lop a piece of it off and stick it on to another, and add a piece from a third in place of the detached portion, so as to make a sure thing of the result; and this sort of work the prefects did, not as an American politician would do it, shamefacedly and with secrecy, but openly, proudly, and with the air of men who knew their duty, and were glad to let the world see that they would not shrink from it.

The result of the election at first sight, too, seemed favorable enough. The radical ranks, it is true, were swelled from about nineteen to forty; but, to all appearance, the Government could count positively on the remaining 253 members of the Corps. There was, it is true, something startling in the fact that in the Liberal districts there was an unlooked-for outburst of intense radical and, indeed, as it seemed, socialistic feeling. The old campaigners, like Favre, Simon, and Picard, who had borne the heat and burden of the day, came very near being repudiated by their own followers for lukewarmness, and the root-and-branch men rose high in popular favor. This frightened many people; but it at first reassured and even encouraged the Government. Was not the Emperor the saviour of society? did he not owe his elevation to the general dread of the socialists? and was not this fresh outbreak of socialist fervor a fresh proof that society still needed him?

When the Chamber met, however, it became plain that something had happened out of the usual course. In a single day it was evident that a new power had shown itself in France; that a new spirit had taken possession of the people; that, in short, personal government had broken down; and that the alternative, reform or revolution, was staring people in the face as it did in 1847. A new party, known as the "Tiers Parti," at once showed itself; and, to the number of 116—a large proportion of them deserters from the Imperial ranks—signed a paper calling on the Government to concede the responsibility of the Ministry, the independence of the Chamber, to abandon the power of making commercial and postal treaties and to declare war without its consent, and to abolish Article 75 of the Constitution, exempting functionaries from responsibility before the courts for their official acts; in short, to abolish personal government—the very essence of the Napoleonic system—and substitute parliamentary government, the perniciousness of which had always been a cardinal doctrine of the Napoleonic creed. To everybody's surprise, the Emperor gave way at once; the Ministry resigned, and a new one was formed; but what was suspicious about the surrender was, that though, on sound parliamentary principles, the "Tiers Parti" ought to have composed the new Ministry, not one of them was let into it. While they were grumbling and wondering over this, came a decree proroguing the Corps before the members had well taken their places, and convening the Senate, which is now sitting, to discuss and adopt the senatus-consultum which is to embody the new reforms. This was adding insult to injury; and the insult was aggravated in the eyes of the Opposition by the somewhat ludicrous circumstance that the first they heard of the prorogation was from M. Schneider, the President of the Chamber, who announced it not from the chair, but from his carriage-window in the street, round which a large number of members gathered when he drove up to the door.

Why the Emperor prorogued the Chamber was at first a great puzzle. Many were disposed to look on it as an act of defiance; but the majority at last settled down to the belief that the Emperor did it because he did not know what else to do. He was not prepared to face the fire of the Opposition debates while in the midst of a quandary, and with a new Ministry on his hands and still uncertain as to the aims or strength of the Opposition, so he resolved to stop their talking for a month or two while he was preparing his defence. The result has proved, in a most comical manner, that he was right. The "Tiers Parti" met again to draw up another address, or "interpellation," as they call it, to the Government, and fell to pieces at once. It was of course heterogeneous in its composition, and when it tried once more to put its united wishes and feelings on paper, in the shape of an address to the country, the various elements began to fight in a most lamentable way. The extreme radicals, or Left, as they are called, were for "going the whole hog," and exacting everything; the Left Centre were willing to be moderate and compromise; while the Centre was doubtful. The Right, of course, being composed of common Government hacks, put in by the prefects, counts for nothing in these troubles, and is paralyzed with fear. The establishment of parliamentary government would put an end to their political lives, and they know it, and are considerably abashed at finding that the Government is twice as liberal as they undertook to be on its behalf. There are in the Tiers Parti a dozen men who want to lead; but apparently not one is willing to serve, and the result has been complete disorganization at the very first meeting. Finding themselves unable to agree upon an address to the country, it was resolved that each member should address his own constituents in such manner as he thought fit, and on this they separated, but not without having exposed themselves to a good deal of ridicule on the part of the Government organs, one of which says that the country knows and cares nothing about them, and that they might as well be called Sou'sou'west or Nor'nor'east as Left or Left Centre, as far as it is concerned. The spectacle of their divisions, too, it must be admitted, is the best justification for the prorogation the Emperor could have—in his own eyes.

From the addresses of the members to their constituents—and notably from that of M. Keller, a noted and influential Catholic Conservative from the Rhine district—as well as from the articles in the Liberal papers, and especially from two very remarkable and instructive ones in the last *Revue des Deux Mondes*, from the pens of Saint-Marc Girardin and André Cochut, it is clear enough that the main body of French Liberals are willing to make peace with the present dynasty, on condition that personal government is definitively abandoned. M. Girardin, who is an old politician, who has seen, and indeed figured, in three revolutions, gives us an idea of the plan on which the moderates have apparently hit for enabling the Emperor to surrender without too great loss of dignity. Their theory is that universal suffrage took possession of the Government in 1848; that the exclusion by the National Assembly of about a third of the voters from the polls in 1850 was in reality a breach of faith, and a cause of great exasperation to the working-classes, and afforded Louis Napoleon a sort of plausible justification for the *coup d'état*; that after this a dictatorship was clearly necessary in the interest of public order and safety—as indeed it was after the Dixhuit Brumaire—but that a dictatorship is always a provisional and temporary remedy; that the great mistake of the First Napoleon was his conversion of it into a permanent form of government; that the dictatorship of 1851 has lasted as long as, and longer than, the public interests require it; that the people which acquiesced in it in 1851 refuses to acquiesce in it any longer; and that this being now plain to everybody, it will be the part of wisdom and of honor for the Emperor to

quit the provisional sphere and transform himself into a constitutional monarch. All seem agreed, however, that if he cannot make up his mind to this, his error will be followed by the same consequences as that of Napoleon I., Charles X., and Louis Philippe. The extreme men, and some moderates, on the other hand—Prévost-Paradol for one—deny that internal reforms can now save him, so great have been his transgressions, and that his only chance of safety is foreign war, and the wildest rumors as to his intentions are accordingly circulated and believed. Altogether, the scene is a striking and, in some respects, ludicrous illustration of the low condition to which the government of great men, and "men on horseback," and "wise rulers," and saviours of society has fallen in the modern world.

A WORD MORE ABOUT CHURCH AND STATE.

We are in the habit of talking as if there was something in our institutions which makes them essentially distinct from those of any country in Europe, the fact being that they are in most things a development of European ideas. We have contributed, however, to the science of politics one new element—the complete organic separation of the state and the church. Other nations of Christendom have tolerated different forms of religious belief, worship, and association; indeed, the principle of toleration seems now to be a favorite one in Europe; but in all cases there is a connection more or less intimate between the civil society and one or more ecclesiastical societies. The American idea goes far beyond any mere toleration. The state with us does not recognize the church as having any legal existence whatever, and places all religious associations upon the same level, by denying to them anything but a mere voluntary condition, a mere self-assumed status. It is somewhat difficult for one who, by study or by experience, has become familiar with the relations of the church to the state in England or in any other European country, to form an accurate conception of the relations—or rather absence of relations—which subsist between the same bodies in the United States. We fear that American politicians and even American courts have sometimes failed to appreciate the true position occupied by the ecclesiastical in the midst of the civil society, and have been unconsciously influenced by notions derived from an acquaintance with English precedents. The state does not recognize any church as a spiritual body; it regards the congregations of believers as mere voluntary associations, united from motives and for purposes of which it takes no cognizance; it treats the forms and ceremonies, the sacraments and vows, by which individuals are admitted within the spiritual pale, and the canons and rules by which they are governed while therein, as self-imposed, as having no legal binding force, and as capable of being broken or thrown off at pleasure without incurring any legal penalty; but it does admit the fact that property may be held by or in trust for these societies, and does protect the possession and use thereof to the same extent and for the same reasons as in the innumerable instances where the subject-matter of the ownership is entirely devoted to secular uses. Indeed, our law has broken down and utterly destroyed the distinction between religious and secular purposes. Church corporations are common in the United States—more so, perhaps, than in any other country—but they are not "religious corporations" in the English sense of the term; they are purely business associations; they differ in no respect, except in the objects for which they are created, from banks and railways. The members of such a body may all, perhaps, be members of the interior and spiritual body called the church, or, on the contrary, none of them may have been received into the mysteries of that higher association; but the American state does not trouble itself to enquire in regard to that matter. It sees only a legal, secular organization possessing land, edifices, funds, and will guard the property therein, and will enforce the trusts which have been created, in exactly the same manner as it would in the case of a college or hospital. But it is the very essence of the American theory that there is no legal ecclesiastical status, there is no legal right, in a person to be a member of or a clergyman in any particular church. If an individual, by complying with the provisions of the statutes, has become a corporator in a parish, his rights to vote and to take a part in the business of the body-politic will be secured to him by the civil tribunals. If a clergyman has been employed by the proper authority, whether trustees, vestry, or congregation, he will be treated as any other hired person, and may recover his wages upon the same legal principle as that which is invoked in the case of the humblest day-laborer.

Our law, however, confers no jurisdiction upon the courts to compel a bishop to lay hands in confirmation upon any applicant, or a session or congregation of believers to vote affirmatively when a person seeks admission to the spiritual body. When a candidate for the ministry has completed the prescribed or customary course of preliminary study, and exhibits the prescribed or customary amount of personal fitness, he cannot appeal to the judges or to the legislature to aid him in entering the ranks of the clergy, no matter how unjust or even malicious may be the acts of the church authorities in excluding him. This is equally true in respect to the methods of discipline by which the rules of government adopted by each ecclesiastical community are enforced, not even excepting the final processes of excommunication and deposition from the ministry. If the civil courts may under any circumstances interpose to prevent the expulsion of a member or the removal of a priest, it is only because the law clothes such membership or office with a legal character. But if it could do so—if the office of a member or priest were a legal status—then a person might demand to be admitted to it as well as to be retained in it. It is plain, then, that we must deny the latter power unless we are willing to admit the former. If an injunction is possible in the one case, a mandamus would be proper in the other. No doubt there may be some rights of property—or, rather, some capacities to acquire property—remotely affected by the action of church rulers in excommunicating a member or deposing a clergyman; but these rights and capacities all depend upon certain rules of a purely spiritual nature which have been voluntarily adopted and assented to—of which the law professes itself to be in utter ignorance, and with the administration of which it refuses to interfere.

But, in addition, no ecclesiastical discipline can have any *necessary* influence upon individual proprietary rights and capacities. The deposed minister cannot, it is true, officiate in any society which retains its connection with the church in question; but the congregation which had employed him may at any time dissolve that connection and retain him in his former position. They and he will be equally beyond the reach of any civil or spiritual penalties. This is the very essence of separation between church and state. Herein lies that perfect freedom of the church to act within its own peculiar sphere which is as dear to the American as the corresponding freedom of the state within the range of its proper functions. Any attempt of judges or legislators to control the proceedings of spiritual judicators is as much a violation of the American theory as would be any organized endeavor of the religious bodies to coerce the civil rulers. The recent and notable instance of such usurpation by a court in Chicago, on which we commented last week, ought to have called out a spontaneous and indignant rebuke from the press, secular and religious, instead of eliciting, as it did, an ill-concealed expression of approval if not of exultation from so many journals, especially from those which claim to be pre-eminently liberal in politics and religion. If the bishop and clerical assessors in one religious body may be restrained by an injunction, the sessions, presbyteries, and assemblies of a second denomination, and the congregations of another, are equally exposed to the same judicial interference. A bill in equity to prevent the contemplated union of the Old and New School Presbyterians would doubtless raise a violent storm of indignation in ecclesiastical circles; and yet the legal principle by which such a suit could be sustained is exactly the same as that which has been invoked in behalf of Mr. Cheney.

No argument is needed to convince any American that this principle of church and state freedom which has been incorporated into our fundamental law is the true one; that its practical workings are advantageous both to the civil and to the spiritual societies. It should be a source of gratification to us to see the Parliament of Great Britain adopting the same idea and applying it to a portion of the empire. It is surprising, therefore, that so many newspapers which represent the

Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States have united in lamenting the late action of the British legislature, as though a blow had been struck at the prosperity and usefulness, if not at the very life itself, of the same church in Ireland. We should have supposed that all American Episcopalians would rather have hailed this new measure with delight. The history of their own communion in this country should have taught them the good effects of ecclesiastical liberty, especially in the midst of a population strongly hostile. At the close of the Revolution, the Episcopal Church in the United States was in a condition of mere suspended animation. Its numbers had been very few during the colonial times; it was surrounded by other denominations strongly antagonistic to its doctrines, worship, and organization; it bore the odium of its former connection with the mother country, and of the political opinions of its clergy, most of whom had been violently opposed to the war for independence. In fact, it has not even yet recovered from the weight of unpopularity which rested upon it, for no other religious body is so constantly attacked by the secular newspapers and periodicals. But, notwithstanding all these disadvantages, it has prospered, and has grown in numbers and influence, to an extent which has surprised even its own adherents.

THE USURERS IN COURT.

The bankers and brokers who pleaded guilty to the charge of usury recently brought against them by the Grand Jury of the county, have received their sentence. It has not been an excessively severe one. A money fine, comparatively light for men of wealth, has healed the wounded majesty of the law. Eleven of the criminals pleaded guilty of usury. Nine were fined for the crime of usury with which they were charged, and which they had confessed. Two were sentenced to a fine for the crime of usury which they had confessed, and also to a term of confinement in the city prison for other crimes of which they had not been accused, for which they had not been tried, and of which they had not been convicted. Judge Cardozo forgot the discretion which he displayed in the rest of the sentence when he sought to inflict discriminating punishment on two of the criminals for crimes with which they were not charged, such as language defiant towards the policeman who arrested them, and especially when he accompanied its announcement with remarks that would have exposed a less exalted reputation to a faint suspicion of demagogy. This error—if so trifling a deviation from justice as punishing a man for a crime of which he has not been accused can be called an error—was, however, promptly and honorably acknowledged and amended. When the facts of the case were brought to the knowledge of the judge, after sentence had been passed, he suspended or entirely remitted the punishment by imprisonment, and the frightened criminals left the court, thanking their stars and Judge Cardozo for having got off so easily. Here, to the minds of thoughtless people, the interest in the usury trials ends. But to those who watch public affairs with a view to future developments from present events, the real interest in these usury trials only begins. It is worth while to divest the questions involved of the surrounding complications that hide their real significance.

Public sentiment is against the usurers, because the public believes that the men who received usurious rates of interest were the same men as those who created the stringency in the money market which proved so injurious to business throughout the country. Nothing could be further from the truth. There was not only no connection between the two, but there was positive antagonism. The men who created the stringency—who locked up money, as the phrase goes—are perfectly well known. One or two second-class national-bank presidents, the robber-barons of the so-called Erie clique, with one or two large "bear" speculators and their brokers and hangers-on—these were the creators of the lock-up. They were fighting the Vanderbilt clique—the men who believe that Mr. Vanderbilt's administration will make the shares of the different railroads with which he is identified more valuable than they are even now. The Erie clique wanted to make the Vanderbilt men sell their stocks, and for that purpose created the stringency. They accomplished it by not lending their own money at all, and by inducing their friends and colleagues to withhold theirs. These men were not the usurers, as the public seems to think; these men sought to prevent their opponents from getting money on *any* terms, and would not lend their own money at any price. The public indignation against them is just enough—their combinations to lock up money are injurious to public welfare, and utterly subversive of individual and public morality; but the public must not confound the men who created the monetary stringency with the men who sought to reap a well-earned reward for their efforts to relieve it. The men who created the stringency did so by *not* lending their money, and by inducing their friends to withhold theirs. The men who have been punished for usury were those who not only *did* lend their own money, but who went to great labor and expense to bring other people's money from all accessible points so as to lend it. It was they who called upon merchants, up-town and down-town, on private capitalists and retired business men, to gather whatever idle balances could be found; it was they who sent their messengers to Brooklyn and Newark and the river towns, and who telegraphed to Boston and Philadelphia, and Baltimore and Washington, and brought together all the money that could be spared in any quarter; it was they who strained their credit with foreign bankers to obtain advances not usually granted. To class these men with the originators of the lock-up is simply absurd. They were the worst enemies of the men engaged in making money scarce, for their efforts were constantly tending to make it plenty. And to suppose that business men would do this work from charity, or from love of their fellow-men, is, if possible, more absurd still. They obtained a liberal remuneration. They deserved it. They did not even have to ask for it. The leading borrowers habitually sought those brokers and bankers who were known or supposed to hold loanable funds, and obtained, as an act of friendship, the use of large sums, stipulating, of their own accord, that they would pay the highest rates of interest paid by any one. The smallest brokers were eagerly besought by leading houses to send in their balances, however small, at the highest rates of the day; and even on such terms loans were accepted in the light of favors. To make a crime of the services of men who strained every nerve to remedy a grave public evil, is one of those intolerable perversions of public sentiment which disgust the most sanguine. The only excuse that thinking men were able to give for the sudden forced revival of a barbarous and obsolete usury law was, that it could be distorted into a means of punishing the gamblers who disturbed the community by creating an artificial stringency in the money market; and forthwith the resuscitated law is applied, to the grim delight of the gamblers aforesaid, to punish the very men who had done everything in their power to alleviate the mischief complained of.

In the same mistaken way the public sympathizes with the efficient prosecuting attorney and the public-spirited grand jury that so cleverly and perseveringly brought the criminals to grief. But how is it that, throughout all the proceedings, no complainant has ever appeared? Can it be that the original complainant was ashamed of his position? Can it be that the complainant was one of the leading men of the Vanderbilt party who, day after day, borrowed large amounts of money from the men accused of usury, with the understanding that he accepted the loan as a favor, and expected to pay the highest rates of the day therefor? Can it be that the complainant did not even personally appear, but employed legal counsel to convince the officials of the justice, the necessity, the legality of the proceedings? Or can it be that the immaculate grand jury, not one of whom, from the foreman down, was ever guilty of usury, could not basely endure the wickedness they had to witness daily, but began proceedings of their own accord? There is evidently a mystery here. We have some opinions in regard to the natural depravity of man which make us doubtful if the pure souls of the grand jury were stirred to action by their own spontaneous impulses. With our experience of the *vis inertiæ* of official bodies, we are amazed at the energy of the district attorney. It is a remarkable fact that, within a few days past, brokers in Wall and Broad Street who are known to have been large borrowers of money during the tight times, have been informed that they were expected to pay up promptly their share of the expenses of the usury proceedings. What, in all the world, is the nature of these expenses? The sum demanded is not large enough for purposes of bribery, and,

of course, all ordinary expenses of the trial are borne by the State. This money can only have been used to pay the legal counsel and other persons employed to "lobby" judge, jury, and attorney. This, then, is the motive-power at bottom of the proceedings: a regularly organized and paid "lobby" of men, who (of course, impudently and falsely) pretend that they can influence a jury to frame an indictment, or an attorney to commence a prosecution, or a judge to give a verdict. How long even the spotless purity of our grand juries and our lower courts will be able to withstand the onslaughts of an organized lobby is very doubtful, and we cannot but note its introduction into our judicial system as a novelty of the most dangerous sort. The subject is too painful to pursue in this direction; but who will hereafter praise the watchfulness of a grand jury, or the efficiency of a district-attorney, while there is a possibility that they are merely unconscious instruments in the service of a set of unscrupulous gamblers? How is it, too, that, of fifty or more indictments said to have been found, only eleven were brought to trial? How is it, too, that every one of the accused, with most remarkable unanimity, pleaded guilty, well knowing themselves innocent? Was any hint conveyed to their counsel that it was best for them to do so? Was any promise held out to them that they would be leniently dealt with if they would only not force a trial?

A FEW REMARKS ON INSULTS.

Why was it that during the earlier ages of mankind the man who received an insult was in the habit of retaliating in kind? Why was it his custom, if questions were raised by his enemy as to his honor, his personal beauty, or his paternity, to retort by raising doubts equally damaging as to the paternity, the personal beauty, or the honor of his enemy? Charles Reade asserts in one of his earlier books that the methods of retort have always been the same in all ages, and that those methods come under three categories—*tu quoque, tu mentiris,* and *vos damnemini.* We should have said that the matter was not quite so simple as this, and that the number of the possible classifications of retorts is only to be measured by the number of possible classifications of insults. This view would seem to be borne out by certain facts which we might adduce, as, for instance, the custom of Iceland—under which the person who considers himself insulted is allowed to call his insulter out to a combat of words in some public place; about the contestants gather their respective friends and admirers and a general throng of citizens, and when the appointed moment arrives one of the principals pours forth a torrent of abuse, thoroughly exposing the private character and life of his opponent, who follows with a reply which as completely does the business on his side. Then follows the replication, and after that the rejoinder and sur-rejoinder and rebutter and sur-rebutter, and whatever other additional forms are known to Icelandic law. Now, we can hardly imagine so carefully organized a system as this without imagining more possibilities at its base than the meagre scheme of the English novelist supplies. But however this may be, why was it that down to the fall of the Roman Empire custom permitted orators and poets and statesmen and, no doubt, every one else to insult to the right and left those with whom they quarrelled, without danger of violence, while the customs which sprang up with the rise of chivalry and feudalism produced a state of society in which the man who did not resent an insult by some kind of personal violence became *ipso facto* dishonored? And why is it that in the society of the nineteenth century a man who does resent an insult by means of personal violence is dubbed by society a fool?

The other day Dr. Mackey, Collector of the port of Charleston, was superseded by Mr. George W. Clark. As soon as the latter appeared on the scene, and demanded the keys of the Custom-house, Dr. Mackey, with Icelandic inventiveness, vituperated his successor as a "third-rate sutler," and declared that it was his intention to retain possession of the office until he should have protected the interests of the United States against the felonious designs of this same successor by taking an inventory of all the public property, and receiving a receipt. Now, if Mr. Clark had been a Roman of the Ciceronian epoch, he would undoubtedly have felt called upon to let Dr. Mackey know what his opinion of *him* was. He would have reminded him of his early life, the sorrow he had been to his parents, the prophecies of his ruin that were uttered with no reforming effect by the sages of his native town: then passing to his subsequent career, he would have pointed out the various schemes of villany in which the late collector had been engaged—his burning of churches, his robbing of provinces, the amounts of plunder received by him; then taunting him with the memory of the sums he had aimed at, but had failed to secure, he would have finally wound up by passing to the consideration of his latter end, and the prediction of a miserable old age and neglected grave. On the other hand, had Mr. Clark been a Middle-Age Christian gentleman, he would have quietly informed the Doctor "where he could be found," and immediately placed the affair in the hands of a trusty friend. One of the two collectors would probably have been killed or disabled, and the Government relieved of all difficulty as between them. But Mr. Clark was, as our readers know, neither a Roman nor a feudal knight; and being neither more nor less than a progressive politician of the nineteenth century and these United States, mark well what he does. All the accounts agree that he smiles! He receives his predecessor's insults with silence, indifference, and even sweetness. He wins the day—he not only gets possession of the office, but receives the sympathy and applause of all the progressive newspapers and men throughout the country. If he had behaved in this way a hundred years ago, he would have reaped as his reward the scorn of his fellow-citizens and of society at large.

The records of the Boston Police Court have recently furnished an instance of the same sort of coolness. A certain Mr Churchill (again, we believe we violate no confidence in saying it, a progressive man), coming into a railway car very nearly full, sees before him two seats turned over toward one another, and three gentlemen sitting therein. He enquires if the fourth seat is engaged, and, finding that it is, immediately takes it, saying, as one of the witnesses testified, in an incredulous manner, that he would keep it until the gentleman came for it. And now begins a controversy with one of the three gentlemen, a certain Mr. Curtis, as to the amount of personal baggage which a passenger is entitled to place about his person when he is sitting in the same seat with another passenger, the remarks of Mr. Curtis being, according to one version, insulting—according to another, "polite, but somewhat pointed." At any rate, when the fourth gentleman, for whom the seat has been reserved, appears, Mr. Churchill rises to leave the scene of the dispute, telling Mr Curtis, "in a low tone," that if he had ever seen a gentleman, Mr. Curtis cannot with justice be called one. To this "somewhat pointed" remark the latter replies by doing what he himself has since described on the witness-stand as "taking hold of his nose and turning it in a moderate and quiet manner." We pause here for a moment, and consider what, in another age, the person so attacked would have done; afterwards, let us proceed to the consideration of what Mr. Churchill actually did do.

The position which the nose has occupied ever since the capture of Constantinople by the Turks as an instrument of revenge, would offer to the philosopher a various and interesting subject of study. The fact is of course undoubted, but the explanation has never been given. The prominence of the feature in question furnished a partial but not a complete solution of the problem. *A priori,* we should be inclined to think that the peculiar sense of indignity which even the most moderate and quiet "turning" has till lately been supposed to generate in noble minds, was caused by some original instinct, implanted in the human breast by Providence for its own good purposes. But then, if that were so, we should expect to find in the history of Greece and Rome, and the earlier Eastern nations, some trace of the existence of that instinct. And yet there are no recorded instances of its manifestations. To be sure, this may be explained by saying that in those early days the simplicity of mankind had as yet prevented them from discovering what a wealth of insulting revenge the organ in question brought, as one may say, within every one's reach. Of course, there must have been a time when it first occurred to some one to pull the nose of some one else. But the whole subject is involved in obscurity, which we are unable to fathom. At some future day we may return to it. For the present, we merely call attention to the fact that from the destruction of the Eastern Empire down to the fall of Richmond, the man who had his nose pulled was always regarded as affording to the disinterested spectator a ridiculous spectacle, and that he who succeeded in pulling the nose of another was always regarded as one who had succeeded in trampling under foot the tenderest feelings of humanity. Had Mr. Churchill been an aristocrat of the feudal period, under the circumstances in which he now found himself he would have drawn his sword and run his adversary through, or got himself run through. Had he been a Roman, we are unable to say what he would have done, because, as we have already suggested, the method of revenge adopted by Mr. Curtis was unknown to the Romans; but undoubtedly something terrible should have

taken place. Being, however, a very different character from either Roman or aristocrat—being, in fact, an altogether new kind of man; that is, the "modern man"—he adopted a very different course from the effete practices of a bygone time. As soon as he felt that the deed was accomplishing itself, he turned upon his foe and remonstrated with him for using violence in the presence of ladies. It is true that, according to one version, he aimed a blow at Mr. Curtis's head. But, according to his own testimony, the line of defence adopted against the most direct insult which the ingenuity of man has yet discovered, was that of Christian expostulation.

There are those who say that this meekness may be explained by the assumption that a truly progressive man does not know when he is insulted; or, in other words, that you *cannot* insult a truly progressive man. Let us say here, by the way, that our conviction that Mr. Churchill is a truly progressive man arises from two facts proved subsequently on the witness-stand: first, the fact, already mentioned, of his taking a vacant seat immediately on receiving information that it was engaged; and, secondly, his Christian demeanor when taken hold of by Mr. Curtis—determination, combined with meekness, being the characteristic trait, as all our readers will admit, of the truly progressive. Yet this explanation will hardly answer, for it is after all only stating the difficulty in another form. Why is it that the really spiritually radical are impervious to insult? For it is only the radical. The aristocrat of to-day, whether impetuous Southern or calm Northern blood flows in his veins, is just as sensitive as he ever was. Witness the revenge taken upon Mr. Grenville Murray in England by Lord Carrington. Mr. Murray had merely published a few "reflections" on Lord Carrington's father—such as a dozen progressive papers in this metropolis of ours are publishing every day—on which Lord Carrington straightway seeks out Mr. Grenville Murray and thrashes him. And in France, where the traditions of aristocracy still hold, the duello is invariably resorted to as the only means of wiping out editorial insults. How interesting it would have been, in view of these facts, if Tocqueville could have devoted a small portion of his great work to the discussion of the Influence of Democracy on Sensibility to Insult! For it may well be argued that the insensibility of which we see so many instances about us is the result of equality of condition. "In a society," if we may imagine what Tocqueville would have said on this subject,—"in a society in which a few men are placed above the rest, and look down as from a vast height upon their fellows, the isolation of their position breeds a feeling of superiority which we commonly call pride. There grow up two codes: one, a code of equality, arranged to meet the needs of the aristocracy in the relations of its members to one another; the other, a code of superiority, arranged to meet the necessities of the relation of lord and villein. If, now, one of the dominant class infringes the code of equality by using methods of treatment among those of his own class which he had only the recognized right to use towards his inferiors, his equals feel that he does this because he wishes to imply that they are really beneath him, and that he has the right to treat them as if they belonged to the lower order. What deadlier wrong could he do than this? Aristocrats are treated as if they belonged to 'the people!'—in other words, they are insulted. On the other hand, in democracies there is no room for such feelings to arise. When each man considers himself as good as his neighbor, and there is one code of manners common to all, it is impossible that insults should be felt as they are in countries where they imply an *attempt to degrade*. All now are on one level; there is no inferior class into which submission to degradation would lower a man. Consequently, insults are felt to be mere words, and beneath notice. Insensibility to insult grows up, and what was in former times regarded as grievous insolence, is received at length with indifference or contempt. And it is soon found that insults can be returned with great ease—a discovery which generates the really democratic practice of 'an equal chance.' When each man has an equal chance to insult with every other, he can no longer complain that he is defrauded of any substantial right."

Correspondence.

THE INFLUENCE OF SEX ON CHARACTER.

To the Editor of the Nation:

Sir: In a review of Mr. Mill's "Subjection of Women," you suggest a possible weakness in his argument, because he affirms that the only way of getting at a knowledge of the present difference between the two sexes is by means of "an analytic study of the laws of the influence of circumstances on character," a work which you truly say is "in its nature almost impossible of accomplishment." But the point that Mr. Mill intends to make, I think, is this: that while this study is possible to a certain extent, as has been repeatedly proved in the case of men, it has never been attempted in the case of women; and not only so, but "even the preliminary knowledge, what the differences between the sexes now are, apart from all questions as to how they are made what they are, is still in the crudest and most incomplete state." And he goes on to show that the reason why this preliminary knowledge is wanting, is that these circumstances, always so powerful in moulding character, have actually sealed the lips of woman herself, the only competent witness in the case.

And herein, I conceive, lie the originality and force of his whole argument. In the case of men, their functions and occupations are generally of their own choice and bear a certain relation to the public, while their own interest and the demands of society are continually inviting them to the fullest assertion of themselves in all directions. The precise opposite of this has been true in the case of women, and not until they have for a long time lived under similar circumstances of entire freedom and invitation to self-assertion can their real nature be fairly estimated.

There is no proposition in the whole book to which thoughtful women will more fully respond than to this; and those of them who, in self-sacrificing devotion to the well-being of the race, have ventured to brave public sentiment in advance of their time, can testify to the existence of a deep-rooted prejudice against every assumption by woman of any function which brings her as an independent and thoughtful and self-asserting being before the public.

In the State of New York there lives to-day a finely-educated and cultivated woman, who, with one fellow-worker of her own sex, has obtained an entire alteration of the laws of the State with regard to the rights of married women to their property and their children, securing to them in great part that justice which is still withheld in most of the States of the Union. But who has ever counted the cost to her of this so great gain to all her sex, or dreamed of the self-renunciations by the way? To be counted a "coarse, obstreperous woman, with whom sensible wives and mothers can have no sympathy," and to be publicly stigmatized by press and pulpit, has been the least of her trials; that her children, to whom she has always been a most exemplary and faithful mother, should have been thus cruelly wounded through her, one may easily understand, has been the bitterest drop in a bitter cup.

I do not see that Mr. Mill makes any positive assertion of the "equality of woman with man in capacity," and few women care to settle that question at present. They simply claim with Mr. Mill that no restriction should be placed on the full play of her faculties and the free enjoyment of her rights. When this has been conceded for a hundred years or so, it will be in order to make comparisons, but not before.

In closing, you say woman's present position "cannot be really and permanently improved without treating her maternal function as her principal and highest one, while making ample provision for the happiness and activity of all those who are prevented by either inclination or fortune from undertaking it, or who are conscious of the possession of gifts of more value to society and the owner in other departments than that of rearing or educating children."

Nothing truer than this was ever uttered on this question, and there is no mother in the land who will not respond Amen and amen. This is the foundation underlying the whole appeal for suffrage. Give us, say the mothers, the right to protect ourselves and our children—we ask nothing more; we shall be satisfied with nothing less. And how reasonable is this asking may be inferred from a consideration of the nature of the female sex, whether among the lower animals or mankind. The highest instinct of this order of beings is that of desire for offspring and the affection which protects and nurtures it. Unconsciousness of self, devotion to her young, is the token of motherhood from the tiniest bird in the nest to the savage lioness of the wilderness: the tender grief of the one and the fierce rage of the other over her despoiled home are matters of history since time began, and in them both are typified the true nature of the diviner mother—of her whom God created in his own image.

If this be so, some one may ask, why has woman so long consented to her own subjection? and the answer is plain. During the long, dreary reign of force, she herself needed protection in her function of maternity, and, with that utter unconsciousness of self which is essential to the true mother, she accepted with thankfulness the protection of the strong arm and powerful will of man, little heeding that she was all the while forging chains for herself. Hence it is that she is emerging at last from

this personal subjection a truly noble being; defective, it is true, as all partially developed natures must ever be, but with the crown of unselfishness upon her brow.

What saith the Master upon this point? "He that is greatest among you, let him be servant of all." "Except ye be converted, and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven." Who has ever fulfilled these conditions of humility as the mothers of the human family?—and by this token the world has consented to their crowning.

But in the fulness of time it has come to pass in all civilized lands that power belongeth unto the active brain, and no longer resides in the strong right arm; and these mothers, rejoicing in this millennium of peace, and considering in their heart of hearts the welfare of their children, discover that they themselves have not been duly considered in the organization of the state and the customs of society, and that they are thus shorn of power to protect either themselves or those dearest to them. They find, too, that not only have they and their daughters been set aside in the economy of affairs, to the cramping and belittling of their intellects, but that fathers and sons have lost ground morally by this long assumption of power, till they no longer entertain the idea of managing either the family or the state on the Christian plan of truth, justice, and love, but are drifting hither and thither on the waves of moral and political expediency. By their very instinct of motherhood, then, they are moved to stretch out a saving and reclaiming hand, and to offer whatever of wisdom and moral strength they may have gained in the sanctuary of home for the help of all. And that they are not aroused a moment too soon is apparent on every hand. How deeply wrought into the mind of every young boy is the sense of his supremacy—of superiority of some sort over the mother who bore him and the whole order of beings whom she represents! How ineradicable in the young girl the idea that she has no power of self-maintenance, but must look to another for food and raiment and the guidance of her daily life!

To my mind there is but one remedy for so serious defects in both sexes. Our daughters must be trained to large responsibilities both in the family and the state, that they may no longer be borne down by a sense of inferiority and subjection, and our sons must be taught to accept as sharers of their political power and responsibilities those whom they have so long, to their own great loss, looked upon only as dependents, or as helpers and associates only in the narrow limits of domestic life.

Let us discriminate. A woman with fine brain carefully disciplined by study and early assumption of all human responsibilities, of rich physical development, the result of intelligent exercise of every bodily function, will be no less a wise and happy mother than if she were cramped in soul and body by a humiliating dependence upon man. And a man who has from youth up associated with such women on terms of perfect equality will be no less a wise father and a good citizen that he has acquired thereby the feminine virtues of personal purity and self-abnegation.

You will perceive, then, that in my view sex does influence character most seriously, but not in the way to make a state of subjection in accordance with the higher nature of woman; on the contrary, to *protect* is her divine mission, and to *command obedience* through the power of a great love. The comparison of "a woman's position and that of other subject classes" is therefore eminently fair to my mind, or lacks fairness only because, whatever else her sex may indicate, there is not in her own consciousness a suggestion of fitness for subjection other than that commanded by the Apostle Peter, "Yea, all of you be subject one to another, and be clothed with humility."

ISABELLA B. HOOKER.

[Mr. Mill says the difference between men and women is no greater than the difference between patrician and (male) plebeian or seigneur and (male) serf would have been had the plebeian and serf been educated as woman has been. This is certainly an assertion of equality of capacity in the sexes.—ED. NATION.]

Notes.

LITERARY.

MESSRS. LEE & SHEPARD, it is known to our readers, have in preparation a complete edition of the "Works of Charles Sumner." The first volume is nearly ready, and contains matter that takes us back to 1845, before Mr. Sumner was known outside of Cambridge and Boston. The first article in the book is to be the essay or oration on "The True Grandeur of Nations," which was delivered in 1845 on the Fourth of July, and praised peace, if we remember, and made a comparison, which got into all the school-books, between the cost of supporting a college and supporting the line-of-battle ship *Pennsylvania*, which was then aground on her own beef-bones—and training seamen, let us hope, for Farragut and Foote. Other speeches and articles—reminding one of Faneuil Hall and the columns of the old Boston *Advertiser*, and of "the wrongful annexation of Texas," and of the Mexican war, when Hosea Biglow began to delight the faithful and disgust Caleb Cushing and "The Unterrified," and of the beginning of anti-slavery in Massachusetts, and of the Phi Beta Kappa Society, and other ancient events and people that caused much speechifying in their day—bring us down to the twelfth title of the first volume, namely, "White Slavery in the Barbary States," which is "a lecture delivered before the Boston Mercantile Library Association in the Tremont Temple" in the winter of 1847. On the whole, we may expect to find the next volume, or the next but one, of rather more interest than this one. The last of the series is to contain a life of the Senator, we believe.——Messrs. Little, Brown & Co. announce the fourth volume of Mr. Francis Parkman's set of works relating to American colonial times. "The Discovery of the Great West" is the title of it, and it embraces the exploits of the first European explorers of the Valley of the Mississippi, the efforts of the French to secure for themselves the whole interior of the continent, and the life and projects of Le Salle, and his violent death. The work is founded entirely on contemporary documents, and how the superstructure is built no one needs to be told who knows Mr. Parkman's "Conspiracy of Pontiac," "Pioneers of France in the New World," and "Jesuits in North America."

—Messrs. Hurd & Houghton are out with their autumn announcements, which include some very attractive and some valuable works. They will publish, in one volume octavo, Mr. James Jackson Jarves's "Art Thoughts; being the Observations and Experiences of an American Amateur in Europe." We have mentioned before, we believe, the "Contributions Relating to the Surgery of the War"—which, published at the order of the Sanitary Commission, is to be edited by Dr. F. H. Hamilton. The hygienic and practical aspects of our military surgery are those which Dr. Hamilton has kept in view. "The Heart of the Continent" is by Mr. Fitz-Hugh Ludlow, and describes a journey to Oregon across the Plains. "A Chaplet of Leaves," by Jeanie T. Gould, may be poetical or botanical; "Among the Trees," by Mary Lorimer, is very likely both—being "a journal of walks in the woods and flower-hunting by field and brook." "Concerts and Caprices" is from the French of "Bluertes et Boulardes," and will appear in what is known as the "bijou" form. Mrs. Emma C. Embury's poems, now first collected; Mr. William Wilson's, edited by Mr. B. J. Lossing; and a "Lady of the Lake" illustrated by Darley—are all the poetry that we observe in Messrs. Hurd & Houghton's list, unless we except "Hymns for all Christians," containing "the cream of hymnology," skimmed off, as our ancestors would once have said, by Dr. Charles F. Deems and Miss Phœbe Cary. It is designed to take only hymns which have always, since they were known, been universally acceptable to the church in general. Possibly, among the verses, we ought to put Mr. Edward Hopper's "Old Horse Gray;" for the catalogue which we have received is not seldom indefinite in its descriptions, as is apt to be the case with American catalogues. "An American Family in Paris" seems to be partly of the nature of a book of travels and partly of the nature of an illustrated guide-book. The number of Messrs. Hurd & Houghton's "juveniles" is not very large, but it seems to contain several good ones. "Two Lives in One," by Vieux Moustache; "White and Red," a personal narrative of life among our Northwestern Indians, by Mrs. Helen C. Weeks; "William Gay, or Play for Boys," by Mr. Jacob Abbott; "Ting-a-Ling," a fairy tale, by Mr. F. R. Stockton; "Country Sports and Scenes"—which is twelve illustrations by Mr. Herrick, accompanied by descriptive letterpress; a complete revised edition of "Mother Goose's Melodies," illustrated by Mr. H. L. Stephens and Mr. Gaston Fay, who does the ten smaller designs while Mr. Stephens does the eighteen full-page pictures; "Stories from my Attic," by the author of "Dream Children;" "A Little Boy's Story," translated from the French of Julie Gouraud by "Howard Glyndon;" "Dame Nature," from the French of X. B. Saintine, and—the best at the last—two volumes by Hans Christian Andersen, with revised translation and new pictures, in addition to some of the popular German ones. The "Wonder Stories told for Children" are contained complete, and now first complete in English in the one volume, and "Stories and Tales" likewise now first complete—in the other. Besides these, we are

to have for older readers the same author's "Improvisatore" and "Two Baronesses." An early specimen of the former which we have seen promises a very handsome series—to consist in all, we believe, of eight volumes.

—Some months since the Prison Association of this State sent out to various sociologists—such as Mr. F. B. Sanborn and M. Bonneville de Marsangy; to various men—such as Warden Haynes and Sir Walter Crofton—skilled in the practical management of prisons; to various officials—such as Governors of States and Commissioners of Public Boards of Charities—a circular containing two resolutions, to the effect that it is expedient to hold an International Congress on Prison Discipline, which shall be composed of delegates commissioned by the several States of the Union, by the Dominion of Canada, and the governments of Europe. A great many replies have been received by Dr. Wines, the corresponding secretary of the New York Prison Association, and all of them but two have been very favorable, and only one of them opposes the project. That the result would be valuable we make no doubt. Such a Congress would, as some of the correspondents suggest, do great good if only by attracting the attention of the people, and thus assisting those who have been trying to enlighten public opinion. Let the Governor of the State of New York, for instance, appoint a commissioner who should be capable of intelligently reducing the voluminous reports with which such a Congress would no doubt cover itself up from the popular eye, and who should be able to make a brief, plain, weighty report of his own, which a St. Lawrence County legislator could understand, and ten years from now we should not have a grand jury in all the State that would think of proposing, as our Bedford grand jury did the other day, a return to the cat, strait-jacket, and shower-bath as the normal instruments of turning prisons into reformatories. The mere expense to society of operating a system which supposes the dangerous exceptional cases, the costly cases, to be the cases which should furnish the general rule of management, is alone a condemnation of such a theory, which, however, is moribund, and on which it would hardly be worth while to expend words, if it were not that such things die slowly, and that it is for everybody's interest, the taxpayer's as well as the moral reformer's, that it should die at once. Our Bedford grand jury, by the way, proposed a return to the cat in a prison which has long been the prey of politicians, who have made it a burden to the State and a storehouse of future criminals, and who are themselves so rascally in all ways, that one of its honest officials declared not long ago that he believed it was only out of consideration for the comparative decency of the criminals that God did not destroy the building with fire out of heaven. Presumably the cat is not of necessity the only choice to which we are restricted in this case.

—The hasty drawing of right conclusions ought to be almost as displeasing to the strictly scientific mind as the hasty drawing of wrong ones. At the least, it always gives a little shock to the observer of it to see the scientific man making haste to conclusions, and getting heated by the way, as he often does—oftener of late years, since the men of science become so excellently well satisfied with themselves that one is almost minded to pity their arrogant ancient opponents. It is bad to be a Scotch elder demonstrating that from all we know of the nature of the Adversary of Souls, and from all we know of Genesis, nothing is more probable than that fossil remains, stone implements, lake dwellings, and the like, may have been fabricated in hell, and scattered up and down the world by devils out of spite toward the cosmogony revealed to us in the Scriptures, and out of envy at the prospect of fallen man's future glory. But if this is bad, neither is it good to be an epigrammatic geologist, pouring contempt on mathematicians for daring to offer remarks on the physical sciences; nor to be a mathematician, in a rage with the geologists; nor to be some other scientist, demolishing the feeble theories of all other scientists, till at last, if we want any "sweetness and light," it is to the poor, despised transcendentalist that we are almost forced to turn. These remarks are suggested by an article on the "Rochester Knockings" in the last number of Dr. Hammond's *Journal of Psychological Medicine;* but they were only suggested, and are not offered as being at all fully applicable to that essay, which is good-tempered, and which reaches its immediate conclusions by slow and plain steps. But suppose the Rochester knockings were a humbug, the inference that spiritualism generally is a delusion does not follow of necessity, and might better have been spared. We are not going to deny that, so far as we know about it, spiritualism is "unimportant if true;" but to say that some of the phenomena are not as yet inexplicable—or, at all events, unexplained—seems to us to be going against a vast deal of evidence of the highest class, which we never should think of rejecting if it were offered about an ordinary matter. Some of it, too, is evidence from what the Spiritualists call "sceptics," and hardened ones at that; and the cloud of witnesses is great. Probably every man in the country knows some perfectly honest relative or friend—and a good many thousand men know some friend perfectly honest and of high intelligence, and of a sceptical turn—who has seen dozens of things done at private *séances* which would not be explained even though we accepted in its fulness Dr. Flint's explanation of what happened in Rochester eighteen years ago. Another noticeable article in this number of the *Journal* is a translation by Dr. Dunster of an essay from *Le Correspondant*, which makes a presentation and a critique of Virchow's and Claude Bernard's doctrines in regard to the nature of life. A clever article, and one adapted to popular comprehension, is Dr. H. B. Baker's "Thought as a Form of Force." Then there is an essay—not too close to the subject—on "Pleasure;" two or three strictly technical articles—one of them by Dr. Jeffries Wyman; a good many pages devoted to the usual reviews of medical works; and the "Chronicle," devoted to the physiology and pathology of the brain and nervous system, and to medical jurisprudence. We may, perhaps, again refer to the "Project of a Law Relating to the Insane," which was drawn up after a great deal of discussion by the superintendents of asylums at their late meeting, and which is worth the attention of lawyers and physicians.

—The smallness of the classes in the Divinity School of Harvard University has for some time been a source of regret on the part of the Unitarian community in all its branches, from the evangelical branch away over to the liberally eclectic. And this partly, we suppose, because each "liberal Christian," knowing that the course of instruction affords very great scope for independent study and thought, unbiassed either by instructors or text-books, believes, as he is bound to believe, that a course of study in the school is quite as likely to give him converts as to give them to any other of his Unitarian co-religionists. The course certainly does afford free scope; and seems rather to offer the opportunity for critical scholarship in theology, ancient and modern, than to propose the teaching of dogmas of any kind. As the constitution of the school declares, it is the purpose of the institution to give every encouragement to the serious, unbiassed, and impartial investigation of Christian truth, without requiring from instructors or pupils any assent to the peculiarities of any denomination of Christians. In another respect, the school has a liberal air, and that is in the large provision which appears to be made for lightening the pecuniary burdens borne by the student. The Hopkins Fund is divided among six students, and gives to each of them three hundred and fifty dollars, or thereabouts. "The annual income of the other funds," we are told, "will allow about $200 to each beneficiary, according to the number of applicants"—a statement which is not very definite; but, doubtless, the fact is that the whole number of students is expected to be so small that no probable number of beneficiaries will be able to reduce the share each one may get. In addition to all this, assurance is given that in special cases assistance can in all probability be got from other sources, so as "to enable the most necessitous to defray the estimated expenses." Class-books are lent to scholars who cannot afford to purchase. The sum of about three hundred dollars covers the necessary expenses of a year, both those for rent and tuition and for board. The conditions of admission are easy. Bachelors and Masters of Arts are admitted without examination; all others after an examination in rhetoric, mental and moral philosophy, and the ordinary branches of an English education. The studies in which one must pass a satisfactory examination include Hebrew, Greek, Latin, and German, Church History, History of Ethnic Religious Literature, the Exegesis of the Bible History, the Grounds of Opinion in Natural Theology and Christian Doctrine, and the other usual studies of a theological seminary.

—To excite public interest in the "physical character, the languages, the civilization, and the religions of the various peoples" under the dominion of Great Britain, the London Ethnological Society has determined on holding a series of meetings, at which each one of the British possessions shall be taken up and described in turn. A beginning has already been made in the case of India, whose ethnology and archæology are treated of in several instructive papers that quite fill the Society's *Journal* for July, leaving more yet to come. One of these, by Major Fosberry, "On Some of the Mountain Tribes of the North-West Frontier," appears to have been suggested by the author's apprehension of a Central-Asian collision between Russia and Britain, and takes the position that "these mountains are our national frontier and defence; these tribes are those who ought to be, not merely neutral spectators of what is to follow,

but heart and soul our allies offensive and defensive. At this moment it is but the dread of some fresh imbroglio that keeps their hands from our property, and their swords from our throats." These people, who might possibly thus hold the balance of power in case of an invasion of the British rule, are highly complimented in the sequel for bravery and other manly qualities. A small portion of them, who live on the lower hills, resort to plunder for subsistence, and even "pass the new-born infant through a hole dug in the wall of the dwelling, saying over him three times, *Ghal Shab*, or, Be a thief. It is they who, being at one time in difficulties, owing to their having no shrine of their own, and being unwelcome at those of others, lay in wait for a holy man proceeding to Cabul, murdered him in the Khyber, buried him in their lands, and to this hour pay their devotions with much satisfaction at the ziarut, or place of pilgrimage, thus improvised and thus consecrated." There are in these papers, besides this exquisite bit of superstition, abundant proofs of the fact that India contains almost every degree of human condition to the lowest and most primitive, and offers perhaps the richest area of investigation to which the ethnologist can apply himself. How recent this science is, is well remarked by Colonel Meadows Taylor, when, referring to the "minute topography of the great trigonometrical survey department," he expresses his wonder that "discoveries of prehistoric remains were not made. In the details of that great work, which were minutely laid down on the very large scale of four inches to the mile, in the filling up of lesser triangulations by plane table-work, every rock has found a place, every streamlet and brook has been traced to its source, and the positions of remarkable trees, temples, tombs, and ruins accurately described; yet the very notable groups of cairns, cromlechs, and other cognate remains, over which the surveyor's marks have passed, were never, to my knowledge, noticed at all."

—A field which the woman's-suffrage advocates might work to advantage is the history of the marriage institution; but it must, of course, be worked in a scientific way. Such is not that chosen by Mr. E. J. Wood (who aims merely to satisfy omnivorous and not specially intelligent curiosity, and not to throw light on a grave social question), in his "Wedding-Day in all Ages and Countries." There is neither science, nor method, nor authority behind his too pretentious title, though the contents of the book may perhaps lay claim to being authentic. A pioneer of the true sort, who may serve as an example to others, is Professor A. De Gubernatis, who has just published "Storia comparata degli usi nuziali in Italia e presso gli altri popoli Indo-Europei" (Milan: E. Treves & Co.) This little work briefly describes some of the nuptial usages formerly in vogue in the several provinces of Italy, and then compares them with those of foreign nations, and particularly of India. The author's plan has been to treat his subject in a popular style, while inspiring confidence in his statements by copious references on every page to original sources. It follows, of course, that he has not exhausted, even for Italy, the materials for a purely scientific discussion, and on the other hand he is said to have handled his theme with becoming delicacy. The author of a "History of Sacerdotal Celibacy" should be able to take an authoritative part in these researches.

—An able French writer—well known by name to Americans, and, like many other able French writers, not so well known to Americans by his works as he should be—M. Eugène Forcade, is the subject of a piece of news which his admirers will be very glad to hear. Like almost every other celebrated literary Frenchman, Forcade is anti-Bonapartist, and in his case hatred of the Empire springs from a sincere belief in popular institutions. In 1868, after the cession of Venetia, when the remains of Daniel Manin, the Italian patriot, were transferred to the city which he had ruled and defended during its brief period of freedom, Forcade went on to Venice to be present at the ceremony, and while there was prostrated by sunstroke, and on recovery from the immediate effects of this misfortune gave plain evidence of unsoundness of mind, of which, indeed, there had been some slight suspicion before. He has not since done any mental labor—the Civil Tribunal, at the instance of his family, having taken cognizance of his case, and issued an order in lunacy. He soon began recovering, and so long ago as last spring applied for a revocation of the order—which application was, however, not successful, his father objecting that the supersession would be premature until after it had been seen how the son's brain endured the heats of summer, from which he feared there might be ill effects. This ordeal having now been safely passed, M. Forcade has within the month been declared sane—his father making no objection—and probably the *Revue des Deux Mondes* has one of its most brilliant contributors restored to it.

THE WEST OF FIFTY YEARS SINCE.*

THE curiosities of the colonization of the United States are too familiar to us to seem so curious as they really are. The romance of the settlement of new countries and of the gradual invasion and conquest of the forest primæval and the aboriginal savages by civilization, is not yet far enough removed from us to take upon itself its full romantic character. Yet, when we compare the present condition of populous regions and wealthy cities with what it was within living memory, there is something in the change which makes a lively impression on the imagination. The "Recollections" of Mr. H. M. Brackenridge will be found to possess this interest in a particular degree, from their having to do with scenes and societies, in their earlier parts, which have not found their way as yet much into books. It is odd to think that one yet living, and not much past fourscore, should remember Pittsburg before it was christened, when it was only known as the little straggling village of Fort Pitt, and should recall an alarm of Indians there, and the running to and fro of the people in the night because of it; and that he should have been where Cincinnati is now some fifteen years before the Queen City was born, and when the ground whereon she now sits in state "was covered with vines and lofty trees."

Mr. Brackenridge was born at Fort Pitt "about the year 1786," as he tells us with an indifference to his chronology which is a defect throughout his book. His father was a lawyer, a graduate of Princeton in 1771, in the same year with Mr. Madison, and the first in college rank, while the future President was the last, as he himself once told the author in the White House. Mr. Brackenridge the elder attained local eminence, and became a Judge of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania. He was not a fond father to his motherless boy, nor yet a judicious one in his early attempts to drive the child along the thorny paths of knowledge. One sensible thing he did in that direction. Finding that the boy had picked up Pennsylvania German on a visit to the family of his second wife, he resolved to send him to one of the settlements of what was afterwards the Territory of Orleans to learn French. The description of the voyage down the Ohio and Mississippi in the age of flat-boats is very curious and entertaining, though too short. And the same may be said of his account of the French village of Ste. Geneviève, situated a little way back from the river, in what is now Missouri. Mr. Brackenridge's story of these simple, worthy folk is really idyllic, and would make no unworthy pendant to the tale of the good peasants of Grand Pré in Acadie. Evangeline might well have rested there forty years before from her sad quest of Gabriel, and found herself at home. We wish we had room to quote his account of their simple ways, their comfortable cottages, their gardens, and orchards, and excellent cookery, their piety, their church processions, their Sunday balls, at which the minuet was the principal dance, and their mutual politeness. Think of a community where "peltry, beaver-skins, and lead constituted the chief circulating medium," and where "all politics or discussions of the affairs of government were entirely unknown," the commandant taking care of all that.

Here "le petit Anglais," as they called him, spent three happy years, learning French and forgetting English. Besides their tongue, the good M. and Madame Beauvais taught the little boy, in his own words, "to reverence my parents, to respect the aged, to be polite to my equals, and to speak the truth to every one, . . . to restrain my temper, to practise self-denial, to be compassionate to man and beast, and to be thankful to God for every blessing." No bad education for the child of a Presbyterian lawyer to receive from Catholic peasants. Thence he had an interesting voyage homeward, stopping for near a year at another French settlement —Gallipolis—inhabited chiefly by artisans from Paris and Lyons; "carvers and gilders to the king, coach-makers, friseurs, and peruke-makers;" warm royalists, all of them, utterly unfitted for their new home, and, notwithstanding two balls a week, far less happy than the contented peasants of Ste. Geneviève. Mr. Brackenridge's description of this settlement and his worthy host, Dr. Sangrain, innkeeper and physician—Dr. Slop in size and Dr. Sangrado in practice—is very good; and, should an enlarged third edition ever be called for, we beg the author to enlarge the portions relating to these French villages, if his recollections furnish the material, as this phase of our many-sided infancy has entirely passed away, and will soon be entirely forgotten. Some fifteen years afterward he revisited these places, and found Gallipolis Americanized and spoiled, and the French dead or dispersed. Ste. Geneviève remained unchanged, excepting as the hand of time had worked on the worthy inhabitants. The

* "Recollections of Persons and Places in the West. By H. M. Brackenridge, a Native of the West; Traveller, Author, Jurist." Second Edition, enlarged. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1868.

little girl he had left three years old was to be married that day; and the good Madame Beauvais entreated him to make her loss good, and to make it his home with them. "*Restez, Henri, restez avec nous!*"

The whole book is very readable; but these sketches of the French communities, so curiously preserving their national characteristics under such strange surroundings, have seemed to us the most attractive parts of it. Mr. Brackenridge's account of his education after returning to Pittsburg, and of his childhood and youth there, are not without the interest which belongs to any simple and natural details of the early life of any human being. It may be a question whether his classical strugglings under his father were the worse purgatory to the teacher or the pupil; but the English studies which relieved those agonies—"Don Quixote," "Gil Blas," "Tom Jones," "The Vicar of Wakefield," and the *Spectator*—must have made some amends to both. His education was mainly private, and he seems to have scrambled into a good deal of miscellaneous knowledge of books and of languages. We cannot follow him in his various removals in search of practice after his admission to the bar. His account of himself ends about the year 1820; but we infer, from what he takes it for granted that his readers will know about him, that his career was a useful and honorable one in public and private life—as to the particulars of which, however, we are forced to confess our ignorance. Indeed, the provincial and ephemeral nature of American reputations—especially of professional ones—has been brought afresh to our mind in reading Mr. Brackenridge's book. Of the eminent lawyers whose characteristics he describes—men of real learning and ability, stranded on obscure country towns or fresh-water cities—how many are now remembered even within the narrow bounds in which they once predominated? How many were ever heard of outside of them while they lived? His father appears to have been eminent in his day and his State, and to have been a man of legal and general knowledge, and of some pretensions to authorship. He wrote a novel, as we suppose, entitled "Modern Chivalry," which, his son informs us, is "a work second only to that of Cervantes in the seasoning of genuine wit sprinkled over the surface of true philosophy!" But the worthy judge has gone to join the brave men who lived before Agamemnon, and his works have followed him.

We are indebted, however, to our author for lifelike sketches of some celebrities who have passed into general history, and whose names one should be ashamed not to know. Notably, Judge Samuel Chace, Robert Goodloe Harper, Luther Martin, and William Pinkney. There could not be a greater contrast than between these last two great men. Martin was slovenly to filthiness; his countenance heavy, his voice thick and disagreeable, and his pronunciation uncouth. Yet "he had the finest capacity for discrimination and analysis"—"wit, philosophy, a prodigious memory, and unsuspected stores of learning." In speaking, "he seemed to blunder along for an hour or two—nothing could be more confused and obscure. It was in his recapitulation that he was great. He became warm, his language more happy, his leaden eye seemed to kindle, and for fifteen minutes or half-an-hour he spoke with admirable force and power." His great powers, unhappily, were clouded by gross and habitual intemperance. He is best known to the general reader by his admirable defence of Judge Chace on his impeachment, and to anti-slavery men by his bitter diatribes against negro slavery in a slave country. Here is the description of Pinkney as he came into court: "He was dressed and looked like a mere Bond Street lounger. His hat, beautiful and glossy, in his hand; his small rattan tapping the crown. He was dressed most carefully. His coat was of blue broadcloth, with gilt buttons; his vest of white Marseilles, with gold studs, elegantly fitting pantaloons, and shining half-boots; he was the polished gentleman of leisure accidentally dropped down in a motley group of inferior beings." Pinkney, though immensely laborious, and of great capacity for labor, had the weakness to wish to be thought to improvise his most elaborately prepared efforts by the mere force of genius. We wish we had room for Mr. Brackenridge's picture of his personal appearance, which is the most vivid we remember to have seen. We imagine it is the best ever made. This is his description of the delivery of the American Erskine—probably the greatest forensic orator the country has ever produced: "When he began, his tones were low and even plaintive. As he proceeded, his musical voice gradually rose with the subject. There was an occasional swell and then a lull, with but little gesture or effort. The distinctness of his articulation was remarkable, and free from all theatrical rant or fury. His voice was not of the clear, ringing kind, which often draws off attention from the subject, but rather the softened sound of the piano when the pedal is applied. The words and sentences seemed to flow into each other in perfect harmony, but rising or falling or changing with the subject, still retaining an irresistible hold on the hearers. No one stirred; all seemed motionless, as if enchained or fascinated, like persons entranced." And this very speech, which Pinkney assured the court he was unprepared to make, the author overheard him rehearsing in the woods the day before! But we can afford no more space to this pleasant book, further than to say that we began it for criticism, and continued and ended it for pleasure.

A LITERARY VETERAN.*

Mr. Neal recollects very well the days when "Paul Allen was at the zenith of his glory." Mr. Allen had not then written his "Noah," to be sure; but he had "been declared by Mr. Jefferson himself, after the publication of 'Lewis and Clark's Tour,' to be the very best of our American writers." It was at this same time that Mr. John Pierpont "was acknowledged by common consent for the leading poet of America," and that the famous Mr. Simpson divided with Doctor Watkins the credit of being the first of American critics. And Mr. Neal having been not merely among these men, but having been also of them—he was "A." of the *Portico*—assuredly may be called A Literary Veteran. Indeed, to remember Simpson, and Watkins, and Allen when at the height of his fame, might give one a colorable claim to be Professor Huxley's, or somebody's, pre-Adamite man, or a saurian, almost. Just at the point of time we have spoken of—the time closely following the publication of "Lewis and Clark's Tour," Mr. Neal had himself produced both poetry and criticism which entitled him to rank with the best of them. In Philadelphia there was a faction in the literary world which was maintaining tooth and nail that certain criticisms on Byron, which were appearing in the *Portico*, could have been written by nobody but Paul Allen, and another fraction were as strong in the belief that nobody could have written them except Doctor Watkins. In reality, they had been dashed off in four days' time by Mr. Neal, then a young man of twenty-three years, without education or previous acquaintance with Byron's poetry. And Mr. Neal assures us that they were good, and that they would be pretty much the same if he were to write them over again. "I was rather astonished at myself," he says—on occasion of looking over these essays again, not long ago—"the opinions I expressed being such as I entertain at this moment, and the language about as well fitted to the subject as anything I have written since. The selections, too, were pre-eminently characteristic of Byron, and, I might say, of myself, and such as I am willing to abide by, for the justification of all I said of that wilful, wayward man, who persisted in sacrificing himself, or rather in throwing himself away, lest he might be overlooked, or forgotten, if he did not keep the whole world in a perpetual *feese* and fidget and flutter."

Mr. Neal's poetry, also, like his prose, was such as to put him fully on a level, in the opinion of some persons, with those leaders of our literature whom we have already mentioned. Allen emphatically pronounces "Niagara" and "Goldau" "a swash of magnificence," and Pierpont, who was less enthusiastic than Allen, yet used the following strong terms in relation to it: "Oh! I had nearly forgotten to tell you that Neal has published a volume of poetry. It contains two poems of considerable length: one entitled 'Battle of Niagara,' founded upon the battle that was fought during the late war, just by the Falls of Niagara, called the battle of Lundy's Lane; the other named 'Goldau,' founded on a scene that took place among the mountains of Switzerland, which is more particularly stated in the little biographical sketch prefixed to Mr. Buckminster's sermons. The poems are both very great, admirable, astonishing, indeed. He has thrown his whole character into them; and either of them contains more of the greatness and madness of poetry than *any* other poem that was ever written in America. True, they have great defects, of which I think their not unfrequent obscurities are the most conspicuous. But all the defects are more than a thousand times counterbalanced by the beauties. There are some inaccuracies, but they are nothing to the splendor, beauty, and grandeur of the great body of the poems. They will do him immortal honor, in my humble opinion. He does not publish in his real name, but under his club name of 'Jehu O'Cataract,' which for his 'Battle of Niagara' is peculiarly appropriate. . . . But the man who has a soul for poetry, and will take it and treat it as it deserves, will be treated in his turn to such poetry as has not heretofore been written in this country; by *such* poetry, I mean distinctly that the poetry is better, more grand, sublime, and original, than any other American poetry. The 'Airs of Palestine,' as a whole poem, is more cor-

* "Wandering Recollections of a Somewhat Busy Life: an Autobiography. By John Neal." Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1869.

rect and more harmonious; more polished in the structure of the verse, but immeasurably more *tame*."

And this opinion Mr. Pierpont more than confirmed by his after-judgment of his rival's merits. He by-and-by sends him a most enthusiastic and gratifying critique, written by the Rev. Edward Gilman, in Major Russell's paper, and says, in addition to its praises:

"He ought to have given you as d ecideda preference to Gray as he has to Thomson and Scott. *My* opinion of the book is chiefly this: that *no* English poet has, within the same compass, so much poetry; nay, that no *man* now alive has written so much good poetry as that book contains. Now you know what I think of you. Pity me, if you please, and petition the legislature for a guardian, or the managers of the Pennsylvania Hospital for lodgings; but that is my opinion of Jehu O'Cataract's poems;"

—and there is no doubt that it was.

So we used to go in those old days, when Genial Criticism, unheavenly maid, was young, and worse than she is now, even. Mr. Neal's own estimate of himself—which is to-day as unchanged as the notable judgment on Byron that we have quoted above—is a curious specimen of the sort of opinion which the forerunners of our New York Knickerbocker men used to entertain of themselves and each other—or that they used to express of each other; not all of them were so courageous in expressing their opinion of themselves, nor so honest in expressing only truly the opinions which they held concerning their literary contemporaries, as Mr. Neal always is. He is frankness and courage personified. He never dissimulates the good opinion he has of himself, nor conceals from his reader what must have been the truth as regards his opinion of his rivals—namely, that he thought none of them his equals. He writes of his first novel, which he calls "Keep Cool:" "As for the characters, the situations, and the incidents generally of this, my first novel, I have to say that I think them worthy of great praise; the story itself dramatic, and earnest and plausible, and the language far beyond the trash of the hour; but, then, the jokes, the pleasantries—they are, according to my present recollection, and I must confess that I have not courage enough to look at them again, both tiresome and silly."

These jokes, by the way, were not put in with the author's good-will, but to make the book more captivating to the publishers.

"Logan" is published not very long after "Keep Cool," and Mr. Neal quotes with approval this tribute to the merits of a work which, he says, burst on the world in meteoric fashion:

"'Yes,' said I, as soon as I had put down the book, 'he might as well have placed his name upon the title-page; for every sentence, every line—nay, every thought, idea, phrase, expression—has the living impress of O'Cataract's mind upon it. Logan, a family history! A *family!* Why, a family of such men as Oscar or Harold would occupy the world entire. Not another name would live in the vast universe; and angels and archangels would once more descend from their celestial habitations to battle with *this* human family for the mastery of the earth *and skies!*' etc., etc. . . . In sober truth, my dear N., 'Logan' is one of the most extraordinary productions of the present age. Such is my opinion of it, *in the general*. In detail, I have many faults to find with it, etc., etc. . . . . Yes, yes: no other man could have written such a book."

And Mr. Neal adds:

"Others took it as they took opium or exhilarating gas; and everywhere it was treated as what William B. Walter called it, 'a gigantic phantom.'"

Another of Mr. Neal's novels was "The Spirit of Seventy-six," and when he went to England, not long after its publication, this is what happened to him when he dined with Mr. Griffith's "Sylvanus Urban." The book was talked about, and Mr. Griffith was speaking so highly in its praise that Mr. Neal felt called on to acknowledge the authorship:

"He colored to the eyes; but, after a short pause, added, 'Well, I don't care who wrote the book; what I had to say, I will say, nevertheless.' And then he went on, with all eyes fixed upon him, and glancing occasionally at me, and ran a very clever parallel between 'Seventy-six' and what he called the best of Sir Walter Scott's romances, then in the very zenith of their fame; and wound up with declaring, to my unspeakable surprise, and I might say amazement, that he would rather have written my book than anything Scott had ever produced.

"Of course, I made all proper allowances; Mr. Griffith being a Radical, or at least a Whig, and Sir Walter a Tory to the backbone, dyed in the *wool*, like some of our leading abolitionists."

And again, in another place, he says of his prose and poetry:

"Poetry—grand, glorious, and beautiful poetry—I have written heretofore, and may write again, before I pass away; and I do think—between ourselves—that much of my prose writing, most of it, indeed, is likely to be read hereafter, and that, on the whole, not a few of my story-books, and stories, and magazine-papers are well worth remembering and preserving. There! that will do for the present, I hope!"

But it is, perhaps, hardly worth while to recur to Mr. Neal's estimation of his own value and the estimates of it which were made by the Watkinses of his day. Still we are not yet wholly free from the influence of them and the like of them even now, and some years more of this generation will pass away and numbers of plants which from the start have never had any hot-house air will have to be raised to maturity, before the principles of unforced, healthy, open-air culture are understood, and before we have literary growths that will fructify and propagate their kind; and to be made to see, as in a magnifying glass, the follies and absurdities of our old-time habits in this matter of critical geniality, will be of help in bringing about the better day.

In all things Mr. Neal showed the same traits of character that he showed in literature, though there were few things to which he turned his hand in which he did not accomplish more. In all things he showed himself vain, boastful, generous when not blinded by vanity and self-conceit, candid, loyal, kind-hearted, and brave quite up to the point of being generally suspected of foolhardiness and a love of quarrelling—a charge which he denies more than once in a sufficiently amusing way, as for instance, on page 65:

"I never went to bed, since I was a boy, with a feeling of bitterness toward a human being; and I never saw the time when I would not have instantly forgiven the worst enemy I had the moment he seemed sorry. And yet I have always been in hot water, and have always had, until within the past few years, half-a-dozen serious quarrels upon my hands, on account of other people, whom I have supposed to be misunderstood, or misrepresented, slandered, wronged, or cheated. On my own account, personally, I have not had a regular toss-up with anybody for many a long year, so that some of my best friends have thought, I fear, that I was spoiling for a fight, and have even ventured so far as to tell me so, thereby proving themselves mistaken in my character."

And in other places he recounts battles of all kinds with tongue, pen, and fists—which he waged from the age of eight years up to the time of writing this present volume, in the last pages of which General Neal Dow comes in for as thorough a tongue-thrashing as ever a very peaceable old gentleman inflicted on an acquaintance. It is quite worth reading.

A more generally interesting proof that Mr. Neal is not afraid to speak his mind, however contrary it may be to the voice of mankind in general, he gives in his diatribe against an old acquaintance of his youth—Mr. John Stuart Mill. No doubt, he means it in all honesty; but he so habitually performs the feat of putting himself between himself and the object of his vision, that no sensible person would think of taking his unsupported word to the prejudice of any person who may possibly have offended his egregious vanity and stirred his impetuous and bitter temper:

"But by far the most remarkable man I met with over sea, often enough and intimately enough to understand him in all his bearings, was the individual who has since become the political economist, the metaphysician, the logician—I had almost said the statesman—John Stuart Mill. Cunning, timid, politic, without originality, wholly destitute of imagination, enthusiasm, and warmth, all which he stigmatized as different degrees of *sentimentality*, and, but for his wife, a man who would have lived and died with no more heart than a sphynx or a syllogism, he has managed, nevertheless, by borrowing largely from others—and especially from Bentham, as did his father before him in his 'British India,' where the account of Warren Hastings's trial is taken altogether from Bentham, even to the language—to establish for himself a reputation well worth living for.

"His logic was the logic of Jeremy Bentham, and of nobody else, with a few unimportant changes; and so were his metaphysics. Of Bentham, he learned to question the attributes and being of God, though never willing to be called an atheist, but only, at the worst, a free-thinker and philosopher. But his want of moral courage I foresaw—while he was yet a beardless boy in appearance, hardly out of his teens, and, if really over two-and-twenty, looking as if not more than eighteen, with a small head, light-brown hair, a girlish face, and a boyish manner—would lead him into some dreadful scrape at last, notwithstanding his uncommon talent of a certain kind—that of a drudge and assayer, and his excessive caution and craft; and so it turned out. . . . .

"Before this, however, although his finger-prints were on the margin of the proof, he had positively denied to me all agency and all participation in the dastardly and treacherous manœuvre which I have already mentioned as the work chiefly of John Bowring, Esquire, LL.D.—by virtue of a Dutch diploma, for translating a few Dutch verses into what passed in Holland not only for English, but for English poetry.

"Long after this, and within the last two or three years, we find the gentleman getting ambitious, or, as Robert Walsh, Junior, the 'American gentleman,' thought proper to say of President Madison, 'presuming to be ambitious,' and soon after successful, so far as to become a Member of

Parliament, without contributing a penny—from principle, of course—to the cost of his own election; and, again, we hear of him as a candidate, and trying to make speeches, and failing, of course, as he always must, notwithstanding his acknowledged talents as a writer and as a reasoner, for lack of natural and even of artificial warmth and earnestness. Demonstrations, axioms, and syllogisms are not speeches, and are never listened to with patience, nor ever understood by the people, when they are announced from the platform, and without even a show of earnestness.

"In the heat and hurry of the late canvass, we find him seriously questioned about his religious belief; but instead of answering, 'That is none of your business,' and stopping there, as he might well have done, without losing caste, or his own self-respect, or the respect of others; instead of owning up to what he made no secret of when I knew him, he answered with a special plea, just as Bowring did when called to account for his dealings with the Greek-Commissioners about the Greek loan, and refused to answer, lest he should make a precedent for all eternity. As if any man who believes anything has a right to withhold the acknowledgment of his belief, when seriously questioned! As if, in a matter of so much consequence to himself, he has a right to shuffle or evade the enquiry, or refuse to answer even an impertinent question, for such a reason! How much better to say, 'Hands off! I do not choose to answer; nor will I condescend to give my reasons for not answering. Let us do as we like, and, when the pinch comes, take the consequences.' But no! such plain dealing is not Mr. Mill's way. He would call it *sentimentality*, and being of those who 'never take their tea without a stratagem,' and who prefer to gain their ends by overreaching or outwitting others, he has succeeded at last in cutting his own throat from ear to ear, with a dull *pocket-knife*, and will most likely never be heard of more, in public life.

"In his book on liberty, which, instead of being a diluted tincture, like portions of the 'Rationale of Judicial Evidence,' is but another decoction of concentrated Benthamism, he acknowledges the inspiration of his wife. When I knew him, he was not only incapable of acknowledging, but even of feeling, obligation to anybody. Hence I infer that she was really a woman of great power, and of uncommon worth; and although I do not believe what he says of her judgment and sweet influence, taking the whole of that dedication for a sentimental flourish, still I must say that she appears to have humanized him; and that, on the whole, having satisfied him that he was a creature of flesh and blood, and not an icicle, nor an abstraction, inert and lifeless, I am sorry she did not live long enough to prevent his making a fool of himself, by such a pitiful subterfuge as I have mentioned."

It was at Jeremy Bentham's that he made the intimate acquaintance of Mill and Sir John Bowring—whom he hates thoroughly and fiercely—and others of the Utilitarian school. His account is of some interest, but, for the reason we have given, not, we imagine, of any value. We must, at all events, refer our readers to the book itself, in which they will find, beside the account of the good old philosopher, much matter of interest—as how Mr. Neal was a cheating clerk in a store, how everybody admired his sharpness, how he fought many battles, how he went into the dry-goods business with John Pierpont and failed, how he read law—doing four or five years' work in a twelvemonth, and at the same time writing enough in the papers to earn his living, and moreover studying five or six languages; how he was admitted to the bar; how he burst forth in poetry and prose; how some one putting to him the *Edinburgh's* contemptuous query, "Who reads an American book?" he forthwith transferred his law business, and went to London to vindicate his country's fame in Britain itself; how he wrote for *Blackwood's*, and was not a little pleased by it; how he fought bullies in the theatre; how he beat everybody at fencing; how he came home, and was going to settle elsewhere, but heard it said that the Portland mob would not allow him to settle in his native place; how then, having no taste for hot water, he swore he would settle just there, and nowhere else, and did settle there; and, after fighting three or four street fights, was left in peace, and has lived in peace—perhaps—ever since; how he took sound views on the question of free speech for abolitionists, and sound views also on the question of temperance as opposed to total abstinence, and very advanced views in regard to the woman question, and fought for these opinions, and for the right to express them, and came out victorious in the end, despite his relative above-mentioned and a wicked world. In short, till he compels him to read his novels and poetry, the reader will give this pioneer author of ours hearty, though somewhat qualified, respect and liking, as a brave man, an honest one, and one who has worked hard and done good service, cheerfully, in his day and generation.

Mopsa the Fairy. By Jean Ingelow. (Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1869.)—The imperfectly imaginative character of Miss Ingelow's mind is more plainly seen in this little book than in any of the others which she has published. These arbitrarily fantastical incidents and personages, which are more like the incidents and personages of a dream than anything else, are not the work of the imagination, in any high sense of that word, but of the fancy, in a low sense of that word, producing distortions, and what we may pronounce monstrosities. The "incidents and personages of a dream" have recently been used with great effect as the subject-matter of a child's book. But "Alice's Adventures in Wonderland" is a piece of strict realism. It is the reflection, in the warped and blurred mirror of dreams, of the daily waking dreams of the little girl whose sleeping adventures are told; and it makes no professions of being anything but realism, nor of offering us imaginative truth. Miss Ingelow's book gives us the arbitrary fantasticalness of an impossible dream—if there are any impossible dreams — and furthermore seems trying to offer us something beyond this—what, we do not clearly make out; but an attempt there is at making the events, or some of them, address the imagination; and the result is a mixture — meaningless to us, from whichever side it may be viewed. We may say "impossible dreams," we think. What very small boy—a person five or six years old, say—among a number of things of which he dreams, some being very childish in one sense of the word, and some in the other, dreams out one or two love affairs in which he is a chief party? None, as we believe—if he does his own dreaming, and it is not done for him by some gentleman or lady a number of years past his time of life. The latter part of "Mopsa the Fairy" is highly sentimental in this respect. Far be it from us to say that quite young boys may not and do not get up warm affections of a not strictly childlike kind for lovable women old enough to be their elder sisters or their mothers; for we see that happening; and dreams of lovable beautiful women, or fairies, are probably the natural results of such loves and admirations. But still the love is not at all of the kind which strikes the note of these verses, for example, in which the finch flies home from her dead mate:

> "The finch flew back to her cold, cold nest—
> (Feathers and moss and a wisp of hay):—
> Mine is the trouble that rent her breast;
> And home is silent, and love is clay."

Yet a good deal of our hero's love is of this more aged character, or hovers on the verge of being so; and the effect is not pleasant, if only for its incongruity with the rest of the book, to say nothing of its essential falseness.

Of the poetry scattered through the volume, some is borrowed, and some is original, and little of it is not good. Here is a breezy picture of the sort that Miss Ingelow is fond of:

> "When I sit on market-days among the comers and the goers,
> Oh! full oft I have a vision of the days without alloy;
> And a ship comes up the river with a jolly gang of towers,
> And a pull'e, haul'e, pull'e haul'e, yoy! heave hoy."

The children will like it, though children have nothing to do with the first two lines of it any more than with Miss Ingelow's sentimental use of the bereaved finch. By the way, the disagreeable pitching-tossing metre of this latter extract gets few imitators, we are glad to see, among the verse-writers. It is rather a wonder it should be used so much, or at all, by a writer some of whose "songs sing themselves," as has been said—some of whose songs move prettily, at all events. The style of the story is agreeable, as all Miss Ingelow's prose is sure to be.

Julius Cæsar: Did he Cross the Channel? Reviewed by John Wainwright, Member of the Historical Society of Pennsylvania, etc. (London: John Russell Smith; Philadelphia: John Campbell. 1869.)—It would hardly seem to require one hundred and twenty-six pages of discussion to disprove so improbable a theory as that Cæsar, in his invasion of Britain, crossed from Holland to the coast of Norfolk, instead of from Flanders to the coast of Kent; especially as Mr. Surtees, the propounder of the theory, is obliged to suppose a mighty convulsion of nature which has since widened the sea between England and Holland. For Cæsar may be supposed to have meant what he said when he asserts that he chose his route because it was *brevissimus in Britanniam trajectus.* What real arguments Mr. Surtees advances it is hard to make out from Mr. Wainwright's rambling and many-worded refutation, for he nowhere takes pains to give us the language of the writer whom he is answering; and he appears to be incapable of stating an argument, whether his own or another person's, in a clear and connected form. Possibly Mr. Surtees has really some ground for his opinion; if so, his reviewer has sadly failed to appreciate his position, for he mentions hardly a single point that is worth the trouble of refuting. Mr. Wainwright very well shows the absurdities of Strabo's Geography of Britain, upon which Mr. Surtees appears to have relied; and he accepts Napoleon's solution of the words of

Florus: *Bonnam et Gessoriacum pontibus junxit*, from which Mr. Surtees infers that Gessoriacum was on the Lower Rhine instead of on the site of Boulogne. "He connected these two distant places by building bridges over the many intervening streams." Mr. Wainwright aptly adds, in a note; "Admitting that Gessoriacum was at the mouths of the Rhine, . . . the bridges were indeed long ones. Bonn is distant from the mouths of the Rhine 200 to 250 miles."

It is unfortunate that this pamphlet was printed in England, for the proof-reading would be a disgrace to a country printing-office, and the author complains that he was not able to revise the proofs. The contents of the page of errata (which itself reads *Verolanium* for *Verolamium*) would seem to have been selected at random; for there is hardly a page that would not afford additional errors. Take for instance this Latin, p. 103: "Multitudo hominum es infinita, que ædificia, creberrime fere consimilia Gallices numerous pecoies magnus. Caes. B. G. v. 12." But Mr. Wainwright's English is nearly as remarkable; in particular, he seems quite unable to cope with the relative *which*. For instance, p. 22, Cæsar "espied the Britons marching, in full force, towards the river Stour, which, becoming troublesome, he repulsed"—a small task, one might say, after conquering the Rhine. Again, p. 56, in speaking of Carausius, a Menapian by birth: "Menapia is a place of dubious identity, and whether born in Ireland, Wales, or Belgium, is not known." And these are but specimens of his ordinary style.

Beatrice, and Other Poems. By the Hon. Roden Noel. (London: Macmillan & Co. 1868.) *Beatrice.* By the Hon. Roden Noel. (Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1869.)—Evidently we have in Mr. Noel a poet who is still youthful, and, if we knew just how young, we should either say that evidently he is going to do quite good work, but none of the better sort of work, when he shall have got older; or else we should say that, being only twenty or twenty-one, and having done so well as in "Ganymede" and some other pieces, some work of true excellence may fairly be expected of him. And even if he has considerably passed his first youth, there are things here which justify decided praise. Above all, though there is no great power of thought, nor warmth and depth of feeling, nor musical capacity, exhibited in these poems, there is very little morbidness of feeling—none we should think that is real, out-and-out morbidness—and that is a good sign in a young writer of poetry. Scarcely less good signs are the purity of feeling which is seen throughout the volume, and a prevalent healthy objectiveness, which is of good omen for Mr. Noel's future, and which his readers will find refreshing.

The faults of his poetry we have glanced at. It is immature in thought—or else it shows that its author has no great ability in thinking; and that he does not know too much; it is not particularly well finished, and its want of finish is not due to exuberances and heat, but apparently rather to the thinness of the soil and a want of intelligent carefulness; it is not impassioned, and not musical. But of one excellence—some degrees of which are common enough—that which consists in the capacity to make a clear-cut picture or image of a scene in nature, Mr. Noel possesses so high a degree as to warrant a qualified but real belief in his artistic capacity. It is not one of our ordinary poetasters who does things like this from the "Ganymede" we have mentioned above. The boy lies beneath a locust tree in the midst of this Ægean scene:

> "Azure the heaven with rare a feathery cloud;
> Azure the sea, far-scintillating light,
> Soft rich like velvet yielding to the eye;
> Horizons haunted with some dreamlike sails;
> A temple hypæthral open to sweet air
> Nigh on the height, columned with solid flame,
> Of flutings and acanthus-work, instinct
> With lithe green lizards, and the shadows sharp
> Slant barring golden floor and inner wall.
>
> "A locust-tree condensing all the light
> On glossy leaves, and flaky spilling some
> Sparkling among cool umbrage underneath;
> There magically sobered mellow, soft,
> At unaware beholding, gently laid
> A youth bare-limbed the loveliest in the world,
> Gloatingly falling on his lily side,
> Smoothing one rounded arm and dainty hand
> Whereon his head conscious and conquering
> All chestnut-curled rests listless and superb."

A scintillating sea is not much like velvet, and perhaps there is too much, or too many, made of the lizard, and we are all the less inclined to think the multitude of them a true touch in the picture, because "instinct with lithe green lizards" is an affected phrase; and there is roughness to be complained of. But still the conception is good, and it is carried out better than usual. More successful still—indeed, very good of its kind—is this from "Palmyra:"

> "Listless and weary silently we crouch
> Under the sun's intolerable face,
> For ever forward heaving dreamily,
> Each on his camel with a noiseless foot,
> Swift, sure, and silent like the feet of Time,
> And nose protruding level on the air:
> Our brilliant-hued and flowing-vested guards
> Drowsily bowing to the camel-stride,
> Our shadows blotted sharp upon the sand,
> And ne'er a sound but in the barrel slung,
> A gurgling as of wells among the palms!"

"Beatrice," which Messrs. Lippincott & Co. have chosen out of the English volume to reprint, is not at all one of its author's best works. It is a story—a boy's invention—which turns upon the passions of love and fierce revenge, which the boy plainly knew little or nothing about. Some of the lyrics were, perhaps, put in somewhat later. The tale is of a noble youth who weds a peasant girl; after a pretty courtship takes her to some indefinitely described district in Italy; goes away on a journey, and returns to find his wife gone; is assailed by a wicked lady who once had loved him, and who pretends to know that the wife has eloped with a duke and to believe that Clement had better love her, the marchioness; discovers that the duke is in Corsica and that the wife is an unwilling prisoner; goes over there, and, meeting the profligate, kills him by throwing him over a cliff; takes the wife from the castle, but loses her by death before their own shore is reached; buries her and returns to the North somewhere and lives a mysterious and gloomy life, which is much commented on by all his neighbors. Yet in this puerility there are occasional flashes of the characteristic excellence we have spoken of, though nothing like so many of them as to make "Beatrice" worth reading, and to such persons as wish to make Mr. Noel's acquaintance we commend the English volume, which contains the shorter pieces.

A Treatise on Admiralty and Prize, together with some Suggestions for the Guide and Government of United States Naval Commanders in Maritime Wars. By David Roberts. (New York: Hurd & Houghton; Cambridge: Riverside Press. 1869. In one volume.)—Many writers of law-books employ assistants to collect and arrange authorities from which they themselves prepare the text of the book, leaving the assistants to cite and explain the authorities in voluminous notes, but it is evident that Mr. Carter has not prepared his book in this way. He has evidently done his own work, and all of it. The text is his, and as for the notes there are none.

His aim was to write "a useful and readable book." Of the twenty-one chapters on admiralty he has made those on collision, salvage, and mariners' wages and rights the most useful, and they are good. He devotes a separate chapter to whaling. His plan throughout the chapters on admiralty has been to present the question discussed; then, give simple lists of authorities, American and English, on each side; and sometimes, after a discussion of some leading case, but more frequently without discussion, state the law as he thinks it to have been decided. This plan makes the book "readable," and especially to officers of the navy, for whom we judge it to have been particularly written, but it by no means impairs the value of the book to a lawyer with a good library or to the law student.

To prize law he devotes the remaining third of the volume. This part of the work does not contain much that will be valuable to the profession as a text-book. It discusses at length various international questions that arose during the rebellion, and distinctly maintains that England's neutrality during the rebellion, beginning with the Queen's Proclamation of May 19, 1869, was a *quasi* belligerency; but the discussion, however good in itself as an article for a review, should never have been put into this book. Mr. Sumner will find something to approve, but Mr. Motley, even in court dress, will scarcely be expected to inform her Majesty "that the wound caused to the Queen by the early removal of the Prince-consort during Palmerston's premiership could not have been deeper than was that inflicted upon the United States by the Foreign Secretary."

A Parser and Analyzer for Beginners, with Diagrams and Suggestive Pictures. By Francis A. March, Professor of the English Language and Comparative Philology in Lafayette College. (New York: Harper & Brothers, publishers, Franklin Square. 1869. 16mo, pp. 86.)—If anybody wishes to drill into a class of young scholars the technicalities of English grammar, we think Professor March's little book perhaps the best he can find for its use, inasmuch as it is brief and compact, aiming to combine the minimum of abstract rules with the maximum of

practice. The principle upon which it is prepared—"to task memory as little as possible, perception and judgment as much as possible"—is undoubtedly sound; for if the study of grammar is good for anything, it is as an exercise of the reasoning powers. But, then, for this purpose it is too difficult and abstruse a subject for pupils of the age for which this book appears to be designed; and those of a suitable age for the study, say fifteen or sixteen, do not need the copious illustrations and diagrams, which would be of great service to a younger scholar. By the way, the most valuable hint in the book is the introduction of these pictures as a basis or material for the construction of sentences: this feature might be developed by itself to great advantage for even younger scholars. But if we were going to give children technical grammar at all, we certainly would not afflict them with all the absurdities which have been foisted upon English grammar by a mistaken imitation of Latin and Greek. We see, for instance, no reason for classing the articles as a separate part of speech; and in the sentence, "No one will help us unless we help ourselves," the verb of the condition "we help" appears to us to be clearly an indicative and not a subjunctive.

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Authors.—Titles.	*Publishers.—Prices.*
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Feydeau (E.), Revue Internationale de l'Art et de la Curiosité, Nos. 1—6, swd.	(F. W. Christern)
Greenwood (J.), The Seven Curses of London	(Fields, Osgood & Co.) 1 50
" " " swd	(Harper & Bros.) 0 25
Mills (A.), The Literature and Literary Men of Great Britain and Ireland, 2 vols.	(Harper & Bros.)
Proceedings of the Am. Antiquarian Society, April 28, 1869, swd	(Worcester)
Packard (Dr. A. S., jr.), Record of American Entomology for 1868, swd	(Salem) 1 00
Reade (C.), White Lies, swd	(Harper & Bros.) 0 35
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The Week.

ALMOST at the same time that our readers have this paragraph before them, they will be getting the news concerning the inter-collegiate boat-race on the Thames; and it would be merely for the gratification of our vanity as a prophet that we should predict the victory of Harvard, which, therefore, we shall refrain from doing. The reading of the English papers for the last few days has been amusing. At first, the gentlemen who do the rowing for the daily press seemed to look on the idea of the American crew's being able to do anything with Oxford as a pitiable delusion. Even our own *Tribune's* English correspondent, whose boating was done at the period when Yale rowed in eight oars—which is much like saying that it was done with Noah's eight in the ark—informed us that the American crew appeared to be four stout young fellows, or fine young fellows, or well-grown young fellows, who "might be taught to row." But within a few days there has been a general impression that to find a four to teach them a very great deal would be a work of difficulty. The fact probably is that since they have been on the Thames they have not forgotten a way which they learned on the Charles—a way of doing better in races than in practising before critics on the river-bank. As we write, the opinion of some of these English judges is that, under such and such conditions, Harvard may win—which is a much more civil opinion than any which, a fortnight ago, we were expecting to hear till after to-morrow. With the exclusion of Messrs. Bass and Rice, and the admission of Mr. Fay and Mr. Lyman, the rowing crew is now of New England stock, and the race is New England against Old—a fact which we suppose we may say is not ominous of good to that monarchy.

There is still a vigorous controversy going on in the newspapers over the question whether Senter, the new Governor of Tennessee, was the real Republican candidate, and ought to have received the support of the Republicans or not. The fact seems to be that he only received the support of a very small number; but that these, combined with the whole force of the Democrats, sufficed to elect him, and that, as we remarked last week, he is now apparently almost the only man of the Senter party in Tennessee. The Democrats, having conquered under him, have not unnaturally repudiated him. On the other hand, the Radical papers which are now abusing him must make up their minds to receiving very little attention. It is true he was a very short time before his nomination a Brownlow proscriptionist of the most extreme type, and that he and Brownlow both began to shout for universal suffrage and universal amnesty with great and remarkable suddenness. But, then, few sensible people outside of Tennessee ever thought much of either Brownlow or his followers as politicians, and those who persisted in singing their praises, and making Brownlow a governor and senator, can hardly expect people to turn about now and listen respectfully to their vilification of him. He is no worse and no better than he was a year ago; and perhaps the worst thing that could be said of the Tennessee Republicans is that a year ago he and Senter were two of their principal idols. What has occurred in Tennessee is instructive, mainly, as indicating what we must expect to occur shortly in all the reconstructed States. We cannot force water to run up hill; and we cannot, in a democratic country, long keep the government out of the hands of the majority. The proscription of the majority by the minority, and that minority the feeblest and most insignificant section of the community, after the military control had been laid aside, must end everywhere, as long as men are men, as it has ended in Tennessee. The exclusion of the newly elected Conservative candidates in Virginia by the administration of the iron-clad oath will be a misfortune. It will, doubtless, secure the election of two Radical senators, but the presence of these gentlemen in the Senate will be a sorry compensation for the exasperation roused in the hearts of the majority, who two years hence are sure to rule, by the conviction that they have been swindled egregiously, besides being oppressed.

In saying all this, we are not defending the Southern Democrats or Conservatives. We are willing to admit the truth of the worst charges made against them, of pride, obstinacy, dissimulation, and blindness. If we could make them over again, we would turn out very different men. Every one of them, had we the control of them, should confess his guilt in aiding or abetting in the war against the United States, lay aside all caste hate and prejudice, clamor for the adoption of the Fifteenth Amendment, help to establish common schools, swear allegiance to the Federal Government every Monday morning and keep his oath, besides using machinery and artificial manures on his farm, pay his laborers on Saturday night, and subscribe to the New York *Tribune* and *Harper's Bazar*. In certain cases, we would even prescribe the reading of "Kathrina," and would deliver up some bad districts to be ravaged by book-agents. But we cannot have our way with them, and we may assert, without conceit, that we are as near having our way with them as any politician or body of politicians in the country—that is, that we are ever so far removed from it. In short, they have to be taken and governed as *they are*. In our day and latitude, there are two kinds of government possible—Cæsarism and democracy, or brute force and the majority. If we give up brute force, we must govern through the majority—the bad character of the latter to the contrary notwithstanding. Anybody who does not like the latter ought to advocate the indefinite continuance of martial law.

A *Herald* correspondent having found Colonel William B. Stokes "in his room quietly smoking a cigar," in a Washington hotel, proceeded to interview him with the following results. The colonel said, "in the first place, the Republican party in Tennessee has gone to hell," having been sent there by the fraudulent votes of 86,000 disfranchised persons and minors whom Senter's new registrars allowed to vote. Seymour's vote last fall was 33,000, Senter's the other day was

119,000—the 86,000 difference between these two votes represents the extent of Senter's cheating. Wherever the Republican party has gone, there is no doubt, we suppose, that Senter is a bad man. Stokes, it appears, got Grant's vote of last year, 56,000, so there really was no division worth speaking of in the Republican party. As for Brownlow's being on Senter's side, the Colonel accounted for that by saying that "the old man is in his dotage," and is governed by his son and sons-in-law—and "the Brownlow boys" being receivers of railways, with fat pickings, and knowing well what "the Bald Eagle of East Tennessee" would do with the railroad rings should he become governor, carried the Parson over to the Senter side. It will take a good man—in a Tennessee sense of the word—to beat Andrew Johnson for the senatorship, the Colonel thinks; but as some of the Democrats do not yet forgive his military governorship, there is no certainty that some comparatively unknown man may not be taken up. To the question if Grant is going to let Federal office-holders who are Senter men retain their places, the Colonel concisely replied, "Not much." Finally, the Colonel said that he was in Washington for the purpose of seeing if he could not get an extra session of Congress on the 20th of September to take measures for regulating the internal affairs of Tennessee. He was obliged to add, however, that this scheme was too much even for Mr. Forney, who admits that the election of Senter was an outrage, but is far from clear in his mind as to how Congress can do anything in the premises.

Outside of Tennessee political affairs are quiet, though there is some preliminary stir in Ohio, where Senators Sherman and Morton and Governor Hayes have taken the stump, and Mr. Pendleton is out with his letter of acceptance, which is a true Peace Democrat's performance. Mr. Pendleton never, so far as we know, has risen above acrid, unsuggestive criticism of Republican policy; and this letter is no more than that. In Pennsylvania, there is great dulness and inactivity. Over the line in Maryland, there is a little local quarrel between Judge Bond and some associates of his on the one hand, and Mr. Fulton, of the *American*, on the other—the Judge apparently being practically in that most forlorn of all conditions, "read out" of the party, and lying under the accusation of having favored and of favoring the aspirations of Mr. Chase, whom so many credit with extreme and untiring willingness for the Presidency. Judge Bond is a man of ability; but the reputation is given him—for some reason—of being inclined to bolt. He and his associates indignantly denounce the *American's* imputations on their fidelity. The condition of the Republican organization in Maryland is not unlike its state in this city, and Judge Bond and his friends are playing the part of come-outers.

From Virginia we learn that in the late campaign the total number of Conservatives who enrolled themselves for the seeming purpose of voting to reject the constitution was but 9,136. At any rate, so many votes were cast against it, while in its favor there were 210,585. We may infer from the returns that there was no great amount of calculation used, for just about five-sixths of all the negro electors went to the polls, and just about the same fraction of the white voters—22,000 of the one race and 24,000 of the other staying away. We may infer, also, that a pretty heavy negro vote was given in favor of the liberal policy in regard to enfranchisement, for with 97,205 negro voters at the polls, there were but 84,310 votes, white and black, in favor of retaining the proscriptive clauses of the constitution. General Canby seems determined to enforce the letter of the law regulating the reconstruction of Virginia; and if he does, there will be a Wells legislature after all. There is talk in some of the Democratic papers about the General's trying to make himself senator, and using his power in this instance for that purpose—a charge which no one will believe who knows his character; he is one of the best results of West Point, and, we do not doubt, will in this, as in other cases, do neither more nor less than his exact duty. In Mississippi, there is doubt if Dent will be nominated after all; his ridiculous letter to Secretary Boutwell certainly ought to spoil his chance. The Democratic press, we see, is enjoying the agreeable task, which it always imposes on itself, of shouldering this gentleman as it shouldered Mr. Binckley and Andrew Johnson and Senator Sprague, and every other man, no matter how silly, who would fling mud at Republicans.

The Labor Convention at Philadelphia, which has just closed its sittings, was remarkable for the admission of colored delegates on a footing of full and perfect equality, and for the attention and respect with which they were always listened to. What was more gratifying, though not half so surprising, was that no speeches were so well worth listening to as those of these same delegates, or contained nearly so much good sense and good feeling. The remarks of one of them about the national debt, concerning which there seemed to be a good deal of confusion, if not of unsoundness, in the convention, were especially worthy of note, and ought to have put many an ignorant or hardened white man to the blush. We regret to say, however, that there was little work of a practical kind done in the convention, and if it were not that it had set on foot some useful enquiries, and that all discussion of obscure problems is apt to be beneficial, we should be unable to say that the world was any the better of its having met. Miss Anthony was finally turned out under the dictation of the New York printers—not as a woman, however, but as "an enemy of labor." The convention resolved in favor of the equality of women in all fields of industry, and, while protesting against the importation of Coolies, denied that it had any objection to the voluntary immigration of Chinese; made a statement in defence of the Pennsylvania miners, containing some interesting facts relating to their condition and treatment by their employers, which, if set forth with more calmness, would have been very valuable. The platform of "The National Labor Union," as adopted, denounced the national banks and asked for the substitution of legal tenders for their currency; called for the payment of the Government bonds in currency and the taxation of the interest, and the reduction of the legal rate of interest; denounced land monopolies; and warmly commended co-operation as the best solution of the labor problem. The principal members of the convention were, we believe, men of European birth; and the discussions had the breadth and wideness—not to say wildness—of range which have marked the proceedings of similar conventions on the Continent, but were sadly wanting in the close practicalness which distinguishes the discussions of the workingmen's organizations in England, and has made them literally the most wonderful combinations ever seen, as well as the most powerful of their kind. The fact is that American workmen have yet a great deal to learn, apparently, in this matter from their European brethren, and they could not do better than import a leading man, say of the Amalgamated Engineers' Trades-union, to give them some insight into the working of that great body—the strongest, probably, ever arrayed against capital.

Everybody who has the interests of working-men at heart, and who believes that it is their right and duty to organize for the protection of their own interests, must regret to see them so much disposed to go into politics, and to try to influence legislation on such a vast number of problems, many of which they do not in the least understand, if we may judge from their speeches, and most of which only concern them very remotely. If, on the other hand, they would devote themselves singly to the work of raising wages, of building up co-operation, of providing funds for strikes and for the relief of their members in sickness and old age, for the diffusion of information in their own body regarding the condition and prospects of labor, for the provision of rational means of arbitration between employers and employed, and for the maintenance of communication with the working-men of other countries, they would achieve an amount of success of which foreign workmen do not dream, because they have more familiarity with business, move in a more favorable atmosphere, and enjoy more sympathy from the community. In politics they are sure to come to grief. We are sorry, too, to notice amongst them a want of faith in individual freedom, and a disposition to whine for Government protection against even the natural ills of life.

The jurisprudence of Massachusetts, to which the whole Union is already largely indebted, has been enriched, within the last week, by a

decision on appeal condemning the defendant in the great nose-pulling case, of which we spoke last week, to two months' imprisonment in the common jail, thus according the nose that protection which we believe is still, in spite of its exposed position, the delicacy of its functions, and its intimate connection with the finest feelings of human nature, denied it in the legislation of all other countries. This prominent and important organ may now be considered, in Massachusetts at least, in the enjoyment of that peculiar inviolability which the Romans described by the term sacrosanct. The injury done to it or its owner by a pull at it may be absolutely null; but the offence is nevertheless so rank, and so "smells to heaven," that the proudest has to expiate it by a prolonged sojourn in the common jail amongst the vilest criminals. It is not easy to see, however, on what principles the Court fixed the punishment. If the pull be regarded merely as simple assault and battery, two months' imprisonment is surely a monstrous penalty to inflict for it; if, on the other hand, it be regarded as a personal indignity, the provocation ought to have been taken into account, which it apparently was not; and, as well as we can make out from the report, the defendant's social position, which makes him very susceptible to punishment of any kind except a fine, was treated *simply* as an aggravating circumstance.

To the social philosopher, the proceedings in Court were well worth study. A dweller in the darker parts of the country would naturally regard the affair as a mere police-court case, which a sensible magistrate would dispose of by making the parties apologize mutually, or at worst by a sentence of three or four days' imprisonment on the assailant. But in Boston it seems to have risen to the dignity of a state trial. The Judge and the District-Attorney were evidently suffering from mental inflammation throughout, and the latter thundered against the defendant as if the State was infested by turbulent nobles who amused themselves by pulling the noses of *roturiers*, and running those who complained of it through the body. What made all this fuss was apparently the "social position" of the parties—one is, we believe, a lawyer, and the other a banker; and from the frequent allusions to it, and the heroic struggle of the Court not to be influenced by it, one might imagine that Massachusetts was groaning under a cruel and powerful aristocracy, the fact being that all talk in a Ma sachusetts court of justice about "social position" being of consequence or no is about as becoming, and produces much the same effect on the moral stomach, as frequent declarations from a lady in easy circumstances that, come what may, she is determined to preserve her chastity.

There have been fresh rumors through the week of the sale of Cuba to the inhabitants for the sum of $200,000,000, or thereabouts. The correspondent of the *Boston Advertiser*, who is usually well informed, mentioned this sale, as our readers may remember, before General Sickles's departure, as something which the General had been instructed to suggest or press upon the Spanish Government; and the state of affairs in Cuba is so hopeless that, if the Spaniards could see a prospect of getting the money paid down or guaranteed by the United States, they would probably accept the offer. That unendorsed Cuban bonds would be worth anything, the Spaniards would be the last men to believe. Their hold on the island seems to be daily relaxing, owing to the increasing weakness and disorder of the mother country. The reinforcements are sent out in driblets, and are consumed in desultory operations, without producing any sensible effect on the insurrection—the main reliance of the Home Government being apparently on local volunteers, who are Spaniards, but are an undisciplined though well-armed mob. They have recently offered to be mobilized and take the field, but nobody seems to want to command them; and there is a report that Rodas asks to be recalled to save his reputation, or what is left of it. In the meantime, the accounts of "battles" between the troops and insurgents furnished by the New York papers are melancholy as well as amusing reading, and almost all the composition of the "reliable gentleman," aided by "the intelligent contraband." Their vast and varied experience in our war is, of course, a great help to these persons in their present labors; but, then, how barren and unpicturesque Cuban battlefields must seem to them compared to what they witnessed here.

Affairs in Spain apparently could not easily be worse. The declaration of the Captain-General of Madrid, Señor Irquierdo, one of the leading revolutionists, some weeks ago, that he had begun to despair of the revolution and would retire into private life if a monarch were not speedily elected, was the first intimation the outside world received that things were really as bad as they looked. The Carlist movement, contemptible as it has been from a military point of view, has been evidently a serious one politically and socially. It has aggravated the feeling of unrest and uncertainty which has been the greatest obstacle the revolution has had to contend with, and has tempted the clergy into more active hostility than they had previously ventured on—many of the priests having taken the field at the head of insurrectionary bands. It has, moreover, betrayed the Government into resorting once more to the atrocious measures of repression—the shootings and deportations which have been the scandal and disgrace of all Spanish and Spanish-American revolutions. The latest news is perhaps the worst—that there are numerous signs of insubordination in the army, which has hitherto been the main guarantee of order. The small amount of interest in the course of political events taken by the mass of the people outside the great towns, and the small amount of influence they have exercised on them, have constituted one of the greatest difficulties of the Provisional Government, and say but little for the sagacity of the Republicans. General Sickles has been very cordially received by Marshal Serrano, who permitted him to drive in the garden of La Granja in a pony basket-phæton, which must have been a sweet pretty sight, particularly as riding or driving in these gardens is a privilege hitherto reserved to royal persons, and which Marshal Serrano, Regent though he is, has not ventured to accord to himself.

Major Haggerty's appointment as consul to Glasgow has been cancelled in the frankest manner, the London papers say, by this Government, on learning that Haggerty's antecedents were such as to render it impossible to give him an exequatur, the appointment having been made, it appears, in ignorance of these antecedents. It is not quite pleasant, and certainly is not correct, and ought to be humiliating to have our Government informed for the first time of the antecedents of its own agents by a foreign Government. But although General Grant and Mr. Fish may not have known that Haggerty was a Fenian, the politicians who recommended him for the place, and got it for him, as a reward for his stumping during the last canvas, knew it perfectly well, and we are sure that they are now enjoying the joke at some of the watering-places.

The news from England, apart from the boat-race, is of little interest, except a scandal about the Duke of Edinburgh, who, it appears, made a number of cheap presents to various people in Australia, and then, when he got home, sent in a very large bill for them to Parliament, which was voted amongst the other appropriations. But the Australians, on hearing that the money did not come out of the Prince's pocket, and that, moreover, it was a great deal more than any presents they had heard of were worth, are making a most unpleasant uproar, and the English press is taking up the tale, and there is a very fair amount of indignation expended on the affair. It is one of the incidents which are every day making it more and more doubtful whether the principle of hereditary monarchy can stand very much longer, and whether the public of any modern state can bear very well with royalty deprived of divine right, and debarred from active work. The position of the royal princes is one which in many ways, in the light of the present day, wears a ludicrous aspect, or rather would, even if it were filled by able and useful men; as matters stand, there is every reason to believe that the royal family is the worst enemy of royalty in England. No modern people can endure very well the affectation of respect with which the Prince of Wales and Prince Alfred, for instance, are treated, and the case is aggravated by the frequency with which English customs compel them to show themselves in public. The press, too, is a terrible microscope, which the kings and princes of the olden time had not to face, and personal loyalty is not only dead, but is fast becoming a curiosity of history.

THE INDUSTRIAL CONDITION OF THE SOUTH.

Two Boston brokers—Messrs. Loring and Atkinson—have been making an effort to supply what begins once more to be greatly needed, and that is accurate information, not only as to the social and economical condition of the South, but as to the feelings of the white population. A good deal was done by way of exploration at the South immediately after the war. The public curiosity as to the state of things the Confederacy had left behind it was intense, and the newspapers did much to gratify it by despatching correspondents in every direction; and from their descriptions, if not from their inferences, one got a fair idea of the way the people were living and thinking and feeling. When the Reconstruction process began, the South entered on a new phase, in which the press and the planters were constantly tempted—and generally gave way to the temptation—in all their published accounts of the South to color things in such a way as to alarm or discourage the Northern Radicals and support their own friends at the North, and they resolutely assumed what might be termed a waiting attitude, in the hope that something would turn up that would save them from negro suffrage and all other incidents of political equality.

It may be said safely, however, that during the past two years the Southern whites have been gradually giving up all hope of a reaction, or of saving anything that was peculiar in Southern society from the general transformation. All classes have now for a year or two been trying to adapt themselves to the new order of things, however ill they may like it, and have formed pretty fixed opinions about it, and, what is of perhaps more importance for us, have given up looking for a change. There, therefore, has not before been as favorable an opportunity for asking Southern men what they think of the present condition and future prospects of Southern industry. In the pamphlet before us we find, in extracts from the letters received in reply, the result of enquiries addressed to about two hundred Southerners of prominence, planters, brokers, and factors in various parts of the country, touching the state of Southern agriculture, the defects and advantages of the present system of labor, the condition and prospects of the negroes, and their relations with their white employers, and the opening offered by the South to white immigration—forming, on the whole, perhaps the most interesting body of testimony on these subjects we remember to have seen; and its value is not diminished, but increased, by the fact that it is almost invariably colored by the feelings of the writers. We are apt to forget that the *feelings* of Southern whites—even their wildest and most foolish prejudices—are elements which must enter largely into the calculations of every man who thinks of settling in the South or wishes to speculate in it, or whose duty it may be to legislate for it, and there are but few people at the North who have been at all familiar with the anti-slavery controversy, who are not now perfectly capable of making the necessary allowances for the effect produced on most Southern utterances on all political and social subjects by the mania about the negro, which has made the whole community one of the curiosities of the modern world.

One of the first things which strikes one in reading the letters is, that there is a general agreement amongst the writers, not only that the working force of the black population has been greatly diminished by disease and casualties during the war, and by the general refusal of the women to labor in the fields since the war, but that they are not multiplying, owing to the increasing indisposition of the women to bear children — this inference being drawn partly from the fact that the births have diminished greatly within the sphere of the writer's observation, and partly from the notorious increase of the practice of abortion. That it is a correct inference, nobody need feel much difficulty in believing who remembers that the care of the plantation children now devolves on the mothers, and not, as formerly, on old nurses detailed for the duty; and that impatience of child-bearing is not confined in our day to the negroes. The effects of the diminution of births, combined with the less careful treatment of disease—which is the natural result of the sick negro's ceasing to be property, and being left to get well by his own devices—the neglect of vaccination, and the greater irregularity of the negro's habits in freedom than in slavery, and the sudden access of anxiety caused by emancipation, and falling on a race unused to anxiety and all forms of nervous wear and tear, except physical fear, have also probably done much to raise the bills of negro mortality, or would, if any such bills existed. They would make the prospect of an early extinction of the race very strong, if it were not for the probability that the race will, with fair play, before very long adapt itself by a process of natural selection to the new conditions of existence. The shiftless, licentious, vagabond, and stupid will inevitably die off rapidly; they cannot keep their footing very long in a busy industrial community such as the South, no matter what race supplies the labor, is sure to be; the sober, industrious, strong, and enterprising will hold their own, acquire land and trades, and bear large families, and eventually present to the world a new and select negro type, adapted to the new order of things.

But we do not, we confess, see much probability that the negroes can be relied on to meet the insatiable demand for cotton with which the South is now assailed, and seems likely to be assailed for an indefinite period, unless the form of the cotton culture is entirely changed. There is no likelihood that the large farms can be kept up in the South, any more than anywhere else, without the presence of a numerous proletariat, and this cannot be had permanently, even if it were desirable, in a country with a boundless quantity of waste land. Whatever be the merits of the large farms as regards production, they are not possible without a large and degraded and very dependent laboring class. The system has never been seen anywhere in perfection but in the South during slavery and in England, where the hind's condition is one of the scandals and reproaches of modern civilization; therefore, if cotton can only be raised in large quantities on large plantations by hired labor, it is safe to say that no very vast increase can be looked for at the South. Neither the negro nor the white man will sacrifice himself that mankind may be clothed cheaply or the South retain the monopoly. Both one and the other will always raise corn or potatoes, or steal hogs, or run errands, or brush boots, or even loaf in the towns, sooner than fish or hoe in the fields, if he finds the life is easier. The letters before us supply some very interesting details as to the possibility of cotton culture on small farms, showing that the climate presents no real difficulties in the way of white settlers, and that the profits of careful cotton culture are enormous. The only objection which presents even apparent importance is the cost of the ginning machinery; but there is no more reason why a man should gin his own cotton than grind his own corn; and there is every reason to suppose we shall yet see ginning and packing carried on as a separate business at the South, just as corn or wheat grinding is in other countries.

The testimony of the letters as to the way in which the negroes are now working is very varied; the preponderance of it is, however, unfavorable. They describe negro labor at present as uncertain, whether paid in shares or in cash, and as very much less productive than in slavery; but there is nothing to show that it is more uncertain than white labor is, wherever the demand for labor is brisk; or that it can be fairly charged with unproductiveness except when compared with slave labor. There seems to be no doubt that more bales to the hand were produced in slavery than will ever be produced by the hired laborer in freedom; but then we cannot get at the comparative advantages of the two systems without calculating what a bale costs the producer under each system; and here it is that the scale turns in favor of freedom. The free laborer takes charge of his own person and the persons of his family, and his future and the future of his children, which to the slave-owner were a formidable source of expense.

The continued dependence of the South on the Northwest for provisions, and especially pork, the letters ascribe to the thieving propensities of the blacks, whom they describe as having a perfect passion for hog-hunting, chicken-stealing, and so forth—a weakness which many of the writers connect in a mysterious manner with the Reconstruction policy of Congress, and which some seem to think would be cured by the establishment of a despotic form of government. But here again the remedy is only to be looked for from social training. Nothing teaches men to respect property so well as the possession of it; and it is too short a time since the negroes were themselves the victims of

wholesale theft for them to have acquired very clear notions touching the sanctity of other people's possessions.

The majority of the letter-writers, besides charging them with thievishness, deny them the possession of accumulating power; or, if they admit their possession of it, speak slightingly of it; but the fact that the diversity of negro wants in a state of freedom is making the South a better market for all kinds of manufactured goods than it has ever been before, is a more reliable indication of the condition of the blacks as regards this point than any amount of direct testimony. Mr. Olmsted speaks in one of his volumes of a whole county in Mississippi, if we remember rightly, in which there was not a single store; such a state of things can never be seen again, it is safe to say.

The testimony as to the comparative merits of the two systems of working plantations on shares and working for wages, seems to be that negroes work more steadily and less wastefully, and with less superintendence, when working on shares, and are in greater dread of being discharged; but, on the other hand, they will not under this system do much, if anything, in the way of repairing fences and buildings, or draining, inasmuch as this will not affect the coming crop; and consequently the farm may run down greatly, while the crop is receiving good care. When in receipt of wages simply, the tendency to idle is of course strong, and so is the tendency to sudden desertion. On the whole, the impression left on the mind by the pamphlet is that the negro is uncommonly like the ignorant and untutored Caucasian. For abhorrence of hard labor, his only match on this side of the water is his white neighbor. His tendency to drift to the towns is shared in the fullest degree by the Irish and French; and the negro woman's love of finery and objection to large families, as well as her manner of showing them, is found in quarters to which we are too bashful to "allude more particularly," as the reporters say.

A PLEA FOR THE INDIVIDUAL MAN.—HIS DRINK.

The individual man undoubtedly plays a more important part in modern times than he ever played before. His wants, wishes, and tastes exercise a great and growing influence on legislation and on manners. We let him dress, eat, and sleep almost exactly as he likes. Instead of bullying him into civility, we let him be as unmannerly as he pleases; instead of marrying him for life, we let him marry as many times as suits him. We throw open all professions to him, almost leaving it to himself to decide whether he is fit for them or not. We encourage him in doing as he pleases, and resolutely refuse to criticise what he is pleased to do. All the forces of modern society, seen from one point of view, seem to work for his emancipation from all sorts of restriction—those of authority and custom especially. We are, indeed, getting apparently more and more reluctant to ask him even to submit himself to the ordinary laws of morality. It sometimes seems as if lying, cheating, and stealing might before long be relegated to the category of pardonable "personal peculiarities." And it is this faith in his capacity to work out his own salvation which is in reality the distinctive characteristic of modern progress, and which supports and consoles those who are amazed by the crash of falling thrones and altars, of creeds, systems, and rules. It is not, we now believe, in the state that the seeds of growth lie, but in each member of the state; and the state is best served by giving each member plenty of room, and letting him choose his work.

One meets, however, now and then, in spite of the general leaning to freedom, and general growth of freedom, some curious displays of want of confidence not only in the individual man's goodness, but in his common sense, and in his ability to take care either of his mind, body, or estate; and one finds them in our day, strange to say, oftenest amongst the fiercest enemies of the past—that is, amongst the moral and social reformers. Take for one illustration of what we mean—and perhaps the most striking one—the prohibitory movement in Massachusetts and elsewhere. Here we see a large body of excellent people laboring with might and main not only to have the sale of intoxicating drinks prevented by law, and indulging in the foulest and most ribald abuse of all who deny that the sale of intoxicating drinks can or ought to be prevented by law. They say that individuals cannot be trusted to decide on the quantity of alcohol they will consume; that, in order to put an end to the evils growing out of the abuse of it, the state must step in and stop the use of it by penal enactments—or, in other words, take charge of the morals of the individual, even in the matter of personal habits; that all talk of the efficacy of moral suasion or of confidence in the general progress of society is mere trash, and anybody who indulges in it is a villain, and merits, and will probably receive, eternal damnation.

Now the question which most readily suggests itself to any intelligent person who reads the speeches at a prohibitory convention is, how did there come to be prohibitionists at all? How is it that there is in every State a large body, and in some States a preponderating body, of persons who advocate prohibition; and a larger body who never use intoxicating drinks themselves and never offer them to their friends, and consider all resort to them sinful and injurious; and a still larger body still who rigidly confine themselves to the moderate use of them? There were neither temperance men nor prohibitionists in this or any other country fifty years ago. At that period everybody drank; a great number of very respectable people drank to excess. Liquors stood on every sideboard and in every closet, and gross indulgence in them was hardly considered shameful. To what do we owe the immense change which has since taken place? How is it that most men are now temperate, and that a very large portion of the community consider drinking one of the foulest of vices? There has been no special revelation on the subject. Whatever testimony the Bible bears against strong drink was as clear and emphatic in the year 1700 as in the year 1869. Whatever reason there may have been for thinking that the wine used at the wedding in Cana of Galilee was unfermented, was as potent then as now. The change has not been brought about by legislation either. There have been no acts passed anywhere for the prevention of drunkenness by the removal of liquors; drunkenness, it is true, has been punished more severely of late than it used to be, but this is because public opinion has visited it with severer reprobation.

But what bred this public opinion? To what agency do we owe the existence of this vast band of infuriated and implacable prohibitionists—this vaster band of quiet teetotallers—and still vaster band of strictly moderate drinkers, to all of whom drunkenness in every degree is a revolting offence against morals and decency? Why, we owe it to the very agency which the prohibitionists most loudly deride and ridicule, namely, to the reason of the individual man working on the facts of life. The whole teetotal camp is filled with the results of moral suasion. The ferocious Dr. Miner himself is one of its products—not a very admirable one, we admit, but still a product. He was not legislated into his beliefs or dragged into them by the State Constable. He was not told by an angel in a vision to hate alcohol; whatever light he has on the temperance question, like his light on all other subjects, came to him through his understanding or whatever it is that produces his opinions for him. The agitation in which he is engaged; the influence he and his colleagues exercise on the public mind; the prohibitory law itself, whether it be well or ill executed, are due to the play of individual consciousness on the various phenomena of society—to the fact that individuals have a moral sense and use it; that they on the whole love order and decency and pursue them; have an interest in their neighbors' welfare as well as in their own; and are conscious of their responsibilities in this life and in the life to come. Whatever is hopeful in public sentiment on the subject of intemperance or of any other social evil is, in short, due to the force in human affairs which prohibitionists ask us to trust no longer—the force which has carried the world out of barbarism into civilization, out of darkness into light—which has produced the greatest empires and profoundest philosophies and most enduring codes—namely, the action of individual minds influenced by or influencing other minds through arguments, sympathy, and example. We do not mean to say that all reformatory work should be left to public opinion, and that legislation can never exercise an educational influence, but we do mean to call attention to the absurdity—and worse—of blackguarding people who are disposed to rely wholly or mainly on the individual man's capacity for self-discipline for further advances in the matter of temperance—this being the very field of all in which that capacity has produced the most striking results.

HIS FOOD AND CLOTHING.

Another illustration of the same distrust of him is to be found in the state of excitement into which some economists and social philosophers work themselves every year when they see the year's customs returns, over our "importations of luxuries" and our consequent "foreign indebtedness." To read what they say on this point, one might fairly conclude that the individual man was as incompetent to buy his clothes and furniture as to regulate his allowance of intoxicating drinks, and that every citizen ought to be attended by a receiver appointed by Government to superintend his expenditure of his income. The account of our imports and exports during the past year has just been rendered by the Bureau of Statistics, and it shows as usual a considerable balance against us; that is, we have received goods to a greater amount than we have sent goods out—the difference being paid either in gold or in bonds or other evidences of debt, on which we pay interest. Over this difference a certain class of economists every year raise a most dismal howl, and say we are running so heavily in debt to foreigners that we shall be ruined unless we retrench. We notice, however, that this year there is a slight modification in their tone. They begin to admit that to give bonds or mortgages to foreigners in order to secure money to make railroads or canals or work mines is, after all, not such an idiotic performance, even though we have to pay interest on them regularly—a feature in the transaction which is always spoken of as something of peculiar hardship and atrocity—and for two reasons. One is, that money invested here makes more than the interest paid to foreign lenders, and the difference is therefore one of clear profit to this country, no matter where the money comes from; the other is, that even if a railroad or canal or mine or other work does not pay, the foreigner who has money in it has absolutely no remedy. He can foreclose his mortgage, but he cannot carry off the thing mortgaged, or, if he does sell the pledge, he has to sell it at a low rate to Americans, who thus gain on the transaction more than ever. Most of the lamentation over foreign indebtedness is, indeed, due to a kind of vague belief either that foreign investments made here do not pay ordinary interest on the amount, or that, if the foreigners are not satisfied with the investment, they may any day come over, roll up the road or the mine or canal, pack it into the hold of a ship, and carry it off. The fact is, the material security foreigners hold for their investments is almost worthless apart from the good faith of the American people.

But on the subject of our large importations of foreign luxuries, these economists are as inconsolable as ever; and when they see, or think they see, that the goods are paid for in bonds, like the Emir in the "Arabian Nights," they "weep till they become insensible." Nevertheless, as regards this matter of importing "silks, laces, Brussels carpets, Paris furniture, and multifarious gauds," as well as in the manner of paying for them, the average individual American may be fairly depended on to do what is best. We have only to follow the matter out into its details, indeed, to see how foolish the alarm is. The silks, carpets, laces, and champagne set down in such immense quantities in the custom-house receipts are in reality, of course, ordered by great dealers; but they are ordered for sale to individuals. The silk is all sold in single dresses, and the lace in trimings and shawls, to individual women; the carpets are used to carpet the houses of individuals; the champagne is disposed of to individual men, to be drunk bottle by bottle at dinner-tables. The dealers do not bring all these things over for their own use; they bring them for their customers; and they regulate the amount they order by the amount which experience has taught them their customers are likely to require in the course of a year. So that, when we sift the matter, we find the commodities which so terrify us are simply the purchases of a great number of different families, brought over together for convenience, and distributed afterwards here. If, therefore, we are importing too much of these luxuries during a series of years, it must be that the people who buy silks and wines among us are living beyond their income, and enjoying indulgences they have not the means of paying for—a supposition simply ridiculous. Many persons, doubtless, live beyond their incomes; but the mass of this as of every other community live within them. When we see a woman buying a silk dress, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred she has the money to pay for it, and pays it down; when we see a man ordering a basket of champagne, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred he can afford it; he has got a surplus which he feels at liberty to lay out in that way. We may say the same thing of persons whom we see buying carpets for their houses. The writers who make the uproar about foreign luxuries would think us insane if we proposed to have the Government stop all these purchasers at the entrance of the stores, and examine them as to the condition of their affairs, and not allow them to buy till they had proved their solvency; and yet, if there be any truth in much that we read on this subject, this is what ought to be done.

Now, the individual buyers having paid the dealers for their luxuries, the dealer proceeds to pay his foreign correspondent; and the transaction then for the first time meets the public eye, and furnishes the basis on which the speculations on which we are commenting are built up. If he sends over the cash he has received from his customers, after having pocketed his own profit, he hears all round him wails and lamentations over "the drain of gold" from the country, although, as he well knows, it is simply money which the people who owned it can spare, and have spent in gratification of perfectly legitimate tastes. If, however, he and the banker with whom he deals come to the conclusion that if, instead of sending cash, he buys bonds in the New York market, and sends them for sale in the London or Hamburg market, he will not only pay his debt, but make a profit on the bonds, and he accordingly makes his remittance in bonds, he hears louder yells than ever over the alarming increase of our "foreign indebtedness." If he asks what the matter is, he is told that the interest on these bonds will amount to so much, and will have to be "sent out of the country" to aliens every year. "But what difference does it make," he will enquire, "whether I keep the bonds myself, draw the interest, and send it over in payment of my debts, or sell them to my creditor at a good price, and let him draw the interest?" to which the only reply will be more wails and lamentations and increased production of editorials on "foreign indebtedness."

We pointed out a few days ago one way, and the only way, in which what is by a sort of fiction called our "foreign indebtedness" may inconvenience us. A sudden outburst of folly amongst our "War-horses," threatening us with a foreign war at a moment when neither our purse nor our *morale* was ready for it, might send back on us suddenly a large amount of our bonds and other securities held abroad; but they would not be brought back by angry and frightened creditors. They would be brought back, like any other commodity, by owners who wanted to sell them in our market, and the way they would affect us unpleasantly would be in lowering the value in the market of similar securities held by ourselves, and thus plunging us in a financial crisis. No foreigner would come to demand payment of us of anything whatever. Nobody here owes any foreigners for silks, laces, champagne, or other luxuries, except the regular importers, and they only owe on their current accounts, and settle at the ordinary trade intervals. No foreign manufacturer gives indefinite credits to Americans or anybody else for luxuries, and we import none that are not paid for in ready cash, or in something which we purchase with cash, and send abroad instead of it, as being more profitable to export than cash. In fact, the whole outcry about "foreign luxuries" is due to a queer notion, *that we issue bonds to pay for luxuries.* We do nothing of the kind. We issue them to pay for great public improvements, and we sometimes *transfer* them to foreigners, when we find we can make a better use of cash than sending it abroad.

Foreign indebtedness is, doubtless, somewhat of a burden, inasmuch as it makes our market liable to be inundated inopportunely with securities by persons who do not know the country, and, therefore, cannot tell what importance to attach to bunkum speeches and resolutions; but this is a burden inseparable from rapid growth. We could do without foreign capital; but if we did, we should have to diminish the rapidity of our material growth by one-half. So, also, the United States could have done without foreign immigration. From a moral and social and political point of view, it has undoubtedly been an evil; but there are two overwhelming reasons for submitting to it: one, that it could not be kept out; the other, that without it the

nation would be a great deal poorer, weaker, and more dependent than it is with it.

THE BYRON HORROR.

It is said that all secrets come to light at last. The Iron Mask may yet drop from the phantom face of the victim of Louis XIV., and Junius may issue forth into the light from beneath the shadow of the great name under which he has lurked for a century. The time has come when the secret of the separation between Lord and Lady Byron has been given up to the world. And what a secret! The raising of the veil of Mokanna revealed a less revolting spectacle to his expectant hosts. And how marvellously was the secret kept! More than fifty years it had perplexed the curious world, and no hint of it had ever got into print until Mrs. Stowe gave it to the *Atlantic Monthly*. Whether the truth should not have been for ever buried in darkness is a question which will be discussed and pronounced upon according to the different points of view and the different ways of looking at things of the disputants.

There can be no doubt of the sincerity of Mrs. Stowe's purpose to justify Lady Byron before mankind, nor of her belief that she has effectually done so; but we are compelled to say that she has made a fearful mistake, if the facts she tells are indeed as she states them. That we have some reason to think that this is not the case we shall presently explain, though without any imputation on Mrs. Stowe's truthfulness of intention. But if the story be as she relates it, it would have been better if it had slumbered for ever in darkness, and been an enigma to the end of time. As it seems to us, Mrs. Stowe's narrative places Lady Byron in a position only less revolting than that of her husband and his incestuous paramour—in the position, to wit, of an accessory after and during the fact to their hideous guilt. Her expression is somewhat clumsy; but, as we understand her, Mrs. Stowe means to say that after Lady Byron was fully informed of the incestuous relations existing between Byron and his sister, "she would neither leave her husband nor betray him," and this during "two years of convulsive struggle!" That is to say, Lady Byron continued to live with her husband as his wife for two years after knowing of his incestuous intrigue; and, of course, in relations of friendly intercourse before the world with his detestable paramour! We believe this to have been impossible. No woman, not herself infamous, could have done such a thing. But that Lady Byron, who impressed every one who approached her as being all purity and goodness—whose character and appearance Mrs. Stowe herself so describes—that she could have been guilty of condoning such a crime for two years, is about as near an impossibility on its face as we can easily conceive of. If there be no error in the revelations made by Mrs. Stowe, she has done—unintentionally, of course—what will send her friend's name down to posterity covered with disgrace and ridicule—disgrace for having condoned this infamy for so long a time, and ridicule for having done so in the hope of converting her husband—and Byron of all men!—from the error of his ways! But we think that it will be found that Mrs. Stowe must have mistaken or misremembered some of Lady Byron's statements; and, in her desire to make as striking a picture as she could of her friend's sufferings during her marriage, overlooked the influences so damaging to her memory which the world would draw from the story as it stands.

And we have these reasons for thinking so. In the first place, part of Mrs. Stowe's statement of the case is manifestly impossible. Lady Byron could not have had "*two years* of convulsive struggle" with this horror unless we suppose that Byron told her of it six months before he was engaged to her. The separation took place in the middle of January, 1816, and the engagement was entered into in the middle of September, 1814 — only sixteen months before. The marriage was performed—we can hardly say solemnized or celebrated—on the 2d of January, 1815. Ada was born on the 10th of the next December following, and Lady Byron left her husband, never to return, in the middle of January, as we have just said. Their married life, therefore, covered but a few days more than *one* year, to which Lady Byron's sufferings from this cause must have been limited, supposing that Byron made the communication on the marriage-day. This, however, does not go to the bottom of the matter; for a day's condonation of such a crime would be, in the eye of the law and of common sense, a guilty consenting to it. But there is another version of the story which, while it does not change the central infamy, is most honorable to Lady Byron's character and memory, and which we feel sure will be ultimately established as the true one. We were told the main facts of this history something more than ten years ago, and this was how it was told to us: At whatever time the incestuous connection between Byron and his sister may have begun, Lady Byron knew nothing of it, as we heard the story, until after the birth of her child. Some time after that event, probably about the beginning of January, 1816, Byron told her of the intrigue, saying that he had never loved any other woman than the partner of his guilt. She, naturally, supposed it to be a delusion of insanity; and it was under this impression that she consulted Doctor Baillie about him, which is one of his main charges against her in his letters and in "Don Juan." It was while under this belief that she wrote the playful letter to Byron, after leaving him, which is also one of the counts in the indictment against her. After reaching Kirkby Mallory, her father's house, she had certain proofs of the truth of what her husband had told her, from which time she left him for ever.

Now, we do not affirm that this version of the story is absolutely authentic. We tell it as it was told to us; but most certainly it is inherently more probable than the one given by Mrs. Stowe. It is a key to the whole mystery, and the solution is greatly honorable to Lady Byron. It accounts for her silence as to the cause of the separation. Her lips were sealed as long as Mrs. Leigh lived. It accounts for her consultation with Dr. Baillie, and for her letter after leaving Byron, and before knowing that a separation was inevitable. It accounts, too, for Dr. Lushington's statements confirming her own, saying that "a reconciliation was impossible," and that "if such an idea should be entertained he could not, professionally or otherwise, take any part towards effecting it." Of course he could not, as a man of honor. It may be doubted, however, whether he would have considered it as impossible, though equally he could have taken no part in it, if he had been told by Lady Byron that she had continued to live with her husband as his wife for months, weeks, or a single day after knowing his guilt. We are not sure if Dr. Lushington is still alive; we believe he is not long since dead; but we trust that, if he is living, he will now make a brief, clear, lawyer-like statement of the facts in the case, with which he is better acquainted as Lady Byron's counsel than any other person, such as will put this matter for ever at rest in the solid foundation of truth. Indeed, it is due to Byron, his wife, and to the public that everybody who can throw any light on the circumstances should now tell everything in relation to the affair that they know. And this burden rests with peculiar weight on Mrs. Stowe, who is responsible for the publication of the charge, and who is bound to produce the evidence which seemed to her a sufficient justification for making it. It is clear, from Mrs. Stowe's account, that Lady Byron intended that the facts should be known at a proper time. We know that it was not to Mrs. Stowe alone that she confided the accusation; but that, years before her death, one, at the very least, of her familiar acquaintances had been fully informed of it, and had thought herself at liberty to make talk about it, and not without mentioning Lady Byron as her authority. We wish Lady Byron could have entrusted its full revelation—if the revelation of it was absolutely necessary—to a more judicious hand than that which has now given it to the world. We at least hope that Mrs. Stowe's article will have the effect of bringing the whole truth authentically to light, which we are equally sure will exonerate Lady Byron from the faintest shadow of complicity with the hideous crime alleged against her husband.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF "THE NATIONAL GAME."

Cricket has, for some reason or other, always been a failure as an American game. Although various attempts, and very vigorous attempts too, have been made to naturalize it, they have all broken down, and i cannot be said by any one whose enthusiasm has not perverted his sense of truth that cricket is to-day one whit more in favor with the ball-playing public than it was thirty years ago. Notwithstanding the fact that New York and Philadelphia and Boston all encourage the game, and that the first of the three can boast of the St. George's Club, it still remains true that the sport is watched by most American crowds with suspicion and dislike, as an imported invention not suited to the peculiar institutions of the country, while the enthusiasm called out by a match-game of base-ball has been for some years steadily on the increase, year by year throwing the rival amusement more into the shade. This general fact, we take it, is not open to dispute; but what is the explanation of it? After sighing for generations that Providence should vouchsafe us a "truly American" literature, and "truly American" architecture, and "truly American" schools of painting and music, Providence, it appears, at length answers us (with the usual Providential derision of lofty aspirations) with a truly American game of ball. Let us not repine at the decree of fate, but examine with a cheerful spirit the peculiar traits of the game which, from

Maine to the Gulf of Mexico, and from Key West to the extremest point of Alaska, is dignified by the name of "National." Let us say, by the way, that it is by no means an insignificant fact that the recent riot in Charleston should have been caused, not by the entry of a Savannah cricket club into the city, but by that of a base-ball club. In such slight things there is a meaning. Had it been a cricket club, none would have cared enough about the matter to turn out, and so there would have been no mob, and so there could have been no riot. But it was a base-ball club; the throng was immense; the riot ensued; and thus did a little game of ball affect the great game Reconstruction. But let that pass; we revert to our theme.

The game of cricket being an English game, and the base-ball being American, we should expect to find in the national differences of character an explanation of the differences in the two national amusements. And we should expect this all the more because the basis of both games is the same. Both games rest, first, upon the desire of the Anglo-Saxon—(we do not say Caucasian, or Aryan, because we like to be exact)—upon the desire of the Anglo-Saxon to arm himself with a stick and drive a small round body with it; and, secondly, upon the desire of any other Anglo-Saxon who happens to be in the way to stop this body, deprive the other of his stick, and "bat" himself. In these fundamental instincts may be clearly seen the germs of the two games of cricket and base-ball. Let there be, instead of two men, two sides, one of which has the bat, while the other's function is to stop the ball, and let the rude violence of nature be restrained and regulated by law, and you have at once a game of ball. As the methods of striking and stopping, or "batting" and "fielding," vary, you obtain now cricket, now base-ball. It is the fundamental similarity of the two games, then, which enables us to say that their superficial differences are the result of national differences of character. If the difference between the favorite amusement of English and American boys were something intrinsic, the case would be changed. Suppose that English boys found their highest amusement in surf-swimming, like the boys of the Sandwich Islands, while the sport most keenly enjoyed by American boys was vivisection—it would certainly be difficult to say how far such wide differences could be accounted for by analysis of national tendencies. But in the actual case, the generative principle of both games being the same, the investigator is confident at once that the explanation of what diversity exists must be found in the diversity of the character of the two nations.

Now, in two points at least, it may be said with certainty that the American character differs from the English—in being less brutal, and in being more fond of novelty, of change, of the excitement which novelty and change produce. And to any one who carefully watches the two national games, it becomes evident that they also differ in the same way—cricket being the more brutally dangerous, and also affording the least excitement of the two. The first point will probably be readily granted, inasmuch as it is obvious that the much greater solidity and hardness of the ball used in the English game greatly increase the chances of danger; it is, in fact, no uncommon thing for cricket-players to have their limbs broken; and in order to guard against this a system of pads has been invented, which affords the spectacle of the nearest approach to a suit of mail that any modern nation has made. Even with these guards against him, an experienced bowler can easily break the teeth, or ankle, or wrist of the man at the bat; not that we mean to accuse the lovers of the sport of any such nefarious desire, but merely to point out the incidental dangers to which the cricket-player lays himself open. These dangers the English like, and to the English mind they give a gusto to the game for which they would otherwise hardly know where to look. To the American, on the other hand, the spectacle of suffering of any kind is distasteful, and hence the first change in the game. The ball is made soft. The ball once rendered harmless, bowling along the ground, as in cricket, becomes impossible, and batting in the air becomes a necessity. We have already the rudiments of quite a different thing from the game of cricket.

The next step is to obtain excitement. Cricket is essentially a slow game, a game without chance, a game of science. Each side consists of eleven men, and before the sides change ten individuals must be "bowled," "stumped," "caught," or "run" out. In addition to this, each side goes to the bat twice, and thus the game is always long, and sometimes even tedious; it is no uncommon thing for it to occupy parts of two days. We might be sure that Americans would never learn to play at a game like this; and accordingly we find that, just as we have substituted for the meditative and slow game of whist the exciting and rapid euchre, so in outdoor sports steadfast persistence has given way to dash and movement. The "side" in base-ball is already reduced to nine in number, though that is of small consequence; the principal change is that putting out three men puts out the whole side, which gives an opportunity for nine innings instead of two, and an amount of variety in the chances at different stages of the game that the steady-going cricketer has no conception of. To explain what we mean, let us go more into detail: Suppose that a game of cricket is to be played between the St. George's Club and the All-England Eleven, and that the latter have the first innings. The St. George's men distribute themselves over the field, while A and B of the other eleven go to the bat. The St. George's bowler does his best; the St. George's wicket-keeper does his best; the St. George's fielders do their best; and between them they manage in the course of half an hour to get A out. In comes C, and the process is repeated; out goes C, and in comes D, and so on through E, F, G, and all the rest of the eleven. In base-ball, this is all different: As soon as A is out, the "outside" knows that by getting B and C out their turn will come. B and C are put out, and the whole nine is out—those that have not struck a blow as well as those who have. And in order to make this process quicker, it is required that the striker should run as soon as he has hit the ball, and thus stand his chance of being put out on the bases. In cricket this is not the rule, and in the case we have supposed, A and B might go on striking the ball to all eternity without running, if they please. Of course it is for their interest to run in order that their side may score, but their not being obliged to do so makes the game much longer than it otherwise would be.

Such are the changes which have been introduced into the game of cricket, or rather the game of ball, by American players, and the alterations are, as we believe, of a truly national character. We do not believe that cricket will ever be naturalized here, but that its rival is destined for evermore to be the national game. To those who would object to our explanation that it is fanciful, we can only say that we believe it violates none of the known laws of reasoning, and that it certainly answers the great end of accounting for the facts. To those other objectors who would contend that our explanation supposes a gradual modification of the English into the American game, while it is a matter of common learning that the latter is of no foreign origin but the lineal descent of that favorite of boyhood, "Two-Old-Cat," we would say that, fully agreeing with them as to the historical fact, we have always believed it to be so clear as not to need further evidence, and that for the purposes of this article the history of the matter is out of place. We have throughout spoken of cricket as "changing" into base-ball, not because we suppose these words represent the actual origin of the latter, but to bring more vividly before the mind the differences between the two. He would indeed be an unfaithful chronicler who should attempt to question the hoary antiquity of "Two-Old-Cat," or the parental relation in which it stands to base-ball.

ENGLAND.

August 3, 1869.

Before dismissing finally the subject of the Irish Church, it is, perhaps, worth while to make a few remarks on the results of the conflict by which it has been overthrown. I would especially notice one point, to which I have frequently referred in previous letters, and which to me at least seems to be very characteristic. I speak of the singular absence of anything like strong feeling in the minds of the English people. Newspapers have occasionally uttered as brave words as you shall hear in a summer's day. Orators have waxed warm at public meetings. Mr. Gladstone, I do not doubt, believes that he has accomplished a gigantic task, and written his name imperishably on the annals of his country. But I venture to say that from the beginning to the end of the struggle the British Lion has been remarkably drowsy; through all the blowing of trumpets, and flourishing of banners, and letting off of fireworks, he has preserved a stolid calm, and really wished that the business were well over. The abolition of the Irish Church had somehow got itself inscribed at the top of the Liberal programme, and had to be settled before we could proceed to other business. We have done it, and are truly thankful for this, amongst other mercies; but it is impossible to say that the nation has been deeply stirred about it, or that there is any special cause of triumph in our having at last done something which ought to have been done half a century ago. Two or three causes may be assigned in partial explanation of this comparative lukewarmness of feeling. In the first place, few subjects will bear talking about for two years consecutively, especially by Irish orators. In the next place, the battle was really decided last November, and Parliament has been merely carrying into execution the clearly expressed will of the people. A little more or a little less left to the Church mattered a good deal to a few clergymen and curates, but could excite little

interest in the people at large. Thirdly, though we were doing an act of justice, and doing it from motives of justice—for which, I think, we deserve some little credit—we were doing it rather against the grain. John Bull doesn't like a Papist; and to speak more generally, an alliance between Liberals and Catholics will always be a very half-hearted alliance. We will take away your grievance, was the general tone of feeling, but we don't by any means do it out of love to you. For this little matter we can act in harmony; but once get it out of the way, and then—you shall see. But, besides these causes of indifference, there is another and a very much deeper cause. To say the truth, there is something lamentable about the spectacle we have been witnessing. The Irish Church was a grievance. For two generations at least no reasonable statesman, not brought up in the very thick of English prejudices, could have defended it for a moment. Mr. Gladstone is a man of genius; so is Mr. Bright; and the Cabinet, of unusual ability, has at its back a Liberal majority of overwhelming strength. Now this great majority, with these first-rate leaders, have spent nearly their whole time and energy for many months past in doing nothing but getting rid of one gross abuse. It ought to have fallen at the very sound of their trumpet; it has, in fact, been the one object of a long and doggedly contested campaign. The victory, too, however desirable it might be, was not one calculated to bring any immediate or conspicuous result. Irish orators will have one topic the less, and there will be rather less show of reason in denouncing English rule. But the monster evil remains unchecked and unaffected. Ireland will be as miserable as before; its population will continue to diminish; and, in counting up the fruits of their victory, the most sanguine Liberals are only able to say that probably in time we shall be able to stimulate a better feeling between the countries; whilst even they will admit that the Protestant part of the country will probably be less loyal than before. All this time matters are waiting for determination which are of the very deepest importance to the country, and which impatiently demand the interference of Parliament. When, one cannot help asking, shall we get to the end of knocking down old restrictions and begin some process of reconstruction? By slow degrees, inconceivably slow they seem to be sometimes, we are putting men of all creeds on a level. One or two restrictions still remain at the universities and elsewhere, and there is the whole question of the English Established Church; but we may be said to have arrived at free-trade in religion as in commerce, or to be clearly on the road to it. Meanwhile, statesmanship might surely be shown in something better than the removal of the obsolete machinery; the attention of the country might be called to some loftier objects. We want, for example, a new system of education, from the very highest to the very lowest classes; from universities to ragged-schools, every class is crying out for improvement, and the ignorance of large masses is telling against us even in a commercial point of view. Then, again, the poor-law is at present so far from fulfilling its purpose that it produces constant ill-will between classes, and increases instead of diminishing that vast mass of pauperism which presses on our resources. The law requires systematic improvement in every direction; the army requires reconstruction; the church will have to be dealt with; and there is that great question of land-laws, which sooner or later must come to the front. With all these and many minor questions hanging over us, it is vexatious to see the whole energy of our legislature and our ablest statesmen employed in upsetting one obsolete institution, whose fall will probably produce no very sensible effect for years to come.

The real interest which has been felt is more in the indications of the future course of events than in the matter actually at issue. What will be the first great question to stir men's mind's, and what will be the rival forces? Are there symptoms of the approach of a revolutionary period, or are we likely to be dawdling on for some time longer, spreading our reform over years? Is democracy going to burst upon us like a deluge, or will the good old British prejudices last through a few more years of slow wear and tear? The answer to these and many other questions would lead me far beyond any permissible limits, even if I possessed it. I will content myself for the present with mentioning one or two points which appear to me to be tolerably clear. The House of Lords has not for many years been a very important assembly, but it has attracted an amount of public attention during this session which is rather remarkable. Conservatives say—and with some truth—that it has distinguished itself by debates fully equal in excellence to those of the lower house. It may be so; but that is a matter of little importance. The fact which has been more clearly established than ever, is the fact that in any serious question the House of Lords will not fight. Given a House of Commons elected by household suffrage, and pledged to decide some question which really stirs the feelings of the householders, and the House of Lords will not dare even to make a show of fighting. The various attempts which have been made to reform some parts in its constitution indicate the sense of weakness, which they are very inadequate to remedy.

What, then, will be the most likely question to bring on a very serious struggle? For an answer to this, I would refer you to Mr. Beresford Hope's exceedingly naïve remark the other night, that landholding was become a luxury of the rich, and a part of the *ars vivendi* of a highly civilized country. In other words, it is a result of our high civilization that the land of England is in the future to be in the hands of a small body of very rich men, who are to take it for purposes of game-preserving, and to maintain an ornamental peasantry to fall down before the squire and the parson. If the English people once understands that the view so pithily expressed is the serious and settled opinion of the English landholder, the landholder will be invited to consider certain proposals which, as we may judge from the precedent of the Irish Church, it will be hopeless to meet by any cries of confiscation and sacrilege. He will be taught who is his master. Few English gentlemen would fall in with Mr. Beresford Hope's theory in so many words; but the battle of the future will be between the spirit of which it is an embodiment, and the modern ideas with which it conflicts. The House of Lords will be a weak tower of defence. If we ask whether that conflict will break out soon, and what will be the pretext for its commencement, I can only say that I am no prophet, I do not think, however, that there are any symptoms of an immediate outbreak. I hope that before such questions arise our statesmen will have begun to put our house in order, and will have seriously grappled with the great problems at which I have hinted. I fully believe that they are disposed to do so; and that Mr. Gladstone and his colleagues are as anxious as men can be to do some real work in the ensuing session. The immediate difficulty is in the many divisions of the Liberal party, now that the question upon which they were all united has been removed. Thus, in the educational and other questions, we have the division between the *laissez-faire* Whigs and the more active modern school of politicians who renounce that doctrine. Mr. Lowe, for example, holds that the state should do nothing: and Mr. Forster holds that it should interfere with great energy. We shall have a struggle in which the old watchwords of self-government and bureaucracy will play a considerable part; and though I believe personally that our changes will be chiefly in the direction of centralization, there is a large and influential party on the other side. A real democratic agitation which would open up the great questions of the land and the church would, for the time, put these matters out of sight; but I confess that I do not believe matters to be ripe for such an agitation at the present moment.

FRANCE.

PARIS, August 6, 1869.

WHAT I took occasion to remark to you in the very beginning of this crisis is duly showing itself to be more threatening—namely, that the Emperor's own tendencies are of a nature that go far further onward than do those of his ministers or other advisers, and that they take a totally different direction. The Emperor strongly and instinctively dislikes *political* reforms and political liberties which put a control over *his* actions into the hands of *educated* and responsible men; but he has no objection whatever to socialistic theories, no matter how *avancés*, so that he himself preserves a right of initiative, or, in other words, of dictature. This it is which frightens even those venerable *invalides* of the Empire, the senators; this it is which induces them to lend a hand toward the fashioning of a political reform which may save them from something worse.

In the meanwhile, these "potent, grave, and reverend seigniors" are of opinion that the Emperor has bid adieu to his senses; and their discontent and annoyance are positively comical. If you set aside the question of expediency—as in this case, where these aged worthies are accepting liberty as expedient—you will find the love of freedom to be in France, nine times out of ten, a question of years. The young respect and love freedom; the old dislike it, and put a bitterness into their animosity which you rarely see anywhere out of this country.

"If there is a thing more odious and more contemptible than all others, it is a young Bonapartist," said poor Montalembert, some ten years ago, when he began the unsparing war upon Imperial despotism which he has carried on till this day, and which has, during the last few years, raised up so many brave recruits. And when Montalembert uttered those words, there actually were some "*young*" Imperialists—men of between twenty and five-and-twenty, who, prematurely old in spirit, and preternaturally timid in their opinions, were not ashamed to prate about "order"

and the "salvation of society." But these have long since ceased their cackling, and left the panegyrics of the policy of compression to sabre-trailers and old women. Young men in France, for the last six or eight years, have been growing more and more manful, consequently more and more hostile to the régime under which they were governed. The Mexican Expedition ruined any hope the Empire might ever have conceived of finding support among *young* Frenchmen. It being now impossible for Napoleon III. either to employ war as a "derivative," or to refuse the home liberties which France *will* have, the next modification we shall witness is a most interesting and quite gradual one—so gradual as to be almost insensible. We shall witness the various and inevitable modifications of manners, habits, customs—modes of life and modes of thought.

Something is done already, and a vast deal is in process of doing every day. Education, moral and physical; the relationships to each other of the two sexes; the economy of domestic life; and the willingness or unwillingness to seek a livelihood abroad—these are some of the points on which modifications will and *must* become visible as time rolls on. If you want to mark how near to accepting what he still calls an "outlandish" theory a French man or woman may be, you must watch them *as a "public"* at a theatre when any novelty is set before them by a more than usually enterprising and innovating author. Don't forget that, before the Revolution of 1830 (not above forty years ago), it was impossible to make a French audience accept Shakespeare unadulterated. The great poet had to be "put into shape" and made "proper;" and Hamlet, for instance could not kill Polonius behind the tapestry in the Queen's chamber, nor the Moor strangle his wife on the stage.

Well, not very long since a little essay was made at the *Gymnase* in the form of a three-act play, entitled "Miss Suzanne," the reception whereof by the public marked an epoch in the manners and opinions of the French exceedingly curious to note by any person who is well acquainted with them. Miss Suzanne was no other than a young American girl whom sudden misfortune had obliged to become a governess on the Continent. Of course the hero married her in the end, and his whole family learned to love and admire her, and look up to her with the profoundest respect. But *before* this "consummation" was achieved, every prejudice of French education and opinion was shocked by the independence and apparent "fastness" of Miss Suzanne. It was "self-reliance" in its most unmitigated garb; self-assertion *à outrance* brought to bear upon conventionality and tradition, and conventionality and tradition went to the wall; and a French "public" was pretty generally agreed that, after all, a woman might make a good, honest wife and mother and yet be independent in her habits and mode of life; and even (!) be allowed to travel in a railway carriage *alone* without irretrievably losing her good name.

I hinted just now at another modification to French customs, consisting in the greater or less willingness to emigrate: this is *the* vital question of the future. In reality, your superiority over Europe, your freedom from the evils which are crushing the Old World, lies in the excess of space over population, whilst our "mortal ill" is the excess of population over space. The Anglo-Saxon races neutralize the evil by their readiness to emigrate, whilst one of the chief causes of distress in France is attributed by economists to the time-out-of-mind attachment of the Gaul to his one particular spot of earth. There he chooses to live and die. This is in some respects undoubtedly true, but not so absolutely so as political writers and statists imagine. There are provinces of France in which, through long years, the habit has been to emigrate. In Auvergne, for instance, the poorer classes have such a migratory disposition that they slip away from their native hills as quite little boys and try to earn a living for themselves away from home. The charcoal-dealers and water-carriers of Paris are all but invariably Auvergnats. But this is a most unhealthy state of things, for it is simply internal emigration, and constitutes plethora. Paris has, heaven knows, population enough, and what is needed is that Parisians should wander forth. That this may occur in the end, is possible among other modifications; and a little anecdote that has fallen under my own observation would tend to prove that improvement is coming on in that direction.

This spring the Comte de Beauvoir, a young man of 22, published a small volume, describing his travels around the world in company with the Duc de Penthièvre, son of the Prince de Joinville. He dwelt, especially, at great length upon his stay in Australia, and told of the way in which British and German immigrants had made their fortunes, by dint of courage, prudence, and tenacity. His book made really an extraordinary sensation, and two editions sold off in no time. But what was not the surprise and delight of the young author at receiving several times small deputations of workmen—those spare, pale, over-intelligent, muscleless children of the Paris suburbs—who came to ask of him how it would be possible for them and such as they were to get out to Melbourne or Sydney or any of the places he had written of, and what they could do when they got there?

But there is, in the shape of emigration, genuine transatlantic outwandering—a fact of which your readers have, perhaps, never heard. There is, in this stay-at-home land, an entire race of men who, in all ranks, practise emigration upon a most extensive scale: these are the inhabitants of the so-called Basque provinces; the countrymen of the greatest sovereign France ever had—of Henry IV. From Bayonne onward, eastward and southward, from the slopes of the Pyrenees to the shores of the ocean, there is scarcely to be found a family that has not its wanderer. Throughout Béarn, if you ask news of a young man who is missing, the answer is: "Over the seas"—gone to America. This is not your America, but the Spanish settlements: Buenos Ayres, Peru, Chili, Venezuela, and wherever the Spanish tongue is to be heard.

If you go toward the Lower Pyrenees, the word "American" is for ever meeting your ears. As you stroll through the long, lovely lanes or follow the snaky, fern-grown paths of the low hills inland, behind Biarritz or St. Jean de Luz, you are sure to find, to right and left, large dwellings rising up, massively built, very unpicturesque, but indicative, in many ways, of solid wealth in the owner. When you enquire who that owner is, the answer is almost always the same, "An American." If you ask your road, you will pretty surely be told, "Close to the American's house is such and such a turning." At first, you fancy that the beauty of the country, the salubrity of the climate, the vicinity of the sea, have attracted an unheard-of number of rich Americans, who have awarded themselves the luxury of a summer villa in the South of France. But when you ask the name of these proprietors, you will find out that they are all French: "*Ce sont les Américains d'ici,*" will be the commentary of your guide. And so it is. These are simply emigrants, who have resolutely left their Pyrenean home, worked hard, made a fortune, and come back to France to live comfortably in their own native place. Railways, cables, telegraphs, and all communication by sea or land will increase the familiarity with the idea of emigration, and a great point will be gained. The French were, up to the moment of the *coup d'état* of '51, the Chinese of the West. Many things have altered them since the last eighteen years, and further alterations will take place in them now every year. The traditional Frenchman is fast dying out.

Correspondence.

WOMEN AND RELIGION.

To the Editor of the Nation:

Sir: My attention has been lately directed to a striking fact pertaining to religious statistics, which has scarcely received the attention due to its singularity and importance. I refer to the great numerical disparity between the male and female members of Protestant churches—a disparity which merits the more serious concern because (in the popular thought) it has reflected more discredit on the religion which is declined than on the men who decline it.

It has been usual to explain this inequality by the hypothesis that women are *naturally* more religious than men. This theory has been kindly received, not merely by women, but by the sex which it defrauds of spiritual dignity; the disparaged party (with a cheerful sense of having had the best of the bargain) laying claim, as an offset, to a *natural* mental pre-eminence. There is, however, a class of persons who believe that both men *and* women were "created free and equal," and who ascribe the difference in their influence and dignity to primitive circumstances, whose effects have been unjustly perpetuated. Such persons, acknowledging the essential, and perhaps increasing, distinctions of sex, still maintain that, as civilization develops these distinctions, it also separates science, mechanics, art, politics, literature—every field of human activity—into subdivisions of labor, these subdivisions being increasingly fitted to the ever-diverging capacities of the sexes.

The class that holds such views considers any theory monstrous which denies to men a natural equality in that highest gift of God—a spiritual nature; it therefore refers their comparative religious apathy to some other cause than a native inaptitude for divine worship. The nature of this cause is as yet the unknown quantity in ecclesiastical proportion. Sometimes we are told that the temptations of men are greater than those

of women, because their struggling and outdoor life peculiarly expose them to certain vices; but, on the other hand, it would be hard to conceive of any condition less favorable to that noble elevation and elation of the soul, of which religion is the natural food, than the life which most women are either forced or tempted to lead—a life replete with petty cares, social frivolities, dispiriting occupations, and vulgar aims—a life whose vices are indeed less gross than those of men, but whose tendencies are not less worldly. The temptations of Mohammedan women can originate only in their homes, yet they take but little interest in religion—not because their souls have no independent legal existence (for this oft-repeated statement is erroneous), but because the extreme degradation of their lives robs them of spirituality. Believing that these facts refute the theory against which they are cited, I venture to suggest another cause for the preponderance of females in our churches.

All conversions are effected through human means; and so close is the relation of these means to the end, that preachers of a given class make their converts in a corresponding class, and no other. Now, if we keep in view the fact that the sexes naturally influence and attract each other, we are easily led to the conclusion that (other things being equal) the sphere of a man's influence would be wider among women than among his own sex, and *vice versa*. If this inference be correct, it should not surprise us that since the work of evangelization has been committed to the care of men, the great mass of converts should be found in the opposite sex. Had we but a few women in our pulpits who possessed somewhat of that influence in religion which Hypatia enjoyed in philosophy, or Madame Roland in politics, we should soon exhibit more men in our pews.

Well! it may be said that female instruction is impracticable. Yet it was not so to Huldah or Deborah. Or, again, the objection may be urged that all souls are of equal value, and that the sex of the converts is of no importance. The sex of the converts, however, gives character to the religion. Women are at this moment governing the Protestant Church; they sustain it by the funds which their influence commands; they direct it by the preachers whom their suffrages elect—and the class of preachers that women, in their present state of culture, usually select and admire every virile mind has the misfortune to know. It is a class which, in concert with its female allies, has given to religion that effeminate, illogical, sentimental cast too well adapted to prejudice and revolt a vigorous soul. There is a theory, as yet unestablished by experiment, that our race can only attain its highest possibilities in any general department of life when that department receives and encourages the activity of both sexes. It is certainly no slight confirmation of this idea that the church, which in our day is governed by women, lacks practicality and vigor; and that the state, which is controlled by men, is so alarmingly deficient in political conscience.

KEOKUK, IOWA. ELIZABETH WAKING.

Notes.

LITERARY.

WE may mention among our announcements, as not having mentioned them before, these works from the press of Mr. W. V. Spencer: "Studies in the Evidences of Christianity," by the Rev. Dr. Stephen L Bulfinch, which is a fuller development of the same author's "Manual of the Evidences of Christianity"—a work that is praised highly; "The Worship of Jesus," by the Rev. Mr. Samuel Johnson; and a republication of Mr. James Martineau's "New Affinities of Faith," a brief essay in paper covers. The same publisher has in press "The Science of Thought," which is a system of logic, by Charles Carroll Everett, and a juvenile by Elsie Gorham, with the title "Rainy Days in the Nursery."

—There is a good chance now for some enterprising publisher to get out a half-dollar edition of "Don Juan," and the rest of Lord Byron's works. We doubt if literary history presents another case of an author so thoroughly advertised as he has just been. The Countess Guiccioli's book was a stupid one, with nothing new in it, and read only by the reviewers—who, by the way, generally did full justice to Lady Byron's character; but this later revival of the poet is a revival indeed.

—The extreme heat of the weather last week making all exertion, bodily or mental, double and treble labor, it is a wonder that the Educational Convention at Trenton was so very well attended as it was—more than a thousand delegates were present—and that so much interest should have been taken in the proceedings. The heat had something to do, no doubt, with the inefficiency of the reporters, whose accounts of the proceedings were neither very full nor very good; but, as we have remarked once before, we believe, the sad truth in relation to reporters is, that they are a mentally dissipated race, and that nothing so devoid of excitement as a convention of school-teachers is able to stimulate the jaded spirit of the lively writer and stir him into lively writing. We suppose the best thing accomplished by the meeting was the meeting itself, and the encouragement which it gave the participants. The work of education will always be to a great majority of those engaged in it a wearying, humdrum round of labor, in the performance of which it is easy to become dispirited, or, at any rate, difficult always to be fresh, energetic, and pleased with the daily task. The sense of sympathy which it gives to meet so many fellow-laborers must alone be of great value; and of course, too, among much that is worthless which is said and done in the convention, there is something that is really of service to all, and there would be more if some means could be devised to put a stop to the indiscriminate orating in which the weaker brethren like to indulge. The committee of management ought to arrange the programme beforehand, and secure sensible practical essays from sensible men. Two things this convention did which are of interest to the general public: it appointed a committee to report next year on the expediency of establishing a National University, of which we are just now hearing so much, and another committee to take measures for the establishment of a Department of Education with well-defined powers, so that it shall be something more than the organization now known by that name, which is little more than a bureau for the collection of educational statistics, and which has no real power in that particular. Inasmuch as without good universities—although too many of our legislators cannot be made to see it—there can be no good system of education of the lower grades, common-school teachers and superintendents have the right to busy themselves with the National University project, and something worth getting may be got as a result of their discussion of a question which needs a great deal of discussion. One of the delegates, Dr. J. W. Hoyt, made a report on the subject, in which he argued that institutions for the higher culture are at present our most pressing need in this country, where universities are of lower grade and narrower limitations than those of almost any other country in the world; that even the foremost universities of Germany—the foremost in Europe—with their numerous high courses of study and their magnificent array of professors and *matériel*, really fall below the demands of the age; that the realization of the true idea of an American university involves the necessity for the expenditure of larger amounts of money than are likely to be granted for a long time to come by even the most powerful of our individual States; and, finally, that the upbuilding of such an institution looks to a great national object, and should command the national effort. Dr. Hoyt—whose address is Madison, Wisconsin—was made chairman of the committee we have mentioned.

—Mr. Albert Lea, now a resident of Galveston, Texas, writes to the Minnesota Historical Society, that in 1841, he being then Acting Secretary of War, he gave the names to several of the States of the Union which were at that time unorganized. We owe to him, it appears, the names Dakota, Iowa, Nebraska, and Kansas, which certainly speak very well for his good taste, and should procure for him the contempt of Admiral Porter, the worst of godfathers. The name Dakota has been given to a region further West than that to which Lieutenant Lea applied it—a still better name, Minnesota, having been bestowed upon the latter by "my friend Sibley," as the lieutenant calls him—a gentleman whom we do not identify. A name which has not yet been used—Ozark—the lieutenant wished to give to a State which, as we make out, would have included the present Indian Territory, which would be all the better off for having a name so good as that. On the whole, we may thank fortune that we have had no worse luck in our system of State nomenclature. Unless we choose to find fault with the names containing "North" or "South" or "New"—New York, for example, and South and North Carolina—we have nothing to find fault with except the name of Wyoming, which by right belongs to Pennsylvania, and to which Campbell has given associations a little sentimentalistic and artificial. The resident Indians had already given the region in question a very good name too—Absaraka, the Home of the Crows, as the tribe is called—and it is a thing to be desired that Congress should change the present designation.

—In new English Religious literature, the Ritualists seem still to be more active than any of their brethren. The Rev. Orby Shipley announces new editions of his "Lyra Eucharistica," "Lyra Messianica" (revised and

enlarged), and "Lyra Mystica." A second edition is announced of "The Liturgies of Saints Mark, James, Clement, Chrysostom, and Basil, and of the Church of Malabar." It is the work of the late Dr. Mason Neale and of Dr. R. F. Littledale, who is one of the ablest and best read of the Anglo-Catholics—a body who, in fact, do not want for reading, and may, we suppose, safely be called the most learned, as the strictly Evangelical wing of the Established Church may be called the least learned, of the Episcopalian clergy. That the reasoning powers of the Anglo-Catholic men are, however, not in all cases at the point of perfection—or were not a while ago—we have no doubt the reader may see if he will look into another book by the same Dr. Neale we have just mentioned—namely, his "Catechetical Notes and Class Questions, Literal and Mystical, chiefly on the Earlier Books of Holy Scripture." Mystical interpretation is a sort of cobweb-spinning that was a delight to him in his lifetime, and in which his ingenuity—which was the exact measure of his lack of sound judgment in this particular—was very great. "The Spiritual Exercises of St. Ignatius of Loyola" is the title of another of Mr. Shipley's translations of devotional works, and the same gentleman is the compiler of a "Glossary of Ecclesiastical Terms," which is about to be published by Rivingtons. We follow foreign example, which we do not undertake to justify, in putting under the head of "Religious" Professor Huxley's "Lay Sermons and Addresses," which Macmillan announces. "Ecce Christus" has for its second title "Jesus of Nazareth tried by the Tribunals of his Country," and is anonymously written, as we believe all the "Ecce" literature has been. It must, by the way, now amount to a dozen volumes, more or less. The untheological and unreligious reader will be glad to hear—if he is rich enough—of the fifteen-shilling edition of Fuller's "Pisgah Sight of Palestine and the Confines Thereof," which is republished, with fac-similes of all the maps and illustrations of the quaint original. The general reader will be interested, too, in Mr. Charles J. Hemans's "History of Mediæval Christianity and Sacred Art in Italy" (from A.D. 900 to 1350), and in a new "Dictionary of Christian Antiquities," prepared under the supervision of Dr. William Smith. A shilling edition of Paley's "Evidences" takes its place in the "Cottage Library."

— One of the most noticeable of new volumes of verse in England is Mr. W. J. Courthope's "Ludibria Lunæ," which is a satire on the woman's-rights women. It relates how the women undertook to colonize the moon, and how the gods, resolving to subject them, employed the wiles of Love, and had nearly accomplished the conquest without a struggle, but, being discovered, were compelled to wage open war, in which they were of course victorious. This does not seem to be a very admirable plan, or plot, for the satire, and, indeed, it is said that, as a satire, the poem fails, while in places it is very pretty as a poem. Mr. W. Carew Hazlitt is praised for his edition of the works of Herrick, the most delightful of English minor poets, whom somewhere Mr. Lowell calls the most Catullian of poets since Catullus—the Catullus to whose memory his descendant used to drain bowls in the "loathed Devonshire"—which loveliest and most springlike county of England was, by the way, the very home for his muse. Mr. Hazlitt is said to be abusive of previous editors, and to have earned the right to be so by being very thorough in the preparation of his edition. Roundly abusive his subject could be, as witness his droll "epigrams," as he called them, which have as much point as a cudgel, and as much good manners; but there would be something very much out of keeping in a preface to Herrick that should be at all ill-natured. Worth mention as a curiosity is Mr. Henry Denison's translation into Latin of Shakespeare's "Julius Cæsar." Mr. Denison believes that translation into Latin is the best means of learning that language; and it is for this reason, and not because he enjoys seeing Shakespeare made into a classical Roman, that he has done what he has. We hear of No. 30 of a work which, seemingly, is issued with regularity; "College Rhymes, contributed by members of the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge," is the title of it, and it is a paper-covered duodecimo. Mr. Whyte Melville offers a volume of "Songs and Verses;" and Mr. Percy Fitzgerald, who has had no success as a novelist or as a biographer, is now trying his hand at "Home Dramas and Comediettas," a volume of which Mr. Strahan is to publish soon. In Fiction we see nothing so attractive as Mr. Ralston's translation of Ivan Turgeneff's "Nest of Nobles," which, however, Mr. Ralston has called "Liza." The change is appropriate, perhaps; though it looks like taking an undue liberty with an author to rebaptize his offspring. But it is said that the interest of the story centres in the mournful history of the heroine, and that to this the pictures of life in a Russian province, which are the reason for the first title, are wholly subordinate. This, however, does not prove that the objection to the title is well taken. Turgeneff's melancholy genius delights in the sombre irony of the circumstances about his personages; and it is his way to bring out tragedy in contrast with the surrounding commonplaceness which heightens it. Besides, there is none of his novels which has not a purpose, moral or political; though it is true that he is so really an artist that he is sure eventually to let his purpose slip a little, and to devote himself to the persons he has created. In this novel the purpose is to teach the necessity there was in Russia for a law of divorce, and to satirize various types of the Russian nobility and gentry. The story of the book is a painful one, but very impressive, and, being Turgeneff's, contains much that is powerful and much that is beautiful. We, indeed, hardly know a living novelist—we ought, perhaps, to except Björnson—a new book from whom we should take up with so much expectation of pleasure as we should have in taking up one by Turgeneff. We notice nothing else worth mention under the head of Fiction if we except the "Wyvorn Mystery," by Sheridan Le Fanu, who once could write well, and a three-volume edition of "My Enemy's Daughter," by Mr. Justin McCarthy.

—Of History and Biography in England we have little to say in addition to what has previously been said. Mr. Walter Dickson, a Scotchman, who has seen Japan, has written a book on the "History, Government, and Offices" of that country. The third volume is just published of our Mr. Amos Dean's "History of Civilization," of which, we observe, the *Saturday Review* speaks with civility—the "American Literature" department of that journal being conducted in the feeblest manner. Its manager seems neither to know the field of American literature nor to know what to say about such specimens of it as he gets together on some singular principle of selection that baffles us completely. Another book from this side of the water is a one-volume edition of letters written home from London in 1856, '57, '58, '59, and '60, by George Mifflin Dallas. The *Saturday Reviewer* above-mentioned abuses him, we see, for printing his letters, which are not so reserved as an ambassador's might be. But the fact is that Mr. Dallas is dead, and it is his daughter who has just published the work, and the fault condemned has therefore no existence. Surely we may call biography "All the Essays of the Seigneur Michael de Montaigne," which is a seven-and-sixpenny reprint of the third edition—that of 1700—of Cotton's translation. "Robert Owen, the Founder of Socialism in England," is a thin octavo published by Trübner, and written by an author whose name is not given. In Professor J. E. Thorold Rogers's "Historical Gleanings," we see it stated, he allows himself, under cover of Cobbett, Walpole, and Adam Smith as stalking-horses, to take occasional shots at some of his political antagonists, but that, apart from this, the book is to be commended. Bourienne's "Napoleon" goes into another of its many editions, and so does Lockhart's little biography or history of the Emperor. Miss C. M. Yonge, an industrious compiler, and not one whose works in this field are much to our liking, makes a "Book of Worthies Gathered from the Old Histories and now Written Anew," which goes into Macmillan's "Golden Treasury Series." Murray announces the new "Biographia Brittanica," being "Lives of the Worthies of Great Britain and Ireland." Among Miscellaneous books the most important is Mr. Gladstone's "Juventus Mundi," which will raise his reputation for industry rather than for sound critical judgment. He reaffirms in it the main positions which he affirmed some ten or twelve years ago, in his work entitled "Homer and his Age"—positions now generally given up. Still this work is said to show what that one showed—a lively sense of the poetical beauties of Homer, and a clear conception of the outward life of the time. Merits like these atone for such literary defects as the comparison of Pallas Athene to the electric telegraph, and such errors as tracing Iris to a knowledge of the covenant concerning the rainbow which God makes with Noah in Genesis.

—The latter part of Goethe's life is to be copiously illustrated from a source till now but little known. A writer in the *Preussische Jahrbücher* for July reveals the intimacy of the great poet with a Frankfort lady—Marianne von Willemer—who made Goethe's acquaintance in 1814, at a time when she was a widow in independent circumstances, and the centre of a cultivated circle of her fellow-townsmen. The correspondence which grew out of this intimacy was confided by Madame Willemer to the city library, on condition that it should not be published for twenty-one years after her death. That period has nearly expired, and the interest with which the publication should be expected may be judged from the statement of the writer referred to. In 1849, he was informed by Madame Willemer of her former relations with Goethe, and she then told him that their intimacy was reflected in the book "Suleika," of the "West-östlicher Divan," and was the only key to the understanding of it; that Goethe

adopted several of her songs, with little or no alteration, into his collection; and that two of these are the favorite lyrics beginning:

"Was bedeutet die Bewegung?
Bringt der Ostwind frohe Kunde?"

and

"Ach, um deine feuchten Schwingen
West, wie sehr ich dich beneide"

—which have been often set to music, and hitherto supposed to contain the very spirit of Goethe himself. What the other songs were cannot yet be determined; but the above, whether fair samples of the whole or not, suffice to raise Madame Willemer to a very high place among the poets. As the greatest of these cannot or do not always do their "level best," it would not be surprising if their inferiors should sometimes excel their poorest efforts. In the present case, however, Madame Willemer lays claim to songs particularly admired, and not only challenges the acumen of critics, but extorts from them an immediate recognition of her unsuspected talent.

— An exceedingly useful book for students of Russian literature and bibliography has just appeared, called "A Systematical Catalogue of Russian Books, for sale at the Bookshop of Alex. F. Bazunoff, at St. Petersburg." It is prepared by V. J. Mezhoff, a well-known Russian bibliographer. It is an octavo volume of more than 1,000 pages, and gives the titles of 11,993 books, arranged according to subjects, with a separate index of authors. What immensely enhances its value is, that under each title are arranged references to all the criticisms and notices of that book that have appeared in Russian journals and periodicals since 1825. There are more than 20,000 such references. There are also notices of more than 400 separately published translations of Russian books in foreign languages. There are mentioned 69 translations, complete or partial, of Pushkin alone, in French, German, Italian, Danish, Swedish, Polish, Dutch, Bohemian, Servian, and English. Only two, however, are English—"The Talisman and Other Pieces," St. Petersburg, 1835; and "The Bakchesarian Fountain. By A. Pooschkeen, etc. By W. D. Lewis:" Philadelphia, 1849. A few of the shorter poems are loosely and badly translated in Sir John Bowring's "Russian Anthology," and are not mentioned here. Of Lermontoff there are 22 translations in German, French, English, Polish, Danish, and Swedish. The prose story, "The Hero of Our Own Times," is the only thing translated into English, and that has been done twice. There are 26 translations of Gogol, only one of which is in English, and that a shocking version of "Dead Souls." There are 22 translations of Turgeneff, three of which are English. With the exception of an English translation of Count Leo Tolstoi's charming story, "Childhood and Youth" (published by Bell & Daldy), not mentioned in this catalogue, German translations of Gontcharoff's "Oblomoff," Dostoyefsky's "Dead House," and Prince Odoyefsky's stories, and of the old authors, such as Lomonosoff, Zhukofsky, Kryloff, and Karamzin, the other translations are of books utterly valueless from a literary point of view, and thus have sunk into oblivion. Among the American authors whose works are translated into Russian are Cooper, Henry C. Carey, Mrs. Beecher Stowe ("Uncle Tom's Cabin" and "Minister's Wooing"), Bayard Taylor ("Hannah Thurston"), Longfellow ("Hiawatha"), Prescott ("Philip II."), Motley ("United Netherlands"), Irving ("Columbus"), and Dr. Kane.

—One of the last places in the world to which we should naturally turn in search of prehistoric remains is the Greece which has been so thoroughly ransacked for its historical antiquities. And in Greece we should expect to discover least in Attica. Yet Herodotus gives us an account of a lake-dwelling people in Macedonia whose houses were built on piles; and the flint chippings and implements found about the tumulus on the plain of Marathon, that went by the name of Persian darts, have been noticed by many modern travellers unable to disprove the popular tradition. As in Germany, the stone implements found in various parts of Greece were vulgarly supposed to have fallen from heaven, and were hence styled *ἀστροπελέκια* (Donnerkeile); and, in fact, some of them were undoubtedly made from aerolites. We have before us, in pamphlet form, some observations on the subject of these remains in Switzerland and in Greece—"*Παρατηρήσεις ἐπὶ τῆς ἐν Ἑλβετίᾳ καὶ Ἑλλάδι προιστορικῆς ἀρχαιολογίας ὑπὸ Γεωργίου Φίνλαν*" (Athens, 1869.) Mr. Finlay, after recounting the principal facts of prehistoric investigation in the countries named, offers a series of woodcuts representing, of their actual size, a number of the objects contained in his collection, which we will name to indicate their distribution: a polished axe of a greenish-gray stone, found at Dobrena, near Thisbe, in Bœotia; a polished hammer of dark serpentine, found at Tanagra; a small axe of black-stone, found at Orchomenos; a chisel of iron flint, also from Dobrena; a small axe of pure copper, found in Eubœa; knives of obsidian, found in tombs at Placoto, in the island of Ios; pieces of obsidian found on the coast of Attica near Trakhones, at the Heræum of Argos, and (1836) on the tumulus at Marathon. The engravings are rude, but answer every purpose.

VIOLLET-LE-DUC'S FRENCH MEDIÆVAL ARCHITECTURE.*

(SECOND NOTICE.)

Mr. Ruskin's work as student and teacher of architectural art may be contrasted with the work of our author in the same direction. The close study of architectural art in France and Italy, to which Mr. Ruskin has given several almost unbroken years of his life, and which he has never quite relinquished, has resulted in the publication of the most admirable drawings of architectural detail that have ever been given to the public. The early studies in the "Seven Lamps," marred by imperfect etching, and afterwards re-engraved from the original drawings, were, as their author said in a later work, "faithful to a degree never before attempted in architectural subjects;" that is, they were absolutely photographic in their accuracy, reproducing every light, shade, and shadow upon the stone as at the hour when the drawing was made. If he had occasion afterward to enquire concerning any detail, he could turn to his sketch with the same confidence as to the building itself or to a photograph of equal scale and of absolutely perfect quality. This precise delineation of imperfections and beauties alike was undertaken and carried out for the purpose of studying the spirit of the work, and the character and purposes of the workmen who designed and cut it. A hesitating and blundering interpretation of a thought was often more worthy of careful note than perfect workmanship would have been, because revealing more of the spirit which had animated the old sculptor. It was little trouble, then, to keep up to a standard of accuracy which would have been otherwise unattainable. The accuracy was not slavish, but loving. The later works contain careful line engravings, elaborate mezzotints, and lithographs of wonderful beauty, both colored and plain; all copied in fac-simile by the best engravers from Mr. Ruskin's own drawings. And in all these—even in the large pictorial representations of the "Porch of Saint Mark's" and the "Arabian Windows," in the folio "Examples of the Architecture of Venice," the same exact setting down of every effect, intended or accidental, is to be found In the hands of a draughtsman of less consummate power, these would have become insufferably hard and unlovely. Mr. Ruskin, fortunately, had drawn from Nature even more than from buildings.

It cannot be said that in any of M. Viollet-le-Duc's characteristic sketches this exactness is to be found. There are, indeed, engraved plates in the "Mobilier" which seem faultless—see, for instance, the *Encensoir* in the second volume. But these, even if they are, like the woodcuts, his own work, are exceptions to his general practice. In the "Dictionary of Architecture," under "Chaire," are two engravings of elaborate marble chairs—bishops' chairs, if we remember aright. The same chairs are given by Mr. Waring in his Architectural Sketches, and he calls attention to the want of exactness in M. Viollet-le-Duc's woodcuts. A comparison of the two works is very instructive, and shows quite well our author's way of proceeding. It may be said, firstly, that he *repairs* a little, smoothing the jagged edges, and resetting the dislocated masonry; secondly, that he *restores* somewhat, supplying lost parts of the original work; thirdly, that his published drawings, made from sketches, some of them many years old, are almost confessedly illustrations of a general principle rather than necessarily exact copies of an actual monument. A skilled draughtsman and a thoroughly accomplished and well-informed architect—practised in construction and in design, and familiar with every style of building and of decoration of which monuments are found in France—his task has been to produce these thousands of drawings to illustrate the principles set forth in his writings. He could not afford to delay—to spend two days in making an exact drawing of a sculptured doorway when an hour could give him a sketch sufficient for his purposes; he could not undertake to vouch for every detail—perhaps unessential—when such accuracy would have involved increasing the amount of his work by half. But accuracy in the place where it is needed, certain success in giving the true character of the work represented—from the construction of a cathedral to the expression of face of a statue—these qualities we learn to look for in M. Viollet-le-Duc's drawings.

In like manner, in his writings we may find truth in all essential particulars, establishment nearly always complete of the theories advanced, an

* "Dictionnaire Raisonné de l'Architecture Française, du XIe au XVIe Siècle, par M. Viollet-le-Duc, Architecte du Gouvernement, Inspecteur Général des Edifices Diocésains." 10 volumes, of which one is a table, 8vo; about 5,000 woodcuts. Paris: formerly Bance, now A. Morel & Co. 1857-1869.

almost complete freedom from unfounded assumptions. This is the more remarkable, because the vast and many-sided subject is very unequally lighted up by documentary evidence. History helps along bravely enough in studying the architecture of one province or of one epoch, and at another time wholly deserts the student. Our author is generally brave enough to say "I don't know." Moreover, there are plenty of places where more might be said if more were known; the reader feels that there is no such thing as exhausting the subject, and that another Viollet-le-Duc, with this encyclopædia to start with, would be able to add to it many things which have remained outside the circle of observation of even this shrewd and indefatigable observer.

It would be hard to find, for instance, a more complete and satisfactory treatise on any similar subject than that on vaulting, contained under the two principal heads, "Construction" and "Voûte," with references elsewhere. The system of Roman vaulting in brick and concrete, with temporary wooden and permanent masonry centres—the Roman dome vaulting—the Byzantine round cupola supported on a square, or on four piers only—and all the steps in the advance from these to the perfected Gothic vault, are carefully and most intelligently described and explained. So far as we know, there is no other treatise existing from which an unprofessional reader could get any accurate knowledge of the subject. The one peculiarity of Gothic vaulting, its double organization of self-supporting arched ribs, and a filling-in arched from rib to rib, so that every panel or separate division is a vault, and would stand alone—this is more clearly explained here than in all other works together which are known to us. And yet, while every step in the progress of this art of constructing masonry vaults is, as we have said, described, outlying and exceptional varieties exist which are not described. It is clear, moreover, that considerations which had escaped the notice of the writer of the article "Construction" are thoroughly stated in the article "Voûte," in a volume published eight years later. The worthy successor of our author will be led by these admirable treatises to further investigation of the subject, and to the examination of its every abnormal and peculiar phase.

It is peculiarly fitting that this great work should have been undertaken in France, because that country is the home of the pure Gothic architecture. The Gothic vault took its origin there; the whole combined system of construction and decoration which we call Gothic architecture was built up in a few years by the lay freemasons of Central France, and its grandest and most perfect monuments were erected there, and there remain.

M. Viollet-le-Duc, knowing this, feels strongly the unworthiness of the trifling architecture, at once illogical, unconstructional, and uninspired, which the France of our day is—not content with, but occupied with for the moment. His exposition of the principles of building and of decoration of the great ages of architecture is continually interrupted by discussion of the application of these principles to the criticism of modern practice. The unity and grace of his work are marred by this; moreover, there is very frequent repetition of the same leading ideas, urged and again urged in a score of ways, *apropos* of as many different things. But this has been inevitable, because no one will ever read through these many volumes; the points our author wished to make and insist upon he has been obliged to offer to his readers under as many titles as possible.

THE MAGAZINES FOR SEPTEMBER.

Except the *Galaxy's* instalment of Charles Reade's novels, there is almost nothing in any of the magazines that is at once attractive and well done. The tale about the Byrons in the *Atlantic*, which no doubt is a very great success as a magazine article, is not one of its author's happiest things, so far as concerns style. The story told is of so dreadful a nature that a nice artistic sense would seem to command that the telling of it should be free from anything like heat of any kind. When we have said of a man of great genius, who for two generations has had a home in all minds, whether or not he has had a home in all hearts, that he has committed incest with his sister, there really is nothing more to be said to the stupidest and most illiterate magazine reader. All of us know Byron, and all of us know the degree of sin involved in incest; criminal and crime unite to ensure our attention. So there seemed to us, as we read, no need that there should be so much effort at heaping up indignation on Byron's head as there is in the article referred to. It seriously hurts the effect which the author meant to produce. Objurgation the most eloquent appears to fall flat, to have no real life in it, to be hollow and false, when brought beside the naked horror of wickedness so extreme. Mrs. Stowe's article, then, appears to be, as a strictly literary performance, not a success upon which she can congratulate herself. Of course, merely as a magazine article it is one of the greatest successes ever achieved in any country. It would not be surprising to hear that three or four times as many copies of the September *Atlantic* had been sold as of any other number of the magazine that ever was printed; and, whether or not, the amount of notice which the article has received and will receive from the press is so great as almost to constitute an era in the history of periodical journalism.

But, as we have said, except the *Galaxy's* chapters of Charles Reade's novel, there is almost nothing in the month's magazines that is not only attractive by reason of its subject, but also well executed as a piece of literary workmanship. Even "Put Yourself in His Place" we find unsatisfactory when we recollect its author's better work. Clearly, we should say, the story is written—extremely cleverly as it is written—rather for magazines coming out once a month than for the legitimate three volumes, all together, in which it is one day to appear. Much seems to be sacrificed to the purpose of making each month's instalment an interesting fragment by itself, and also—worse yet—of making it interest the reader in the fragment that is to come next month. This is not the way in which great novels can be written. Any of the immortal novels doled out in small bits, as magazine novels are now, would each month leave us wishing, as we do now, for next month's dole. But when the immortal novels were made the writer's inspiration was not the desire to do September's batch of chapters in such a way as deliberately to put us on pins and needles for October's batch. The present method is strictly sensational, and no man whose best work is not essentially bad will ever do his best work after any such fashion.

For the rest, the September *Galaxy* is light and tolerably readable rather than good and worth reading. "Susan Fielding" has got on to its twenty-eighth chapter without having tempted us to read more than here and there a page of it; and to ask anybody else to do even so little as to follow our comparatively good example would be, so far as we recollect the story, an act of simple malevolence. Mr. Eugene Benson continues in this number of the magazine his series of articles on "New York Journalists," and the essay before us deals with "Theodore Tilton." In his essay upon "The Unsociableness of Society," Mr. Grant White forgets that "society" exists and is what it is mainly for the sake of the young men and young women who are marriageable and to be given in marriage; and that the various things which he wants "society" to give us are to be got from our friends and families rather than from our acquaintances. However it may be elsewhere, among us men and women of Anglo-Saxon blood people "do their duty" by "society," and do not pretend to enjoy it. It was among the wicked French, whose language, as Mr. White ought to recollect, "has no word for 'home,'" that the arts both of making and enjoying "society" were invented—arts which had no existence in the ancient world. "Little Bopeep" is a story by an unpractised hand; but the writer escapes very well the common danger of writers who have no real "vocation" for literature; and if she is not interesting, and is rather uncertain and feeble, she is not imitative, and has a degree of freshness which most story-tellers of her ability lack. It would be hard to speak too uncivilly of the poetry of this number of the *Galaxy*. "The White Flag" is a specimen, such as its author regularly furnishes, of the weakest sort of minor poet's poetry, polished and elaborated as if it were truly worth attention. Mr. Sill's "Two Ways" has rather less polish, and is better in taste and temper; but there is nothing in it. The obscurity of Mr. Calvert's "Without the Stars" does not hide anything, so far as we can see. The practice of making such verses as these it is nobody's business, doubtless, to say anything about; but to publish them certainly does not minister to edification, mental or spiritual. There is a superstition, however, that magazines *must* have poetry. We wish they must.

The countless readers whom Mrs. Stowe has set all agog for everything they can hear of Byron will be glad to see what Mrs. Hawthorne has written about her visit to Newstead Abbey. Her article is charming, being in substance a letter, such as a cultivated, unliterary woman writes home to her friends from abroad. Utterly without pretence, even quite careless in places, it gives better than anything we have read for a long time the pleasure which it is peculiar to women's letters, as literature, to give. Some things in it remind one distinctively of the pensive reflectiveness of Hawthorne himself. One passage we may quote for the sake of its kindness and charity, which just now may not improperly be borne in mind:

"There was a spell about the spot, very difficult to analyze; for I could not tell whether it were more pleasant or sad; but it was the spell of genius and beauty, at any rate. I felt a poignant sorrow when I thought of Byron, brought so near as he was by standing on his very homestead.

ground—when I considered his ruined life and poisoned genius—his fiery heart, once innocent and true, turned to wormwood with hate and indignation, and the golden promise of his dawn darkening into a lurid storm before his noon—and no purple sunset when his mortal life sank into the night of death. It is certainly one of the saddest of all histories. But his Father in heaven alone could know all his temptations and all the hindrances to the development of his better nature, and he only knew all the gracious aspirations and motions of his spirit, veiled from the world, which so sternly repelled and scorned him, and too savagely dishonored his remains, even when they were brought from Greece, where he endeavored to do a noble deed. I hope that those persons who rejected him were quite sure that they were holier than he, and it is just as well for him that his body lies in Hucknall Church, instead of the glorious old Westminster Abbey. I remembered the divine words, 'He that is without sin among you, let him cast the first stone.'"

Another passage we quote as partly accounting for some of Mr. Barnum's success in life:

"But we were taken to this avenue especially to see the twin trees, upon one of which Byron cut his name, when he was last at Newstead—his own name and that of his sister Augusta. This tree, so precious to all who value the poet, has withered from the root, I believe. At any rate, the trunk is sawed off a few inches above the inscription, and a bit of India-rubber cloth is carefully tied over the place. The twin tree flourishes finely, so that the doom of the race involves the other, with the illustrious name. Colonel Wildman thought once of putting the portion that has such a melancholy interest into a glass case, so as to preserve it more effectually; but the old gardener told him he had better let it stay in its original position; for it would be more valuable to all who came to see it to stand on the spot his lordship stood upon when he carved it, and that it would certainly last as it is now during the Colonel's own life. So it remains. When Barnum, the American showman, came, he sent into the house to request Colonel Wildman to sell it to him for five hundred pounds! The gardener took the message, and the Colonel returned word that he would not take five thousand for it, and suggested that the man who proposed such a monstrous thing should be shot."

Mr. F. S. Cozzens, in "The Bassos," relates how an Italian singer walked on board a vessel on the Hudson River and entered into competition in the matter of low notes with a small calf which was tied there. One has only to recollect the famous contention between the nightingale and the musician, which makes a green spot even in the great English dramatic literature, in order to cause this performance of Mr. Cozzens's to seem doubly offensive. It has a farcical cleverness, too. "Left Wounded on the Field" reads like a true story, and is agreeable reading. So in its way is "The Old Hospital," by Dr. D. B. St. John Roosa, who writes of the hospital whose buildings at Leonard and Worth Street are now undergoing demolition. Everybody who walks up and down Broadway shares Dr. Roosa's sorrow that the noble trees are cut down and the green lawn gives place to a cellar, and that in lieu of one of the most beautiful spots in the city we are to have only more big buildings. But it is easy to grieve too much over our deprivation. Long ago the place ceased to be fit for the site of an hospital. The never-ending roar of Broadway is alone a sufficient reason for removing the sick to other quarters. And as for the nearness of the old hospital to those parts of the city in which accidents are most common, that constitutes no objection to the change. Two smaller hospitals, one in Brooklyn and one on the west side of the North River, approachable by the noiseless and easy-moving ferries, would be of much more convenience to the sick than the Broadway hospital has ever been. And, if there was nothing else to be said, it seems to be well established that a large hospital stands in use no great number of years before it becomes so saturated with disease as to be a means of death to those who seek it for cure.

Mr. Vincent Colyer, who has been journeying among the Indian tribes upon the Reservations, asks the question, "Shall the Red Men be Exterminated?" and supplies some reasons, if any were needed, for a negative answer. It becomes tolerably plain, day by day, that the Indian is the scoundrel he is partly because we are the scoundrels that we are. "Village Improvement Societies," by S. F. Cooper, is well worth the attention of a majority of our fellow-countrymen. At a very small expense of money and care and time, we of this generation may at least leave a country beautiful with trees to our descendants; and the expense need not be great, as Mr. Cooper points out, of doing more than that. But that at least may be done, and with no more trouble than is involved in making a motion in town-meeting. Our "hereditary feud with trees," as Mr. Lowell calls it, is pretty much dead within us, now that there is no American Indian behind each bole waiting his opportunity to "raise hair;" and there are few towns, from New England to California, which could not be persuaded into a small annual appropriation for lining the streets with shade-trees. "Deceived," by Mr. Edgar Fawcett, is superior to most of that gentleman's poetry, which usually has the ear-mark of poetry for the magazines, and some other poetry, for that matter, and is truer to the writer's feelings than to the truth of nature. Mr. Lea's "Monks and Nuns in France" is the work of a writer who deserves to be considered an authority upon the matter of which he treats in the essay before us. It is not, however, of less value as being open to the objection that can be urged against all the surprising and shocking tales that can possibly be told of the Catholicism of our day and generation—the objection, namely, that what it relates must be exceptional and not the rule. Catholicism is to be put out of the way by other weapons than stories, no matter how true, of the stupidity and treachery of Belgian and French monks. We may assume, we think, that the Catholic controversy has now reached the stage in which it is not necessary to call one's opponent a liar and ravisher and murderer, but is necessary only to prove him a Catholic; the main battle is joined at something like the key of the situation, and it is no longer much worth while to do any fighting on the outskirts.

The *Atlantic's* opening article, "Why Henry Jones did not go to Canada," is by the Rev. Walter Mitchell. It seems to give proof that its author was at one time a practical opponent of the Fugitive Slave Law, and his experience as an anti-deputy-marshal has been of some service to him, in enabling him to succeed in his "local coloring." In other respects, he seems not very well qualified to tell stories, and he makes rather a failure than otherwise. "Jacob Flint's Journey," by Mr. Bayard Taylor, might safely be bound up in a volume of stories by Miss Alice Cary. It is so good-natured or soft-hearted, and so improbable and weak in construction, that at first we took it for Miss Cary's work. Miss Cary, however, is free from the appreciation of morbid feeling which Mr. Taylor very clearly displays in this story. Morbidness of feeling increases, we are sorry to say, in "The Foe in the Household," which, however, we shall not cease praising as the work of a writer to whom some of the springs of the heart are known. Hardly one of her characters is now in a situation where he or she can healthily gratify healthy natural feelings, or seems capable of entertaining them.

Mr. Parton's article on "log-rolling" at Washington does not call for particular notice. It is readable, but contains nothing particularly new. It has been said somewhere that Mr. Parton intends making an article on corruption at Washington, in which he will take up some subjects suggested by criticisms that have been made upon his "Strikers of the Washington Lobby" and that shall be made upon this second paper. We hope he will give careful attention to a letter recently written to the Cincinnati *Gazette* by its regular correspondent, Mr. Boynton. That gentleman is one of the two or three really honest, independent, well-informed newspaper correspondents who write from Washington, and we see that he gives a pretty flat contradiction to nearly everything said by Mr. Parton in his article in the August *Atlantic*. Or, better still, we wish Mr. Boynton might find it compatible with his remaining in Washington to tell all he knows about Senators and Representatives whose votes are bought and sold. We have no doubt at all that ten minutes' talk with Mr. Boynton would convince any "fine young Radical" that some of the seven Senators who "voted No on the Eleventh Article" are, at the very least, as spotless as some of their colleagues who voted Yes—and would do so again to-morrow for sufficient cause. Mr. Boynton has neither Mr. Parton's qualified faith nor the unlimited faith of Mr. Henry Wilson, which we cannot but think does more credit to this gentleman's heart than his head.

Mr. Howells's "First Cricket" is a piece of poetry characteristically delicate and subtle, couched in a metre of which we had been hoping that we had some time since seen the last—rhymed hexameters being sad things. We are disposed to be liberal to the British or American hexametrist in the matter of feet; no man, before or since Edgar Allen Poe, ever succeeded in scanning any English hexameter that was not made for the express purpose of being scanned, and we are content to admit that real hexameters must be put entirely out of mind by whosoever wishes to enjoy the domestic, contemporary sort. The classical hexameter is one thing, and ours is another, and—so far as our liking goes—is a thing not so much worse than the original, and decidedly pleasant. But the introduction of rhyme into the structure, whose chief beauty must of necessity be rhythm, is, to begin with, the introduction of one more difficulty where already there were enough; and, in the second place, is the introduction of a difficulty the surmounting of which gives so much less than corresponding pleasure that it gives, to our mind, positive displeasure. Mr. Howells is to be found also in "A Poetical Lot," where he lets out the life of several songsters, and puts, we think, a little life into one gentleman who sings of mountain scenery without, so far as we can see, hurting himself, or doing the scenery any particular good.

The "New Timothy" goes on in *Harper's*, and so does "My Enemy's Daughter," and these stories are the best things in the magazine. The worst things are the futile article on "An Author's Memories of Authors," which is devoted too much to the opinions and too little to the recollections of Mr. S. C. Hall—whose recollections have a value that his opinions have not—and which contains also some of the writer's criticisms which cry aloud for the editorial scissors. "Leander Doolittle" is another article of concentrated helplessness; and the "Puritan Captain" might be stronger, though we cannot say that we suffered in the reading of it, which, on the whole, was not unamusing and not inappropriate labor for the weather. Mr. Curtis, in the "Easy Chair," is severe with the Prince of Wales, for whom, indeed, nobody in the world seems to have a good word.

The *Catholic World* has for its article of most interest a reply to the *New Englander*, which has been aiding and abetting the Rev. Mr. M. Hobart Seymour in his efforts to prove that Roman Catholics, taken by and large, are much more unchaste and generally immoral than Protestants. Figures being notorious for not lying, the *World* finds no difficulty in taking statistics and completely turning the tables upon Mr. Seymour, the *New Englander*, and the Protestants, who evidently are quite bad enough. A more agreeable article consists of some notes from the diary of an American lady who became an inmate of a French convent, and who kept a journal for the perusal of a friend. It is natural, and in parts it is affecting.

Lippincott's for September partakes of the general dulness of the month's magazines, and we do not know that any remark concerning it occurs to us as necessary to be made. There are two sonnets by Mr. Paul H. Hayne, of whom, we believe, it was said by Mr. Longfellow that he was the best sonnetteer in America, or had written the best sonnet that any American had written. In saying this, Mr. Longfellow, we have thought, had an eye rather to the workmanship—which, to be sure, counts for very much in sonnets—than to anything the work contained; for we have never been able to find any poetry by Mr. Hayne that bears the test of memory, or, to speak plainly, that is worth more than a minute of any one's attention. The two sonnets by him which are contained in this number have this disadvantage, and, in addition, the technical defect of being connected by a necessary tie and being incomplete alone.

The most interesting article, we think, that ever appeared in *Hours at Home* is Mr. Henry Villard's story of MM. Erckmann and Chatrian's early life, long struggle with poverty and neglect, and final prosperity. Mr. Villard, it appears, in 1849—when he was about fourteen years of age—took permission from himself to go to the wars and fight for liberty in the revolutionary militia of his native Bavaria. He made, it must be confessed, a brief and inglorious campaign, as he ingenuously admits, with considerable levity of manner. In short, he narrates that he, with the rest of the patriot forces, became demoralized, and, after valiantly running away from home, very willingly ran home again. His father, being a royalist, was less pleased with the young hero's escapade than he might have been had he shared his son's incendiary sentiments, so he packed him off across the line to the college at Phalsbourg, a little town in Alsace, to which it was the fashion for the Germans of that part of the country to send their children to undergo the rigid discipline of the French school. Here Mr. Villard met Alexandre Chatrian, then a young tutor working hard to get money enough together to pay his expenses up to Paris, where Émile Erckmann, his friend, was trying to make his living at law. Already the pair of friends had done jointly some slight literary work, and formed the determination to work for fame in partnership. Mr. Villard formed the friendship of the junior member of the firm, and is able to recount their story fully and accurately, which accordingly he has done in a simple and pleasing way, so that we commend his sketch to general perusal, and his next one, if *Hours at Home* will permit us to say so, to somewhat closer attention on the part of the proof-reader.

The Literature and Literary Men of Great Britain and Ireland. By Abraham Mills, A.M. (New York: Harper and Brothers. 1851.)—It is some eighteen years since Mr. Mills's lectures first appeared, but they have just been put upon the market again, and may properly be noticed now. The author, whose death prevented the carrying out of his whole scheme, intended to pass in review the literature of Italy, of Germany, of France, of Greece, and of Rome, as well as of Great Britain and Ireland; but this last-mentioned part of his task was all that he was able to perform. He has done it well, not servilely following in the very footprints of his predecessors, but not varying from their general course; so that in these two volumes we have a body of sound criticism, by the best critics, upon all noted English, Scotch, and Irish writers, from the days of Alfred to those of Junius; and this criticism is illustrated by selections, which are very judiciously made. The compiler himself does not appear too often in the character of critic, but is not unwelcome when he does; not even, we find, when he remarks of the "Canterbury Tales" that, after all, he is compelled to say that he can discover in them "no moral lesson." We ought hardly to quote this little remark, perhaps, for we have noted nothing else which is absurd. Generally, throughout the work, Mr. Mills gives the impression that he is a sensible, well-read man, with a true relish for good literature of all kinds, and a cultivated taste in poetry. To be sure, one hardly knows, in reading a compilation like this, how much of one's satisfaction may not be due to the pleasure it gives to be again in the company of old favorites, but this compilation we have read with real satisfaction. We should much prefer it as a text-book to Mr. Cleveland's well-known compendiums, the criticism in which is almost always very feeble where it is not borrowed. In fact, we should prefer it very much indeed to those compendiums, nothing being worse than goodiness. Mr. Cleveland's works have another disadvantage, too, as compared with this; and that is the amount of "solid information" which they convey, and which a judicious teacher, who knows how much more important it is that young ladies and gentlemen should know English literature than that they should know the names and middle-names and dates thereof, as Mr. Greeley says, will never be at pains to cram into his pupils' heads. However, it is to the criticism that the main objection is to be brought.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Authors.—Titles.	*Publishers.—Prices.*	
Allen (Prof. W. F. and J. H.), Manual Latin Grammar, 12th ed.	(Edwin Ginn)	$1 25
Hugo (V.), The Man who Laughs, Parts I., II., swd.	(D. Appleton & Co.)	1 50
Marlitt (E.), Countess Gisela: a Tale, Part II., swd.	(J. B. Lippincott & Co.)	0 75
Meyer (Dr. M.), Electricity in its Relations to Practical Medicine.	(D. Appleton & Co.)	
Niemeyer (Dr. F. von), A Text-book of Practical Medicine, 2 vols.	(D. Appleton & Co.)	
Sadler (T.), Diary, Reminiscence, and Correspondence of Henry Crabb Robinson 2 vols.	(Fields, Osgood & Co.)	4 00
Vanny Croft: a Child's Story.	(Pott & Amery)	0 80
Wagner (R.), Das Judenthum in der Musik, swd.	(L. W. Schmidt)	
Walker (Mary S.), The Rev. Dr. Willoughby and his Wine: a Tale.	(J. N. Stearns)	1 50
Wireman (H. D.), Gems of German Lyrics	(Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger)	2 00

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The Week.

THERE is more interest in the political situation in Tennessee than elsewhere. It is said that there is no hope that the new Legislature can be got to ratify the Fifteenth Amendment, and that Governor Senter will assemble the present one in extra session, for the purpose of getting that business safely done. This would be one of those little bits of hand-to-mouth sharp practice which are so common in our politics, and which have done much to debase them and make them all but untouchable. One party gerrymanders a State this fall, then why should not another next year do the same thing? and then, what better example is there for a set of legislators who find that they can prevent unpalatable legislation by coolly resigning in a body, thus practically committing treason by evading the force of law in a manner more fatal to its authority than open and armed resistance to it? And then, why should not the "previous question" be used to gag speakers; or why should not we see Senators and Representatives of the United States practising some little unworthy trick to spring a trap on their opponents? Whether, however, Mr. Senter will call the Legislature together or not is undecided. It would effectually kill any chances he may have for being sent to the United States Senate; but perhaps the story that he cherishes aspirations is not true. Emerson Etheridge is still a candidate, and so is Andrew Johnson; but some correspondents, who appear to be well-informed, deny that Johnson has any chance.

In Virginia, the *Sun* reporter has interviewed General Canby, without getting much more from him than that he makes a point of keeping himself uninformed as to politics, as he wishes to have nothing to do with them, and that he has the Reconstruction acts before him, and shall follow the course laid down in them—the only course open to him. Now, will some of the journals that have been counselling him not to do so, tell us why not? Are they to evolve laws, and he rub out his oath and execute them? And how often in a year is he to do it?

We understand the Congressional Committee on Retrenchment, which lately visited the New York Custom-house, found things in such a bad way in the matter of corruption that they made up their minds to report a Civil Service bill of some kind next session, not Jenckes's, they say, but something of the same kind. The President is understood to be of the same way of thinking, and will recommend a reform of some kind, without mentioning any particular measure. One thing made a deep impression on the committee—and that was, that men from all parts of the country were exceedingly anxious to get places in the Custom-house here, the salaries of which would not yield them a decent subsistence, showing that the pickings must be something handsome. Our friend "Clericus's" Vermont Congressman would probably say that what they wanted was to qualify, by a little custom-house experience, for the governorships of territories, but our opinion is that this gentleman's kind, simple heart has here led him into error. What they seek is simply "pickins," or "perkisits," or "swag," or "stamps," by all of which names booty or plunder is known to them.

If the Democratic party lives much longer, it will not be for want of good advice; there is medicine enough offered it to kill it out of hand. Last week it was Mr. John Quincy Adams; this week it is the henchmen of Supervisor Tweed in the Seventh Ward of this city, and General Rosecrans, who writes from California. Our New York Democrats think Mr. Belmont does not give money enough to the treasury, and is only an ornamental figure-head, and that the man who planned Hoffman's and Seymour's peculiar victory last fall is the man to make majorities in 1872. But the affair looks more like a little toadying to Mr. Tweed than anything else, he being one of the two or three men who hold this city in the hollow of their hands. The party gets more money from Mr. Belmont, as chairman, than it will get if he should be put out, we may rest assured; and there is nothing in the way of power and dignity which the Democratic party in the State can bestow upon Mr. Tweed that he cannot now bestow upon himself whenever he pleases. He has just decided to go up to Albany as Senator, we see. And supposing Mr. Hoffman were to become President, would the distinguished gentleman for whom the majority was made refuse the distinguished gentleman who made it anything he wanted in payment for his services, whether he was chairman of the National Committee or not?

General Rosecrans rises above the "practical politics" of our friends in the Seventh Ward, and admonishes the party of many things, in a letter which is as long-winded as good, sound Democratic documents must of necessity be. The substance of it is that the people of this country are Democrats by nature, and—we may say so, though the General puts it discreetly—that the Democratic party is not, in its present constitution, democratic at all. He specifies the planks of a platform which has a good enough look, and, on the whole, is creditable to him; but he had to bear in mind the fact that the Ohio Democracy just now are fighting against the Amendment, so he vaguely talks about enlarging the basis of suffrage, but of letting women and inferior races exercise their legitimate influence on legislation by some other means than the ballot. What he says about the caucus system, the public debt—which he would not repudiate in any way—offices, and so on, is all very well; but he will die before he sees the party on that platform, unless, indeed, the South should get the negro out of her head and put forward some leaders. The Democracy has had only imbeciles for chiefs since the Southern ones went into delirium; but madness seems more curable than idiocy, and that still prevails in the councils of our Northern sachems.

The excitement in Massachusetts about the nose-pulling seems to continue with but little abatement. The Springfield *Republican*, discussing Mr. Curtis's plea in extenuation, rebukes him for having "vindicated his honor" in the railroad car, to the disturbance, if not terror, of some fifty well-bred and inoffensive people—from which we conclude that it thinks that, when a nose has to be pulled, it should be done privately, and in some secluded place; but we must say that this is a very unscientific view of the subject. Deliberate nose-pulling, in cold blood, on ground selected for the purpose, is a very much graver offence, in the eyes of both the lawgiver and the moralist, than nose-

pulling on the spur of the moment and in the heat of passion; so that, had Mr. Curtis postponed the commission of his offence in obedience to reflection of any kind, however laudable, he would have aggravated it. That sweet, sensitive, fastidious moralist, the *Commonwealth*, also discusses the question, and is satisfied—as well as we can make out the sense of what it says—that Mr. Curtis's offence was part of a deliberate attempt to establish "caste" in America, and that the man himself is an illustration of "a class delusion;" but it says it won't do. The spirit of the age is against it. Jefferson and his school made the thing impossible. "We may all," says this saintly sheet, "become gentlemen, in that we may all succeed in making the best and kindest use of the faculties that God has given us"—which is true and affecting.

But then, coming down to particulars, should a young man take for his model that great Massachusetts "gentleman" whom the *Commonwealth* held up to admiration last fall, and, when one of his brethren abuses him or insults him, go straight home, concoct a neat and rather droll lie about him, and, putting his tongue in his cheek, mount the nearest moral and progressive stump and tell it, with such additions and amplifications as the occasion may suggest? Is it really awful to pull a nose, or to give way to a hot human impulse and strike a blow, and quite allowable to defile your own soul and avenge yourself on your enemies by any amount of cold-blooded slander, vituperation, foul inuendo, and foul epithet? Is this really what "the spirit of the age" prescribes, and what we are all coming to? We hope the preacher will "clear his head of cant," as Dr. Johnson said to another proser, and enlighten us on these points. But in doing so he must not scream or throw mud, or say the *Nation* defends nose-pulling. It does nothing of the kind. It is simply sickened by the horror of nose-pulling displayed by people for whom a human tongue, degraded by lying, vituperation, cant, and humbug, and small cheating, has nothing repulsive whatever.

We know, from General Butler and Mr. Parton, that about seven of the Senators are abominably corrupt, having sold themselves to the Whiskey Ring during the impeachment trial, and then covered up their tracks with such skill that not a particle of proof against them was ever discovered. On hearing this about several of the leading members of the Republican party, we felt satisfied, as we suppose everybody did, that there must be plenty of corrupt fellows amongst the others also, who escaped, owing simply to the fact that they voted on the "right" side. Things leak out about them occasionally, however. For instance, the *Tribune*, on the 5th of August, ascribed the defeat of General Frémont's Southern Pacific Railroad Bill, last session, to Mr. Howard, the Chairman of the Pacific Railroad Committee, having got it "referred to that committee and held it there," and added, significantly, that his reasons could not have been "creditable to him." To this he, trying to wriggle out, replies that the bill was never referred to his committee at all, whereupon the *Tribune* said that, at all events, Mr. Howard killed it by "threatening to talk the session out if the Senate consented to take it up"—all the wily Howard had said being that it was too late in the session to take it up, or that, if it was taken, "he had a good deal to say about it," and other corrupt fellows having said the same thing; but the *Tribune* nails him by again observing, pointedly, that Mr. Howard is Chairman of the Pacific Railroad Committee, and that this "is a very important position, in which a true man can effect great good, and in which a corrupt man may make a great deal of money." It may seem incredible, but it is nevertheless true, and it shows how brazen-faced the Senators have become, that Mr. Howard, in the teeth of this complete exposure of his corruption, writes to the *Tribune*, on Tuesday, denying indignantly that any act of his, in the Senate or on the committee, had been directly or indirectly influenced by pecuniary considerations.

It seems that the Harvard men, in the late race, gave their boat "the Harvard start," and put her at once ahead of the Oxfords, going at the rate of forty-four or forty-five strokes a minute, and probably a little more. It is a start that looks a little flurried, and would look particularly so, probably, in English eyes, so the go-off has been spoken of as nervous, which it probably was not. Two miles out, Harvard was leading, but not going, we may be sure, at the rate of any such number of strokes to the minute as the rate with which she set out. Just past Hammersmith Bridge, at the top of the horseshoe which the river makes between Putney and Mortlake, the Oxfords overlapped and passed, and it looks very much as if they had been making a waiting race, and as if they might have passed before if they liked. Our men had a little bad steering to contend against, some sickness in their boat, and an overpowering flood of English sympathy with the Oxfords. But was it any of these, or all of them combined, that lost us the race? Only the crew can tell. It will be time enough for us to talk about the relative merits of the two styles of rowing when we hear the opinions of the American crew on the question whether we shall stick to our style in races here—three miles, with a turn, bow-oar steering—and whether, also, we shall stick to it when next we row them over a four-and-a-quarter mile course, with no turn, and with a hundred-and-odd pounds of dead-weight in the stern of the boat. These are nicer questions than any but expert oarsmen and men of science can determine. The "American style of rowing" could really no more have been on trial in the race and fairly tested than the American horse could be fairly tested by taking a trotter of ours and setting him against a running horse at the Derby.

And now, what to do about it? Go over again till we do beat, will probably be every Harvard man's—not to say every American man's and woman's—first thought, unless, indeed, he and she think first that Oxford ought to send a crew over here. We wish she would; and we see that two enthusiastic citizens have offered, the one five thousand dollars, the other an unlimited amount, to pay the expenses of the Oxford men should they choose to come over here—where certainly a warm welcome would await them, and where—we must confess it—everybody, from infancy to hoary age, is hoping and expecting to see them beaten. But the truth is that we went over there and took on ourselves the conditions imposed by English racing law, and we have nothing to do but go again until we beat, or else "shut up," as the sporting world says. Perhaps we never can turn out so good a crew again, but it is equally probable that Oxford, too, will not next year have a crew so practised as well as so strong as this best of all her crews. At any rate, we are in a manner bound to try. Meantime, Mr. Emerson's great law of compensation comes into play, and there is a dash of sweet in our bitter cup. What could have been done with Boston if we had won? There would have been no living in the same country with her, and probably she would have dragged us into a foreign war before the year was out. Her pride is almost unendurable now; but with three Bostonians and a Concord man as victors over Oxford, she would have been altogether past bearing. We should have the spectacle that the *World* prefigured the other day, when it described Boston as being ninety-five millions of miles from the sun, slightly flattened at the poles, and revolving on its own axis once every 23 hours 56 minutes 4 seconds, thus causing the alternation of day and night.

Miss Catharine Beecher has published a letter addressed to the "Honorable Conductors of the Public Press," rebuking them for the circulation of divers small and silly and impertinent stories about her father, brother, and sister, and requesting them to abstain from it. The "honorable conductors," we observe, have in several instances, while acknowledging their faults, shown an unseemly disposition to "sarse back" at Miss Beecher, and to insinuate that if they have taken liberties with the names and private affairs of her friends, they, the conductors aforesaid, were not exclusively to blame. Miss Beecher now requests us, in case we notice her letter, to impress upon these gentlemen the fact that it is not the publicity or impertinence she complains of, but the falsehoods—falsehoods "injurious to character, and which not only tend to wound private feeling, but to lessen confidence and respect for the public press." We had not intended noticing her letter. We do not publish cackle about people's private lives ourselves, and doubt whether anything we could say on the subject could induce those of our brethren who do to give up the practice. But since Miss Beecher requests it, we are happy to place before them her explanation.

A conference was held last week between Governor Hoffman and some of the prison officials of this State and Professor Dwight and Dr. Wines of the Prison Association, touching the sad state of things at Sing Sing and other prisons of the State. The prison officials all agreed that one great cause of the existing disorganization was the influence of party politics on the selection of prison officers; and that the sudden abolition of the old modes of punishment by the Legislature at its last session, without at the same time providing proper substitutes, had had a very bad effect on discipline, and actually put prison officers in peril of their lives. Governor Hoffman excused himself for signing it, on the ground that public opinion demanded it, and that "the best way to procure the repeal of a bad law," etc. But how did he know public opinion demanded it; and is not the very first object of the veto power the prevention of hasty legislation; and is not all legislation hasty in which a crowd of persons deal with a delicate problem in total ignorance of its nature? There are plenty of experts of the highest order to be consulted on the subject of prison discipline,—Messrs. Dwight and Wines, for instance, in this State; F. B. Sanborn and Haynes, in Massachusetts; and governors at least ought to know better than sign bills regulating the public prisons about which the opinion of no expert has been asked.

The subject of removing the Federal Capital to some place in the West is undergoing vigorous agitation, St. Louis being at present the principal competitor for the honor of succeeding Washington. There is really only one objection to the scheme, or rather only one thing to be said in favor of Washington, and that is, that the expense of removal would be enormous, owing to the abandonment of the Government buildings. The *Chicago Tribune* calculates that new buildings could be erected elsewhere to meet all the wants of the Government for a century to come for $50,000,000; and by deducting from this the amounts that will have to be expended in providing new buildings at Washington during the next few years, it makes out the total cost of removal to be only $10,000,000. It is possible that the Government might provide itself with what buildings it needs for $50,000,000; but surely nobody who reflects on the influences which preside at the planning and execution of great public works can seriously believe that accommodation for the Government *would* be provided for anything like that sum. But then the expense is, after all, a small matter. The main question in deciding on the propriety of moving, and on the place to move to, is whether anything would be gained by it, politically or morally. Geographical considerations are of little consequence in these days of railroads and telegraphs. Every place is near every other; and the United States may now be said to answer one definition of space, in having its centre everywhere. But the capital ought undoubtedly to be a real city, having a life of its own; and we venture to say, at the risk of making Westerners laugh, that the Federal Government would gain more and do more good by moving to New York than to any other place. We believe indeed that this scheme already has its serious advocates, and their arguments, if not overwhelming, are very strong.

The negotiations about Cuba seem to have advanced one stage, in that the Spaniards have been asked to sell the island for bonds, not exactly to be guaranteed by the United States, but to be paid by customs duties, which the United States are to receive in trust and hand over; but this last assertion is denied. The offer has been refused. Spain, it is said, will not negotiate for a sale as long as the insurrection lasts, and there thus only remains the alternative of getting her to make thorough political reforms in Cuba or beating her out of the island. She is still there; neither "Yellow Jack" nor the various important "movements" which Quesada is constantly said to have on foot have yet driven her out. The exertions of the filibusters have, however, been languishing under the influence of the hot weather or the vigilance of Marshal Barlow, or it may be that the fall will witness a renewal of the terrible "battles" of last spring. But the mere continuance of the insurrection is, for Spain, in her own disorganized condition, a real and it may be fatal cancer. Her finances are in a state which makes war, and above all distant war, little short of madness.

There is no foreign news worth mention except that from China, which consists principally of the address of the foreign merchants to Mr. Ross Browne, and his reply, on which we have commented elsewhere. The Shanghai *Newsletter*, the American paper published at Shanghai, makes a good deal of what may be called sober fun of the ideas which seem to be springing up here as to the predominating interest of the United States in Chinese trade and in the Chinese welfare, and quotes Consul Medhurst's statistics in support of its criticisms, showing that of imports into China, excluding opium, valued at 31,670,166 taels, the British send 27,765,634, the Americans 833,000; of exports, valued at 39,153,329, the British take 29,221,884, the Americans 4,673,872. Of the Chinese customs revenue, amounting to 2,501,436 taels, the British contribute 2,084,148, and all other nations put together 417,288; of the total foreign trade of the port of Shanghai the Americans contribute just 5 per cent. After citing these figures the *Newsletter* laughs over Mr. Howard's advice that the President should increase the Legation at Pekin, "in view of the fact that there is to be a sharp competition between the United States and England during the next few years," and asks if he supposes that an increase in the size of the Legation would lead American merchants to bid higher for Chinese goods than they do now.

The *Newsletter* thinks the bulk of the trade will inevitably belong to England for a long time to come, because she has trained her own people and their near neighbors to drink enormous quantities of tea, and possesses the best ships and a superabundance of capital, for which she can find no employment at home; and because the English have so cheapened their textile fabrics, and adapted them to Eastern wants, that they have almost monopolized Eastern markets. The Americans, on the other hand, have not nearly as much capital as they can profitably employ at home, and are occupied rather in building up domestic manufactures and keeping them alive, than in pushing the sale of their products abroad. The *Newsletter* mentions, as bearing on the question, "that duplicates of the American letters by the last Pacific mail reached Shanghai by the European route a week before the originals; and that by telegrams *viâ* London, they knew of the sailing of the *Japan*, with particulars of her cargo, several days before her arrival." The writer, however, thinks American trade with China may yet, by "wiser laws" —meaning, we presume, the adoption of a free-trade policy—and by increase of population, make cotton fabrics at so low a cost as to take a larger part in supplying Chinese wants; but even that will be more in the nature of an increase of the trade than a division of that already existing.

Mr. Ross Browne has in the meantime been recalled, and is on his way home. A report was circulated here a few days ago that he had announced that the Chinese had refused to ratify the Burlingame treaty, which he has since contradicted, but not in time to prevent his receiving a severe castigation at the hands of some of the great dailies. It came out that he was bribed by the British and French to bring Mr. Burlingame to nought; and this, and a reasonable amount of other baseness on his part, were accounted for by his having been appointed by Andrew Johnson, as if nobody but the most depraved could possibly have entered into the service of the United States during that monster's term of office. Poor Reverdy Johnson suffered in the same way. He was unanimously nominated by the Senate, and went to England with a letter of introduction from Mr. Sumner to John Bright, praising him in terms so ardent that Bright was near going to London in hot haste to look at him as a kind of moral curiosity; but in a few short weeks the poor man had sunk to the grade of a mere creature of "the greatest criminal of the age;" and even Mr. Sumner expressed his astonishment that British statesmen should have entered into negotiations with one so lost, and so utterly without authority or consideration. It must be a curious sensation to go abroad with the applause of one's country men, lead what one considers a sober, moral, and industrious life during one's absence, and then suddenly to open the papers of one's native land and find one's self described as a disgrace to one's home and kindred, and a person to whom a bare subsistence is all that the groaning and indignant earth can possibly owe.

THE DEMOCRATIC PROGRAMME.

We believe we are now in a position to institute an enquiry into the programme of the Democratic party for the coming year or two. We have, besides the platforms of three or four State conventions, the utterances of Mr. Pendleton in Ohio and the utterances of Mr. John Quincy Adams in Massachusetts, and the comments of the Democratic press thereupon; and the inferences which a plain man may draw from them all are, as nearly as possible, these: That opposition to reconstruction—meaning by that the mode in which the Southern States have been restored to their places in the Union—and to its accompaniment, negro suffrage, has been—though it is still mentioned—given up, and will before long not even be spoken of even at "Confedrit Cross-roads;" that there is still a strong hostility to the payment of the public debt in the rank and file of the party, although the leaders are content to mask it under a demand that the bonds should be paid according to "the letter of the contract"—that is, that the majority of them should be paid in greenbacks—Mr. Pendleton, for instance, abusing Mr. Boutwell for buying bonds at a premium when he is entitled to pay them off at par (in paper); that there is a good deal of hostility to prohibitory liquor legislation and to heavy taxation; that there is little, if any, of the old Democratic leaning to free trade, or that, if there is much of it, it is not strong enough or widely diffused enough to find expression; that the party, as a party, has no views on currency or taxation—the only one of its organs which propounds any positive theories on these subjects being the New York *World*, the "good and regular standing" of which is often doubtful; that it is in a position of great embarrassment about the Chinese immigration—being, on the one hand, impelled to favor it by the desire of swamping the negro, and, on the other hand, impelled to oppose it by the fear of offending the Irishman; that, in the dispute between labor and capital, it is anxious to get along without committing itself, and is discouraged by the eagerness displayed by the Republican politicians to cut down the hours of labor to any required extent, and by the consciousness that, though the laborers supply votes, the capitalists supply the money for the canvass, and that it is as dangerous and less agreeable to alienate the latter than the former. The main article in the creed of the party seems to be, however, that Grant is not a good man for the Presidency, and the strength of most of the Democratic papers is devoted to abusing him, and accusing him of corruption, ignorance, and light-mindedness. About administrative reforms the party says nothing beyond denouncing Republican corruption, which warrants the conclusion that its only remedy is to appoint politicians of its own to the places now held by Republican politicians. Of any attempt to reorganize the Civil Service, or withdraw it from the arena of party politics, it does not speak. On the whole, the only thing the party declarations warrant us in expecting from its accession to power is the substitution of Democratic officials for Republican ones; it does not identify itself with a single legislative change now talked of, or likely to be talked of, and offers us no reason for expecting that, even if it were allowed to fill the public offices, it would display more care in the selection of the public officers than it has ever displayed.

On questions of foreign policy, its attitude appears as meaningless as on questions of domestic policy. The *World* is singularly clear and able in its treatment of all points of international law; but there is no evidence that the bulk of the party pays much heed to its utterances on this class of subjects. The State platforms contain just as much vague declamation about the duty of protecting the rights of American citizens abroad as seems likely to satisfy, or at least pacify, the Fenians—that is, the most gullible portion of the community; but we have never yet seen in any Democratic speech or article a direct mention of rights of American citizens abroad which the present Administration was not seeking to protect by the negotiations it has concluded with the principal European states. There is in the Fenian mind a lurking suspicion that, amongst the rights of American citizens abroad, is the right of waging private war; and this certainly the Administration shows no sign of protecting; but then the Democratic party has shown no sign of recognizing the existence of any such right. Upon the *Alabama* matter, none of its organs have called for anything more than payment of actual damages, and nobody denies that Grant's Administration will claim, or has claimed, at least this. No papers have indulged in more ridicule of Mr. Sumner's "rule of damages" than the Democratic papers; and about Cuba we have not as yet seen a certain word from them, except that whatever the President either does or leaves undone is wrong.

In fact, after we have sifted Democratic declarations thoroughly, the only thing substantial left in the way of a policy seems to be hostility to the Government creditors—a disposition either not to pay them at all, or to pay them in paper, in defiance of the understanding when the contract was made, of the uniform practice of the Government, and of all the traditions of the Democratic party, and to reduce the interest by taxing the bonds. All else is mere barren criticism, and much of it positively childish; so that even if the Republican party had no other claim to support, its position as the defender of the public credit against the attacks of repudiators would be sufficient. Here the Democrats offer a positive and unmistakable gain in money to every reckless and dishonest person. They put down on paper the precise sum that may be saved by putting them in power, while all their other promises have no appreciable value. Without this, therefore, it would be hard to say what the party had to offer as a reason for its existence, except a refuge to men of an easy temperament. Its hostility to the prohibitory liquor law in Massachusetts, for instance, does not seem to rest on any principle of government, but expresses simply the desire of "good fellows" to be let alone over their glass and pipe.

Of course, where party lines are sharply drawn, and include the press as well as the voters—newspapers feeling it to be their duty to stand by their own flag through thick and thin—the party in power would be subjected to no criticism whatever if it did not come from the opposition; and even if it had no policy of its own to propose, the Democratic party might, both lately and during the war, have rendered valuable service to the country, both in and out of Congress, simply as a critic of the Administration. A good working, inquisitive, sharp opposition is nearly a necessity in a constitutional state. But the way in which the Democracy has played the part of an opposition has been, as we have often remarked, really lamentable. In Congress, the speeches of the Democratic members were during the war about as effective and pointed as the cackling of so many hens; and since the war the Democratic opposition has consisted mainly in small personalities—the *World* alone making an attempt to strike serious blows; but even in its case, its habit of allowing its fool to keep jangling his bells and making grimaces all the time its sages are talking takes all weight out of their discourses. It seems almost incredible, but it is nevertheless true, that the main cause of the dissatisfaction of the Democratic press with the Republican Administration of late, if we may judge from the amount of space it has devoted to it, is the visits of the President to the watering-places, and his participation in divers festivities of the summer visitors. There is nevertheless no doubt that the Democratic papers are mostly edited by adults, and that there is nothing peculiar or in any way calculated to cause anxiety to their friends in their daily walk and conversation. We ought in fairness to mention, before closing, one sign of progress that we have seen in one of the Democratic organs, viz., commendation of Mr. Pendleton, of Ohio, for the governorship on the ground of the purity of his morals. As this came from a shrewd politician, there is undoubtedly something hopeful about it; but it remains to be seen what effect it will have on the rank and file.

THE NEW TURN OF AFFAIRS IN CHINA.

We have received from an American correspondent in China, who has from the first been a hearty advocate of the Burlingame Embassy, and has warmly defended it in these columns, and in whose judgment about Chinese policy we have great confidence, a formal expression of his belief that Mr. Burlingame has been greatly deceived by the Chinese Government, and that the facts of the case fully warrant the deductions drawn by Mr. Ross Browne in his recent reply to the address of the foreign residents touching the policy of the Imperial Government and its relations with the Western world, and which have been received

here by last mail. The correspondence has, no doubt, been perused by all those who take an interest in this subject, and, whatever may be the differences of opinion on the merits of the question, all will admit that the opinions of the merchants are entitled to consideration as well as those of our late minister—for, however we may question his mode of expressing them, they are without doubt his honest convictions, derived from personal experience and observation. The British merchants justify their own communication to the American minister on the ground that the interests of both peoples in China are inseparably connected—that whatever affects the condition of the one, either favorably or unfavorably, alike affects the other.

Both communications convey to Mr. Browne the most cordial approval of his official course, deplore the mistake of the home governments in yielding to Mr. Burlingame's suggestions, and express great regret that he, Mr. Browne, should have been removed for favoring the only policy which in their judgment is the true one. Mr. Browne's reply, which is addressed in common to both, contains an elaborate exposition of his views upon the China question, and he probably intended it to be a public justification of his course. He could not have expected that his own Government would approve of this, but he probably felt that his mission was at an end, and that he was at liberty to express himself with perfect freedom to any one. He is evidently an earnest and progressive American, who desires to see all other nations practise the intellectual freedom and energy which have accomplished so much for his own country. When he assumed the duties of United States Minister to China, he was under the impression that the Chinese Embassy which he left with us really meant progress; that while Mr. Burlingame was working to that end in Europe and America, he, Mr. Browne, ought to be stimulating the Chinese Government to increased activity in the same direction. He soon found that he had come in contact with the most impassive and rigid conservatism on the face of the earth; that, far from seeing any evidence of a desire for progress, he saw a decided opposition to it—a disposition to seize every opportunity that might offer to restrict rather than to increase intercourse with foreigners; and that nothing but the moral pressure of the foreign ministers in Peking induced the Government to fulfil the treaty engagements which it had already assumed. He plainly, perhaps bluntly and unwisely, suggested to the Imperial Government the adoption of certain measures for the development of the internal wealth of the country, and for the early establishment of railroads and telegraphs, but he found them to be very averse, and at length he observed indications that the leading mandarins were entertaining hopes that the result of their embassy would enable them to repress rather than promote progress. We can easily imagine the disgust of our thorough American envoy when such indications became plainly apparent.

But, with few exceptions, people here, including the members of Congress, have very inadequate conceptions of the true character of the Chinese people and their government, and hence they are unable to indicate the true policy which should govern our relations with them. The arrival of the Chinese Embassy upon our shores, under the leadership of Mr. Burlingame, who at once announced that his mission meant progress, created enthusiastic interest among all classes of our people, who believed that ancient China had immediately come out from the walls within which she had so long been secluded, for the purpose of offering the hand of friendship and of taking her proper place in the family of nations, of establishing reciprocal relations of free and friendly intercourse, and, in the words of her chief envoy, "of interchanging ideas as well as merchandise." But these expectations have been by no means realized; indeed, there is some excuse for the belief that the main object of the mission was quite the opposite of the one we had hoped. A treaty was made in Washington, and it was ratified by the Senate, but we confess our inability to see anything in it that is of any value to us beyond what was already secured by the previous one, while there are some clauses which specifically, and still more by construction, give the Chinese certain rights which they might easily exercise to our disadvantage. It has been eulogized by some writers for the magnanimity which it evinces on the part of our own Government towards the Chinese and because it is altogether in their favor. We consider this a very questionable merit. We were surprised to hear that the Chinese should have hesitated to ratify it, and we are not at all surprised to find the story flatly contradicted.

We should always remember that "the favored nation" clause exists in all the treaties which China has made with the Western nations, and which provides that every treaty power shall enjoy all the rights and privileges which have been, or which hereafter may be, granted to any one of them; but there is no provision that the restrictions which any single power may agree to as applicable to herself are thereby binding in any way upon the others. If the Burlingame treaty ties our own hands in any way—as it surely does—it has no effect upon those who have not entered into like engagements. It is quite certain that none of the European governments will do so, and we shall be left to enjoy exclusion by the merit of our magnanimity towards China in binding ourselves not to attempt to intervene in her domestic affairs in any way—that is, not to help her on in the path of progress. This treaty, if ratified by the Chinese, would very properly be used by them as a complete bar to any suggestion which an American minister might offer respecting internal improvements, and would justify the return of a letter like that of Mr. Browne to Prince Kung unanswered. All the moral influence of progressive America would be ruled out.

It is very well to advocate and practise the duty of applying equal justice to all our dealings with others, and to recognize the independence and sovereignty of all other governments; but while we should always act justly towards other nations, there are instances where yielding to their *full* sovereignty may be modified. Among the nations of Christendom, the people have so many ideas and habits in common, and their relations with each other are so governed by the rules of civilized international law, that they form a kind of commonwealth, within which the people of any country can freely travel or reside in each, for business or pleasure, and enjoy the common privileges and the equal protection of the laws. Such is not the case between Christendom and the Mohammedan and pagan nations; the maxims and usages of the latter are such that civilized governments have not deemed it safe or honorable to allow the lives and properties of their own people to be left to the uncontrolled jurisdiction of these non-Christians, but have made special treaties in their favor. The higher civilization must often dictate to the lower, and there can be no greater confession of inferiority than the fact that the semi-barbarian nations have accepted this demand for exterritoriality. But under the Burlingame mission China asks to be acknowledged by the governments of Christendom as entitled to that full sovereignty and independence which they claim and exercise for themselves, and that she should be left free to regulate her internal and external affairs in accordance with her own views. This request seems very fair upon its face, and there are many among us who would freely assent to it; but if we should formally agree to this, and act in *full* accordance with its spirit, we should tear up our present treaties, on the ground that they were extorted from her by violence, and then leave her to grant such terms of intercourse as only her own pleasure would dictate. In such an event, the Chinese would surely re-establish the old régime that existed in Canton in the days of Governor Loo and Lord Napier, and would subject us to every ignominious restraint they might fancy, under pain of expulsion.

The trading people of China, like those of all other nations, undoubtedly desire freedom of trade with all; but the literati or governing class are devotedly attached to the traditions and usages of thirty centuries; they yielded only to irresistible force, and they would gladly re-establish the ancient exclusive policy. It now looks as if the real object of the Burlingame mission was not progress, but an endeavor to make some treaties by which they might at least check any further encroachments on the part of foreigners, and even gradually to restrict them in some degree in the use of privileges already granted. We have no idea that Mr. Burlingame so understood it; for we believe that he really desires to see China come out of her circle of exclusiveness, and maintain free and equal intercourse with all nations, and adopt the literature and science of the West; but he wishes her to be left alone, to make the advance in her own way and time. The foreign residents in China, almost without exception, deem this a fatal policy, and that, if left without pressure from abroad, she will never advance a

step. Such is also the opinion of Mr. Browne. The impression that the Burlingame policy had completely taken possession of the home governments is the cause of that extreme dissatisfaction so apparent in the correspondence under our notice.

If Mr. Burlingame is to blame at all, it is for drawing rather too highly colored pictures of Chinese civilization. That he did so honestly, we have not the least doubt; and that Chinese civilization is of a kind to produce a deep impression on the Western imagination, and therefore to excite very false expectations with regard to it, is also very certain. But, no matter how the affair may end, he will be entitled to the credit of having made a really noble effort to establish between the Chinese Empire and Christendom relations in which the former might find refuge from a long period of anarchy, in which nearly everything that is valuable in Chinese civilization will be lost; for if, through any cause, the empire should be broken up, anarchy must ensue; no Western power has the means of assuming the reins of government; and even if any Western power ventured to undertake the task, it would take many years to effect even a partial reorganization of so vast a body.

One of the signs of what the foreign residents consider the perfidy of the Chinese, and which has made most impression on them, is the great increase in the number of attacks on foreigners which have taken place within the last few months; and they anticipate, and not unnaturally, this increase to continue should the European powers, as well as the United States, persist in their determination to refer all such cases for redress to the Imperial Government at Peking, through diplomatic channels, instead of, as heretofore, seeking satisfaction from the local authorities at the cannon's mouth. Men who pass their nights and days surrounded by swarms of Chinese, and who have reached, no matter through what channel, the conclusion that the Imperial Government is engaged in a great game of humbug, and has no desire, even if it had the ability, to make the sojourn of foreigners in its dominions either safe or comfortable, are of course very likely to be just now extremely nervous and suspicious, and to put a worse construction on Chinese doings than they merit. As our readers know, we believe thoroughly in the power of justice and fair dealing over everybody—barbarian, Scythian, bond, and free—and believe that they have never yet been fairly tried on the Chinese; but we nevertheless confess we attach a good deal of importance to the opinions of European and American residents in China on Chinese affairs. There is something very amusing in the scornful indignation with which some of our writers, in New York and elsewhere, knowing very little more of China than of the moon, treat any opinions of the Christian residents there which clash with any *à priori* conclusions we happen to have formed here of what our policy towards China ought to be, or what the Chinese are likely to do. To read some of the diatribes heaped upon them, one would imagine that anybody who had lived ten or twenty years in China as an American or English merchant was *ipso facto* disqualified for forming or expressing any opinion whatever on Chinese politics, government, or society, and that the true sources of light on all such questions were writers in the home papers here who had "got themselves up" on China out of Appleton's Encyclopædia and missionary reports. We do not think traders, established in factories on semi-barbarous shores, are always enlightened or impartial judges of what is going on in the country in which their lot is cast, or that their opinions are by any means always uncolored by selfishness; but we must say we have never seen anything in the character and standing of American residents in China to cause us to pay no attention to what they say on a subject about which they possess all the knowledge there is to be had, about which few other persons possess any knowledge whatever, and on which knowledge is extraordinarily difficult to get.

FINANCIAL ADVERTISEMENTS.

In looking over the rows and columns of widespread "financial" advertisements contained nowadays in almost every paper of any circulation, many persons are reminded of the unceasing growth of our national and individual activity, some will reflect upon the profitableness of enterprises that can afford such lavish expense, and here and there one will speculate upon the handsome income the newspapers derive therefrom. But who troubles himself about what, after all, is to the general public, or at least should be, the most important consideration, namely, the manner in which these costly advertisements affect the honesty, the truth, the independence of the press? It is not too much to say that there is no power in the Government, in the parties, or the church, that can influence the press as effectually as the financial class do by means of their advertising patronage. Far be it from us to assert that the financial classes, as a rule, seek to corrupt the press; still less that the press, as a rule, is venal; but undoubtedly the system of financial advertising has been developed to a degree of perfection that almost destroys the dividing line between a business bargain and downright bribery. Few persons have any idea of the insidious influence over the press acquired by means of this system. There are, to begin with, a certain class of journals devoted to financial and business specialties, that have an extended list of subscribers, who frequently are called on very irregularly, or not at all, for their subscriptions. As long as these so-called subscribers allow the paper to be brought into their offices, to lie on their tables and desks, and thus be seen habitually in respectable places, that is all that is required of them. These papers form the very ground-work of the fabric to be reared. To them are given the first advertisements of any new enterprise about to be brought before the public in the orthodox way. The bargain between the publisher and the advertiser generally reads: so many dollars per week for a whole column of advertising and half a column of editorial notice, the editorial notice to be furnished by the advertiser. In these papers the advertiser is not restricted by any consideration, except his own views of what is politic. He may state, editorially, what he pleases. If his assertions are controverted by correspondents, the letters are not published as long as the advertiser is willing to pay for keeping them out. If other journals deny his statements, he can expose their venality and corruption in his next "editorial." Such a paper is owned, body and soul, by any one who chooses to pay a certain number of dollars a column for advertising in it; and yet such papers, by means of a variety of useful information not readily found elsewhere, and of a forced circulation, manage to maintain a certain interest and an uncertain respectability, without which they would be useless as a vehicle for the financial advertiser. The financial agent of any new scheme—a mining company, a railroad, a life-insurance company, a steamship line—begins his course with an illustrated, monogrammed, or otherwise noticeable advertisement in the *Broad Street Press* or the *Weekly Steamship*, accompanied by a modest editorial, full of latent and compressed enthusiasm, setting forth, amid statistical tables and historical parallels, the undoubted merits and glorious future of the new undertaking.

Of course it is not expected that this glowing account will be extensively read in the obscure journals in which it is published. It is indeed not published to be *read;* it is only published to be *quoted*. A day or two after the first appearance of the advertisement in the *Broad Street Press*, the advertising agent appears at the office of some of the respectable but struggling dailies or weeklies, and, after bargaining for a month's advertising, makes the stipulation that the paper shall occasionally copy and insert semi-editorially extracts from other papers in relation to the new company, which will be kindly furnished by the agent himself. In this way many a newspaper editor, striving to be honest and fair, is yet induced to reprint an outrageous puff from the *Weekly Steamship*, and soothes his conscience with the excuse that every reader sees that the paragraph is an extract from another paper, is not endorsed by him at all, and is given merely as a piece of general news. In this paper the notice copied from the editorial furnished to the *Weekly Steamship* by the company's advertising agent begins to do mischief; for many of its readers do not discriminate between extracts and editorials, some fail to notice that it is an extract, many have confidence in the paper, and some know the editor personally and believe in his honesty and financial shrewdness. But this is only a very insignificant portion of the effect aimed at; for the individuals induced to subscribe money to any enterprise by this class of journals are comparatively few in number and limited in means. The main purpose of inserting the advertisement and puff in the feebler dailies and weeklies is to gain

access thereby to the principal journals in the large cities all over the country, the great leaders of public opinion, the papers having the largest circulation. These have to be approached with considerable caution and tact. First, the financial editor, whose business it is to give information on such topics, is invited to examine the scheme. He is requested to call attention in a general way to the advertisement "in another column," and to notice how favorably the undertaking is commented upon by the whole press, especially the highly respectable but not over-flourishing daily and weekly papers referred to. The financial editor is noted everywhere for his affability. His professional success depends upon his popularity with the men from whom financial information is obtained. He knows the high character and business standing of the firms having the new undertaking in charge. He has confidence in their representations. He recommends investment in the enterprise as one that cannot fail of success, and his recommendation carries considerable weight. Few people, however, read the financial column of any paper; it is the grave editorial on the fourth page, that every one believes to have been written by the editor-in-chief, that carries the day. Armed with all the endorsements of the press, the advertising agent now approaches the editorial sanctum of the chief editor and proprietor of the *Daily Thunderer*. The enterprise itself is undoubtedly sound, the financial editor of the *Thunderer* has already endorsed it, and—although this, of course, is a consideration of no moment—the advertisement of the company will be worth $500 a month. And next day there appears in the editorial columns of that widely read and trusted journal a gross puff of an enterprise which in itself may be most profitable and desirable, but of the real merits of which the editor is totally incapable of judging.

We have no idea of suggesting ever so remotely that any one of the important enterprises which have had the public support and confidence during the last few years of stupendous activity has failed to merit that confidence, or that any of the numerous enterprises now before the people are other than sound and eminently safe. We are totally incompetent to express an opinion thereon; but what we do suggest and assert is, that the system by which the editorial endorsement of such schemes is obtained is unsound, demoralizing, and totally destructive of the independence and usefulness of the press.

The ability to judge of the value of any kind of security as a permanent investment is by no means common; the knowledge necessary to form such judgment is acquired only by special study; neither the ability nor the knowledge comes naturally to the editorial fraternity. On the contrary, their ability in that particular direction is, in the very nature of things, apt to be limited; while the knowledge which they may acquire is almost in every single instance derived from the very parties in interest, and is generally accompanied by an advertising fee, which inevitably predisposes the most incorruptible of men in favor of the person or enterprise offering it. On this account, all recommendations in the press of any security whatsoever should be looked upon as valueless, and, whenever accompanied by liberal advertising, as actually suspicious. Such opinions are not only valueless and open to suspicion, but they may be actually mischievous. That editorial jewel, consistency, binds the newspaper man to adhere eternally to an opinion once expressed—to adhere to it not only in the columns of his paper, but in the daily intercourse of private life. The enterprise which he honestly recommended yesterday, to-day may seem doubtful. He cannot now admit that he gave that warm support on insufficient information. He accepted the liberal advertising fee with the implied obligation of editorial endorsement. He cannot now turn round and stab his client in the back. He has to stand by the judgment once uttered, and continue to praise, though he may doubt if praise be merited; and thus, from unintentionally misleading his readers, he gradually drifts into conscious deceit.

Of course there are journals, here and elsewhere, whose commendation cannot be purchased at any price. Two or three of our great dailies are notoriously above suspicion; but they maintain themselves free from taint solely by absolutely and entirely abstaining from all reference to any financial enterprise advertising in their columns. In no other way can any newspaper maintain its independence, its self-respect, its usefulness, and the confidence of its readers. But even in these cases the financial advertisement exercises a powerful influence over all but the most resolute and unflinching. It is not only positive support and endorsement that the advertiser claims, he also stifles adverse criticism. Not only must the paper refrain from unfavorable comment upon the special scheme advertised, but it must not eve reflect upon other similar schemes. An exposure of the mismanagement of one life-insurance company has been known to deprive respectable journal of every life-insurance advertisement in its columns. A reflection upon the conduct of a railroad company caused one paper to lose the advertisement even of the time-table of all railways, while another more recently was, in addition, denied the sale upon the cars of the road unfavorably mentioned. Few people form any idea of the value of such advertisements as a source of income to the newspapers. When a large life-insurance company, recently organized in this city and elsewhere, with a capital of one million of dollars, held its first meeting of directors, it was resolved to spend at once one hundred thousand dollars, ten per cent. of its capital, in advertising. Another life-insurance company of great wealth and old standing is recently said to have expended nearly fifty thousand dollars in less than two months in advertising an extract from its annual report. Advertising agents estimate the expenses of the Union Pacific Railroad at certainly not less than several hundred thousand dollars for advertising its bonds. Any one familiar with the cost of advertisements can point to half-a-dozen enterprises that are at this moment expending from five to ten thousand dollars a month in recommending their securities to the public. It is easy to see that the financial advertisements of the present day constitute one of the principal sources of income for the whole press.

To lose this income is, of course, a serious blow, even to the wealthy daily papers; it is annihilation to the weaker ones. What confidence, then, can the public have in the recommendations of financial enterprises contained in newspapers that so largely depend upon those enterprises for their support? Evidently none. What can financial enterprises gain by recommendations that must ever be exposed to the suspicion of being bought? Evidently nothing. The bargain between the newspaper and the advertiser is simple. The advertiser pays for the privilege of submitting his advertisement to so many thousand persons at the expense of the newspaper. Anything beyond this is corrupt and dishonorable, and opens the way for the gravest frauds. It is high time that a healthy public opinion should be awakened on this subject. Without it, the weaker newspapers will become the merest tools of financial advertisers, and even the stronger ones will not long be able to maintain their purity. Let it once be understood that an editorial recommendation of any financial enterprise advertised in the same is necessarily corrupt, and there will soon be an end to the present debasing system; and no one will have better reason to be pleased than the sound and substantial concerns whose meritorious undertakings need only to be brought to the attention of the public to secure at once its support and co-operation. The editor who, without more knowledge than any editor can pretend to have, recommends any security as a safe investment to widows, orphans, and aged persons, is guilty of one of the most heartless and inexcusable of frauds.

THE BOAT-RACE.

We doubt if many people have rightly appreciated the difficulties with which the American crew had to contend last Friday—although one or two journals, the *World* certainly, pointed them out early in the season—because few understand the extent to which what may be called the athletic mania prevails among the upper classes in England. The state of things among them at this moment is one the like of which has probably never elsewhere been seen. In more than one of the great public schools—Eton at the head of the list—the time and attention of a large portion of the boys are occupied almost exclusively with boating and cricket, the studies of the school being treated by them as of little or no consequence, and the acquisition of skill in outdoor amusements being set down as the principal object of being at the school; and all this not only with the connivance, but the approval, of the masters. Indeed, the other day an advertisement for an assistant master appeared in an English paper, in which good bowling was mentioned as an essential qualification; and at Eton a considerable portion of the time of the masters is taken up with teaching the boys

cricket and rowing; and it is by his excellence in these that a boy's standing in the school is measured. Success in study is not treated as a merit at all unless accompanied by skill in athletic sports; it was testified before an Endowed Schools Commission that, years ago, a studious boy "was not thought the worse of" for being studious if he was good in the cricket-field or on the water. In fact, the public schools of England at this moment are little better than gymnasia in the literal sense of that term. Many of the masters profess to deplore this state of things, but say they cannot help it. The great increase in the national wealth has crowded the schools with the sons of the *nouveaux riches*, who are anxious to have their children associate with the children of the older aristocracy, and to acquire their tastes and habits; and, as long as they do this, do not care about their receiving any mental training whatever. The origin of the evil, however, goes a good way further back. The ideal youth of the landed class in England has never been a youth who knew a good deal, but a manly, truthful, reserved, plucky fellow. The eldest sons were of course not expected to do anything for a living, and would have scorned even the appearance of qualifying themselves to earn one. For the younger sons, on the other hand, there existed the army and navy, and the diplomatic and Indian and Civil Service, and in none of these were educational qualifications of any kind exacted. Places and promotion in them were got by favor and connection, not by education; and as far as mere personal quality went, a man got on better in them by the possession of certain moral and physical traits than any mental ones. The schools, consequently, prepared the kind of man which the upper classes of English society called for, to which there would have been no special objection on the part of other people, if the upper classes had not coolly appropriated the rich endowments left for the instruction of the poor, and used them in fitting up and carrying on these curious institutions for their own sons.

The habits and ideas of the schools have of course been carried to the universities. During the recent Parliamentary enquiry into their condition, many graduates of the highest standing—Mr. Charles Roundell, secretary of the Jamaica Commission, for one, himself a boating man—expressed in strong terms their sense of the injurious effect, both on scholarship and character, of the prevailing rage for athletic sports. They occupy by far the larger share of the time and interest and attention of the larger portion of the students of Oxford and Cambridge, leading to a sort of ill-concealed contempt for knowledge, and a deep and deepening worship of muscle; and several of the witnesses spoke in strong terms of the brutalizing effect of this on the *tone* of the students; others, too, have found no difficulty in connecting it with the mode of suppressing the Indian mutiny and the Jamaica rebellion, and with the attitude of the upper classes of late years towards *weak* people of all races.

Now the general effect of this is, that most of the English boys at least of three of the great public schools and two of the universities may be said to be training for a boat-race from the age of twelve to twenty-four. They live during these twelve years in a society in which little but rowing, cricketing, riding, and shooting are talked; in which the things which make for muscle, wind, and bottom are constant subjects of experiment and discussion; in which all the niceties of rowing are as familiar as daily practice and precept and the traditions of three or four generations can make them; and in which muscular vigor and dexterity may be said to be transmitted from father to son. The consequence is, that the captain of a Cambridge or Oxford University crew has, it is fair to say, his pick of about a thousand young men in first-rate physical and moral "condition." We do not mean, of course, that he actually chooses out of that number; but the dozen he does choose from have been presented to him by a process of natural sifting performed on the whole body.

If we contrast this state of things with that in which the Harvard crew was formed, we shall have some idea of the unfavorable conditions under which the Americans rowed the late race; even if we leave out of sight altogether the change of climate, food, and water, and the presence of a vast multitude whose sympathies were with the other side—no unimportant matter, as everybody knows who has ever had to struggle, with nerves at high tension, for anything whatever, under unfriendly eyes. The taste for athletic sports in America is not over fifteen years old. It is only within the last ten or twelve years that it can be said to have found a firm foothold in the colleges. Even now the schools do little to encourage it, and most boys come up to Harvard and Yale in complete ignorance of boating and most other outdoor games, though base-ball has been of late years a good deal cultivated. At both colleges, too, the number of students who cultivate rowing is small, very small; it costs money, and the mass are poor; it costs time, and the mass are busy preparing to earn their living at the earliest possible moment. The consequence is that a dozen is, perhaps, as many as the captain of a crew has to choose from, and this dozen have comparatively little experience, and no great boating traditions—which, as regards morale, is no light matter—behind them.

All this is to be taken into account, not in judging the American crew which rowed last Friday's race, but in judging the value of the race as a test of the comparative capacity of the two universities, or of the physical endurance of the young men of the two countries. To try this question fairly, we shall probably have to wait a few years longer—till base-ball and other sports have raised the physical value of the contributions of the schools to the universities here, and till the taste for boating is diffused amongst a larger class in the universities. This will give a wider field of selection in making up the crews, and will probably furnish in them a better index of American prowess than is now possible. We need hardly say that we do not by all this mean to insinuate any disparagement of the gallant fellows who last week represented Harvard on the Thames. We looked, if not for victory, for even a closer result than actually occurred, and we shall need more details than are now in our possession before we can form anything like an accurate judgment of the causes of the defeat. Upon the facts, as now known to us, it would appear, however, that it was neither the American stroke nor strength that was at fault; that the direct cause of the failure was a want of bottom; and bottom is, perhaps, the thing of all others which is most dependent, let the physical constitution be ever so good, on diet, climate, and surroundings. It is largely a matter of nerves, and, therefore, very readily affected by slight and even imperceptible influences. The over-excitement caused by preparation for an arduous task in a strange *milieu*, and still more by its performance in a comparatively unfamiliar scene, before a foreign and necessarily hostile audience, would account readily for the failure of the Harvards to maintain to the end the tremendous pace which they led during the first part of the race. Considering everything, no American need contemplate it without pride, and we may feel assured the spectacle has been by no means what Englishmen looked for when the challenge was first given.

As regards the future, there is of course little doubt that the trial will be repeated. In fact, it is not improbable that we shall before long witness periodical competitions between English and American universities; but to ensure something like an equality of conditions, either the state of society in America would have to be greatly changed—a large and rich class of the population literally going into training, fathers, mothers, sons, and all—or the field of selection have to be greatly extended in making up the crews. The American crew ought really in fairness to contain the rowing cream of *all* the American colleges, and even then it would suffer from want of experience, because it is neither likely nor desirable that we shall ever see in any American university as large a supply of rowing men as Oxford and Cambridge contain.

The difference of climate, and other differences of surroundings, must still remain. Whether Americans go to England to row, or Englishmen come here, a certain inequality, and often a serious one, must be caused by the change of air and diet; and every crew must suffer from having the banks lined with unfriendly witnesses. Yale suffers from it every year at Worcester—suffers from it so much that Harvard ought in fairness to consent to change the course at least every alternate year; Harvard suffered from it on the Thames; if Englishmen came here to row, they would, owing to certain peculiarities in the national character, probably suffer from the newness of their surroundings far more than Americans. The Englishman, though wonderfully adventurous, is not by any means an adaptable animal; and in foreign countries, no matter how amiable he may be, undergoes an immense amount of nervous tear and wear from mere exposure to novelties of one sort or other. This difficulty can, of course, never be overcome entirely. If, as we think by no means unlikely, there should eventually be an Anglo-Saxon Olympic—bringing together the rowers, batters, bowlers, yachters, runners, leapers of the race for a trial of strength, once in four years, from all parts of the world—some, if not all, would inevitably have to suffer a good many serious inconveniences. All could not enjoy their native air, their familiar diet, and the shouts of admiring friends, and the uncertainty there will always prevail as to the exact effect of external changes on the physical powers, will always make these trials in a measure unsatisfactory, and may make them a source of perennial contention. The party which leaves its home will always expect a good deal of allowance to be made for it, and the party which stays at home be unwilling to make any, and hence will flow more or less bickering and discontent. By taking up all the little differences, and exag-

gerating them, and inflaming all disputes by throwing in a little abuse of its own, the press on both sides of the water may make these international games curses to the human race, instead of benefits to either country. The English press has only to assume a sniffing, incredulous tone every time Americans offer to try conclusions with Englishmen in some field of activity which Englishmen exclusively have hitherto cultivated, and the American press has only to suspect John Bull of a constant and incurable desire to cheat, and threaten to take "the stiffening out of him," to drive every lover of his kind into wishing before long for a revival of the old monkish contempt for the body.

WAS IT A MYSTIFICATION?

We presume that the public has nearly supped full of the horrors of the Stowe-Byron business, and are ready to turn away surfeited from the loathly topic—at least, until it is sent back in a rehash from London, and the appetite is revived by the new sauces with which the old scandal may be served up. The truth of Mrs. Stowe's story seems to have been almost universally denied by the press. Some think Lady Byron had lost her senses by brooding over her wrongs, and that this story was a figment of her disordered brain. One or two have taken the ground that it was a pure invention of deliberate wickedness, laid by until everybody that could contradict it was dead, and the author of it as well, so that she could not be called to account for it. She has been treated somewhat as Byron says he was by his wife, under the metonymy of Don José and Donna Inez in "Don Juan:"

> "Failing to prove that she was 'mad,'
> They next decided she was only *bad*."

And this is one of the cleaving mischiefs of Mrs. Stowe's story, that it lays Lady Byron open to this imputation to the end of time, preposterous as the suggestion seems to all that knew her personally or through common friends of unquestioned authenticity. Perhaps the most comical of all the denials of this particular crime of Byron's—if a smile may be permitted when dwelling on so grave a subject—are those resting on his poems to his sister and the allusions to her in different parts of his works! As if a man capable of such a crime were not capable also of employing his prodigious powers to hide it from the world, and perhaps partially even from himself, by the charms and graces of his poetry!

Now, no one can be more desirous than are we that the perfume should be restored to those delicious flowers of song, and that they should not be changed into loathsome weeds springing out of the foulest corruption, from which every pure mind must turn with disgust. We trust that every trace of the trail of this serpent may be made to disappear from those sweet blossoms whose fragrance has always seemed to smell the most of heaven of all in the magic wreaths of the poet. And we will contribute our conjecture towards this lustration. We confess that we could at first see no way of escape from the acceptance of Lady Byron's explanation of the cause of her conduct at the time of the separation. It was impossible not to believe that she firmly believed the fact to be in substance—though it could not have been in form—as Mrs. Stowe has given it to the world, and it was hard to believe that she should believe this without sufficient evidence. The perfect explanation which this story gave to every part of the mystery which had hung for so many years over this transaction, as we showed last week, was a strong corroboration of her statement. But it has occurred to us that there is yet another hypothesis, which we have not yet seen broached, not improbable in itself or inconsistent with the characters of the principal parties, which would clear away the thick and gloomy shadows which now brood over them, and leave them as they were before this murky cloud gathered about them. We would submit whether this delusion on the part of Lady Byron—for such we would most joyfully believe it to be—may not have had its origin in a mystification on the part of her husband? His whole poetical character, as the wandering Childe, is one entire and perfect mystification. He was no such kind of a man as he shadows himself forth in "Childe Harold." Dallas, while he does not deny that Byron was a debased youth, declares that all the particulars of his life as given in the first Canto are merely fanciful. He had not the fortune to support such a state of things. And the moody, melancholy youth which he personated in the poem was merely masquerading for effect. Either Dallas or Medwin—or both, for we have not their books at hand—tells us that he used at times to hint to his friends that he had been guilty of some frightful crime, remorse for which was gnawing at his heart. This style of mystification in his poems and in his life was to try and make people think him worse even than he was—a most superfluous extravagance, one would think.

Now, is it impossible that, in some one of the moods of mind which he used to gratify by these dark intimations to his friends, he may have tried the same game on his wife? May he not have first hinted this horror, or plainly told it to her, to try his power over her, to see the effect it would have on her nerves, and to gratify whatever morbid instinct it might be which prompted him to his other blackenings of himself? His whole life shows him to have been destitute of all proper delicacy of feeling which it might be supposed would have prevented his using his sister's name in such a connection. Though a genius of the highest order, he was also a blackguard of the lowest. He was more than "half dust," though what he had of "deity" was far beyond the range of most great geniuses. There was nothing to hinder his telling this tale of horror if the freak took him. Was there anything to hinder his wife from believing it? On this point, every one must form his own opinion according to his opportunities of making it up. We know there are persons into whose head, as Charles Lamb said (or was it Sidney Smith?), a joke could not be got without a surgical operation. It is barely possible that Lady Byron may have been of this order. There are others, and sensible people too, who will believe any statement, however absurd, if it be made with a grave face. There is no great credence to be given to Byron's caricature of his wife as Donna Inez; but that her turn of mind was mathematical and scientific rather than imaginative may perhaps be received even on his authority. That she was a pure-minded, benevolent, excellent person, of considerable talents, but rather matter-of-fact and prosaic in her temperament, seems to be the general impression made on the average of people that knew her. Such a person is often the very fittest one to play such poor trick upon.

That she did not believe it to be a sane statement at first, as we have said formerly, there is good ground for believing. But the fact of her husband's sanity established, what ground had she of doubting his statement? And as for the lack of evidence, is not the confession of a criminal the very highest kind of evidence against him? What did she need more? The whole question resolves itself into one as to her veracity, which, we imagine, hardly any one will seriously or permanently doubt. If her testimony were to what she had seen and known, we should hold the case closed and conviction assured. But where it is only to what she believed, the question is still open as to whether she were right or wrong in her belief. We shall probably never know what it was that came to her knowledge between the 8th and the 15th of January. It may have been proof of the crime, indeed. But, on the other hand, it may have been only evidence which convinced her of her husband's sanity, and so of the sufficiency of his confession. And thus it may be true that Byron really did not know the reason of the separation. He may have been "getting drunk with Sheridan" when he told the story, and have entirely forgotten it. Or he may not have supposed it possible that his wife would seriously believe it. If there be a shadow of doubt, as surely it must be allowed there is, let him have the benefit of it, and yet more his sister. This idea has been a comfortable one to ourselves, and we throw it out for the benefit of others. But it is a calamity to all concerned, whether true or not, that Lady Byron ever allowed this story to be told. She should have let it die with her—for the imputations from which it frees her, if believed, were trifling ones, that did not touch her good name in any way. That good name will be none the brighter for the telling of this tale, be it true or false.

Correspondence.

WHAT THE HARVARD UNIVERSITY LECTURES REALLY WILL BE.

To the Editor of the Nation:

Sir: You and your correspondents have two or three times mentioned, with interest and approval, the proposed course of university lectures at Harvard College. The hopes, however, as well as the fears expressed in regard to the undertaking seem to show that neither they nor you have exactly apprehended its real purpose and spirit. It is spoken of as an important and rather novel course of lectures by really able men, affording an agreeable variety of entertainment and culture for persons of leisure in the neighborhood of Cambridge, and one which may at any rate be made serviceable to the undergraduates on the spot, if the somewhat excessive fee of $150 does not keep them away. As for people at a distance, they are hardly likely to go so far to hear lectures read, which,

by waiting a year or two, they will probably have a chance of reading to themselves. The natural inference from this presentation of the subject, though it is an inference you kindly refrain from drawing, is that the experiment, although interesting in itself, and especially so as marking the infusion of new blood into the veins of our oldest university, does not concern the general public, and must owe what little success it is likely to achieve to local favor and patronage.

This conclusion would be just, and indeed inevitable, if the scheme were just such as you suppose. In point of fact, it is as unlike as possible. It does not, in the first place, contemplate a series of popular lectures, easy expositions of difficult subjects, like those of the Sorbonne and the Collége de France. These have their place; but it is not a place the universities of this country need go out of their way to fill, so long as their more serious and legitimate work remains undone. Nor is it proposed to use this means to stimulate in the undergraduates a livelier interest in their work. Changes and reforms are doubtless to be looked for with this object in view, but the present undertaking is not among them. Its purpose is not so much to improve the methods of the academic cultus as to extend its range, to cover new and higher ground, and to offer to those who have accomplished their college course, or otherwise mastered the elements of a liberal culture, an opportunity of pursuing into the higher regions of scholarship the education they have begun. It has been the reproach of American schooling that, while it has provided abundantly for the lower education, it has not offered the means of pursuing a single subject of thought into its highest branches. The establishment of various schools of pure and applied science has done something to redeem us from this reproach, so far as concerns the exact and natural sciences. But in literature and philosophy, except so far as the ground is covered by the advanced courses at New Haven, our students have still to look abroad if they wish for any assistance in carrying their studies beyond the elementary text-books. This is not because we have no men of literary or philosophical eminence, but because there has existed no means of bringing these students to their feet. It is this want that these lectures, or lessons, as you will observe that they are called, as better conveying the idea of personal counsel and instruction, are intended to supply. It is clear that, if they are properly adapted to this end, they are unsuited to boys in college, and almost equally so to the general body of the intelligent public. They constitute, in fact, in the branches of which they treat, a system of post-graduate instruction, and are intended, with the study necessary to enable the student to profit by them, to occupy the whole of his time and attention for the thirty or forty weeks they cover. This means serious, hard work—such work as neither the undergraduates nor the general public have time or inclination for. It may turn out that there is really nobody in the country that cares to work in this way. It may be that nobody really cares enough about philosophy, for example, to give up a year to its study, even under the inspiration and guidance and personal advice and direction of the best men, take them altogether, that the country affords—very much the best men that it has been found practicable to unite in *this* service. If so, the experiment will fail; but those who have projected it and those who have consented to take part in it will have the satisfaction of knowing that the fault lies with the community for lack of zeal, not with themselves for slackness in duty. But if there are found half-a-dozen, men or women, young or old, to respond to this call, the experiment will have succeeded. It will prove that there is in this country a demand for a higher culture, and the college will be encouraged to extend the scheme, and to establish permanent instruction not in literature and philosophy alone, but in all the humanities—political economy, for instance—the fine arts, philology, politics, or jurisprudence.

In this point of view, it is plain enough that what interest the undertaking possesses is general, and not local; and that it immediately concerns a small and special class of serious students, wherever found, who are willing to pursue for a year a really scholastic life. The work is not less important or the instruction less valuable than in the professional schools. The fees are the same as in them. The real pecuniary obstacle to such students, as in the case of those schools, lies not in the amount of the fees, but in the expense of supporting life during a year of unproductive labor. The fees, as it is, are likely to afford only a nominal compensation to the lecturers. In this connection, indeed, it is to be observed that a considerable pecuniary sacrifice is involved in the regulation that prevents attendance upon the lessons of any special instructor. The income that might be derived from thus casually entertaining the general public is deliberately foregone for the sake of the students—select, though few—whose work could not fail to be interrupted by the irregular attendance of an exoteric crowd. It is wise, also, to protect the lecturers themselves from the perplexities, not to say temptations, that a mixed audience presents. This restriction is a guaranty to those who may be proposing to avail themselves of these privileges that no pains will be spared to prevent the scheme being diverted from its purpose and to maintain the high character proposed for it.

The substance of some of this instruction may ultimately, it may be presumed, find its way into print in one form or another; but, even if this could be done at once, it is not what the student needs. What he needs is not one book the more, written by however learned and advanced a thinker, but the thinker himself. There is an advantage to be gained from personal contact with scholars quite beyond what can be got from their writings. It is that they may furnish this that seats of learning exist, and it is this in great part that distinguishes men educated at college from the self-educated. For men in colleges whose poverty obliges them to teach the students by herds, this advantage is not altogether lost. It is fully enjoyed only in the case of absolutely private instruction; but lessons given to small and select classes, such as these promise to be, are the next best thing, and are a much better sort of thing than has hitherto been publicly offered. Two or three lessons a week in successive courses, covering three or four weeks apiece, taking up not the commonplaces of information, on which the student may equally well inform himself by his reading, but special points of interest—each treated by a man specially qualified to discuss it—promise to fill a year's time as profitably and agreeably as the student could desire. AMICUS CURIÆ.

BOSTON, August 27, 1869.

A MISTRANSLATION BY LORD BYRON.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Mrs. Stowe's promulgation of a hideous story, long current in secret, yet little believed, has had among other effects that of making some of us re-read our Byron with additional interest. In the course of such a re-perusal, I have just stumbled upon a queer mistake. The accuracy and power of Byron's versions from the Italian would never lead one to suspect him of inaccuracy in a kindred tongue; yet in his ballad of "Alhama," we find the twelfth, thirteenth, and fourteenth stanzas thus rendered:

"'He who holds no laws in awe,
He must perish by the law;
And Granada must be won
And thyself with her undone.'

"Fire flashed from out the old Moor's eyes;
The monarch's wrath began to rise,
Because he answered, and because
He spake exceeding well of laws.

"'There is no law to say such things
As may disgust the ear of kings.'
Thus, snorting with his choler, said
The Moorish king and doomed him dead."

The second of these stanzas runs thus in the original:

"*Fuego por los ojos vierte*
El Rey que esto oyera,
Y como el otro de leyes,
De leyes tambien hablava"—

that is, literally:

"*The king who heard this darted fire from his eyes, and, as the other (had spoken) of laws, he spoke of laws also*"—

or, metrically:

"*Then the monarch's eyes flashed fire;*
What he heard had moved his ire,
And what of laws the other said,
He turned back on the old man's head."

Byron's mistake seems to have originated in taking *tambien*—"also"—as if it were two words: *tan bien*—"so well." I believe this portion (though not the whole) of the mistranslation has already been noticed by some critic. CARL BENSON.

A WORD FOR CRICKET.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: It is so very seldom that any but a sporting paper concerns itself about the game of cricket in this country, that your incidental remarks on it in the *Nation* of the 26th inst. have excited particular comment amongst cricketers.

You rather put it that a man would lie if he said "that cricket is to-day one whit more in favor with the ball-playing public than it was thirty years ago." But being backed by a numerous and muscular body of cricketers in these parts, I make bold to say that, and invite you to come on—come on to Germantown, that is, and see the next match. Thirty years ago, cricket had not been heard of here, unless dimly as an English "insti-

tution;" but now, on the beautiful ground of the "Germantown" or "Young America" club, you may sit in the shade of fine old trees on a match-day and see a pretty sight, keenly enjoyed by hundreds of lookers-on, lots of pretty girls among them.

Philadelphia and Germantown maintain three first-class cricket clubs, "The Philadelphia," "The Germantown," and "The Young America," each of which has defeated the "St. George" club of New York. There are certainly 500 members of these three clubs. This is a ball-playing community, yet there are not three first-class base-ball clubs in Philadelphia and its vicinity.

Cricket in New York holds about the same relation to American cricket that the ships in Philadelphia held to American shipping before the war; and the reason is not far to seek. Did you ever go over to the "St. George" cricket ground at West Hoboken? It only takes two hours to get there from upper Broadway; and the journey includes omnibus ride, ferry-boat, horse-car through bad smells on New Jersey flats, a long drag up a steep hill, and then a walk of some distance.

Permit a cricket ground in Central Park, on the plain where the Paris-like shepherd feeds his flock, and you will soon have in New York a swarm of your best young men playing cricket—who do not now, and probably never will, play base-ball—who have leisure for cricket, and spend their leisure in no better way. No one supposes that cricket could become a national game for Americans; but there is a large class in this country who will take it up under favorable conditions. And on fields easy of access, there will then be no lack of spectators, for well-played cricket is in itself a beautiful game; athletic figures in white flannels, on a green sward, are very picturesque; and where there is a contest of manly skill between young fellows, then the people of their own class, at least, if they conveniently can, will certainly gather together. Y. A. C. C.

GERMANTOWN, Pa., August 8, 1869.

Notes.

LITERARY.

"RUBY GRAY'S STRATEGY" is the title of an entirely new novel by Mrs. Ann S. Stephens, of whom her publishers say that "while this gifted authoress is a conscientious follower of nature, she has also that fine artistic sense which teaches that nature, when shown within the lines of art, must be measurably heightened, colored, and enlarged;" and we may add that what her artistic sense teaches, Mrs. Stephens's artistic hand performs with great boldness. Messrs. T. B. Peterson & Brothers are to publish the novel. The same house have in press Mrs. E. D. E. N. Southworth's "Prince of Darkness."——The Free Press Association of Burlington, Vermont, is about to issue a contribution to the history of the late war, in the shape of a work with the title of the "Vermont Brigade in the Shenandoah Valley." Its author is Colonel Aldace F. Walker, and it is said that he in tends to prove that the credit of the stand which restored the fortunes of the day in the battle when Sheridan made his famous ride is due almost entirely to a division of the Sixth Corps—General Getty's division—of which the Vermont brigade was the centre. A bad regiment never came out of Vermont, and there is certainly no inherent improbability in what Colonel Walker says.——Messrs. Lee & Shepard, of Boston, announce no less than five new stories for boys, by "Oliver Optic," and also, as everybody will be glad to hear, a new story by the author of "Little Prudy." The same publishers have in preparation two books by Mrs. Rosa G. Abbott, whose success as a writer for youth is, like "Oliver Optic's," as good a proof as Oxenstiern himself could have desired of the smallness of the amount of wisdom with which men and women govern the world of children. A new writer of "juveniles," whom Messrs. Lee & Shepard introduce to us, is "May Mannering;" and one whom they introduce to us for the second time is the Rev. Mr. Elijah Kellogg, whom some readers may recollect as the author of "Spartacus at Capua" and "Spartacus before the Roman Envoys in Etruria"—two tremendous things, which compel us to warn all parents and guardians against him, as a bad companion for the young. Whether or not Miss Louise M. Thurston's two stories, and Mr. J. D. McCabe's, and the Rev. Mr. Charles H. Pearson's, and Mrs. S. A. Southworth's—one a-piece—are for adults or for minors we are not sure; but probably we make no mistake in assuming that they are for minors. "Sermons, Letters, and Speeches on Slavery and its War, from the Passage of the Fugitive Slave Bill to the Inauguration of President Grant," is clearly for adults. It is the work of the Rev. Mr. Gilbert Haven, and may not unlikely have an interest hereafter which it cannot have now. "Jubilant Voices" is a collection of "New Hymn Tunes, Chants, Sentences, Motets, and Anthems," which is designed for use in congregations of any denomination, and is compiled by Mr. B. F. Baker and Mr. D. F. Hodges.——Messrs. Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger announce a book called "Deus Semper," which, we are told, is by the author of "Semper Deus." Mr. W. W. H. Davis, of Doylestown, Pennsylvania, announces a "History of the Spanish Conquest of New Mexico," written by himself. There are old colonial records in New Mexico which are as yet known only vaguely to historical literature, and Mr. Davis's work will be looked for with some expectation. ——Messrs. Allen Brothers announce a number of illustrated books of the kind considered suitable for presentation purposes. The poetical works of Mrs. L. H. Sigourney appropriately heads the list. Then follow "American Female Poets," by Caroline May; "British Female Poets," by Mr. G. W. Bethune; "Pearls," taken from both the foregoing, but which contain only five steel engravings instead of nine; "Pearls" also, of sacred poetry, by the Rev. Mr. Henry Hastings; "Elegant Poetical Extracts on Every Subject," by J. T. Watson; and "Elegant Poetical Extracts on Every Theme," by the same compiler, but also with five pictures instead of nine; "The Young Lady at Home and in Society," by Mrs. Tuthill; and "Famous Old Fairy Tales in Words of One Syllable," in four volumes, by Harriet B. Audubon. ——Messrs. D. Lothrop & Co., of Boston, announce "The Queen of the Adriatic; or, Venice Past and Present," with thirty-one illustrations and some letterpress by Mr. W. H. Davenport. This house also—like Messrs. Scribner & Co. and Messrs. D. Appleton & Co.—seems to be doing something with the French "Wonder Series," and has in press wonders of "Creation," of "Vegetation," of "Nature," and "In Many Lands."——Messrs. J. B. Lippincott & Co. announce "The Great Empress," by Professor Schele de Vere; a "Memorial Volume of Howell Cobb," edited by Mr. S. Boykin; "The Masterpieces of Living English Painters," "The Sheepshanks Gallery," and "Turner's Celebrated Landscapes," which three latter, no doubt, are expensive holiday books.——Messrs. John Murphy & Co., of Baltimore, will publish Mr. Bowden's life of Father Faber; the Rev. Mr. Thomas Heyden's "Memoir of the Rev. Prince Demetrius A. Galitzin;" and "Order and Chaos," by Mr. T. W. M. Marshall. "Man in Genesis and Geology" is by the Rev. Dr. Joseph P. Thompson, and has for its second title "The Biblical Account of Man's Creation tested by Scientific Theories of his Origin and Activity." Mr. S. R. Wells is the publisher.

—Messrs. Charles Scribner & Co. announce a part of the list of new publications and republications which they have in hand for the fall and winter. As was to be expected, it includes more than one work that is of importance to the American religious world—a public which this house keeps in view, and to the taste of the more studious portion of which it caters with success. In September, Messrs. Scribner & Co. will add to the seven volumes of Dr. Lange's commentary on the Scriptures—which they have already published—an eighth, which contains the author's explication of the Epistle to the Romans. Later in the season, they will issue the ninth volume, containing the commentary on Proverbs, Ecclesiastes, and the Canticles. The Rev. Mr. H. C. Alexander, a son of the Rev. Dr. J. Addison Alexander, who was a Presbyterian clergyman very well known in his day for his labors in the pulpit and with the pen, has written a life of his father, which will appear in October or November. The Rev. Dr. J. F. Hurst translates and writes for Messrs. Scribner & Co. Hagenbach's "Church of the Nineteenth Century." "Bible Animals" is a book by Mr. J. G. Wood, which will have one hundred illustrations. Dr. John Lord, a writer whose insufficiency has been very well exposed, but who still keeps a place among American literary workmen, is the writer of a work entitled "Ancient States and Empires," which will be uniform as regards external appearance—and, doubtless, as regards the value of its contents—with the same author's "Old Roman World." It would not, however, be correct to say that the contents of Dr. Lord's books are valueless; in good part they are taken bodily from other men's works; but there never yet was a mere plagiarist who could be depended upon to do plagiarism judiciously; and none of Dr. Lord's readers can read him with safety unless they are as well informed as he is, or better. Eleven volumes are in preparation of the "Illustrated Library of Wonders," which Messrs. Scribner & Co. have had translated from the French, or have republished from translations made in England, and of which two volumes have already been published. The eleven that are now under way are the wonders of "Egypt Thirty-three Hundred Years Ago," of "The Human Body," of "Light-houses," of "The Heavens," of "Pompeii," of "Architecture," of "The Bottom of the Ocean," of "Acoustics," of "The Sublime in Nature," of "Great Hunts," and of "The Intelligence of Animals." Of school-books—another specialty of

this firm—we find in the list before us three: an "American Speller," by Professor H. N. Day; "A Modern and Systematic Explanation of the Science of Chemistry," by Professor Le Roy C. Cooley; and a work on "Practical Composition," with numerous models and exercises, by Mrs. M. J. Harper. There are three titles, also, under the head of books designed for the holiday season: "Lady Geraldine's Courtship" is Mrs. Browning's poem, profusely illustrated with engravings by Mr. Linton, after designs by Mr. W. J. Hennessey; "Pictures of Edgewood" is a set of photographs —by Rockwood—with illustrated text by Mr. D. G. Mitchell, whose portrait constitutes the first picture in the volume; "Songs of Life" is made up of poems selected from the "Folk-Songs" which this house published some two or three years ago, and of illustrations by Messrs. Hennessey, Fenn, Griswold, Darley, Herrick, Bensell, and Hoppin.

— The American reading public will welcome to a place in the ranks of American publishers the very well-known and highly respected firm of Macmillan & Company, of London, who have taken the premises in Bleecker Street once occupied by Messrs. Ticknor & Fields, and afterwards by Messrs. Fields, Osgood & Co., and now formally style themselves Macmillan & Co. of New York. It is intended that all the books published by the house shall be obtainable at this branch of it; and, in addition to these, the American agency will offer for sale the Oxford University and the Clarendon Press series of text-books. The house's own list contains some titles of very good school-books, and the stores added to it by these two famous sets of books will make its collection well worth the attention of persons seeking works of instruction—the attention particularly of the managers of the more select private schools and academies. In general literature, the imprint of Macmillan & Co. may be said to be a guarantee of a high order of excellence. Turning the pages of the catalogue, we see the names of Sir Francis Palgrave; Francis Turner Palgrave; William Gifford Palgrave; Matthew Arnold; Dr. Austin; Lewis Carroll; Professor Airy; Sir Samuel Baker; Barnes, the rural poet; Gilchrist; Dante Rossetti and his sister—the truest poet among the women who write English poetry, and, for the genuineness of her gift, if not, indeed, for the value of it, among the first three or four of the American and English poets, male or female; Mr. John Morley; Arthur Hugh Clough; Archbishop Trench; Edwards; Freeman, the Author of "Ecce Homo;" Furnivall; Gladstone; "Tom Brown;" Hamerton; Huxley; both the Kingsleys; Maurice; Harriet Martineau; Phillimore; Arthur Helps, and many more whom we might mention if these were not enough to prove the distinction of the firm and the value of their books. The catalogue from which we have been quoting is a priced one, and we should judge from it that the American reprints of Macmillan's publications which have been so common over here have not been any cheaper than the originals will be hereafter.

— We do not know much about the "Theta Delta Chi Fraternity," but we learn that at its meeting in May last it was ordered that "a periodical should be published in the interests of college societies," and that one number of such a periodical has already been issued. The answer to its appearance is a very respectable list of subscriptions—not less than two thousand persons, in twenty-four colleges and universities, having put their names on the books. The *College Review*, as it is called, is hereafter to be a monthly journal of about the dimensions of this paper, though with four less pages, and its editors—without telling us what the "interests of college societies" may be—make some good promises as to its character. They intend to devote a considerable space to the review of college text-books, and if they can do this thoroughly well the existence of their paper will be fully justified. We make in this country some excellent text-books for both schools and colleges—more good ones for use in schools, perhaps, than for use in our higher institutions of learning. Probably there is no country where much better works of this class have been turned out. But if it is true that we make many excellent text-books, it is true, too, that in the immense number of such books that we make, very many bad ones can be found, and that there is just as much money and as much energy expended in the business of pushing the sale of these worse than worthless books as in pushing the sale of good ones. Any honest and intelligent criticism in this field, then, is of real service to the public, and we hope the editors of the *Review* will never mind the publishers, but even seek out bad books, and expose them. The *Review* will have regular correspondents in Berlin, Paris, and Madrid, and also one—Professor Otto—at the University of Brunswick. Regular communications may be expected also from Mr. Geo. William Curtis, President Angell of the University of Vermont, President Caswell and Professor Lincoln of Brown University, and Professor Wilson of Cornell. It seems to be intended that the strictly educational department of the *Review* shall be the department of critical notices of text-books, and to make the rest of it more generally literary in character, though we suppose it is nearly all to be more or less educational. We may without discourtesy express the hope that the new paper will be free from a vice to which too many educational journals are addicted—the vice of permitting its columns to be filled with long-winded discussions of "the educational problem," which, in the hands of the seventh and eighth-rate educators who have now got well hold of it, is a bore of the first magnitude. Half of our educational journals are filled with platitudes on this and kindred topics, and it is not an exaggeration to say that of all the writing in such journals, the greater part ought to have been left unprinted at least, if not unwritten.

—We cannot speak particularly and precisely of the character of the several newspapers in Memphis, but the *Avalanche* of that city gives but a bad account of its neighbors the *Ledger*, the *Appeal*, and the *Sun*; and the *Post* also we suppose it means to describe as worthless; for we believe it is the *Post* that is the "Radical organ" in Memphis; and the *Avalanche* says of the Radical organ that "for three years it has been the filthy receptacle for the abuse and slander of every lying scribbler." Of the *Appeal* and the *Ledger* it remarks that for two years they followed itself, the *Avalanche*, "as naturally as the shadow follows the substance, or the sun-flower turns its head towards the luminous orb of day; it was the mill that ground all their grist. They opened their mouths and gulped down everything it said with that reliant faith with which a nest of young birds receive food from the bill of a protecting mother. These satellites revolved around the *Avalanche* as the earth and planets revolve around the sun." But the *Avalanche*, it seems, took to supporting the doctrine of universal suffrage, and then its fellow Democratic contemporaries adopted very different courses. "Our doctrine," says the *Avalanche*, "seemed to invigorate their pens, and they abused us with that vigor which the hope of rising upon the downfall of others always inspires. For two or three days the *Ledger* would peg away on the *Avalanche*. It would sting it; it would bite it; it would gouge it; then it would pause to rest and survey the damage it had done." The *Appeal* was, if anything, worse than the *Ledger*: "but there was no repose for the poor *Avalanche;* for next the old, wheezing, phthisicky, decrepit *Appeal* would hobble into the ring, pick up the *Ledger's* cast-off epithets, thoroughly chewed and ejected tobacco quids, and roll them under its tongue as sweet morsels." The *Post*, of course, was not idle, but was "still squirting its filth." It was found, though, that even with the assistance of the Radical organ the conspirators were not strong enough for their old mentor, whereupon a call was made for reinforcements, and the *Sun* ran to the assault. Not, however, to any purpose. The *Avalanche* says: "But the recruit to the ranks of our assailants makes no new assault. The *Sun* editor picks the old beef-bone already gnawed by one bull-dog, two curs, three mongrels, four whelps, and a dozen mangy hounds; and he worries over it with all the earnestness of a puppy mumbling an old cast-off brogan. Instead of having three assailants, as formerly, we now have four, all yelping and barking in full chorus." And so it goes on. One objection to this "forcible writing"—that it has no force—we do not find that any one of the forcible writers, in Memphis or here in New York, seems to understand. We might add Louisville to the list. Says the *Courier-Journal*, the other day, being angry about the charges made against Byron: "Sooner than even have contemplated it" (namely, the commission of "so low, vulgar, unnatural, debasing, and monstrous a crime"), "he would have thrown his naked head upon a dunghill, or plunged into a furnace of molten iron. Perish the thought from men's minds." We see this editor has been taken to task for his terrible violence by some of his brethren across the Ohio —which is a new illustration of Northern timidity, we should say.

—There is no saying whether there always will be, but we suppose that without doubt there always has been—since the foundation of Christianity, at any rate, if not since ever the earth and the world were made—a class of people whose ludicrous manner of supporting religion leads to exhibitions of what they would designate as blasphemy, but which it would be fairer to call exhibitions of that perception of the comic from which not even piously disposed persons are always exempt. Here, for example, is a slip of paper purporting to be the prospectus of "The Christian Life Insurance Company." It begins with the words, "I am the Life," which it says are taken from "the President's address." Next comes the legend in prominent type, "The largest in the World" — the company, namely—followed by the words, "A great multitude, which no man could number, of all nations and kindreds and peoples and tongues"—which words are credited to a "Report of a General Meeting." "Assets more than all other Companies combined" is followed

by the sentence—taken from "The Auditor's Report"—"All things are yours." "A special agent" is the authority for the statement that the "Premiums are low," his exact language being "Without price." There are also declarations, fortified by irreverent handling of various texts, that there are "Special Inducements to the Sick and Diseased," that "the Vaults are Burglar Proof," that the "Charter is Perpetual," that "there are Large Dividends," and so on. "I came not to call the righteous, but sinners, to repentance," is a text described as being taken from a "Reply to a Member of Opposition," which last word seems to indicate that the prospectus is English. Indeed, these things usually are; for we hardly have here in the United States the sort of people with whom appeals of this kind are very powerful. Some such we have; but not a sufficient number to furnish an effective demand. Grotesque conceptions of divine things are common enough amongst us; but there is in literature of the order to which this prospectus belongs an unimaginativeness which marks it as done by a more prosaic mind, and intended for blanker unintelligences than those of our illiterate religionists.

—A nearly perfect list of the immortals of the French Academy, which we have recently had occasion to prepare, may very probably have considerable interest for our readers:

	Born.	*Received.*
Comte Philippe Paul de Ségur	1780.	1830.
Duc Charles A. V. L. de Broglie	1785.	1855.
Pierre Antoine Lebrun	1785.	1828.
François Pierre Guillaume Guizot	1787.	1836.
Abel François Villemain	1790.	1821.
Jean B. A. A. Sanson de Pongerville	1792.	1830.
Henri Joseph Guillaume Patin	1793.	1842.
François Auguste Alexis Mignet	1796.	1836.
Charles Marie François de Rémusat	1797.	1846.
Adolphe Thiers	1797.	1833.
Jules Armand Stanislas Dufaure	1798.	1863.
Saint-Marc Girardin	1801.	1844.
Samuel Ustazade Silvestre de Sacy	1801.	1854.
Félix Antoine Philibert Dupanloup	1802.	1854.
Duc Paul de Noailles	1802.	1849.
Vicomte Victor Marie Hugo	1802.	1841.
Louis Vitet	1802.	1845.
Alfred Auguste Cuvillier Fleury	1802.	1866.
Prosper Mérimée	1803.	1844.
Comte Louise Marie de Carné	1804.	1864.
Charles Augustin Sainte-Beuve	1804.	1863.
Joseph Auguste Alphonse Gratry	1805.	1867.
Jean Marie Napoléon Désiré Nisard	1806.	1850.
Ernest Wilfrid Legouvé	1807.	1855.
Claude Gabriel Jules Favre	1809.	1867.
Comte Charles de Montalembert	1810.	1851.
Léonard Sylvain Jules Sandeau	1811.	1858.
Comte Alfred Pierre de Falloux	1811.	1856.
Pierre M. V. R. de Laprade	1812.	1858.
Charles Camille Doncet	1812.	1865.
Octave Feuillet	1812.	1862.
Joseph Autran	1813.	1868.
Claude Bernard	1813.	1868.
Guillaume V. E. Augur	1820.	1857.
Prince Jacques V. A. de Broglie	1821.	1862.
Lucien A. Prévost-Paradol	1829.	1865.
Comte d'Haussonville		1869.
A. Bashier		1869.
Comte de Champagny		1869.

The three last on the list were elected to fill the places of MM. Viennet, Empis, and Berryer. M. d'Haussonville was elected on the first ballot, receiving 19 votes out of 33; MM. Victor Hugo, Villemain, Montalembert, and Claude Bernard not being present. His opponents were Jules Lacroix, Léon Halévy, Xavier Marmion, Théophile Gautier, and M. Bashier. M. Bashier was elected on the fourth ballot, by 18 votes to Gautier's 14. For Berryer's place there were but two candidates, Duvergier de Hauranne and Comte de Champagny. There was but one ballot: for Champagny, 17; Duvergier de Hauranne, 15. From the days of Piron, who was "nothing, not even an academician," down to the present, it has always been easy to name a certain number of members of the Academy, and ask why they should be in while others were out; and to-day we may wonder why MM. de Noailles, de Carné, and de Champagny are academicians, while such other men as Littré, Philarète Chasles, Jules Janin, and Théophile Gautie are not. The answer to the query would involve a secret history of social and political as well as literary France, and would be much more interesting, we fear, than edifying. It would have been a field for the elder Disraeli—the story of the quarrels, and intriguings, and abasements, and hypocrisies of authors who wished to get in, or who wished to keep others out.

PRESIDENT HOPKINS ON THE WOMAN QUESTION.*

THE views of President Hopkins on female suffrage differ so much from those of Mr. Stuart Mill, that one might well suppose a chapter in his last work on moral science was intended as an answer to the English philosopher, if it were not that the book was published several months before the more recent work of Mr. Mill. But upon one point the two writers are agreed. President Hopkins holds that the question should be discussed "not in the form of a partisan discussion, but of a mutual enquiry what the rights of woman are, and how she may be elevated to the highest point in culture and legitimate influence. And upon such an enquiry man should enter with no less alacrity and candor than woman; for if there be anything which must react with swift retribution upon society, it is any needless ignorance or degradation of its wives and mothers." This acknowledgment of the necessity of discussion of the constantly recurring question of the day comes, it must be remembered, from the senior president of our American colleges.

The first position taken by President Hopkins goes to the nature of suffrage generally. By most persons it is regarded simply as a personal right or boon, possessed merely for the benefit of the possessor. Few look at the double character of the suffrage; and the mass of orators and writers who discourse upon the subject have never perceived the fact, as a fact, that, however freely it may be given, it can never reach even a bare majority of humanity, and hence, being exercised by the minority, must always be more representative than personal. To vote is to take part in government. And they who take part in government—and it makes little difference whether it be by voting or by holding office—"must act largely in a representative capacity. They must act for the children, the sick, the infirm, the insane, the criminal, the absent. If adult women were permitted to vote, there would still remain a large majority who could take no part in the government, and whose rights could be secured only as they were thus represented. Hence all concerned in government," and not merely legislators and officials, "act as trustees and guardians." So soon as the position is established that government is representative, it must follow that the right to take part in it—*i. e.*, the right to hold office, the right to vote—cannot be a natural right; for natural rights belong to all, and all cannot hold office and all cannot vote. It must also follow that society, which confers the right to take part in government—*i. e.*, to hold office or to vote, "will have the right to say who shall exercise that right, and on what conditions. Hence society may rightfully require that voters and office-holders shall be above a certain age, shall have a certain degree of education, shall have committed no infamous crime, and the like." And here President Hopkins brings out an important obligation which goes with the right of suffrage—an obligation too little recognized by the men who possess the right, and wholly overlooked by the advocates of its immediate and unconditional extension to women. Indeed, every violent partisan of the extension has insisted that women *may* vote, and has never looked at the deeper effect behind it, that then women *must* vote. It is true that society may not impose penalties for the neglect of the duty; but, nevertheless, when it confers the franchise it will impose the obligation. Are women ready to meet it? President Hopkins does not ask the question; nor does he indeed use it as an argument; but he broadly, and irrespective of the sexes, states the nature of the obligation and the reserved right of society to *enforce* it.

Having thus laid down the general principles which affect the suffrage, irrespective of the classes or individuals by whom it may be exercised, President Hopkins says fairly that it "still remains a duty for society to confer this right in the most *just* and secure manner that human wisdom can devise." As to the past, he thinks that "there has doubtless been from the first the spontaneous and unconscious operation of a principle which should be a controlling one; that is, that those should vote on any subject on whom the responsibility with reference to it falls. It has seemed right that those who are to go to war should determine the question of war, and that those who are liable to do military and police duty, and sit on juries, who are to work on the highways and pay the taxes, should vote on those subjects; that those, in short, whoever they may be, who do the fighting and the working and the tax-paying, should also do the voting. It would be quite as unjust that war should be declared through the votes of women and children who could take no part in it, as that men should impose taxes on property which women have acquired." And he does not hesitate to declare that "if women and children had taken an active part

* "The Law of Love, and Love as a Law; or, Moral Science, Theoretical and Practical. By Mark Hopkins, D.D., LL.D., President of Williams College." New York: Charles Scribner & Co. 1869.

in the great duties and responsibilities of society, beyond question they would have been allowed to vote." But, accounting thus for what has been, he proceeds to enquire what ought to be. "On what principle ought society to confer the right of taking part in the government?" Speaking negatively, he thinks that no one should be excluded arbitrarily "unless such exclusion is required by the ends of government," and he recognizes two grounds of exclusion. "One is incompetence, the other presumed hostility to the government. On these grounds minors, foreigners not naturalized, criminals, and those who have shown hostility to the government, are excluded." Speaking affirmatively, he lays down as the first principle which should govern the bestowal of the right, that while it is not a natural right *possessed* by all, it is nevertheless "to be something *attainable* by all." "Thus society may require that all voters shall have attained a uniform and discreet age, but distinctions may not be drawn between the rich and the poor, the white and the black, the learned and the unlearned." And the next principle which should govern is that society may not impose any condition "which the mass of the people cannot comply with. Thus society may not require that voters shall be free from sin, but may require that they shall be free from crime." "Thus society may not limit the right of suffrage to men learned in the ancient languages; but it may require that every voter shall be able to read the English language, for that is attainable by every American youth, and necessary in the present age to secure an ordinary intelligence."

A distinction, however, is to be taken between two things often confounded—the right of suffrage and the right of representation. It does not follow, because one has not the right to take part in the affairs of the government, that he has no rights under it. All persons, whether they possess or do not possess the elective franchise, have a vital interest in their government, and as strong a claim upon its protection, its forbearance, or its justice as the officers who administer it and the voters who select those officers. Or, as President Hopkins clearly puts it: "Wherever there is a right to govern, there must also be a right to be governed rightly. The representative in the legislature represents far more than the minority of men who voted for him. He represents their opponents who voted against him, their wives and children who did not vote; and he represents, and is bound to provide for, the well-being of even criminals who have forfeited the right to vote." He then draws attention to another "right of representation which in this country has received but little favor or attention as yet," and this is "the representation of property." His discussion is able and suggestive; but we do not now stay to present this part of his argument.

Having carefully surveyed all the preliminary ground, and gone around and beyond the subject, President Hopkins comes directly to the question, "Whether the right of suffrage should be extended to woman?" "Not whether she has a natural right to vote, for none have that; but whether her own elevation and best influence, and the ends of society, require that the right should be bestowed upon her?" And here he thinks that the fundamental mistake has been that "this question has been discussed as if the sexes constituted different classes, and as if there were, or would be, in their real interests a conflict between them." So far from this being the case, their interests are not only similar but identical. Indeed, the very existence of society "depends on men's and women's entering into a special relation which not only unites their interests, as in a partnership, but identifies them." It will, therefore, readily be perceived that our author regards the family, and not the individual, as the "unit of society." "This character of it," he says, "should be, and unconsciously is, one of the most cherished objects of Christian civilization, and unhappy will be the nation whose legislative mind shall regard society simply as a mass of individuals, and not as a combination of families." He admits that "there are cases where this relation does not exist;" but such "are strictly exceptional, and society is not organized, and does not exist, for exceptional cases;" though if the principle be adhered to "of giving to each unit a single and equal representation," society may still "provide for exceptional cases by general laws."

But how would this theory leave men? We now allow to every man—not to every head of a family—but to every man, as such, the right of suffrage. Would not the doctrine of the family's being the true unit require the disfranchisement of the large class of unmarried men? But President Hopkins by no means proposes any such retrograde legislation. On the contrary, he holds that at present "when the sons of a family reach the age of manhood, they go forth and become in theory, as in fact, the stocks of new families, which sooner or later they support, maintain, and represent." "They may not," he continues, "instantly marry; but they are preparing for that, and are essentially doing the work of maintaining the future family by the work of preparation. The daughters, on the contrary, remain at home, and are identified in its interests with the old family until they are taken forth to form parts of new families. They do not go forth by themselves, nor undertake the work of preparation." This last remark is undoubtedly true; for though many girls do go forth by themselves to earn their bread or pay for their dresses, and some on works of philanthropy, yet none ever goes forth to undertake the work of preparation for a family. She does not lay up money to support the future husband before she finds him, nor to feed and clothe the little ones yet unborn. She may put aside money to furnish the house, but never to build it. She may prefer to have her own pin-money, but would scorn the idea of toiling and saving so as some day to provide a husband with his. In short, no girl ever goes forth, as every youth of average spirit does, to found a family. "Exceptionally," adds President Hopkins, "they may acquire property, and in the contemplation of law establish for themselves new homes. Society will never foster such a system, for it will be prejudicial to its own ends."

The question of competency he does not allow to enter in. He concedes that man "is competent to set the table and rock the cradle," and that "woman is competent to vote;" but he insists that society, being "a combination of families," its "one life will be within two spheres." Over the one sphere, within the family, "not inferior to that of man, but different from it," woman presides. "Here she has not only a right to vote, but to rule," and "nothing will be added to the dignity of the husband or to the happiness of the family by any interference with her where the responsibility properly falls upon her;" and, conversely, "nothing will be added to the dignity of the wife or to the happiness of society by any interference of the wife where the responsibility properly falls upon the husband." It is not because the man or the woman may not be competent for the duties of both spheres, but because "the one life of society will work itself out in more perfect results if these two great but interdependent spheres be left to those who naturally have charge of them." It is conceded that "women have wrongs," and that these "must be redressed;" but this can only be done by parents and children, husbands and wives, acting in the spirit of their established relations; "and the same spirit on the part of men that would concede the right of voting, would concede and secure in a representative capacity every right without that." Yet it is not the advancing employment of women to which President Hopkins objects, either in new fields of private enterprise or even in the civil service of the Government, so long as her own sphere be preserved. What he does insist upon is, that "so long as the sexes remain fused in one common mass—as has always been the case with society—so long the indiscriminate mingling of the sexes, either in the domestic sphere or in the general management of government, will be found an inconvenience—a source of embarrassment and weakness." But, at the same time, he is far from believing that nothing is to be done. After confining the sexes to their respective spheres, he is careful to add: "But while the above is said, society is to hold itself ready to make any changes which its changing modifications may require. In the primitive stages of society, when the chief business of governments was to carry on offensive or defensive war, women had no desire to take part in government, and their presence would have been an inconvenience and an injury. But society has now greatly advanced, so that there are many fields, especially that of education, in which woman may properly act, and in which her aid will be an advantage to society; and it is possible that in a future and higher state of society these fields will be increased, and woman be assigned to perform her definite part in the government."

Yet, after all, it would seem that if it be once conceded or established that the family, and not the individual, is the true unit of society, then the question will be little else than one of convenience—whether it be better that the family ballot be carried to the polls by one person or two. We may add that the whole enquiry is conducted in the calmest and most philosophical spirit, and that the slight vein of bias which may run through it is not that of a petty jealousy for the rights of man, or for the existing condition of things, but a regard for woman as she is.

The Innocents Abroad; or, The New Pilgrim's Progress. By Mark Twain. (Hartford: American Publishing Company. 1869.)—Mr. Samuel L. Clemens, who is known to many of us, and ought to be known to all of us, as Mark Twain, was one of the passengers on the *Quaker City* when she took her ill-assorted party of excursionists to Europe and the East, and he has just given us, in a thick book of more than six hundred pages, a record of the tour. It might better have been a thinner book, for there is

some dead wood in it, as there has to be in all books which are sold by book-agents and are not to be bought in stores. The rural-district reader likes to see that he has got his money's worth even more than he likes wood-engravings. At least, such is the faith in Hartford; and no man ever saw a book-agent with a small volume in his hand.

But if some of the book is needless, none of it is really poor, and much of it very good. Mr. Clemens's plan of delivering an unvarnished tale, of giving just his own impressions of what he saw, at once made his work sure of some real value as well as much freshness, and his book is one to be commended merely as a book of travels. But, of course, the "American humor" is the great thing. It is not in the light of a traveller that one regards a gentleman who when during his wanderings in the Holy Land he comes upon the "tomb of Adam," which the monks exhibit, thus gives utterance to a natural burst of sentiment:

"The tomb of Adam! How touching it was, here in a land of strangers, far away from home, and friends, and all who cared for me, thus to discover the grave of a blood relation. True, a distant one, but still a relation. The unerring instinct of nature thrilled its recognition. The fountain of my filial affection was stirred to its profoundest depths, and I gave way to tumultuous emotion. I leaned upon a pillar and burst into tears. I deem it no shame to have wept over the grave of my poor dead relative. Let him who would sneer at my emotion close this volume here, for he will find little to his taste in my journeyings through Holy Land. Noble old man—he did not live to see me—he did not live to see his child. And I—I—alas, I did not live to see *him*. Weighed down by sorrow and disappointment, he died before I was born—six thousand brief summers before I was born. But let us try to bear it with fortitude. Let us trust that he is better off where he is. Let us take comfort in the thought that his loss is our eternal gain."

All the prominent characteristics of our peculiar school of humorists—their audacity, their extravagance and exaggeration—Mr. Clemens displays in fulness in the course of his ramblings, and he has some merits which belong to his individual self, and which make him a very agreeable companion when he is at ease and natural—which is not always; for as he pads so, we must make free to tell him, does he sometimes grimace, and is professionally a humorist as he was professionally a book-maker. It will be a just punishment for him to reflect that no doubt many a farmer will read all his jokes—the good ones as well as these bad ones we are speaking to him about—with profound gravity and unshaking belief in them as so much serious log-book.

There is, besides those we have mentioned, another characteristic of "American humor," which consists in a certain sort of what may be called fatuousness. When the man in the stage-coach, riding along with "the great moral showman" without knowing him, kept on telling him "some of Artemus Ward's jokes," and at the end of each one of them punched his companion in the side and said, "What a damned fool the fellow is!" he was not the worst critic that Artemus ever had. Nearly all his jokes have in them a display of mental helplessness—not to say imbecility—a drifting along of the mind from one topic to another, suggested but not really connected, topic, and are largely dependent upon this for their humorous effect. The same thing may be seen—though not nearly so unmixed nor so often—in the efforts of Mr. Josh Billings. The humor in the Nasby Papers consists rather in Mr. Locke's conception of the low, "dough-face" Democrat than in anything strictly humorous that is said or done by him after he is made, and the Cross-roads pastor and postmaster gives no exhibition of the trait mentioned. But the author of "The Innocents Abroad" has some of it—though something of what he has is acquired and imitative, we should say—and may be taken to be rather more nearly Artemus Ward's successor in this line than either of the other humorists to whom we have referred.

Select Orations of Marcus Tullius Cicero. With Explanatory Notes by George Stuart, A.M., Professor of Latin in the Central High School of Philadelphia. (Philadelphia: Eldredge & Brother. 1869.)—Chase and Stuart's series of school editions of Latin writers has already been commended in these columns for the unusual elegance and convenience of form, and the practical excellence of the annotations, which make them peculiarly well adapted to the use of schools. This edition of Cicero's orations—the third of the series—is marked by the same qualities. Mr. Stuart has done well in going outside of the set of orations usually read, and giving in addition three of the Philippics and one of the Verrine orations. We are disappointed, however, to find that he not only has not attempted to remedy the chronological confusion of earlier editions, but has even increased it by inserting the oration for Milo between those for Marcellus and King Deiotarus. It would seem that nothing could be more confusing to a boy than to commence his knowledge of Cicero with the orations of his consulship; then to go back four years to his first political speech; from this to pass of a sudden to his pleadings before the dictator Cæsar, with a piece of special pleading from the period of anarchy sandwiched in between them; and then, after specimens of the indignant eloquence of the orator's last years, to jump back nearly thirty years to the generous appeal of the young lawyer in behalf of the oppressed provincials. It would have been easy, by altering the position of the orations for the Manilian Law and for Milo, to remedy all this; for the speech against Verres would be, perhaps, too difficult to come in its proper chronological place.

The Law of Carriers of Goods and Passengers, Private and Public, Inland and Foreign—by Railway, Steamboat, and other modes of Transportation; also, the Construction, Responsibility, and Duty of Telegraph Companies, the Responsibility and Duty of Innkeepers, and the Law of Bailments of every class embracing Remedies. By Isaac F. Redfield, LL.D., Cambridge, Mass. (Published by H. O. Houghton & Co. New York: Hurd & Houghton. 1869.)—The title-page is itself an extended statement of what Mr. Redfield has attempted to do and of what he has well done. He designed in the beginning that his work should embrace only the law of carriers, including telegraph companies, and the law pertaining to innkeepers, and though he has since added a few pages relating to other classes of bailments, yet the great value of the book is, as he originally intended, in the presentation of the law of carriers, and here he has supplied a need of the profession. The arrangement is clear and simple, the citations in the text and notes include all the recent cases, the index is good, and the analysis of contents is very fine. He evidently desired that his book should be read by unprofessional men, but though it might be of value to them, yet they will hardly depend upon it after he tells them, as he does, that "it is generally cheaper and safer to consult professional advice."

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Authors.—Titles.	*Publishers.—Price.*
Agnes Graham: a Tale, swd.	(Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger) $0 60
Bushe (Mary C.), Rupert of the Rhine.	(Pott & Amery) 0 75
Butler (Josephine E.), Woman's Work and Woman's Culture.	(Macmillan & Co.)
Colange (L.), Zell's Popular Encyclopædia, No. 9, swd.	(T. Ellwood Zell) 0 50
Dorr (Mrs. J. C. R.), Sibyl Huntington: a Tale.	(G. W. Carleton)
Eliot (G.), Adam Bede, Household edition.	(Fields, Osgood & Co.) 1 00
Gladstone (W. E.), Juventus Mundi.	(Macmillan & Co.) 3 50
Logan (Miss O.), Apropos of Women and Theatres.	(G. W. Carleton)
Meta's Faith: a Tale, swd.	(Harper & Bros.) 0 50
Morning Light.	(Pott & Amery) 1 00
Perkins (J. E.), Sabbath Carols. The Mount Zion Collection of Sacred and Secular Music.	(A. S. Barnes & Co.
Robinson (Rev. C. S.), Songs for Christian Worship.	(A. S. Barnes & Co.)
The Norrises: a Tale.	(Pott & Amery) 0 75
Thomas (Annie), False Colors: a Tale, swd.	(Harper & Bros.) 0 50
Worman (Prof. J. H.), The German Echo.	(A. S. Barnes & Co.) 1 25
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The Week.

ENTHUSIASTIC people—if there are any people enthusiastic about politics just now—are predicting a Republican victory in Ohio by a majority of forty-odd thousand, which seems incredible. However, no doubt the publication of Rosecrans's letter—an act which seems to hint at relaxed discipline in the Ohio Democracy—has damaged his party more, even, than his declining the nomination. In California, where there was considerable local excitement—a "ring" to break up, and so on—the vote does not seem to have been heavy, not two-thirds of the voters going to the polls. The Democrats have decidedly made gains; but there is less reason for regretting this than might at first be supposed; for the Fifteenth Amendment was probably sure of defeat in any Legislature that could be got together in California, Republican or Democratic. The Chinese question doomed it in any case; for the Democrats are wild on the subject, and the Republicans, in their convention, said by implication that Chinamen should not vote. The Supervisor "ring" in San Francisco, whose operations are said to be almost of New York County grandeur, is understood to be smashed. In Pennsylvania, politics are so fearfully dull that Governor Geary's "dancing on the field of Gettysburg"—going to a ball, that is—has been a fertile source of editorial attack and defence. Local politics, however, are not apt to be dull in Pennsylvania; we see that one of the papers informs an anonymous correspondent who had been slandering a candidate that if he will come to the office and avow the authorship of charges which the editor knows to be false, and will then "uncover his hyena countenance, we will spit upon it for him." Prophecies of the result in Pennsylvania are not made, so far as we observe. Vermont, of course, went Republican.

Attorney-General Hoar has relieved General Canby of a disagreeable duty, and the people of Virginia of what would undoubtedly have worn the appearance of a breach of faith on the part of the Federal Government—and a very exasperating one at that—by giving an opinion that the members of the Legislature elected under the new constitution may meet, organize, ratify the Fifteenth Amendment, and apply for admission to the Union without taking the iron-clad oath; and that the administration of the oath only becomes necessary in case they attempt to discharge ordinary legislative duties. The Attorney-General holds that Congress cannot have intended that the Legislature which is to bring the State into the Union under the new constitution should be subject to all the requirements of the supplemental Reconstruction Act of July 19, 1867; otherwise it would be in the power of General Canby to remove the members, and fill their places with soldiers detailed from the army. The Virginia papers generally hail the opinion with delight, and predict a return of the halcyon days of the State, or a very fair imitation of them at least; and there are probably few rational men who will not rejoice that the difficulty should have ended in this way.

The leading Republicans of the Stokes faction in Tennessee—or, we may as well say, the leading Republicans—have met in council at Nashville, and put forth a document which would be excellent if it were not for its concluding request, which is in the nature of an appeal to the "Federal Government and the whole people" to interfere and declare the late election of Senter a revolutionary proceeding. As a statement of Senter's frauds and a bearing of testimony that some day will rise up against him, the address in question is a temperate and telling paper. Governor Senter's victory is a stolen one, and he disgraced. Grant, whom both have visited, tells Mr. Senter and Mr. Stokes that he has no thoughts of interfering in any way; that he shall not turn Senter's men out of Federal offices; and that the best thing the two factions can do is to make up. There is no doubt of that; or would not be, if it were clear that there are two factions; but the fact of the matter seems to be that we might almost count on the fingers of our hand every dozen of Republicans who voted against Stokes. Senter's companionship is all the Republicans would get by a reconciliation, and that is hardly "a sweet boon," as Artemus Ward used to say.

Meantime, Senter says, with what truth we shall know next month, that the Legislature elect will ratify the Fifteenth Amendment. What is going to become of the Amendment in the immediate future it is not very easy to predict. Twenty-eight of the thirty-seven States must ratify it, and as yet only fifteen are certainly secured—namely, Arkansas, Connecticut, Florida, Illinois, Louisiana, Maine, Massachusetts, Michigan, New Hampshire, New York, North Carolina, South Carolina, Pennsylvania, West Virginia, and Wisconsin. We suppose that no attention is to be paid to the doctrine that New York's ratification is not to be counted because after it was done the Legislature neglected to order the Governor to report its action to the Secretary of State. Yet the *World*, we see, which has been giving such judicious counsel to the party as to the abandonment of "dead issues," no sooner gets scent of this ghost of a chance at the African, than it reverts at once to its native instincts, and jumps savagely the whole length of its chain, forgetting incontinently how nice and tame it has been. Missouri, Kansas, and Nevada, which acted hastily on a telegraphic copy of the Amendment and ratified it, will act favorably again, we suppose, without any doubt, and that gives us eighteen States. Indiana's case is doubtful, in point of law. Nearly all the Democratic legislators seceded when the question came up, thus leaving the Houses without a quorum—certainly an unjustifiable and even shameful action. It is argued, however, by Senator Morton, that a quorum was present of all persons who at the moment, not having resigned, were members. Counting out Indiana, ten more States are needed for the passage of the measure. Rhode Island may be depended on to ratify, although, by reason of her somewhat peculiar constitution, she refused last spring. Virginia, Mississippi, and Texas must ratify, or they cannot come into Congress, and Alabama is safe to do it, as she has a Republican Legislature. It will not be amiss—in view of the *World's* proposal and the revolt of the Indiana men—for the Congressional lawyers to look very sharply after the necessary papers, and make sure that there is no informality either at the State capitals

or at Washington when the States still unreconstructed present themselves for admission. A fatality of blundering and botching and patching may hang over the Reconstruction business to the very last, as it has from the very first. Ohio also may be counted, and so may Vermont, Minnesota, and Iowa; but which State to be sure of for the twenty-eighth—as sure of as we may reasonably be in the case of these—we do not quite see. Tennessee or Nebraska or Maryland or New Jersey or Kentucky or Delaware may carry off the honor, but certainly there will be no very hot competition for it on the part of some of them.

Parson Brownlow writes a letter defending himself for having taken Senter's side in the late contest in Tennessee, giving amongst other reasons the somewhat delicate one that he had from the outset a higher opinion of Senter as a man than he had of Stokes. He ascribes a large part of Senter's majority to the interference of Messrs. Boutwell and Cresswell in the election, and says a good many sensible things about the folly of further proscription, which would, however, have been more sensible if he had said them sooner. The air of Washington has clearly had the happiest effect on the Parson's mind, and has also, perhaps as a natural consequence of this, considerably improved his language. If the people of Tennessee will now go to work and take the State credit out of its present disgraceful condition, and put a stop to the disgraceful talk of repudiation, and make the railroads pay the interest on their bonds, they will close the Reconstruction sore for ever, even if they send Andrew Johnson to the Senate.

As we write, Senator Fessenden, of Maine, lies in a critical condition at his home, but slender hopes being entertained of his recovery. We are sure there is nobody who rates honesty and independence in public men as the dearest possessions of the nation at large who will not hear of his illness with the deepest regret, and will not earnestly pray that he may long be spared to furnish the young men of the country with one of those models of character without which no political education can be complete, and the increasing scarcity of which in public life is one of the evils of our time. We say nothing of his intellectual power or attainments, though of both we might say much, because these are less rare in our day amongst politicians than fidelity to conscience and loyalty to one's own convictions of right. The people has ten skilful janissaries for one honest friend, and it has few honester friends than Mr. Fessenden, and not one of whom it may be more justly proud. We wish we could hope that there were yet many years of useful and honored life in store for him, and that Maine might have a chance of doing herself fresh honor by sending him back to the Senate for another term. Died Sept 8th

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Secretary Rawlins had for some years been in such a condition of health that only by the most careful attention could he hope to live from month to month; and for a long time he had habituated himself to the thought of dying suddenly and soon. On Monday last he succumbed, at less than forty years of age. His public career had not been very prominent till he reached his secretaryship—though nine years ago, at the age of twenty-nine, he was on the Douglas ticket as one of the Illinois electoral candidates, and had done his party good service on the stump—and little is known of his real capacities for statesmanship; perhaps his "manifest destiny" speech of last fall was not of great promise. His services in the army, and afterwards at the head of the War Department, gave sufficient proof of his abilities as an executive officer and an energetic man of business. Evidently he was an honest, brave, good-hearted man, and he seems to have had a marked power of attaching others to him. Grant appears to have had a very strong affection for him; but the President's power of becoming attached to his friends is one of the striking traits of his character. One or two incidents of unusual pathos, we are sorry to say, gave a tinge of bitterness to General Rawlins's last hours. His wife was not with him, but lying ill at Danbury, Connecticut, mourning the loss of her newly-born child; and he was leaving his family, as far as money goes, entirely destitute. The Army of the Tennessee have, however, announced their intention to adopt his children; and at a meeting of merchants here on Tuesday, a liberal subscription for them was at once commenced—$15,000 being raised on the spot, and more promised; so that the projected fund of $50,000 will speedily be raised.

The Springfield *Republican* is a very good paper, but there is really an unhealthy rashness about it which frequently causes its friends great anxiety. It said last Saturday, in contradiction of an assertion made by the *Nation*, that "it happened to know" that no letter of introduction for Mr. Reverdy Johnson to Mr. John Bright was written by Mr. Sumner when Mr. Johnson went to England last fall. As we have now got on delicate ground, and as it is important that the *Republican* should be very sure of what it means when it says it "knows" things, we shall be a little more explicit. To say that Mr. Sumner wrote no "letter of introduction" for Mr. Johnson to Mr. Bright is merely a wretched little quibble. What we assert is that Mr. Sumner wrote to Mr. Bright in the fall of 1868, when Mr. Johnson was going to England, what was far stronger and more valuable than a mere formal letter of introduction, viz., a long letter by mail, speaking of Mr. Johnson in the highest terms, calling attention to his unanimous confirmation by the Senate; assuring Mr. Bright that he had the confidence and esteem of all parties; that he was abundantly competent to settle the *Alabama* question, and would, in Mr. Sumner's opinion, settle it. The warmth of the eulogy was so great, in fact, that Mr. Bright was anxious to hurry up to London at once, to see this remarkable man; but, being unable to do so, wrote to Mr. Johnson to apologize, and inserted in his letter an extract from Mr. Sumner's, in order to show him (Mr. Johnson) what a high place he occupied in the opinion even of political opponents. Moreover, *after the treaty* arrived here, Mr. Sumner on the 17th of January last wrote to Mr. Bright commending it, and on the 19th, after dining with Grant, *added a postscript*, with even a stronger commendation, thus confirming the confidence of the British Cabinet in Mr. Johnson. The subsequent speech, therefore, was to Mr. Bright and others a painful surprise.

Now, we advise the Springfield *Republican* not to traverse this statement hastily. Our reason for making it is that, on or about the 6th of May last, Mr. Sumner submitted to "an interview" at the hands of the New York *Herald* correspondent, in which he laid down the extraordinary doctrine that the British Cabinet ought not to have negotiated with the ambassador of a retiring administration, and even added that "he thought once or twice of calling Mr. Thornton's attention to this, but came to the conclusion that he had no right to do it." If a performance of this sort on the part of the Chairman of the Committee of Foreign Affairs of the Senate be not fit subject for comment in the newspapers, they can hardly be said to have any duties. From a gentleman in that position to a gentleman in Mr. Bright's, about a gentleman in Mr. Johnson's, the letter under discussion had most of the characteristics and many of the consequences of a state-paper of the first order; and it ought to have made the delivery of Mr. Sumner's speech, and the uproar and alarm and loss of property which followed it, absolutely impossible.

The Byron scandal may be said to constitute the leading topic of the day, and every morning the Atlantic Cable, as well as our own papers, furnishes a fresh contribution to the controversy. The Byron family have taken the field through their solicitors; but the telegraphic report of what they say is by no means clear. The only thing certain about it is that they feel scandalized and outraged by the revelation, and consider it, amongst other things, a breach of confidence. General Butler has written a long and able letter to the *Boston Journal*, analyzing Mrs. Stowe's statement from the legal point of view, and applying to it the rules of evidence, and, it must be admitted, makes some very ugly holes in it. A Southern editor declares that Mary Chaworth was Byron's half-sister, and that it was she he meant when he made his confession. "The Count Joannes" writes a long letter to the *Herald*, the exact value of which, we think, is not ascertainable through purely human agency, owing to the Count's mental peculiarities. One

thing he calls attention to which is worth notice, however, and that is that Lady Byron called her daughter "Ada Augusta:" after whom was she named Augusta if not after Byron's sister, "the partner, etc."?

The state of things in Ireland grows highly interesting. The disestablishment of the Church has, as was expected, been succeeded by a renewed, and what promises to be a very vigorous, agitation about the land tenures; and this agitation, we regret to say, derives a good deal of its power from what may be called dropping murders of landlords occurring all over the country, even in districts in which such murders have been hitherto unknown; and it has been stimulated, too, by some very cruel evictions in a district in which this species of abuse of power has been hitherto rarely, if ever, practised. The worst feature of these murders is that there is no doubt whatever that they have constituted for half a century the principal, if not the only, protection of the tenantry against landlord oppression. A period of peace has almost invariably been followed by a period of wholesale ejectment; then the shooting began, and the ejectments ceased. A more barbarous substitute for long leases it would be hard to imagine. There is no denying that it was the Fenian movement which created the public sentiment in England which abolished the Irish Church; and we greatly fear it will be a continued fusillade from behind hedges which will bring about a reform in the land laws, and that the tenants know this, and are acting on their knowledge. One of the good signs of the crisis is that the old sermons about the rent of land being fixed by competition, and about the liberty of the tenant, if he does not like the landlord's terms, to carry his capital and his labor elsewhere, begin to disappear from the English newspapers, and there are signs of acknowledgment that land is a peculiar thing, and may, and sometimes must, be treated peculiarly.

The agitation in Ireland is likely to receive powerful aid from a similar movement in England, where a Land Tenure Reform League has been founded on the ruins of the old Reform League, with Mr. J. S. Mill for chairman, and Mr. Frederick Harrison, Professor Fawcett, Sir John Bowring, and others of tendencies more or less revolutionary, on the committee. The aims of the body are of course as yet rather ill-defined, but they may be summed up by saying that it seeks to break up the great estates, and keep them broken up. There is a mistaken notion prevalent in this country that this can be done by abolishing the law of primogeniture. The law of primogeniture only operates in cases of intestacy, and might be abolished without producing the slightest perceptible change in the distribution of landed property in a thousand years. The law of entail, moreover, differs from that in this State simply in permitting a settlement in favor of one person not in being, and would do but little towards tying estates up if it were not for the strong family feeling in favor of tying them up. The whole structure of English society, in fact, rests on the devotion of the individual members of the family to the maintenance of the family position; and as long as eldest sons are ready to join their fathers in re-settling estates from generation to generation, the great estates will hold together. So that absolutely prohibitory legislation will be necessary to make a change—that is, legislation somewhat in the direction of that of France, making the division of landed estates equally among children compulsory. This would involve an amount of interference with "the rights of property" such as has never before been attempted in England—indeed, a social revolution; and yet we have no doubt it is coming. The competition amongst the new men, who have made fortunes in commerce, for the political and social honors which accompany landholding, is making the present system intolerable.

The Episcopal clergy in Ireland, after having said a good many foolish things during the passage of the Disestablishment Bill, appear to be accepting their novel situation with a good grace. The archbishops, of whom there are two, about the nature of whose duties there seems to prevail the same painful uncertainty as about the duties of "rural deans"—probably the most mysterious body of functionaries of modern times—have called a synod to organize the Church on its new basis of freedom, and display a marked desire to place the laity on a footing of perfect equality in Church councils. We fear the laity will make a terribly small show in the new organization. Those who took much interest in the Church were interested in it mainly as a political institution. Its political character being gone, we venture to say it will have less to show in the shape of religious life and feeling than any body of Christians in existence.

There seems to be no doubt that the Emperor's condition is more serious than the official journals in Paris represent. The Empress's journey to the East, for which tremendous preparations had been made, has been postponed, and she has hurried back when as far on her way as Corsica. Moreover, Nelaton, the Paris surgeon, who now occupies the position of a last resource to all the wealthy and distinguished people of the Continent, has been called in in consultation; and although it is every day announced that his Majesty's indisposition is not serious, and that he will "soon be about again," somehow he does not get about. The Bourse in the meanwhile is sensitive to the last degree, and ready for a panic of the first order. The prevailing anxiety is increased by the recent death of Marshal Niel, who was, perhaps, the one man in France who could be relied on to carry the Empire through such a crisis as the decease of its founder. Still the amnesty, as our correspondent has pointed out, has done a good deal to strengthen it.

Mr. Grant Duff made the (East) Indian financial statement in the House of Commons last month, and it contains some interesting features. The total revenue of the empire amounted last year to $242,672,060 (gold), counting the pound sterling roughly as five dollars—in other words, a larger revenue than from any country in the world except England herself, the United States, France, and Russia. The two largest items in the receipts are about $100,000,000 from the land tax and $45,000,000 from opium, the latter drawn partly from opium grown under Government superintendence, and sold on Government account, and partly from a transit duty on opium raised in the Northwest Provinces and exported from Bombay. Mr. Grant Duff, speaking of this last item, says naïvely that "nobody can feel happy about it," which is quite comprehensible; but his reason is that it is exposed to three dangers—one, that the Chinese may learn to do without it; another, that an effective competition in the Chinese markets may spring up from other countries; and the third, that there may be such improvements effected in the manufacture in China itself as may make it independent of the Indian supply. Of the first of these Mr. Grant Duff says he has no fear—although hostility to the poppy was one of the strange characteristics of the Taeping rebellion—owing to the enormous size of the country, which prevents any movement, in the present state of intercommunication, from being general. In fact, he thinks the opening of Western China will increase the traffic. One does not often, in the accounts of a great empire, meet with a more repulsive calculation; and that a man of Mr. Grant Duff's character could make it so calmly is one of the puzzles of Indian, if not of English, politics.

The Indian expenditure is a more agreeable subject of study than the revenue. The debt is about $470,000,000, on which the interest is 4½ per cent.; in 1800, it was 8½. More than a fourth of the revenue goes to the army, which, nevertheless, in proportion to the population, is not large; less than one-forty-eighth goes to education; one-nineteenth goes to the administration of justice; about the same to the police force; but one-eighth went for public improvements—canals, roads, railroads, and irrigation. The railroads are gradually opening up every part of the country, and will speedily make the great famines impossible; a larger and larger number of natives are every year entering the learned professions, and taking part in the administration of justice; and caste is slowly but steadily going down before the spread of European ideas. One of the curious duties which Mr. Maine has lately been called on to perform is to legislate for the proper disposition of European "tramps" or "loafers," mostly discharged soldiers and convicts from Australia, who now ramble about the interior, living by their wits, and bringing scandal on the European, to say nothing of the Christian, name.

THE REPUBLICAN MINORITY.

In many of the States there is to be found at present a Republican minority, discontented with one or more of the principles with which its party has identified itself. In one you will find Republicans who are aggrieved at the control obtained over nominations and legislation by the eight-hour men; in another, a minority is disgusted with the identification of the party with that of the prohibitionists; in a third, perhaps we might say in all, a small but constantly increasing number of men heretofore connected with the dominant party are filled with a profound dissatisfaction with the principles which govern the distribution of offices. And although, in almost all cases, an astute reasoner might find plenty of ground for saying that the identification complained of was in no respect essential; that the true Republican party was just what it always had been—the party of equal rights—nevertheless, such argument has very little effect in the face of the visible fact that the dominant organization does at every critical period fall more or less into the hands of some subsidiary, local, temporary "ring." Historical arguments to show that prohibition, or the eight-hour movement, or the spoils system have no connection with the principles of republicanism, are of little avail in the eyes of those who see all the "rotating" done by Republican officials, all the eight-hour laws and "anti-dramshop" laws passed by Republican legislatures and approved by Republican governors. In this State, the *Tribune* considers the dominant party so tainted by the intimate connection of its Legislature with the "corruptionists," that it advises Republican voters to elect honest Democrats rather than dishonest members of their own party. Could a stronger proof be found of the dangers which a party incurs from evil communications than this? It is not that the *Tribune* supposes a Democratic Legislature would be one whit more honest, as a general thing, than a Republican; we have its own words for that; but it feels that the simultaneous spectacle of continual corruption and continual Republican triumph induces, after a time, an idea in the popular mind that there is some necessary connection between Republicanism and corruption.

The delicate question arises, and comes into greater and greater prominence with every new election, what this minority of which we speak, discontented as it is with the new-fangled principles introduced by meddling strangers, but firmly devoted to their original tenets, are to do. They have, of course, the choice between three distinct lines of action—they may go over to the Democrats, they may scratch their own ticket, or they may decline altogether to vote. Which of these are they to do? (We leave out of view a fourth course—the organization of a new party; because this involves considerations out of place here.) Of the three modes of expressing discontent which we have mentioned, the third is certainly the simplest and most pleasing to the carnal mind. It involves no exertion, physical or mental; it is eminently gentlemanly, and peculiarly productive of a calm self-satisfaction. We have always observed that voters who stay at home and take no part in the contest, on the ground that the result is all cut and dried beforehand, invariably regard those of their fellow-citizens who go to the polls and bear the heat and burden of the day as a set of blind enthusiasts, whose devotion to the duties of citizenship is incomprehensible, and, according to the temperament of the observer, melancholy or laughable. Indeed, these *posés* recluses appear to look upon political life very much as the monks and hermits of the Middle Ages looked upon civil pursuits—as something which the good man had better keep his hands and eyes as far from as possible; as something necessarily evil. But for those who wish, as the minority which we have in mind wish, to do something more than nurse their discontent, the political monastic system has one cardinal disadvantage—that it has no visible result. A few thousand votes cast for a particular candidate, or for twenty different candidates, are seen and counted; but a few thousand not cast at all produce no effect on anybody's mind. The public does not notice that any one stayed at home—votes always vary by a few thousand at each election; and the consequence is that the non-voters are quietly ignored. Indeed, the plan of staying at home is hardly worthy serious consideration.

Shall the discontented, then, vote the Democratic ticket? For example, in Massachusetts, shall the Republican who disapproves of the intimate association of the Prohibitionists with the majority change his vote altogether and cast it for Mr. Adams? This course has the evident merit of effectiveness. If a sufficient number go over, the Democrats may carry the day, and then prohibition will for the time cease. The minority will have accomplished its object. But to little purpose. They will have defeated a section of their own party to whom they were opposed, but they will have done it at the expense of the victory of enemies to whom their opposition was much more deadly. It may be asked, indeed, whether one has any right to express his discontent with men who advocate principles he considers pernicious, by voting for men whose principles he considers more fundamentally and thoroughly evil. A Pennsylvanian may show his feeling about Grant's bad appointments by voting for Asa Packer, but it may well be doubted whether he does not vote at the same time in favor of repudiation. An Ohio voter who, for the same reason, casts his vote for Pendleton, feels grave doubts on the same point. It cannot be disputed that whatever faults the dominant party may have, the Democracy is much worse, or that he who votes for the latter in order to correct the faults of the former chooses a weapon which is as dangerous to him who wields it as it is to his enemy. We would not for a moment make use of the common rant about "treachery." Treachery to party is the very life and soul of political improvement—all new and progressive parties being made up of traitors and "deserters" from older camps; as, for instance, the Republican organization itself, which is nothing else than a collection of unfaithful Whigs, Democrats, and Free-Soilers, who thought that their country demanded something more of them than loyalty to a dead past. It is always a practical question with which party one should vote, not a problem to be settled by abstract considerations; and, of course, if any one thinks that on the whole he can serve more good ends by going over for the nonce to the Democracy than by staying in his own lines, by all means let him do it. We cannot ourselves see our way to this conclusion.

To our minds, the old-fashioned practice of scratching furnishes, as we have often had occasion to say, the simplest and best solution of the difficulties of the present question. By scratching your ticket, you give unquestionable evidence to the eyes and mind of every inspector of the vote that for some reason or other you were dissatisfied with both parties. Your conduct immediately excites attention. It means something. If you had done nothing more than vote the Democratic ticket, this would have attracted comparatively little notice. It would have meant that you were satisfied with that party, and the leaders, after loudly proclaiming the fact, would have gone home contented with themselves and the new accession to their ranks. It would never occur to them for an instant to make an alteration in the party creed for the benefit of the new-comers. It would, indeed, be foolish to do so; for how could they tell whether their action would not drive out as many old adherents as it attracted new? On the other hand, if a large scattering vote is cast, there can be no doubt as to the proper interpretation of it. It means that there is a considerable body of voters discontented with both parties, who may, by discreet measures, be drawn to the ranks of one or the other. There is a direct stimulus to improvement on the part of the managers. They must look about them and see in what they have been erring, what it is that these outsiders wish, where their platform is rotten, and where new planks are needed. If the thousands of Republican voters in Massachusetts who are dissatisfied with prohibition, if the thousands in Pennsylvania discontented with protection, scratch their ticket, the fact cannot fail to make the leaders pause and consider. If they vent their rage in casting their votes for the Democrats or in staying at home, they will in all probability find themselves in a much worse plight than they have yet thought possible. In those States in which the experiment of going over to the enemy has been tried, the results accomplished have been very small. For example, in Virginia, the discontented minority threw themselves into the arms of the Democracy, and, after beating their adversaries, are sadly puzzled at finding their principles confounded with those of their new allies. The triumph of Senter in Tennessee, which was partly accomplished by dissatisfied Republicans, is a very fortunate thing for Senter, but do the Republicans find their account in it? The Democrats welcome the new

accessions to their ranks, but they modify no principles for them. Such Mississippi Republicans as vote for Judge Dent will do no good by it, and a year hence they will find themselves surrounded with the same difficulties which compass them now. In Massachusetts, such Republicans as vote for Adams will find, if he is elected, that they have cast their votes for a Democrat. We advise them all to scratch, and the day of their scratching will long be remembered.

THE CHINESE QUESTION.

The amount of declamation which the arrival of the last news from China has called forth has enveloped the subject in so much fog that it may be well to make one more attempt to place it before the public in its true light. We gave in substance in our last issue the opinions entertained by an American resident in China, who has in our columns been one of the warmest and, we may say without vanity, one of the most effective defenders, both in American and foreign eyes, the Burlingame mission has had. He has come to the conclusion, on a calm and lengthened scrutiny of the facts, that the Chinese Government did not mean by sending out the Burlingame mission what he believed it to mean, and that Mr. Ross Browne was substantially correct in the account given by him of the actual and prospective state of Chinese relations with Christendom in his recent correspondence with American and British residents, and that the first use the Imperial authorities intend to make of our recognition of their equality is not to take part in what we call progress, but to use whatever concessions we make to them in the treaty to repel all interference whatever, advisory or other, in their internal affairs, and to resist all progress.

Now, this may or may not be a correct view of the case; but it is the view of the American merchants on the spot—that is, of the only *body* of Americans who know anything about China, or who are competent to form an opinion on Chinese politics worth listening to for five minutes. The best proof that it is a weighty opinion is found in the fact that no answer has been made to it beyond vulgar abuse. Mr. Ross Browne was not perhaps the person whom those who care most for the interests of the United States in China would have selected to succeed Mr. Burlingame; but then his claims to the place, as far as antecedents and character go, were better than those of nine-tenths of the persons appointed to important missions are to theirs. There is something ludicrous in hearing it alleged against him as an accusation that he was a mere literary man and traveller, in quarters from which men who can barely read, and have hardly ever left the county in which they were born, every day draw hearty support for places in the diplomatic service of hardly less consequence than the Chinese mission, and particularly from gentlemen who "respect and esteem" Daniel E. Sickles. It is undeniable that his mode of speaking of the Chinese Government, to which he was accredited, was exceedingly ill-judged, and the indiscretion was aggravated by the fact that he was addressing it not to his own countrymen only, but to foreigners. But then those who have never uttered one word in favor of providing us with a brained diplomatic service are hardly the persons to hold up their hands in horror when our improvised representatives abroad deliver stump speeches during their term of office. We know nothing of Mr. Browne except as an author, but have never heard anything to his discredit as a man, and, judging from his letter to the foreign residents in China, are satisfied that, whether he understands Chinese affairs or not, he is undoubtedly an able man. But there is nothing known of him by anybody which can make the charge brought against him by a portion of the press on seeing this letter—that he was bribed by the English and French to betray his own country and frustrate its policy, or the more recent one, that his dissatisfaction with the Chinese Government was due to his being the agent of disappointed railroad contractors eager for work—anything but discreditable to American journalism.

We think it not at all unlikely that Mr. Browne has been very indiscreet too in his mode of testing Prince Kung's intentions. Very likely he thought it his business, and it fell in with his temperament and raining, to request that functionary to "hurry up" with his improvements, and to let him know that when anybody gives us to understand that he is going to "progress," we expect him to be "lively," and make a beginning at once; and Prince Kung appears to have told him that it was none of his business, or words to that effect. If it was Mr. Browne only that was dissatisfied with his highness, we should pause—as one usually does when one hears of a dispute between two individuals—a good while before making up our mind which was right. But then the American residents all agree with Mr. Browne, and do believe that Mr. Burlingame has been deceived; and they being a highly intelligent and respectable body of men, and having, moreover, the deepest personal interest in our relations with China, their opinions are entitled to careful consideration.

It must be borne in mind that the whole value of Mr. Burlingame's treaty depends on the intention of the Chinese authorities in sending him out. The question before the world is simply, What did the embassy mean? Ever since Mr. Burlingame came away, the persons likely to be most seriously affected by his negotiations have been carefully watching the signs of the times in Pekin; and if they see room to doubt the result of Mr. Burlingame's work, it is our duty to heed what they say, and not to abuse them. It is ridiculous to ask us to accept, instead of their testimony, the views of New York editors of what our Chinese policy *ought* to be. Nobody will regret to learn for certain that Mr. Burlingame's mission has been a failure more than we. We hailed it with delight; and we believe that, if it really fails, the continuance of the policy of outside pressure and interference will eventuate in breaking up the empire, and reducing its vast territory and its enormous population to a state of awful anarchy—such anarchy as the world has not seen since Rome fell. We are not yet convinced that it has failed, but the testimony against it is strong. We have on the other side now only the evidence of Mr. Burlingame himself, who of course is as liable to be deceived as anybody else.

To enable the reader to judge all the better what has actually been acquired or conceded by the treaty which was not already accorded by the treaties of 1846 and 1860, we may mention that there are really *only three new stipulations* in the Burlingame treaty—one which declares that the Emperor of China reserves his right of eminent domain over the lands and waters granted to the United States for trade or other purposes, and that no power at war with the United States shall be at liberty "to attack citizens of the United States or their property within the said lands or waters;" another, that the Chinese Government shall have liberty to appoint consuls at the ports of the United States; and the third, that the citizens of each state shall be at liberty to emigrate freely to the other. Everything else in the Burlingame treaty—that is, the right of reciprocal travel or sojourn, and the right of access to the educational institutions of each country by the citizens of the other—has been already provided for in the former treaties, either expressly or under the most-favored-nation clause. This will no doubt astonish many people, but it is literally true. Art. VIII. of the new treaty—which is, perhaps, the most important one—repudiates on behalf of the United States all right of interference in the internal affairs of China on any subject, and particularly "in regard to the construction of railroads, telegraphs, or other material internal improvements," and concedes to the Emperor "the right of deciding the time, and manner, and circumstances of introducing such improvements within his dominions;" agrees that "if at any time he should determine to set on foot such internal improvements," and should ask the United States "or any other Western power for facilities to carry out that policy," the United States "should designate and authorize suitable engineers to be employed by the Chinese Government," at a suitable rate of pay. As, however, the United States has never dictated to China about her internal affairs, and has never attempted to force her to make railroads or telegraphs sooner than she wished, and as no human being here ever dreamed of such a thing, the only value of this article lies in the fact that it is an expression of our good-will and an admission that China is our equal. But, then, as long as France and England do not make this admission, poor China is no better off than ever. The United States has never bullied her, while France and England have, and, apparently, will continue to do so in spite of our treaty, unless Mr. Burlingame succeeds, as we hope he will, in making similar ones with them.

It is, therefore, the sending of the embassy, and not the treaty itself, that was of special importance. As we remarked in February, 1868, "the Chinese could not hope to combat (Western) prejudices against them, or prove that they were really anxious to reap the advantages and assume the responsibilities of intercourse with civilized peoples, so long as they refused to use their privilege of being represented at the courts of treaty powers." To send such an embassy was to abandon for ever "their old pretensions that China had nothing to ask from the outside world, the nations of which were tributaries of their Emperor;" and we said the despatch of the embassy had, "therefore, a deep political significance," and added that the choice of Mr. Burlingame for it was in every way fortunate. What concerns us now to know, therefore, is not what we have gained or what China has gained by the treaty, for neither has gained anything positive or palpable, but did the embassy mean what it was supposed to mean, or was it a mere attempt to throw dust in Western eyes? Of course, neither the American residents in China nor Mr. Ross Browne can yet answer this question with certainty. We shall only get the answer to it by seeing how the Chinese now behave. But the testimony of observers on the spot counts for a good deal.

PRISON DISCIPLINE.

The Conference held in this State, of which we made brief mention last week, on the condition of the prisons, brought out some facts worth everybody's attention. The discipline of the prisons has been long known to be very bad, and it has been equally well known that the causes were the character of the officers and the contract system. The plan of appointing prison functionaries solely for political services, and changing them every time the Governor was changed and indeed oftener, at last resulted in a state of things which there is no use in trying to describe in a newspaper article. Anybody who wants to familiarize himself would do well to read the last report of the Prison Association; but some notion of it may be given by mentioning that the assertion recently made by a competent observer, that the character of the prisoners in many of the prisons was, on the whole, rather better than that of their keepers, would seem to be very nearly correct. How little conscience the political class has in the matter may be inferred from the fact—for fact it is—that a high prison official was not long ago re-nominated by acclamation by a Republican caucus in this State after proof, which there was no gainsaying, had been submitted to them of his having used a jail as an assignation-house during his previous term. Hearing what was going on, he had put forward his "soundness on the main question," and, having services in the army to show, carried everything before him. Incidents like this wear very much the look of being "a negation of God"—the term happily applied to King Bomba's administration at Naples in his latter days.

Now, to commit the power of torturing large numbers of their fellow-creatures by the shower-bath and otherwise to men of this stamp—men not only absolutely ignorant of everything relating to prison discipline, but ignorant themselves of the restraints of steady industry; the waifs and strays who, unable to make an honest livelihood in any of the ordinary callings of a busy country, had betaken themselves to the lower walks of party politics, as to gambling, mock auctions, and lottery dealing—was undoubtedly a shocking thing. Public opinion, as Governor Hoffman said, was outraged by the result. Even if it had not been opposed to all punishments of the class we have mentioned, the use of them by such hands would have excited natural indignation. Think of a ward politician—one of the bullies who "puts things through" at a Democratic and, we may add, a Republican primary meeting—being armed with the power of torturing hundreds of men within an inch of their lives, and being charged with the duty of representing the offended majesty of the law to criminals largely composed of his own old friends and boon companions, if not "pals." The prison revelations of course shocked the people, and the people demanded a change.

A chance was thus afforded of making something like a thorough reform in the prisons. The evils of their condition were well known. Moreover, the science of the reformation of criminals has received within a few years important additions, which have in most States of the Union obtained little or no recognition, although in Europe, and in one or two States here, they are revolutionizing prison management. It has been ascertained by actual experiment that there is enough of what is good in human nature, enough of self-respect, of gratitude for kindness and confidence, of appreciation of honest courses, of a desire to walk in the straight way, left in the vilest inmates of the jail to afford a fair chance of their moral resuscitation, and of keeping order with but rare recourse to punishment at all. Under what is known as the Irish System—from its having been invented and first applied in Ireland—the self-respect and good faith of criminals have been so far strengthened by kind and judicious treatment that it has been found possible to liberate them in large numbers long before the expiration of their terms of sentence, and give them another chance of resuming an honorable place in society, without subjecting them to other restraint than a slight police surveillance.

So now in Massachusetts Warden Haynes has demonstrated the expediency of relieving the prisoners from many of the more odious incidents of their condition, such as the wearing of the prison dress, and the possibility of maintaining discipline, and doing something to restore habits of self-restraint, by putting it in the convict's power to shorten his term of imprisonment by good conduct, or lengthen it by bad conduct. We are witnessing, in short, in all civilized countries the application to criminals of the great principle of which the French Revolution introduced the application in the conduct of armies—that there is more to be got out of men by love than by fear—that the highest exertions of the will are never called forth except by appeals to men's honor and self-respect, and giving them credit for the nobler as well as the baser passions. The day when the French conscripts charged over the slope at Jemappes, chanting the *Marseillaise*, and driving the stick-disciplined Austrians before them, was a great day for humanity.

But the application of this new principle requires, of course, the trained hands of conscientious men. The management of all men is difficult; the management of convicts peculiarly difficult. There is no harder work—work requiring more judgment, self-control, knowledge of human nature, and sense of responsibility—than the work of making criminals behave like rational beings. There is no office in a civilized state for which persons ought to be selected with greater care. We have amongst us plenty of men who are fit for its duties; who have made them the subject of reverent and enthusiastic study; who know all that has been accomplished here and elsewhere in making prisons something better than scenes of torture; but, except in Massachusetts, they have little to do with our prisons except to write essays about them or visit them at their own expense. Public opinion is shocked when it hears of the use of the shower-bath, or the cat, or the gag, and demands their abolition; but it does not demand complete reform—the cessation, for instance, of the practice of committing those who are convicts to the custody of those who would be convicts if they got their due. So the Legislature abolishes the shower-bath and the other more violent modes of punishment without any enquiry and without providing any substitute, and the result is that the politicians are left face to face with their victims, and defenceless; in other words, cruelty and tyranny are succeeded by anarchy. Their lives, the wardens say, are now in danger—which is perhaps true; but this is by no means the worst of the situation. The worst of it is that the convicts feel that they have got the people at their back, not simply in resistance to abuses of authority, but to all authority; and we have murders, escapes, attempts at escape, mutinies, and disorders of all sorts nearly every week. Yet the very same trouble it took to pass the act abolishing the shower-bath would have carried the Legislature to the root of the evil, by prescribing the qualifications of prison officers, and making their tenure of office permanent.

It is to be observed, however, that in almost every direction in which much attention is given to prison reform, there is a disposition to confine punishment to one object—the reclamation of the criminal. A century ago, society thought of nothing in its criminal jurisprudence beyond striking terror into evil-doers. It then began to be fully recognized that in the infliction of penalties the reformation of the convict should be kept

as steadily and prominently in view as the frightening of the wicked at large. We are now apparently, partly under the influence of the great growth of philanthropic feeling and partly under that of the new physiological view of moral responsibility, passing into a new stage in which warning is practically dropping out of sight as one of the objects of punishment. It is easy to imagine a state of things in jails which, while exercising a very good influence on criminals, would have no terrors whatever for what may be called the criminal class, which is certainly not one whit less hardened and audacious now than ever it was. One can readily see, for instance, how prison discipline—deprived of all its harsher and more forbidding features, with few sanctions but moral suasion, no harsh punishments, few restraints within the walls, and plenty of opportunities for enjoyment—might exercise a most humanizing and refining influence on many of "Reddy the Blacksmith's" friends within the walls, while to Reddy himself, in the world without, it would simply furnish food for merriment, and would satisfy him that the only remaining restraint on his passions and appetites was gone. What the general effect of the new system on criminal statistics will be, we shall of course not know for a long time to come.

ROYAL PRETENDERS.

The romantic charm which used to attach to a "Pretender" in the good old days before the French Revolution, has almost vanished out of men's minds with many another picturesque allusion. In the days when it was a part of religion to believe that nations came into the world saddled and bridled and kings booted and spurred to ride them, the idea of a poor discrowned king robbed of his rightful estate and sent wandering and out at elbows about the world by his rebellious subjects, really caused a genuine sympathy in the breasts of many worthy persons. And we think a little of the old leaven is still left in the minds of reading people as to such of the tribe as had the luck to live long enough ago. One can hardly help feeling a degree of kindness (though a sneaking one) for the poor Old Pretender, James III., the Chevalier de St. George, or whatever title best pleased his ear; though he was but a stupid, tipsy, besotted old creature, which one would in vain try to conjure up for his half-sister, Brandy Nan, or for either of the Georges, first and second of the name, who reigned over England with bad English and worse morals on the throne to which he was laying claim all his lifetime. And Walter Scott and the Jacobite songs have thrown a glamour about the image of Charles III., better known as Charles Edward or the Young Pretender, such as no genius could bestow on the red face, lobster eyes, and bob-wig of Farmer George; though he was intemperately sober, and possessed

> "That household virtue, most uncommon,
> Of constancy to a bad, ugly woman,"

while Charles Edward used to get drunk and beat his wife. And there is something not unpicturesque in the thought of the Cardinal of York, the last of the Stuart line, striking that medal, one of the rarities of collections, to put on record his claim to the throne of England, as Henry IX., when he was supported all the while by the charity of the Elector of Hanover, better known as George III.

But since the French Revolution played the deuce with so many old superstitions, the many-headed monster has grown impatient of its divinely ordained riders, and turned restive, and thrown them over its head into the dirt oftener than it used to do. A larger party of discarded majesties might now be collected than that which Candide dined with at Venice, of which Theodore, King of Corsica, was one, who had not money enough to pay his scot, and for whom his royal companions made up a purse to buy him some shirts. The excellent Ferdinand, Count Fathom, afterwards attended his levee in the Marshalsea Prison, of which he was the Father, like the late Mr. Dorrit, where he found him sitting under the tester of a truckle-bed for a canopy, and crowned with a cotton nightcap. Let us see. There might be the Comte de Chambord and the Comte de Paris to sit at the head and foot of the table. For, though blood-relations, they are probably no fonder of one another than blood-relations, each claiming a large estate, usually are, and it might be well to put the length of the table between them. Then there is his Majesty Francis II. of Naples, surnamed Bombalino, as the worthy son of old Bomba, who commissions brigands whom the Holy Father blesses. The Grand Duke of Tuscany, Ferdinand IV., with Robert, Duke of Parma, and Francis V. of Modena, might well accompany him, since they all were sent packing together by the war of 1859. This last-named animal, who bastinadoed men and whipped women, who bought the harvests of his duchy at his own price and retailed them at his own price too, who would order his subjects to sell him their property for half its value, and, if they refused, took it without paying them anything, who carried off with him not only the treasury of the duchy, and the pictures, coins, manuscripts, and the very silver handles of the doors of the palace, but eighty wretched prisoners whom he had rotting in the fortress of Reggio,—this precious potentate may legitimately pretend to a much wider inheritance than that paltry duchy. For he is the legitimate heir to the crown of Great Britain and Ireland by the common law of England, as the lineal representative of Henrietta, the daughter of Charles I. and wife of the Duke of Orleans, brother to Louis XIV., and ancestor of the present house of Orleans, by his second marriage. On the death of the Cardinal of York, the strict title reverted to the representative of Henrietta of England, who, at the present time, we are sorry to say, is this detestable and despicable princeling we have just described.

But we must take breath, and begin a new paragraph. We suppose the poor old, half-idiotic Emperor Ferdinand of Austria would hardly be admitted to the party we are imagining, since he abdicated the throne in 1848, and does not come within the category of the pretenders. But George V., the blind King of Hanover, most distinctly does, for he pretends no less resolutely than hopelessly, and really seems to have inspired his subjects with something of the old spirit of loyalty. Frederic William, Elector of Hesse, grandson of the paternal prince who sold his subjects to George III. to have their throats cut in America, would properly make one of the company, since the King of Prussia has repeated, even more emphatically, the declaration of Napoleon some sixty years since, "*la Hesse n'existe plus.*" So would Colonel Gustafson, the rightful heir of the great Gustavus of Sweden, the Lion of the North and the Bulwark of the Protestant Faith, as Major Dalgetty was fond of styling him. When we last heard of him he was a simple colonel of dragoons in the Austrian service, while his rival, the grandson of Bernadotte, the common soldier and his wife the wine-merchant's daughter, is firmly established on his hereditary throne. Dom Miguel of Portugal—who contested the crown so savagely with his little niece Maria da Gloria, and which she received partly by the grace of God and partly of Sir Charles Napier—he has left behind him a son, now about sixteen years old, who has precisely the same claim to the crown of Portugal that the Duke of Madrid (of whom presently) has to that of Spain; the pretensions of the present King of Portugal, as of the late Queen of Spain, resting on the disputed right of Dom Pedro in the one case, and of Ferdinand VII. in the other, to annul the ancient Salic law in favor of their daughters—a recognition of Women's Rights not likely to be accepted by the mere men who were thus set aside. We do not at this moment recollect any other suitable guest for such a goodly fellowship, unless it were King Otho of Greece. We suppose that Prince Murat, who probably may sometimes cast a sheep's-eye towards Naples, and his Imperial Highness, Prince Iturbide, whom poor Max ordained for his successor, failing heirs of his own body, but who is not likely to be very swift in claiming it, would be relegated to the side-table at best, if allowed to come into the room at all.

The only pretender in activity at present, as we hardly need say, is the Duke of Madrid, or Charles VII., as he styles himself, who is doing his best to make the political cauldron of Spain boil and bubble more diabolically than is its wont, in hopes that a spirit may be evoked out of its depths that shall beckon him to the throne. According to the ancient laws of the kingdom, he is the rightful heir—his father, Don John, having renounced his right—as his uncle, the Count de Montemolin, and his grandfather, Don Carlos, were before him. He is barely twenty-one, and is described as a grave youth, of intense bigotry and cordial hatred of modern ideas, well adapted to excite the enthusiasm of the priests and the priest-led peasantry. Dynastically and personally

considered, it must be allowed that his branch of the House of Bourbon has had hard measure. The treacherous tyrant, Ferdinand VII., having had no children by his two first marriages, his brother, Don Carlos, had every reason to hope that in due time he would succeed to the throne as Charles V. But in 1831 Ferdinand married his near relation (we believe she was his niece), the notorious Christina, of Naples, sister of old Bomba; and *after* this marriage the late Queen and her sister, the Duchess of Montpensier, were born, respectively in 1832 and 1833. Whether they were born *of* it may be hardly a question. The intimacy of the Queen with Muñoz, now her husband and Duke of Rianzanares, left little doubt as to their real paternity. Had one of these been a son, his succession would probably have been submitted to without question, if not without grumbling. But when the King, just before his death in 1833, revoked the old Salic law, and settled the succession on his dubious daughters, it is not strange that Don Carlos should have plunged Spain in the long war of succession for the recovery of what was his right by all the rules of the legitimate descent of crowns. And now that the Muñoz dynasty has been kicked out of Spain, it is natural enough that the lawful heir should think that the tide is at the flood which is to bear him on to fortune. And it is by no means impossible that in the stormy effervescence and ebullition of the political waters he may yet come to the surface. That he should stay there, and not be again swallowed up and swept once more to foreign shores, is even less probable than this possibility.

The French Revolution, as we have said, laid the axe at the very root of the hedge of divinity that used to be the defence and guard of kings. Nations now demand of their kings a reason for their existence other than that they are sprung from the loins of former kings. The Age of Chivalry is past, and that of economists has taken its place. Kings must stand for the ideas of the present and the future, and not of the past, and must behave themselves accordingly, or take the consequences. If it were a possible thing that Charles VII. should have learnt something and forgotten nothing, and that he could mediate between the sixteenth century and the twentieth, and bridge over the gulf that separates them, his restoration might be no bad solution of the enigma of Spanish affairs. He would satisfy the sense of loyalty which is still stronger perhaps in Spain than elsewhere in Europe, as the undoubtedly legitimate heir to the throne, and would incarnate the idea of monarchy in the person of a young prince. Who knows but Serrano may yet bring him in as Monk did Charles II., as the best practicable compromise of all the complications of the situation? And if he could but consent to be the head of a constitutional government, with freedom of the press and religious toleration, he might lead the Spanish people from anarchy to good government, and from poverty to prosperity. But this on the violent presumption that he is a great man. None other could be sufficient for these things. And can any good thing come out of the House of Bourbon? We fear that the tribulation through which Spain must pass to her political salvation has but begun, and that the man who is to guide her out of it has not yet appeared. It is not likely that in Spain, or elsewhere, the Coming Man will arise from among the Pretenders to Crowns, even where crowns are still believed to be essential elements of public welfare. They belong of necessity to the past, and their eyes naturally turn backward rather than forward. The old feeling of personal loyalty on which their hopes mainly depend is fast dying out. Their adventures and their fates will serve to point the morals of historians and to adorn the tales of romancers, but their importance as disturbing or as reorganizing forces of society is daily growing less, and men will soon come to wonder that it ever existed.

SUPPOSING IT TO BE TRUE.

THE question whether, supposing Mrs. Stowe's story about Byron to be true, she was justified in publishing it—on which, in all that we have said about it, we have only touched very lightly—has been decided by the press generally emphatically in the negative. *Harper's Weekly*, however, takes strongly the ground that the revelation was not only permissible, but in some respects a laudable contribution to literary history, and maintains that Byron's position makes all revelations that throw light on his character desirable; and it says, as an illustration, that if Shakespeare had committed a brutal murder, nothing would be gained by concealing it. Now, we admit that any view which *Harper's Weekly* and Mrs. Stowe unite in taking with regard to such a question as the propriety of Mrs. Stowe's article is a respectable view, and entitled to respectful consideration; but it seems to us the view they have both taken is an incomplete one, in that they do not take into account the peculiar character of the offence with which Byron is charged. This is a delicate point to touch on, but it is one which it is impossible to avoid, if the subject is to be discussed at all; and on our way of looking at it must largely depend our opinion of Mrs. Stowe's article. That it might be lawful to publish bad things of Byron for the purpose of vindicating his wife we suppose nobody would deny; but then this concession has its limits, and these limits are determined partly by the nature of the charge brought against him, and partly by the nature of that from which it is sought to clear her. Now, the worst thing said of her was that she left him thoughtlessly or unnecessarily or unreasonably or heartlessly, and that she was a prude; but then enough was known of his life and habits when she left him to make those charges fall very lightly; and if they did her the least injury, they have been amply repelled by the forty years of noble living with which she has since met them, and by the growing popular detestation of Byron's character. In fact, by the time he died, what the world knew of him would have brought on her a far heavier condemnation for living with him than her worst enemies have ever cast on her for having left him. But, even if his habits outwardly were never so correct, the marriage relation is such that there may be a score of reasons, and good ones, why a couple should separate which neither of them is bound to reveal—or, at all events, not to the public—and about which it would be a gross impertinence for the public to occupy itself; and Lord Byron's being a great poet placed Lady Byron under no obligation to let the world know why she went back to her father's house. When a wife does this, she has a sufficient answer to all enquiries in the fact that she is in her father's house, and remains there. That Lady Byron suffered during her long and admirable life in the estimation of a single human being whose good opinion was worth having, either through her leaving Byron or through her refusal to state publicly why she had left him, we have never seen asserted, and we do not believe. Honor, love, obedience, and troops of friends followed her during the forty years of her widowhood, and stood about her at her death-bed. In fact, we doubt if any person in whose fate or history the public took the slightest interest has died within the last century who, in his last hours, had less need of making revelations or offering explanations than she. Consequently, as it seems to us, as far as she was concerned, Byron's memory might have been left as it was. The plea that it was necessary to expose him in order to diminish the influence of the Guiccioli book and his poems, we need hardly discuss; any publisher's opinion on that point would settle it in half a minute.

If we are correct in all this, of course the bringing of *any* charge against Byron was unnecessary, and in some respects undesirable; but there are special reasons, drawn from the nature of the charge actually made, which, as it appears to us, forbade its production, unless for the purpose of removing some equally heavy stain on somebody else's reputation. The circumstance that he is dead may be left out of account. One dead man's memory is, from the highest point of view, no more valuable than that of another, and not nearly so valuable as the character of living persons; and the charge against Mrs. Stowe of having played "the hyena rooting among the graves," etc., is simply puerile. But the crime of which she accuses Byron is one against which society seeks to protect itself by treating it practically as a crime without a name—monstrous, unnatural, execrable. It is one the punishment of which is left almost wholly to public opinion, with which the law is unable to deal effectually; and one of the most powerful of the sanctions by which society seeks to guard against it is the preservation of silence about it; the relegation of it, like parricide amongst the early Romans, to the category of almost impossible things—of things which people not only do not allow themselves to discuss, except in scientific circles, but which they do not allow to be presented to their imagination as amongst the contingencies of family life. No other defence against it could even be half as effectual as this one; and the reasons ought to be weighty indeed which induce anybody to weaken this defence by placing it before the world as a reasonable and proper topic of literary or other discussion, and as a crime committed by a great genius, whose books are in every young man's and woman's hands, and committed by him without forfeiting the admiration of the world. We need hardly say more to mark what we conceive to be the

distinction between it and the crime of murder, which *Harper's Weekly*, in its illustration, supposes Shakespeare to have committed; and we pass over the element of time, which enters largely into all problems of this kind. We might ask, too, what would the world have lost if it had never heard this tale? What dark place in history would have remained unexplored? What human life would have been less happy; what interest of humanity would have suffered? Every fact is surely not valuable simply because it *is* a fact; its bearings and relations are what we have to consider in estimating it. To the principal actors, too, in the sad drama of Byron's life, their reputation here, and the amount the world knows of their doings and sayings, and its opinion of them, are now amongst the most insignificant of considerations. They care as little about them as about the newest opera or the latest Paris fashion, and must view with sad surprise the way our pens and printing-presses and telegraphs are working over them; but their friends and descendants do care, and care a great deal.

We must say, however, before finally quitting the subject, that the deep abhorrence of Mrs. Stowe's indiscretion—to use no worse term—displayed by some of our contemporaries who are usually not very particular what they publish themselves, and, in fact, have never been known thus far to refuse to publish anything for any other reason than that it would not pay, shows there is a large amount of latent virtue in the newspaper world, and that the people who profess to be shocked by the unbridled license of the press ought to be ashamed of themselves. It is, we confess, exceedingly gratifying to us, both as philosophers and philanthropists, to find what a large number there is of papers usually called "sensational" which could not have been induced to publish Mrs. Stowe's revelations for love or money. They must draw the line somewhere, and it seems they draw it at incest. It is hard, no matter what theologians may say, to extinguish the love of virtue in the human soul, though we admit that the way Messrs. Fields, Osgood & Company are making money by the article is enough to kindle righteous indignation in the breasts of the most depraved lookers-on.

THE AMNESTY—GOVERNMENT ENCOURAGEMENT OF ART.

PARIS, August 20, 1869.

THE amnesty has taken everybody by surprise, and produced the best possible effect. People who were the Emperor's intimates in early youth, and who have seen comparatively little of him during the last few years of his empire, affirm that, left to himself, this general condonation of political offences was precisely what was most natural to him, and precisely what he would have spontaneously done; only, they who know him so thoroughly add, "He is so utterly without all genuine will of his own, that it is just exactly that which comes naturally to him that he does *not* do, simply because he is overruled, and made to do the reverse by some of the stronger-willed individuals who surround him." Luckily, in this circumstance he was overruled completely by the new Minister of the Council of State, M. de Chasseloup Laubat, a thorough Liberal of the Orleans school, and ex-Minister under Louis Philippe. M. de Chasseloup, being firmly backed by Prince Napoleon, carried his point; and the amnesty has been granted, not only in the completest possible conditions, but in the most perfectly constitutional form; it being the first act of the Imperial Government which bears the collective signature of the whole Ministry. This, in fact, replies victoriously to the question of "Cabinet or no Cabinet?" Here you have, not one or more ministers representing for a purpose, or for a period, the Emperor's own personal policy, but the whole Ministry honestly trying to carry out what the national will has imposed upon them. There is a "cabinet" in France, which has not been the case since the year 1851.

The feeling created by this wise measure was really needed to counterbalance the gloom suddenly thrown over last Sunday's *fête* by the death of poor Marshal Niel. He died on the eve of the very anniversary itself—he, the Minister of War—the man whose duty it was, under pretext of glory, to drain France of her gold and blood, in order, by dint of monstrous standing armies, to keep alive the Bonapartean prestige and perpetuate the chances of victory. Just at the hour when the hundredth anniversary of the modern Attila's birth was sought to be commemorated with the utmost solemnity, the French War Minister dies! Well! the man's functions were an anachronism—he represented theories and creeds which are rapidly fading away—but the man himself is a loss; for he was upright, honest, straightforward, and will not be satisfactorily replaced. There is one man who could far more than replace him; but he is just the man who will not be called upon to do so. I allude to General Trochu, the author of the work entitled "L'Armée Française," which, in less than a year and a half, went through twenty-four editions, and has done as much as your own great war and Prussia's success at Königgrätz to modernize the military notions of Frenchmen touching standing armies. But Trochu is looked upon with suspicion and dislike by all the Emperor's *entourage*, and it is highly improbable that (unless great fear imposed his nomination) he should ever be raised to any responsible situation. It is of comparatively little consequence who (among the *traditionalists*) is named War Minister; for, as I have more than once taken occasion to state, war is henceforth impossible. Baron Beust is the last—not believer in, but—dreamer of anything of the kind. His sagacious rival, M. von Bismarck, is far too clever, and too large-minded, and too foreseeing, not to know that France will allow of no war to prevent the German races from uniting when they resolve to do so. However, the game of "playing at soldiers" will endure some years still; and for the requirements of that expensive and useless pastime, Marshal Bazaine, the "Mexican hero," or General Fleury, the hero of the *coup d'état*, or General Montauban (Count Palikao), the free-handed hero of Pekin, will do as well one as the other.

A great discussion has been going on about the maintenance or abolition of the Ministry of the Household and Fine Arts, and at last things have been left *in statu quo*. There is a good deal to say upon this point, and the proper form is certainly not yet found for the utmost degree of encouragement to be afforded to art and to artists in this country. The great difficulty is, as in every country, to decide between the impartial and the technical. If at the head of any Government institution intended to foster art you put a man technically educated, he has no end of preconceived ideas, he is full of prejudice, and (worse) he has favorites of all kinds and sorts—favorites theoretical and personal; and the injustice he commits at every turn is quite enormous. On the other hand, if you take a man utterly untechnical, because you suppose he will be more likely to be genuinely impartial, you fall commonly into the sins of ignorance and omission. The two systems may be seen working together here to perfection, and each succeeding equally ill. At the head of the arts of painting and sculpture has been placed M. de Niewerkerke, a most amiable, agreeable, pleasant man of the world; but, unluckily, a dabbler in sculpture, and, like most amateurs, a lover of facile and unelevated art. The harm done to the French pictorial arts by M. de Niewerkerke's administration is incalculable; the whole level of art has been vulgarized, lowered; and the only artists worthy of the name during the last fifteen years are the few who dare render themselves conspicuous by their open hostility to the *surintendant*. Here you have the inconveniences of the technical functionary.

In Marshal Vaillant, the Minister of Fine Arts and of the Emperor's Household, you have the finest possible example of the untechnical or impartial administrator. The Marshal is utterly ignorant of anything in the whole domain of art, and has certainly no *parti pris*, no preconceived ideas, no favorites; besides which, he is honesty, and justice, and impartiality itself. Well, for all that, he succeeds no better than his subordinate of the pictorial department, and literary art is threatening to fall as low in France as its sisters of music and design. It may be that the "way out" will be found here, as elsewhere, in absolute freedom, and that the best way to "encourage" art will be found to be to leave it completely to the mercy of the public. What tends to make one believe this is the conduct of the great uneducated public on the days of "*les représentations gratis*." One of these took place as usual last Sunday at the Imperial theatres, and I had the curiosity to witness it. The theatre I chose was the Grand Opera, and the performance was that of "Les Huguenots." I will not attempt to describe to you the aspect of the house, though that is one of the most interesting spectacles that can be imagined; but I will merely state what is the amount of critical sense shown. I have numberless times and in various countries seen "Les Huguenots" given before what are termed polite audiences, but never have I seen its most refined beauties appreciated as they are by this "*public des faubourgs*." Not a phrase of Madame Miolan's exquisite style escaped them, not one of Faure's "lights and shadows" of declamation. They seized everything, and *never* applauded in the wrong place. The strange thing was that they seemed less moved by the loud choral or orchestral masses than by the more delicate and refined passages, and I was told by those of the administration that this was always so. "This public," said one *habitué* to me, "gives the other a severe lesson: these people judge for themselves and never err; the others require a *claque* to guide them."

Correspondence.

BYRON'S MYSTIFICATIONS.

To the Editor of the Nation:

Sir: In support of your theory of the origin of the Byron scandal—a theory which has also been mine—I venture to call your attention to an article from "Under the Crown," republished by *Littell* Feb. 13, 1869. The writer, who signs himself "Octogenarian," was a schoolmate of Byron's at Harrow, and intimate with him there and afterwards till Byron's final departure from England. He spent at one time several weeks at Newstead Abbey, and, though he himself took orders and lived "an almost solitary life in a country curacy," saw Byron not unfrequently in London, and corresponded with him constantly. The whole article is exceedingly interesting, and has doubtless been read by many of your readers. But the trait in Byron's character described in the concluding paragraphs may not be remembered. If, as appears probable, the whole terrible charge rests on Byron's "confession," it will easily be seen from the following how much reliance is to be placed on such a "confession." The writer says:

"There was hardly an offence of which he would not, with perfect indifference, accuse himself. An old schoolfellow, who met him on the Continent, told me that he would continually write paragraphs against himself in the foreign journals, and delight in their republication by the English newspapers as in the success of a practical joke. Whenever anybody has related anything discreditable of Byron, assuring me that it must be true, for he heard it from himself, I always felt that he could not have spoken upon worse authority, and that, in all probability, the tale was a pure invention. If I could remember, and were willing to repeat, the various misdoings which I have from time to time heard him attribute to himself, I could fill a volume. But I never believed them. I very soon became aware of this strange idiosyncrasy; it puzzled me to account for it; but there it was—a sort of diseased and distorted vanity. The same eccentric spirit would induce him to report things which were false, with regard to his family, which anybody else would have concealed though true. He told me more than once that his father was insane, and killed himself. I shall never forget the manner in which he first told me this. While washing his hands and singing a gay Neapolitan air, he stopped, looked round at me, and said, 'There always was madness in the family.' Then, after continuing his washing and his song, he added, as if speaking of a matter of the slightest indifference, 'My father cut his throat.' The contrast between the tenor of the subject and the levity of the expression was fearfully painful—it was like a stanza of 'Don Juan.' In this instance, I had no doubt that the fact was as he related it; but in speaking of it only a few years since to an old lady* in whom I had perfect confidence, she assured me that it was not so; Mr. Byron, who was her cousin, had been extremely wild, but was quite sane, and had died very quietly in his bed. What Byron's reason could have been for thus calumniating not only himself, but the blood which was flowing in his veins, who can divine? But, for some reason or other, it seemed to be his determined purpose to keep himself unknown to the great body of his fellow-creatures; to present himself to their view in moral masquerade; and to identify himself in their imaginations with Childe Harold and the Corsair, between which characters and his own—as God and education had made it—the most microscopic inspection would fail to discern a single point of resemblance.

"Except this love of an ill name—this tendency to malign himself—this hypocrisy reversed, I have no personal knowledge whatever of any evil act or evil disposition of Lord Byron's. I once said this to a gentleman† who was well acquainted with Byron's London life. He expressed himself astonished at what I said. 'Well,' I replied, 'do you know any harm of him but what he told you himself?' 'Oh! yes—a hundred things.' 'I don't want you to tell me a hundred things; I shall be content with one.' Here the conversation was interrupted. We were at dinner—there was a large party—and the subject was not again renewed at table. But afterwards, in the drawing-room, Mr. Drury came up to me and said, 'I have been thinking of what you were saying at dinner. I do *not* know any harm of Byron but what he has told me of himself.'"

L. R. W.

Cambridge, September 3, 1869.

THE CHINA MERCHANTS.

To the Editor of the Nation:

Sir: An article in the *Tribune* of Aug. 31, entitled "How we should deal with China," takes occasion to insult our American merchants in that country by stigmatizing them as "that class of persons" who "are essentially narrow-minded, selfish, and grasping;" and applies to them the rhetorical flourish of Burke, that "their ledger's their Bible, their desk their altar, their counting-house their temple, their money their God;" and that if there is any class of evil counsellors whom an American minister to China ought to avoid, it is this one.

The *Tribune* has long been established in this city; and its editors ought to know that many of our best citizens came from and are still identified with "that class," and that their general intelligence, respectability, and humanity are at least equal to those of the *Tribune* editors, while they are much better qualified to say "how we should deal with China."

It is very common for the *Tribune* editor to apply the term of "liar" to those who have charged him with having said or done that which he deems offensive or untrue. I, of course, would not follow such a bad example, but simply say to him, in the most explicit manner, that his opinions of the American China merchants are most unfounded; that his mode of expressing them is unbecoming and vulgar; and that his remarks on the China question betray an ignorance of the subject that is, when joined to so much arrogant confidence, simply ludicrous.

A China Merchant.

Sept. 4, 1869.

THE HARVARD "RAH."

To the Editor of the Nation:

Sir: It has been my fortune to have heard much cheering in the various English-speaking lands. To my ear, there is no sound more inspiring than that of frigate cheering frigate, while the boatswain's whistle calls time, or the natural outburst of a body of young men animated by *esprit de corps* and accustomed to cheer as one. It would be hard for that matter to improve much upon the Harvard cheer of twenty years syne. But, on the other hand, it would not be easy to invent a cry more pert and tinkling than the "rah! rah! rah!" which infests but does not resound from the banks of the Charles to-day.

The original English are in some sense connoisseurs in the art of cheering. Their opportunities for observation and practice in that particular have been neither few nor small. How impressive the "rah" must seem to them we can easily conceive. Is it possible to repress a smile in favor of the *Times* reporter on reading his account of the great race? "The Harvard crew jump away and are putting forth wonders of power. The Americans in the two steamers are wildly excited and give a peculiar cheer—'Ah! ah! ah!' . . . . Once more, however, 'Ah! ah! ah!' burst from American lips, but the dreaded enemy crept on, got fairly abreast, and forged ahead."

The history of the "rah" is as follows: When the lists of "parts," mock or real, for exhibition or commencement is publicly read in the College-yard at Cambridge, it has long been the custom to cheer, ironically or otherwise, at the name of each recipient. As there may be forty or fifty names read, and the interest in each is often small, the long hurrah was frequently lazily abbreviated into "rah! rah! rah!" It must be admitted that the "rah" is well fitted for the emotionless service which gave it birth. But in an evil hour, some fifteen years since, it occurred to the collegians that they had better accept the amendment and make it a standing rule, and thus these "residual leavings" came to molest the public ear.

If a distinguishing cry be really necessary for the use of their college, as possibly it may be, cannot the Harvard men be induced to invent something to meet the actual requirements of the case without resorting to a cheer devoid of life and beyond the pale of human sympathy? But in any event—whatever the Harvard men may think or say of their practice or their style—let it never again be told of the rest of us Americans that, standing in the midst of a foreign throng, with the world breathless in expectancy, while a handful of "ours" pull gallantly to the front in spite of odds the most appalling, we can find no cry to express our emotions but only "Ah! ah!"

F. H.

Boston, Sept. 4, 1869.

[Our correspondent is mistaken, we think, as regards the length of time during which the cry he complains of has been in use. It certainly is not fifteen years since we heard a decent lung cheer from a crowd of Cambridge students. The three cheers used to be quickly given, but the single cheer was not shortened.—Ed. Nation.]

Notes.

LITERARY.

Messrs. J. B. Lippincott & Co. add to their list of new books, American and English, the following: "One Poor Girl, a History of Many," by Mr. Wirt Sikes, who has been a habitual student of some of the bad and miserable stages of life in this city; "Trees, Plants, and Flowers—Where

* Mrs. Villiers, Lord Clarendon's mother.

† The Rev. Henry Drury.

and How they Grow," by Mr. William L. Baily, whose book is likely to be clear, interesting, and sound; "Compensation," a novel by Anne Brewster; "Christ and the Scriptures," by the Rev. Mr. Adolph Saphir; "Personal Experience of Roman Catholicism, with Incidents of Convent Life," by Eliza Richardson, whom we take to be an Englishwoman, and who is also the author of a book similar to this one—a book entitled "The Vail Lifted; or, The Romance and Reality of Convent Life;" "The History of Freemasonry from its Origin to the Present Day," by J. G. Findel, who is a Mason himself, and whose work has the prefatory endorsement of Brother D. Murray Lyon; "Alfred the Great," by Thomas Hughes; and, finally, "Masterpieces of Living English Painters," which is a collection for presentation purposes of twenty-six autotype reproductions, taken from the best engravings, of celebrated pictures, and which contains also descriptive letterpress. We should mention here that Messrs. Lippincott & Co. have made arrangements which give them exclusive control of all Washington Irving's works, and that they will issue an edition—simultaneously with the English issue—of the *Sunday Magazine*, a liberal and good magazine of its kind, and one to be recommended to families—Christian or otherwise—as very readable, instructive, and well illustrated. Rev. George Macdonald is one of the contributors, and Mr. William Gilbert, who is more purely a story-teller—a man who has the old and almost forgotten liking for stories as mere stories—than any one we now think of, is another regular writer for the *Sunday Magazine*. The editor is Dr. Thomas Guthrie, who is perhaps a better editor than author.——Messrs. G. P. Putnam & Son have in preparation "Letters from the East," by Mr. Bryant, as well as a new edition of the same author's "Letters of a Traveller;" "The Mystic Bell, a Tale for the Young Folks," by E. J. Kuntze; "Green-houses and Green-house Plants," by M. Field—the preface by Mr. Bryant; "Mr. Secretary Pepys and His Diary," by General James Grant Wilson—a work of which we seem to recollect that it was published some two years ago; "On the Edge of the Storm," a novel by the author of "Mlle. Mori;" and—better than any of these—"Letters from England and Italy," by Mrs. Nathaniel Hawthorne.——Messrs. Macmillan & Co. have in press Dr. F. E. Anstie's "Neuralgia and Diseases which resemble it." Last week, in our mention of the authors whose names are to be found in Macmillan & Co.'s list, the reader will find Dr. Anstie's name appearing as Austin. Another small error of the types in the same paragraph makes us say that Mr. Freeman, the historian, is the author of "Ecce Homo." The comma after "Freeman" should be a semicolon. It is not any longer denied, we believe, that the author of "Ecce Homo" is Professor Seeley, of the London University. The same house have for the young people and their parents the good news that Mr. Carroll, the author of "Alice's Adventures in Wonderland," has written a companion for it, which is to be called "Behind the Looking-glass"—a place where, obviously, many marvellous things may readily be discovered, especially if the right person goes to look. "The Stranger of Seriphos" is a new book of poems by a Mr. Broome, who is not known to us. Other works announced by Macmillan as in a state of preparation are Hozier's "Campaign in Abyssinia;" Huxley on "Strong Drink," and, by the same author, "Lay Sermons" and an "Elementary Geography;" "Old Tales Re-narrated," by Henry Kingsley; Colonel Higginson's "Malbone;" a Life of the Earl of Shaftesbury, by Mr. Christie; "Woman's Culture and Woman's Work;" a Life of Galileo; Dr. Galton's "Hereditary Genius;" several school-books; these three volumes to be added to the "Globe Editions" of classical authors—namely, "Spenser," "Dryden," and "Cowper;" and three to be added to the "Golden Treasury Series"—namely, Mr. Thomas Browne's "Religio Medici," Professor Masson's edition of Milton, and the "Book of Satires," selected by Mr. Hooper.——Messrs. Bill, Nichols & Co., of Springfield, Mass., will soon make their first venture in the publishing world by putting their imprint upon an autobiography of John B. Gough, the temperance lecturer—an auspicious beginning, we should think, so far as the treasury of the new house is concerned, and not inauspicious in any respect.——Messrs. Leypoldt & Holt have in press and nearly ready a work by Professor Raphael Pumpelly, entitled "Across America and Asia," being an account of five years' travel and residence in Arizona, where Mr. Pumpelly had some exceedingly rough experiences with wild miners, in Japan, and in China, in both of which countries he spent some time in the employ of the Government, and from the latter of which he travelled overland to Europe by way of Mongolia and Siberia. The same firm will publish Mr. H. Sutherland Edwards's "Life of Rossini," which will be enriched by Doré's picture of the maestro on his death-bed—a picture not in the market, we believe; and Ehlert's "Letters on Music," translated by Mrs. Fanny Raymond Ritter.

—By reason of their close relations with the best writers of this country and England, the reading public always expect the fall list of Messrs. Fields, Osgood & Co. to promise a treat, and the treat promised this fall is one that we suppose even this house has never before equalled. First in interest is a volume from Mr. Lowell, entitled "Among My Books," which will contain some of the critical essays which their author has contributed to the *North American Review*. It can hardly contain them all, for it is to be a 16mo we see by the advertisement; so it is, no doubt, safe to begin grumbling at once. Four or five such essays as the "Dryden" would fill up any reasonable 16mo, and we suppose some of the lectures on more abstract literary subjects are to be left out. However, we are not likely to be unthankful for what we do get. The Rev. Mr. Samuel J. May, the veteran and venerable Abolitionist, who probably knows the people and events of the anti-slavery struggle as well as anybody in the country, if not better, writes a volume of "Recollections of the Anti-Slavery Conflict." This should be supplemented by other works, which could easily be made by any one of the old anti-slavery army; especially the comic and humorous side of the struggle should be given; some of the reformers were queer enough creatures, and some of them have a sense of the humorous—a gift that reformers, we fear, are not often blessed with—which would qualify them for giving us entertaining books as well as contributions to the history of the times. Mr. May's reminiscences, or some of them, have already appeared in print in a journal of the denomination to which he belongs—the Unitarian. "The Literature of the Age of Elizabeth," which, after being delivered as lectures at the Lowell Institute, appeared in the *Atlantic* from month to month, is now put into book-form by its author, Mr. Whipple, whose merits and defects as a critic are tolerably well known. Miss Anne Isabella Thackeray's complete works—"The Village on the Cliff," "Five Old Friends," "From an Island," and other stories equally good—are to be published in two volumes. "This is not the first time," Miss Thackeray writes to the firm, "that I have to thank you for thinking of our interests in America;" so the edition is "authorized," and will be treated accordingly, we suppose, though the war is not over yet between the Harpers and Fields, Osgood & Co. "George Eliot's" novels are to come out—have indeed already begun to come out—in volumes uniform with the "Household Reade" and the "Household Thackeray," which have been so successful in satisfying the popular wish for a uniform edition of the works of these favorites. The "Adam Bede," which is before us as we write, seems free, or nearly so, from a small defect which its predecessors had—a narrowness of the back margin of the pages, on account of which the reader, in order to get at the ends of the lines, had to bend the covers of the volume with bad results to the stiffness of the back. "Too Bright to Last" seems to be an English novel, as it is to be printed from advance sheets, but by whom it is we are not told. The late President Felton's "Greece, Ancient and Modern," a readable book, is to appear in a one-volume edition. "The Secret of Swedenborg" is by Mr. Henry James, and will get the best attention of philosophical religionists and of many metaphysicians; and if it does not also need their best attention, it will not be Mr. James's, for he is abstruse. "Army Life in a Black Regiment" is by Colonel T. W. Higginson, who formed, if not the best, at all events one of the earliest, and decidedly one of the most amusing, of the colored regiments. It was recruited from the Sea Island field-hands, and contained several "geniuses" whom Colonel Higginson, as his *Atlantic Monthly* papers bear witness, knows how to make more or less entertaining. The life, also, was a strange one. Our readers will recollect the "Charles Dickens Edition" of Dickens, in fourteen volumes; it is now to be put into seven volumes, each containing from sixteen to twenty of the illustrations. And Mr. Emerson's works, everybody will be glad to hear, are also to undergo compression, and be published in a cheap edition of two volumes, which will contain all the prose works. This gives us three volumes in one, and the size is duodecimo. Stopford Brooke's life of F. W. Robertson and his own sermons will appear in one volume each. Volume I. is announced of Professors Agassiz's and Hartt's "Scientific Results of a Journey in Brazil." Professor Hartt does the geology and Professor Agassiz the natural history of the fishes. What to expect of Mr. John D. Sherwood's "Comic History of America" we do not know; curiosity will be satisfied in November, however, if it can be held in that long. "Miracles Past and Present" is by William Mountford, a writer better known in Boston, and among religious preachers of advanced liberal views, than elsewhere and by other people. Of "Juveniles," Messrs. Fields, Osgood & Co.'s list contains some that are very good. Mr. Aldrich's "Story of a Bad Boy" is excellent, so far as we have read it in *Our Young Folks*, and so is Mrs. Diaz's "William Henry

Letters." "The Fairy Egg" we know nothing about; nor of "A Child's Dream of a Star," except that it is Mr. Dickens's, and therefore likely to be good. Miss E. S. Phelps has written a story for children which she calls "The Trotty Book," and which the publishers declare ought to be as popular among the young people as her "Gates Ajar" has been among people of matured years. This latter work, by the way, goes into an illustrated red-line edition, and will be sought after as a gift-book by thousands more than the thirty or forty thousand who already have read it. We should have mentioned among the books for adults the Rev. Mr. Edward Everett Hale's new volume. "Sybaris and Other Homes" he calls it, and it is pleasantly satirical on modern American ways of living, as our readers know who recollect the papers as they appeared in the *Atlantic*.

—In books of Poetry, Messrs. Fields, Osgood & Co.'s catalogue is of course strong, but we have to record new editions of works well known rather than much that is new. Mr. Bryant, however, translates the "Iliad," and gives us this year the first twelve books. And the "Vagabonds," by Mr. J. T. Trowbridge, is new—at least as a volume, and probably as regards some of the poems; and wholly new, we suppose, is the ill-named "Uncle Sam Series" for children. It consists of four volumes of verses by Mr. Stedman, Mr. Stoddard, Mr. Bayard Taylor, and Mr. Trowbridge, who each fill a thin paper-covered volume with a ballad. Mr. Stedman does "Rip Van Winkle's Nap," and we hope he put off the composition of it till Mr. Jefferson came with inspiration for him, as indeed he might to many a poor poet. Mr. Taylor does "The Ballad of Abraham Lincoln," Mr. Stoddard "Putnam the Brave," and Mr. Trowbridge "The Story of Columbus." The illustrations are in colors, and the covers of the volumes are to be gaily illuminated—Mr. S. Eytinge, jr., and Mr. Alfred Fredericks being the artists. Mr. Gerald Massey's book is also wholly new. The rather singular and almost infallibly unhappy title of it is "A Tale of Eternity, and other Poems." But for the rest, the announcements of poetry are all of old poems in fresh forms, except that, no doubt, the new "Atlantic Almanac" will have some new verses by some one or other of its contributors, who are Mr. Lowell, Mr. Howells, Colonel Higginson, Mr. Trowbridge, Mr. Hale, Miss Kate Field, Miss Phelps, Dickens, and Thackeray—who probably furnishes some recently unearthed scrap—the firm intending to publish everything of his they can find. Mr. Lowell's complete poetical works are to appear in the "Diamond Edition" form, in various bindings, and at various prices, from a dollar and a half up. All of Whittier's poems are going to be issued in a two-volume edition, to be called the "Merrimac," as a two-volume Tennyson, which this house publishes, is called the "Farringford," from the poet's residence. There is also to be a profusely illustrated selection from Whittier's writings, which will be called "The Ballads of New England." The publishers say that it will be "the most beautiful holiday book ever produced in America," and perhaps it will. Longfellow's poetical works go into a "Red-line edition," complete in one volume, with twelve illustrations, and, besides this cheapest of illustrated Longfellows, there is to be "The Building of the Ship," with twenty pictures, designed by Hennessy and Gifford, and engraved by Anthony and Linton, and a new and cheaper edition of the translation of the Divine Comedy. Owen Meredith's "Lucile," the success of which ought to persuade him to leave off poetry, and take to novel-writing, goes into one more of its numerous editions. Tennyson, complete, is to be put into a Globe Edition—a duodecimo—for a dollar and a quarter. It is to be printed from new plates. "The handsomest and cheapest illustrated Scott" is a "red-line" small quarto, with twelve illustrations, and, bound in cloth, it will cost four dollars and a half.

— It seems that there was some mistake in the announcement that Mr. George William Curtis will be among the contributors to the *College Review*, which has just been started. He is compelled to decline compliance with the requests of editors in almost every case.

—The English market has been almost barren during the last fortnight, so far as regards works in Science, Fiction, History, Biography, and Poetry; and most of the books which we are called on to mention are such as may best be classed as Miscellaneous. A Mr. Wrascall Hall has published a volume of poems, of which the chief is a drama called "The Curse of Creeds." "Creeds Cursed out of the Way, or Two Lovers made Happy in a Twelvemonth," would be a better title for the poem, according to one of Mr. Hall's critics. The hero wishes to marry the heroine, it appears; but she has some scruples as to wedding with a gentleman who positively, not to say violently, declares that if there is anything he does not like, it is religion. Hereupon the hero leaves her; but, by-and-by, he comes back, and, by dint of much strong language, turns her from piety, and convinces her that she is all wrong. Then they marry. Two forthcoming books of Biography are the "Life of Jane Austen," by the Rev. Mr. J. Austen-Leigh, the novelist's nephew, and the "Life of Mary Russell Mitford," by the Rev. Mr. Guy L'Estrange. Both will have interest; and Miss Mitford's, properly done, could not fail to be pathetic, and to take its place among the most enduring records of woman's fortitude and self-sacrifice. She was thus much, at least, of "a Sancho Panza in petticoats"—as some woman, without much discrimination, once called her—that she was faithful for many years of trial to a man whom she thought herself in duty bound to serve. Her father made her life a long and painful struggle, which she bore without complaint. Exactly how to classify a work by Mr. J. S. Stuart Glennie we do not know. Doubtless it has an equal right to be considered history or fiction. Its title is "Arthurian Localities;" and the author's object is to prove the not new hypothesis that Arthur was so far from being a southwest of England hero that he was a Scot, and did his fighting and won his glory in the centre of Scotland. "The Lay of Havelock the Dane," re-edited by Mr. W. W. Keat, we may put down as poetry; and so, also—with mental reservations—the three ballads by Mr. J. Harrison—one called "The Clipper Screw," one "Maximilian," and one "Trafalgar." A book which, probably, we may safely put under the head of fiction is one by the author of "Margaret and her Bridesmaids," and is described as "a novel and yet not a novel"—a description which for some time has been of wide application to the works of contemporary novelists.

—Among the Miscellaneous books, several are interesting: "Nationality, or the Law Relating to Subjects and Aliens," is by Chief-Justice Cockburn, and deals with the subject with a view to future parliamentary legislation upon it. "A Treatise on Punctuation, and on other matters relating to Correct Writing and Printing," may possibly be of service to authors, though we imagine its good influence will most likely reach their works through the medium of proof-readers rather than in any more direct way. Numismatists will desire a book—to be issued in five or six parts, by Mr. J. Russell Smith—which treats of English coins of all denominations, from the Conquest to the present time. Two lectures by Mr. W. B. Hodgson we think we have not mentioned before; they deal with the questions of "The Education of Girls, and the Employment of Women of the Upper Classes." Messrs. Gustave Doré and Blanchard Jerrold are said to have been making a systematic exploration of the low districts of all London, for the purpose of producing an illustrated book—"it is whispered, of the gloomiest nature." Mrs. E. Lynn Linton, who is certainly the writer of some if not of all the *Saturday Review* essays on woman as she ought not to be—but perhaps sometimes may be, if girl-of-the-period essays keep on appearing—has written, it seems, several essays for the *Broadway*, which are much like the more famous ones but are rather milder. These have been collected into a volume entitled "Ourselves," which Messrs. George Routledge & Son have recently issued. "The Antiquities of Heraldry" is by Mr. William Smith Ellis, who imposes on himself the task of making it manifest that modern heraldry embodies, or is derived from, the most ancient religious symbols and military devices and the emblems of the heathen deities of antiquity. The cross he traces to the phallus, we are told. To expect a writer on symbolism to keep his eye on the things signified rather than upon the sign would be to prepare disappointment for one's self. Mr. W. Carew Hazlitt has recently edited a collection of proverbs and adages, and has once again received praise for very good workmanship and called down on himself blame for his abuse of other workers in the same field. Agriculturists will be interested in Mr. J. J. Mechi's "Profitable Farming," which has for its second title "Latest Agricultural Sayings and Doings; with Balance-Sheet from June, 1867, to April, 1869." Of Mr. Edward Arber's reprints of old English works, the latest volume is Nicholas Udall's "Roister Doister," which is edited from the unique copy in the library of Eton College. At Bury St. Edmund's there has just been discovered a letter written by Sir Isaac Newton to Mr. Ffolkes, in which the philosopher gives what seems to be a full account of his discovery of the law of gravitation, and in which there is made no mention at all of the most celebrated save one of all apples. There begins to be general doubt, therefore, if the common story has any foundation in fact. A much praised book, in which science is said to be worthily popularized, is the volume of essays read before the British Medical Association at Oxford last year. They are the work of Doctors Acland and Rolleston, of Oxford; Dr. Gull, of London; and Dr. Haughton, of Dublin. Medicine as it is and the future of medicine were, respectively, the subjects treated of by the two gentlemen last-named, and their papers, as well as

those of their fellow-associates, appear to have been very well fitted not only for the comprehension of their medical brethren but that of the general public. We are apt to speak disparagingly of "the popularization of science;" but every year it becomes more evident that such is the immense increase in the extent and intricacy of each branch of scientific research, that it is not for the general public merely, but for the various classes of scientists also, that science must be "popularized." Before long an entomologist, say, talking *qua* entomologist—not popularizing his talk—will be no surer of an intelligent audience when he addresses accomplished geologists or able chemists, than when he is addressing able-bodied stone-breakers or strong-headed drysalters.

—Among Theological or Religious books recently published in England, or soon to be published, there are a few which have value and interest. The Rev. Mr. G. Bartle writes "The Scriptural Doctrine of Hades," in which he makes enquiry into the state of the righteous and the wicked between the time of their death and the time of their rising from the grave to undergo the general judgment, and seeks to prove, from the Bible, that the atonement for the sins of mankind was not made in this world, on the cross. Mr. Bartle believes in a Purgatory—or rather in a Hades—where souls, existing in a state which is neither completely happy nor completely miserable, await the sentence which consigns them to a perfect Heaven or an utter Hell. In Mr. Robert Baxter's "God's Purpose in Judgment," it is contended that the theory of the annihilation of the wicked, and the Universalist theory of final eternal happiness for all men, are both untrue. Odder, we dare say, than anything in Mr. Baxter's book is the fact that a citizen of the religious world should think that within that world either of these theories exists in sufficient strength to make it worth while to attack it. Among men who are not to be classed as religious there is plenty of Universalism—in a sense; and there is also plenty of Annihilationism; but as sectarian beliefs, neither of these aberrations from orthodoxy is now of any importance at all. We have already once mentioned Mr. Charles Hastings Collette's "Reply to Cobbett's One-sided History of the Reformation in England and Ireland." Mr. Collette, "using simple facts," answers Cobbett's "low, vulgar, and virulent abuse," and proves that many of his so-called "facts" are not facts. The question ceases, however, to be one of past facts—as Cobbett, if he were now living, would no doubt be very sure to tell Mr. Collette. The Rev. Mr. Isaac Williams is the author of two volumes of sermons which now go into new editions—one entitled "Female Characters of Holy Scripture;" the other, "Characters of the Old Testament." Of use to students of the New Testament will be the Rev. Mr. Wm. Pound's "Story of the Gospels," showing in a new translation their unity. Not only an English, but a Greek "harmony" is presented in Mr. Pound's work.

— Ignorance of America has not yet quite ceased to be a part of a good English education. It is true that American affairs and ideas every day get more and more of the respectful attention of Englishmen; and that every day the number of Englishmen increases who do not believe, with Mr. Carlyle, that we over here are all "going to hell" straight; and that there is an increasing number of Englishmen who, though they concede the truth of Mr. Matthew Arnold's proposition that the United States is the Paradise of Mediocrities, yet, even after they have made that dreadful admission, venture to doubt, openly, if there are not one or two dreadful admissions for Mr. Arnold also to make. Still, the time has not come yet in the inchoate America on the other side of the water for Americans and American affairs to expect from the average British subject a perfectly intelligent treatment. Naturally, the intercollegiate boat-race has brought this truth into prominence, and the British press has lately been saying several things calculated to infuriate good American citizens very much. There was, for instance, the letter written to the *Times* the other day by the bow-oar of the Oxford boat. After mentioning the undeniable fact that Oxford had given Harvard a beating, it proceeded to say that the beating might have been a good deal worse if it had not been for this, and that, and this other cause. Are gracious things of that kind so easily done unless one feels a rather supercilious dislike and contempt for one's defeated antagonist, and wonders a little at his impudence? We trow not. Then the *Saturday Review*—not at all uncivilly, however—favors us with what seems an imaginative account of Harvard University—one which, if it is not imaginative, gives us painful assurance that not yet has it occurred to the giants of Gath and Askelon to inform themselves thoroughly concerning Cambridge in Massachusetts. Harvard men wear caps and gowns, it appears, and do many other things not known to the American public. Then again we have our friend, Mr. Thomas Hughes, congratulating Harvard on having "produced" Professor Agassiz, who, the fact is, was produced "in the beautiful Pays de Vaud," as an American Doctor of Laws, recently created such by Mr. Hughes's own Oxford, has given all the world to understand. Then, finally—not to make too long and humiliating a list—there is a correspondent of the *Anglo-American Times* who tells the editor of that journal that it was not fair "to select from a nation like the United States a crew to compete with a mere university," evidently supposing, the editor says, that "'Harvard' was the name of a professional crew selected from the continent, something like the Wards." We can't all be Englishmen till after the Millennium; but luckily there are enough of Englishmen even now to do pretty well a chief duty of the race—console one for not being English.

OUR OWN BIRDS OF THE UNITED STATES.*

This is the somewhat awkward title of a good-looking little volume of two hundred and sixty pages which comes to us from Philadelphia, in the latitude of which it seems to have been written. We do not remember having before seen the author's name in connection with ornithology, and this little book, pretty and convenient as it is, stamps him as a judicious compiler rather than an original observer. It is smoothly and pleasantly written, and contains much general information about our birds; but it smells of the library rather than of the fields and woods, and has little of the charm and fascination, and few of the characteristic marks and features, which belong to the great works from which most of its material has been drawn. It is only fair to say, however, that the book does not assume to be a new contribution to ornithology, but aims "simply to present, in a concise and familiar manner, to the youthful reader some interesting facts relating to the birds of our own country." But we fear the youthful reader will suspect that it is a device to insinuate knowledge into his head, and will find it very dry reading, or will lay it aside altogether for books that smack more of the real article, like Bumstead's "On the Wing" or Halsey Thrasher's "Hunter and Trapper."

It would seem to require quite as much genius, and much more tact and address, to popularize any branch of science, especially to make it win upon the attention of the younger class of readers, than it does to succeed in a more learned and profound way. Young as well as old love freshness and the savor of real things; and a subject presented in such general terms as to be shorn of all picturesqueness and special interest—which is the manner of most concise and familiar treatises, and to which the book before us is hardly an exception—usually goes a-begging with both. A compilation, or even a graceful presentation, of the main facts in the lives of our birds will not suffice. A writer on ornithology who would win the ear of old and young must go to the fields and woods and tell his own story, and tell it with genius and enthusiasm—must avail himself of all the accessories of scenery and place and personal adventure, and give us a live bird and not a dead image. It is not because Audubon's facts are facts that his page is so vivid and entertaining, but because they are Audubon's facts—a world of acute and original observation borne along on the stream of a copious personal experience and adventure; and it is the cost and voluminousness of his works alone, as of those of Wilson, that create the demand for a cheaper and more concise treatise. Cheaper and more concise it must be; but a less picturesque and winsome narrative, or a page with less hearty love and appreciation of the subject, we do not want. Tried by such a test, none of the recent attempts seem to us to possess much merit. Some expectation was excited by Samuels' "Ornithology and Oology of New England," but, aside from its quotations and appropriations, it had little value, and is thoroughly unreadable. If some enterprising publisher would bring out a new edition of Nuttall's work, which is now entirely out of print, and which is prized highest by the best judges, the public would have within its reach both an agreeable book and a valuable manual of ornithology.

Still, we would not judge too harshly the work before us. The reader might pay dearer and fare worse. Any young person devoted to the study of our birds, and who needs no spur from others, but only guidance, will find in it much help. It is illustrated by over fifty wood-cuts, containing the figures of about seventy of our more familiar species, the majority of them strikingly good—so good, indeed, that there seems no excuse for the few bad ones. The cuts of the red-start, the blue-bird, the song-sparrow, the cedar-bird, the oriole, are hardly recognizable. Neither can we praise the figure of the robin—the attitude of which is that of a chicken afflicted with the gapes. The full-paged illustration of a pair of ruby-throated humming-birds is also open to criticism. According to the scale

* "Our Own Birds of the United States. By William L. Baily." Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1869.

adopted in drawing the branch and the foliage of the picture, one might take these figures to represent some large new species of snipe, while the nest would accommodate a barn-fowl, though it is doubtful if even a shanghai could deliver itself of such eggs. But the cuts of humming-birds a page or two further on are excellent, as indeed are nearly all the rest of the figures in the book. Perhaps we ought not to except the frontispiece, which represents our national bird with so much the look of a goose about the head and face—and a stuffed one at that—that we are heartily ashamed of him, and inclined to discredit all the author has written about his haughty spirit and bold flight.

The system of classification adopted is, for the most part, that of Lilljeberg, which divides the class Aves (the primary system of Figors) into three sub-classes, viz., *natatores* (aquatic), *ur sores* (terrestial), and *incessores* (arboreal); and though readers of the older ornithologists will be a little perplexed to find cuckoos and parrots placed in the same order with the woodpeckers simply because the arrangement of the toes are the same in each, yet in the present unsettled state of the science, when every system of classification, like an ill-fitting shoe, pinches nature at one point or is too loose at another, it answers the purpose very well.

As Mr. Baily has written with the hope that his book would stimulate the reader to further and independent enquiry upon the subject of ornithology, it seems to us that if, in so small a work, he had covered but part of the field, dealing in less general remark and encomiums upon the works of nature, and given us more pointed and graphic pictures of the lives of our everyday birds, following them into their haunts, and identifying them to us by some characteristic trait or call, his success would have been much greater, because the final value of such a work is in proportion as it lets the reader into the special delights and atmosphere of the subject, giving a charm and a significance to what before was passed by unnoticed.

CURRENT FRENCH LITERATURE.

It is now more than half-a-century since the name of M. Guizot appeared in French literature, and he is still to-day a successful and vigorous writer. One of his latest works, "St. Louis and Calvin," is sufficiently known through a translation to our reading public to dispense us from any notice of it here. His last published work is "Mélanges Politiques et Historiques." Its preface bears date May, 1869, but the seven essays comprised in it appeared at intervals from July, 1816 ("On Representative Government"), to September, 1828. In thus republishing political pamphlets more than forty years old, M. Guizot disclaims any motive of personal vanity or "an old man's mere caprice." "I have lived too long," he says, "and have but too well experienced the rapid decay of everything—books, men, and governments—now to harbor the pretension of occupying the attention of the present with a vanished past. But among the facts and political problems which agitated us in France forty years ago, there are some—and these the gravest—that bear an intimate analogy with those of to-day. The dominant feature of the actual situation," continues M. Guizot, "is, evidently, an effort to emerge from the régime of dictatorship, and enter upon that of active liberty, and the efficacious influence of the country upon its government. I say dictatorship, for such is the true name of what is to-day called 'personal government.'" This is plain speech; and the preface continues with an admirable sketch of the attempts made from the period of the first Napoleon down to the present day to obtain constitutional guarantees for France.

But if the language of M. Guizot be plain, that of another French writer of to-day is yet plainer, although veiled by the text of a history as old as the sway of the Cæsars. The writer we refer to is M. Beulé, the author of a work on "The Emperor Augustus, his Family and his Friends." The reasons are very clear why such a work, well executed, should receive special attention in France just now—or, for that matter, at any time within the past fifteen years. Augustus is not the only emperor designated as "the nephew of his uncle." Until within comparatively few years, the Augustus known to France was the sovereign portrayed by the flattering Virgil, and who, attired in the more modern drapery of Corneille, has challenged the admiration of successive generations of Frenchmen. But the Augustus depicted by M. Beulé is a different personage. Here we see him as he lived and governed, with his cunning attitude and physiognomy, cruel whenever his interests did not dictate moderation, without the brilliant faculties of the great Cæsar, but—to use a telling phrase of Jules Favre—clever in corrupting for the sake of reigning, and clever in noiselessly introducing the machinery of despotism into the Roman world. Not only Augustus, but Livia, his wife, Julia, his daughter, and Mecænas and Agrippa, his lieutenants and counsellors, are admirably portrayed by M. Beulé. And with the same wonderful fidelity with which he presents Augustus, M. Beulé has also reproduced Tiberius. In this portraiture of Tiberius—a study in psychology and philosophy—we are made to see not only the individuality of the tyrant, as manifested in his despotism, but also the influence of unrestrained imperial power upon the individuality. Following the career of the successor of Augustus, noting his character before he inherited empire, and his violence and debaucheries as soon as he obtained possession of that heritage, we have a revelation of the effect of tyrannical power on him who wields it.

M. Beulé has continued this double historical study of imperial personages and imperial morals in another work just published, "Le Sang de Germanicus" ("The Lineage of Germanicus"). It is, properly speaking, a series of portraits, grouped under one title. The author's introduction presents the main idea of his work somewhat thus: "I have been severely criticised by some persons who refuse to admit the general application of my judgment upon Augustus and Tiberius, and who cannot grant to these special cases the value of a demonstration. 'Your severity for these emperors,' say they, 'is at once unjust and purely personal in its application. The faults of these two great personages make a case against them, but not against the theory they represent. Human inferiority should not be allowed to compromise the majesty of power. Augustus is a parvenu, the result of civil war; Tiberius an intruder, deformed by the tyranny of Augustus. Neither of these souls was developed in the charming cradle, the serene atmosphere, the vivifying clearness of supreme power.'"

To this the author replies:

"History serves us admirably, for she gives us a series of emperors who can satisfy all the exigencies of the problem. Born in the purple, grown up under the shadow of the throne, idols of the crowd, favorites of the soldiers, they are all the issue of excellent and noble parents, the descendants of the republican Drusus, the honorable Antonia, the honored Germanicus, the proud Agrippina. The blood that flows in their veins destines them to virtue, to popularity, to sacrifice. Ardently beloved, these princes promise Rome the delights of the golden age. Such qualities as theirs must be hereditary, and may be expected to increase sovereignly, and grow over a universe prostrate in love. Even as we select for the race the noblest breed of animals, we take the issue of a family eminently liberal, in which genius, uprightness, disinterestedness, humanity, and respect for the laws are traditional, and in which liberty counts her martyrs. And yet the lineage of Germanicus has been more fatal to mankind than the race of the most execrable tyrants; for it yielded without resistance to the test of limitless power, and produced egoists so formidable as to be compared to monsters. Of this lineage is the son of Germanicus, Caligula; the brother of Germanicus, Claudius; the grandson of Germanicus, Nero—in other words, a madman, a fool, and a poor actor, who become at once the butchers of the Roman people and the workers of irreparable political ruin. No demonstration can be more decisive against the defenders of 'personal power'; and it would almost seem as though in periods of decay and downfall virtue itself becomes the bait of servitude, and popularity a poison that acts against the country."

Although the moral lesson and the modern political teaching are distinct and clear, they do not in the slightest degree interfere with the historical fidelity of the author's painting. His satire is keen, but it is not written in his page; it springs up in the mind of the reader from the simple recital of facts and the telling force of his reflections. As we read, we plainly see that imperial modes of subjugation and servitude have an astonishing resemblance even although two thousand years apart; and such is the incisive actuality of some of these reflections that we apply them to a state of things much nearer to us than ancient Rome—as, for instance, when we read: "Revolutionists are those who sap the foundations of a state to assure their own usurpation, who violate the laws, make of the army an instrument of oppression, of the Senate a degraded tool, of free suffrage a falsehood, of the multitude a mercenary troop; and who penetrate the heart of the nation with corruption, lethargy, and self-oblivion. On the contrary, those who desire the maintenance of the constitution, the re-establishment of secular institutions, the grandeur of the state sought by a common effort, human dignity respected, the rights of citizens consecrated, the people attached to industry and honor as they are attached to their soil—such men have ever and always been the true, the only conservatives. The worst revolutionists are Augustus, Tiberius, and their successors." In the series of medallions forming this remarkable museum of the lineage of Germanicus, not the least interesting are the visages of women: Antonia, the widow of Drusus; Agrippina, the granddaughter of Augustus, and widow of Germanicus; Julia; the second Agrippina, the mother of Nero; and, finally, Messalina. The last would be an admirable portraiture were it not that Juvenal's great page on that woman,

which might be called a sketch in aquafortis, must for ever render weak any modern attempt to describe her. M. Beulé, to use a common phrase, sticks to his text. He makes no allusions to modern times or modern rulers, but he who runs may read. And in this respect there is no novelty in the idea of the book. The entire literature of France, we may say, is arrayed against the principle of the Empire; and the mine of Roman history has been worked with great skill and success for material against it. Some four years ago, Rogeard's remarkable pamphlet, "Les Propos de Labiénus," made its appearance, telling the story of the old Roman legionary, its hero, who had fought for the Republic, and who, living in the reign of Augustus, expresses himself freely concerning public affairs. All of it veritable Roman history, there was not a word concerning any man or matter subsequent to the age of Augustus, and yet its every line was vitriolic in its satire of an existing government and a living man. Its author could not remain in France after its publication, and was compelled to save himself by flight. Allusions to the age of Augustus have since abounded in France, and the keenest-eyed censorship is often at fault to detect them. This sort of imperial torment has increased, and the mounting tide of discontent has only been turned by the senatus-consultum of the other day. Even in a book so apparently innocent of political allusion as Renan's "Apostles" is found this biting sentence, which, after all, is a plain historical statement: "It seems that a decree issued by Augustus sought to define with precision the limits of the right of association and of assembling. *These limits were exceedingly narrow.*" You see that it was under Augustus, 1,900 years ago, that such a decree was rendered.

M. Nestor Roqueplan was for many years director of the French Opera. If he knows anything, it certainly is Paris and the Parisians, and he has written several works to prove it. His last is "Parisine." Some idea of its spirit may be obtained from the preface to the work. Here it is, entire:

> "*On dit: Strychnine, Quinine,*
> *Aniline, Nicotine.*
> "*Je dis: Parisine.*"

M. Philarète Chasles gives us "Encore sur les Contemporains, leurs Œuvres et leurs Mœurs," or disquisitions on a variety of subjects—Russia and Poland, The History of Caricature in Europe, Caricature in England and France, The Mexico of To-day, etc., etc. Although M. Chasles is an author who, as his countrymen would say, *sent le besoin d'écrire*, he nevertheless is always fresh and interesting, and has some information to communicate. He is familiar with English literature, and has done much to introduce a taste for it in France, and was one of the earliest of living Frenchmen to write pleasantly and not without a good degree of intelligence concerning the United States, which he visited, and through which he travelled extensively.

A handsome octavo is "Philosophie de la Société," an "Étude sur notre Organisation Sociale," by Paul Ribot, a lawyer, who announces the object and scope of his work in language which no one will be so hardy as to dispute: "Nothing is more important than principles. These granted, their consequences flow logically from them. If discussion continue indefinitely, and if it obtain no results, it is because principles are not appealed to, and the two disputants are in the position of two men armed with swords, which they flourish, but at too great distance to reach each other. Being reality, truth, principles finally prevail. They end by proving themselves right; which is not surprising, since they are right itself. Nevertheless, principles are despised. Superficial men make light of them. Practical men see in them nothing but vain and useless theory. And yet nothing is more powerful. They are the touchstone of all truth, and finally they guide the world." This book contains principles only—principles of social economy, government, instruction, social science, set forth as briefly as possible. The author claims the application of a new method to social science. And then follows this somewhat remarkable statement, which will show the spirit in which the book is written: "The only point on which I have permitted myself to put forth ideas which will appear extraordinary, and which may shock some persons, is apropos of the influence that Christianity must have upon society. To me it seems that it is Christianity that constituted it in the past and maintains it in the present; that law, science, civilization, everything, depends upon it; that not only is there in reality no opposition between it and modern societies, but, on the contrary, that they are themselves the productions and, so to speak, the flowers of Christianity."

An interesting book of travels by M. ——, Secretary of Legation, attached to the French Embassy to Persia, which the author calls "Trois Ans en Asie," should properly have claimed to be nothing more than three years in Persia. The usual route chosen by travellers from Europe to Teheran, the capital of Persia, is by Constantinople and through Asia Minor; but our author takes the circuitous and more interesting one by Malta, Cairo, Suez (*bien misérable, bien petit*), Djeddah (port of Mecca), Aden, Muscat, the Red Sea, the Persian Gulf, Bushire, Shiraz, Kazeroon, Ispahan, and Persepolis. The *Victoria*, a war steamer belonging to the English East India Company, appears to have been placed at the disposition of the French ambassador and his *suite*, and our author does ample justice of grateful record to the hospitality extended them. There was but one drawback—unfortunately a serious one. We all do know that the French diplomat is not more thoroughly possessed of his Puffendorf and his Vattel than of his Brillat-Savarin, and our author records his judgment that the education of the cook of the *Victoria* was, for an Englishman, admirable, but from the French standpoint *déplorable* (strong emphasis on the penultimate syllable). People are astonished—thus philosophizes our author—that the English contract so many diseases in India, and are immoderate in their use of blue pills. There is greater room to be surprised that they can resist a single year their *cuisine enragée*. Pepper, ginger, pimento, in all their forms, are omnipresent. And in order more easily to swallow these satanic mixtures (*ces mélanges sataniques*), they mingle port with porter, and "triple ale" (treble X) with rum and gin. "I confess that of all the dangers that await the Asiatic traveller, I rank highest, *sans contestation*, and reckless of the wounded susceptibilities of tigers, serpents, and reptiles, the Britannic dinners he is forced to undergo. They are not only poison, but torture to the uninitiated, and you rise from table martyred and dying of hunger." The dinners and breakfasts excepted, our secretary might have passed his life, he says, on board the *Victoria*. The general tone of the work is less energetic, however, although exceedingly readable. Of adventures there are positively none. Nearly one-half the author's four hundred and eighty-three pages are taken up with the journey to Teheran, where he remains for the rest of his volume and of his three years. We cannot say that the book makes any substantial addition to our knowledge of Persia already obtained from Elphinstone, Burns, Campbell, and Deskaye. The descriptions of various peculiar Oriental types—Lascars, Fellahs, Jews, Parsees, Mollahs, Dervishes, and Guebres—are well executed, and the chapters on Persian nationality and religion show observation and reflection. The author says that the loud and ostentatious Mohammedanism of the Persians is all put on—downright hypocrisy, in short, notwithstanding the passages of the Koran constantly in their mouths, and their profuse use of pious exclamations.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

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The Week.

THE noteworthy thing about the Maine election is the small figure made by the Prohibitionists at the polls, their candidate apparently not having got six thousand votes out of a total vote of almost ninety thousand. Considering the condition of Maine's two great industries, shipbuilding and lumbering, and the belief usually prevalent among men out of work that the "party in power" is at the bottom of any widespread financial distress, the Republicans must be said to have done remarkably well in Maine. The vote of the Prohibitionists—who doubtless were almost to a man Republicans—added to General Chamberlain's majority over his Democratic opponent, gives him this year about the usual Republican majority. The total abstinence men, it seems, have not been able to carry a single district, though they have aided the Democrats in taking away two or three from the Republicans, who, however, have in both Houses an overwhelming majority, which makes sad havoc of some laborious and minute calculations as to who should be Mr. Fessenden's successor at Washington.

Political business gets itself very quietly transacted in all the other States just now, as well as in Maine, unless we take account of the family fights among the Democrats in this city. The best opinion as to the first-begun of these contentions, the Tweed-Belmont affair, is that it has come to an end—Mr. Peter B. Sweeny having come home and ordered Mr. Tweed to keep quiet. So good Republican editors are no longer to be pained by the sight of much Democratic dirty linen; by hearing Mr. A. Oakey Hall declare that the editors of the *World* stayed away from the polls last November, and by hearing the *World* talk about "W. M. Tweed, A. Oakey Hall, and the other noted corruptionists of the ring." Mr. Sweeny is quite competent, we suppose, to restore peace in this section of the household; but there is another section which appears to be very refractory. There is a Democratic Union party, which, under the lead of Mr. Nelson J. Waterbury and Mr. R. B. Roosevelt, is making a disturbance which some people think means something good. Not much, we should say. Our unterrified friends have fallen out, to be sure; but we are not persuaded yet that honest men are to come by their own. The most that outsiders will get from the quarrel will, we take it, be a little light, curious rather than necessary, on the malodorous secrets of the New York Democracy. The *Citizen and Round Table* of last week contains some rather interesting revelations. Mr. Belmont, the Chairman of the National Committee, was, it appears, under "instructions" from the Rothschilds last fall; he acted as the humble and obedient agent and servant of that house, it seems, and not as a good fighting Democrat; probably he was traitorously privy to the *World's* famous "change of front" article, and so on; in short, he is no good Chairman, or Democrat, or anything. Then there is Mr. Sweeny himself, and Messrs. Connolly and Tweed, and their immediate friends—they are corruptionists of the first water, say the Democratic Union men; and as the *Citizen and Round Table* represents these gentlemen, they evidently are whetting the knife for Tammany as well as for Belmont. Clearly, we should say, there will have to be a little change in the distribution of some of the offices. We may safely leave it all to Mr. Sweeny, however; he knows whether he can trust to the strength of the harness, or whether he must quiet the team with fodder.

In Pennsylvania there has been some rather important work done rather quietly by the Democratic managers, and unless in the month that is left them before the election the Republican managers make some effective response to it, they may once more find themselves where they were in 1867, when bad local nominations were most likely the cause of the defeat of the State ticket, and Judge Sharswood was elected over Judge Williams. The first Democratic nominations for local offices in Philadelphia were bad enough—so bad that the Democratic leaders have been very much disgusted with the work of their subalterns, and were determined to undo it, and now there is a new "slate," inscribed with the names of merchants of the highest character and of young lawyers of ability and undoubted honesty. It looks like a ticket decidedly dangerous to Republican ascendancy in the city. And as the vote in the State is sure to be a light one, and as the city vote can be brought to the polls with comparative ease, a majority in Philadelphia will this fall be a particularly good thing to have. And now, what are the Republican managers going to do to meet this latest move—a move in itself most heartily to be praised, and all the more to be liked if it shall compel the Republicans to make a new Republican ticket good enough to beat the new Democratic? We do not hear of their doing anything. Yet there is no disputing the fact that in Philadelphia the party is to a certain extent demoralized by the quarrel that has been raging between Brewster, the Attorney-General, and Covode, the Chairman of the State Committee. Not the least of its ill effects is the discredit reflected upon Governor Geary, who is placed in the unfortunate position of a man who is quoted—in each case "by authority"—as being at one and the same time on two diametrically opposite sides of one question; and we do not know that Mr. Brewster's or Mr. Covode's veracity in the matter is seriously doubted.

Mr. Pendleton has made another speech on the state of the country, in which he sets forth what may now be considered the Democratic creed: that the country is anything but prosperous; that the Fifteenth Amendment is objectionable because it forces negro suffrage on the people of several States against their will, and because by the strongest implication it confers on Congress and reserves to the States the right to exclude persons of the white race from the ballot because of their nativity, or creed, or want of education, or poverty, while prohibiting the exclusion of another race simply. He denounced Chinese immigration fiercely, having a very low opinion of the Chinese; maintained that taxation was unequal, labor badly paid, luxuries taxed less under the tariff than necessaries; denounced the management of the Treasury, called loudly for the payment of the bondholders in greenbacks, and naturally is very much opposed to Mr. Boutwell's purchasing bonds at a premium. In fact, the speech may be summed up

by saying that there is nothing which the Government does, in Mr. Pendleton's opinion, which it does not do wrongly—as wrongly as possible; and the public debt ought to be paid in paper, and there should be no contraction of the paper.

The men are very few whom the country might not have better spared from its service than Senator Fessenden. He was not a man of what is called creative genius; as he himself said, he was naturally a doubter; he was not excellent as an administrative officer, and reluctantly accepted such trusts, but he was almost perfection as a legislator in the ordinary run of legislative business, though on great occasions he was not a leader. He knew what real leadership was, however; and thoroughly and even impatiently as he hated sham leadership and noisy pretentiousness of all kinds, he was never the man to refuse to serve when the fit leader appeared. He seemed to be without vanity; either he did not care who got the credit of what he did, or he was too proud to seem to care; and this indifference to applause, together with his hatred of incompetence, his high courage, a natural reserve of manner, his invincible unwillingness to postpone considerations of duty to any other considerations whatever, got for him the reputation of pride and coldness. In his case, as in that of many others of similar nature, this reputation was only in part deserved. His sufferings under blame at the time of impeachment were known by his friends to have been very acute, impassive as he seemed—so much did he value the affection which it was not in him to stoop to conciliate by unworthy means. It must be confessed that he had the fault of irascibility; but it must be remembered, too, that his so-called irascibility was often righteous wrath against some folly or rascality, and that whatever it was, it was increased very often, especially of late, by a peculiarly irritating disease. Senator Fessenden is doubtless not to be called a great man, able as he was, nor a man of wide culture in any field; but he was a man who has left to his country the legacy of a character and a career as lofty as that of any American who ever led a public life. And we may say that what he did is of small consequence compared with what he will do, for his example cannot but bear precious fruits.

The great nose-pulling case in Massachusetts continues to agitate the public of that State. A petition for the pardon of Mr. Curtis, signed by over three hundred persons, was presented to the Governor last week, and "argued" before him and in Council; but its prayer was rejected for one reason—and a very cogent one—because Mr. Curtis himself had not signed it. When one remembers that it was a trifling fracas in a railroad car between two persons, total strangers to each other, about a seat, one reads the articles and speeches on the affair with increasing astonishment. The *Commonwealth*, as we mentioned week before last, saw in the nose-pulling an attempt to establish "caste" in Massachusetts, and made a discourse on it—over a column long—in a curious vein of cantankerous theology and mushy morality, and other papers treat it with almost equal solemnity. The strenuous opposition offered to Mr. Curtis's pardon also shows that large numbers of persons believe great interests to be dependent on his serving out his term. In fact, their earnestness is only explicable on the theory that a deep and widespread conspiracy is believed to exist among the Boston nobles, having for its object the establishment of a nose-pulling oligarchy. If this belief be correct, the plot has been frustrated, partly through Mr. Curtis's haste, but mainly through the fearlessness and integrity of the judiciary. We see in one Radical paper, however, an intimation that Mr. Curtis's imprisonment is looked on as a divine judgment on the Curtis family for the share taken by the ancestors of the present defendant in trying to send back the Crafts to slavery twenty years ago. "It is a strange instance of Time's revenge," says this pious expositor, "that they who left Boston to escape slavery, with the Curtis family on their track, now return to find slavery dead and a younger scion of that family, innocent perhaps of the disgrace of his kindred, locked up in a Boston jail, with twenty millions of State Street and Milk Street property powerless to get him out! Truly, as old Bishop Hall verses it in the 51st Psalm," etc., etc. We doubt, however, if the real explanation of the matter has yet been hit upon. Many thoughtful persons have been struck by the closeness with which the nose-pulling followed or preceded—we forget which—the late eclipse, while others are disposed to connect it with one of the magnetic storms which are now known to ravage the face of the sun. The scientific men will doubtless take the case up, now that the lawyers have done with it.

The horrible accident in the Avondale mine is exciting a good deal of attention, but we fear that if anything is done to guard against the recurrence of similar disasters, it will be owing to the exertions of the miners themselves, who are quite numerous enough to affect legislation. The public has a way of forgetting all about such catastrophes within a week of their happening which makes it almost useless to call its attention to them. They furnish a text for a few newspaper articles or a few sermons, and there the matter ends. It must be confessed that a mining accident rarely occurs for which the managers are so plainly to blame. What has happened is apparently something of this kind: A long narrow hole of great depth is dug in the ground, and through it two or three hundred men are sent into a capacious mine, having this as their only communication with the world above. Over the mouth of it and at the bottom of it a large quantity of highly inflammable materials, in the shape of thoroughly dried wooden buildings and stores, are collected—so inflammable and so exposed to conflagration that we venture to say few insurance offices in this city would take a risk on them. This done, the lives of all the miners are entirely dependent on the chance of the buildings and so forth not taking fire. Should they do so, ventilation is cut off, and there is no chance for those below. The remedy seems simple enough, but it is expensive—and that is, to have more than one shaft. The miners can, if they please, and the public ought to help them, bring about legislation providing for state inspection of mining operations, and this class of subjects would furnish a much more profitable material for the discussion of the labor conventions than the currency or the national debt or the interest on capital. The statute-books of all the States bristle with precautions to guard people against being *swindled* by mining, insurance, and other companies, but protection for people's lives there is hardly any. In this State, if a bank or insurance company is found to be conducting its affairs in such a way as to imperil people's property, it is wound up at once; but a railroad or mining company may conduct them in a way to put hundreds of lives in jeopardy every week, without any interference on the part of anybody.

The Cuban Junta have subscribed $20,000 in "bonds of the Cuban Republic" for General Rawlins's family. Doubtless, they believe in the bonds themselves; but, considering the facility with which these instruments are issued, we think they might have made the donation twice as large. We may add that the good taste, to say the least, of presenting Mrs. Rawlins with securities whose only value lies in their constituting a kind of advertisement of a political movement, before her husband had been laid in his grave, is more than doubtful, and will wear to many persons the look of an attempt to "help the cause" rather than to minister to her necessities.

Tom Hughes has written to the New York *Tribune* a short letter, giving his views about the Harvard and Oxford boat-race. He ascribes the result as in great part due to the fact that the Harvards had no coaching from the outside, the consequence of which was want of uniformity of stroke. This coaching cannot be done by anybody in the boat, and he thinks the American crew has learnt a lesson on this point it will not forget. He says, too, that the Harvard crew did not look so well on the morning of the race as when he first saw them, a fortnight before, which he ascribes to the Putney air, but says nothing of the milk and currants that have been so much talked of—perhaps because he had not heard of them. He says the struggle for the first two miles was extraordinarily brilliant—on the part of Harvard particularly—that he never saw the like of it, and never expects to see it again; but that when Oxford drew ahead, and Harvard began to pull wildly, the Harvard want of coaching became clearly apparent; the mechanical part of the science here became all-important, and Harvard showed itself want-

ing in it, and lost. He says a good word for the much-abused coxswain. For the first mile and a half his steering was, Mr. Hughes thinks, equal to that of the Oxford boat, and his first and chief error was committed in the decision of a very difficult point, on which it was almost impossible for a stranger steering over a peculiar and difficult course not to err. Considering how important the steering turned out, and how hard it was, even with a man given up to it, the Harvard plan of steering in their old way on the Thames seems impossible of execution.

Mr. Charles Reade—not an authority on rowing, as Mr. Hughes is—more than confirms Mr. Hughes's statement as to the American crew's being overtrained and not "fit." He says further that the Oxford men "pulled all they knew" from the start, and did not "wait" for Harvard as they do sometimes for Cambridge, and that Harvard pulled the handsomer stroke of the two. Mr. Edward King, who has written very well about the crews and the race in the Boston *Journal*, and in whom, as a practised observer, we have confidence, adds his testimony to the effect that it is nonsense to say that the Oxford men were not at all distressed at the finish. Boating men in this city are inclined, we observe, to keep their faith in the Harvard stroke. But will it do for four miles and a third?

The question, Who is to fill Mr. Ross Browne's place in China? is receiving some discussion. Mr. Greeley has announced solemnly that he will not take the place, and now Mr. John Bigelow is talked of with just as much reason. The account given by some of the papers of the kind of man wanted for the post must be amusing reading to the class of men from whom the successful candidate will be taken. He must be "able," and "independent," and "far-seeing," and "magnanimous," and "humane," and "progressive," and, above all things, he must entertain a hearty contempt and distrust for his own countrymen in China—"the selfish traders," etc.—each of whom probably knows more of China and the Chinese than the Minister will know after ten years' residence. We recommend that, under all the circumstances, a minister of the right sort be advertised for. That is the way to get a first-class man. If a selection is to be made without advertisement, we should think a good place to pick would be among the sinologues who have been abusing Ross Browne in the columns of some of our daily and weekly contemporaries. Judging from their articles, if the Administration really desires its ambassador to possess a minute acquaintance with Chinese laws, manners, policy, and with the principles and facts which ought to regulate the intercourse of Christian and pagan nations, it will not have much difficulty in finding one amongst these gentlemen. Prince Kung will hardly venture to play any pranks under their eyes; and if he does, a scathing and fluent rebuke in his own tongue, garnished with quotations from the works of Confucius, will soon bring him to reason.

A demand for the revival of protection in England, got up by an association of "Revivers of British Industry," has excited a good deal of attention in this country, as well as on the Continent; but far more than the importance of the movement merits. In fact, its attracting any notice at all is due to the fact that for the last twenty years nobody has ventured to say a word for protection for fear of being laughed at. It had no more defenders than the Ptolemaic system of astronomy, and the announcement now that there is an association organized to agitate in its favor, under the stimulus of great popular suffering, is therefore odd enough to make people talk about it; but the oddity is due simply to its feebleness. Moreover, its prominent men are old protectionists, who have since 1847 been cowed into silence, but draw courage enough from the general suffering to raise their voices once more. They might as well, however, clamor for the restoration of the Heptarchy. Their main argument, it seems, is that British imports are worth more than British exports; but as this is true of every manufacturing and trading country in the world, and has done duty now for nearly two centuries, it produces little impression. It is very like saying that A. T. Stewart must be going to ruin because for thirty years the goods leaving his store have been worth more than the goods brought into it.

The absorbing topic of discussion just now in Europe is the French Emperor's health. It seems to be conceded on all hands that he has the rheumatism; and the points on which the gossips differ are its gravity, and the organs it has attacked, and Nelaton's opinion of the case, and the Emperor's opinion of Nelaton. However, the conviction seems to gain strength, and is now almost fixed, that a complete recovery is not to be hoped for, and that the real disease, even if not fatal before long, will seriously interfere with the Emperor's active participation in public affairs. He is sixty-one years old, and was, during part of his career at least, a *viveur* of no mean pretensions, and has reached the period when early "fastness" begins to tell. Some of his best advisers—Morny, Fould, and Niel—are gone, and his own nerves are clearly shaky, and Prince Napoleon has just made one of those bids for popular favor in a speech in the Senate which makes the path to be pursued by the Prince Imperial and the Empress, in case of the Emperor's death or severe illness, darker than ever before. The young man reviewed the army recently at the camp at Châlons; and he seems to have borne himself well, and looked manly and critical, and produced a good impression; but the whole effect was spoiled by a courtly order, issued the following day by General Bourbaki, in which he said his Imperial Highness "was well satisfied with the appearance of the troops." This raised a laugh, as well it might; for the French army has got long past the point of being gratified by the approval of a child.

The French senatus-consultum, embodying the "concessions" recently made to the Liberals, has been published, but does not differ in any important particular from what was promised. The power of initiating laws is reserved to the Emperor and the Lower House, and the Ministers are responsible, but can only be impeached by the Senate, and may be members of either Chamber, and may speak in both. These are really important changes. So is the concession to members of the Corps Législatif of unlimited right of "interpellation" in asking questions of the Ministry. The budget is to be voted item by item, and legislative consent is hereafter to be necessary for all postal and commercial treaties, which involves almost certainly the abrogation or serious modification of the treaty with England. Jules Favre, and other members of the Left, are said to be sufficiently satisfied with the senatus-consultum and the amnesty to be willing to bury the hatchet, and enter on their duties in a conciliatory spirit towards the Government. But then the concessions are such a patent abandonment of nearly every principle on which the Bonapartist dynasty based its claims to popular support, that the opinion gains ground in France that it cannot long survive them. If, after all, constitutional government is the only government possible for France, why retain a family on the throne which has won all its fame as its deadly enemy?

We spoke last week of Mr. Grant Duff's curious fears lest the Chinese market for Indian opium might be spoiled. A report from the English Consul at Canton shows that these fears are not altogether groundless, though what he says has little in it to console those who are opposed to the cultivation of the drug on moral grounds. It appears that the native article has for some time past been improving in quality and quantity, and is now equal to the best Indian variety, and in the interior already beats the Indian drug through its cheapness. He says, moreover, that if the Indian seed be introduced into China, the native opium will soon be, and the Bengal product will have no chance at all, as the Chinese will be able to manufacture just as well as the English and Hindoos.

The cause of female education is making progress in some odd places. A female normal school has been established at Poona, in India, and one of the English ladies taken out by Miss Carpenter takes charge of it. Moreover—and this is far more wonderful—two Bengalee ladies of good family have applied for admission to the Calcutta University. When this spirit begins to show itself among even Hindoo women, we may feel sure that the days of tyrant man's dominion are nearly numbered, and that he will before long assume his proper place in the creation he has done so much to deface.

THE ALLEGED DISSATISFACTION WITH GRANT.

Harper's Weekly made some comments last week on a subject which seems to be just now exciting a good deal of attention from a portion of the press, and that is, how much time the President of the United States ought to spend in travel and at watering-places in summer, and whether he ought to spend any, and whether President Grant, in spending as much as he has done, has not given signs of great baseness. *Harper's Weekly* attributes the abuse of him which the matter has called forth to the passion of the American public for what it calls "the large white wigs;" that is, the public love of a perpetual flow of "rhetoric and flap-doodle, and what is very commonly and expressively called 'squirt.'" Grant is a silent man, who hates fuss, and jabber, and all pompous and formal modes of doing business; he neither magnifies the functions of government with classical illustrations, like dignified and sonorous John Quincy Adams, nor fortifies authority with a slap, a bang, and a bouncing oath, like the "ignorant, imperious, violent, and vindictive Andrew Jackson." Consequently, every time he takes the train, or climbs a mountain, or takes a plunge in the surf, dozens of editors drop on their knees, roll up their eyes, wonder what is coming next, and pray heaven to take special charge of this deserted and betrayed people.

There is no doubt there is a great deal of truth in this theory of the causes of the outcry against Grant. People would not stand any longer a stiff and stately President like Washington, with his *grandes et petites entrées*, his times, and seasons, and ceremonies; but they do like a kind of President who is in reality far more objectionable—that is, a President who devotes himself night and day, body and soul, to talking to people about politics. It would be very curious—and we recommend the task to some of our students of manners—to trace the effect of railroads on the typical American politician. Fifty years ago, when it took a fortnight to get to Washington from Boston, or two months to reach it from Tennessee, the Congressman or Senator had a comparatively easy life. He saw but few of his constituents, either during the session or in his vacations, and he had plenty of time for reading, for the society of his choice, and for reflection. He was, if he pleased, a good deal alone, and when he had business to attend to he could attend to it thoroughly and heartily. Since the extension of the railroad system, all this is changed. No man who intends to devote himself to politics now can shut himself up in his room, or, in fact, take any time to himself whatever. The one condition of his success is that he shall deny himself to nobody, and that in the earlier portion of his career he shall "see" as many people as possible, and in the latter portion be seen by as many as possible. From the moment he wakes in the morning till he goes to bed at night, he is occupied either in exchanging "views" or "considering claims." Crowds from all parts of the Union constantly surround him. The result is that his looks, his tones, his gestures, adapt themselves to his way of life. He thinks comparatively little himself, and soon loses the habit of thinking, being absorbed in finding out what others are thinking, and turning it to account. He smiles mechanically, talks and shakes hands mechanically, displays a mechanical interest in everybody's affairs, pays mechanical compliments, and covers his weariness by a kind of fixed oratorical expression, and gazes at his visitors with the distant, vague, generally-distributed look with which the orator surveys his audience. The result is that the public has come to look on him as in some sort a talking machine, and is almost shocked if he gives evidence of any personal tastes, likes, dislikes, or peculiarities. They pardon his going on a journey if he makes a "few remarks" from the platform of the cars at all the leading stations, or from the balcony of his hotel, and "receives" every night in a hot parlor. He dares not avoid a bore, and the bore, when running him down, feels that he has the American people at his back. He dares not refuse to "state his views" on any topic that may be presented to him, because this would argue either stupidity or meditated treachery. He hardly dares to close his bedroom door at night; for do not the European aristocrats do the same? and who knows at what hour of the night a citizen may want to consult him?

Now, for the last twenty years our Presidents have all been drawn from this class, and have not been the best members of it either, by any means. Mr. Lincoln belonged to it, and though his fine natural qualities enabled him finally to get rid of most of the defects of his training, they marred an otherwise splendid Presidential career. The amount of time he lost—time too precious to be estimated by any human standard—in mere palavering with jobbers and adventurers about "their claims;" in hearing the "views" of local politicians, who, under a better system, would never have got access to him at all, is not, and never will be, known. He almost wore himself out, while the nation was bleeding at every pore, in considering the petty interests of the pettiest individuals. Grant, not having been bred a politician, has not their manners, and is entirely ignorant of the arts by which popularity is preserved and a show of *busyness* kept up by them. Moreover, he is an unusually silent man, which also tells against him, as a readiness to talk has become almost inseparably associated in the public mind with ability, not in politics only, but in every field of activity. Two of us hardly ever get together to arrange concert of action on the smallest matter, without "organizing"—that is, without one of us getting into a chair in the middle of the room, and the other taking his stand six or seven feet away from him, and haranguing him—that is, taking ten minutes to express an idea which might be expressed in five.

There is no doubt whatever that there is much truth in what the venerable Horace Binney said some years ago, as to the prejudicial effect on the mind of this apparently excessive use of the tongue, but we suspect its advantages on the whole overbalance its disadvantages. Much talking involves, at least, deliberation and a diffusion of interest, and can rarely be safely dispensed with under a popular government—hostility to it rarely showing itself, as we so often see in the abuse of the previous question in Congress, except when there is something to be "put through" which won't bear examination. Still, the general habit of it does beget suspicion or dislike of silent statesmen—a disposition to believe that unwillingness either to talk much one's self, or "sit under" other people, means indifference to or dislike of business, which is precisely the accusation that is now current against the President, though we have never heard of a single fact in the shape of neglect of duty to warrant it. There is one style of attack on him current just now of which it is difficult to write without indignation. A good sample of it is afforded in the charge which certain journals have been flinging at him incessantly during the last few days, of having been so absorbed in his own amusement at the watering-places as to have wilfully neglected the summons to the death-bed of his friend General Rawlins till it was too late. There is not and never has been a particle of doubt that the cause of his failure to reach Washington in time was partly the non-delivery of telegrams—a very natural and ordinary incident, such as occurs to everybody every day, and partly the sending of telegrams which were not accurate—a not unnatural occurrence considering that half-a-dozen times General Rawlins had been suddenly brought as low as he was in the first part of his last illness, and yet had recovered and gone all but immediately about his work again. Grant's most striking characteristic is his devotion to his friends—a devotion which he has since his election carried, in our opinion, to the point of excess, and which has, in fact, furnished materials for most of the abuse with which the very papers which now tax him with neglect of General Rawlins have been loading him during the last six months. The *Sun*, which has been the most active of his assailants since last April, capped the climax last week by announcing that "without Rawlins there would have been no Grant," or, in other words, that it was Rawlins who won the battles of which Grant got the honor. The *Sun* was never weary up to the time of Grant's election, however, in proclaiming his unsurpassed if not unequalled military ability, so that it now appears that not only has he made a bad use of his political patronage, but that his military reputation, of which the *Sun* was one of the loudest trumpeters, was a mere sham.

There are worse things than this to be observed, however. Grant's Administration has not only made bad appointments, but probably some of the worst ever made by a civilized Christian government. On this point none of his friends and admirers, and we count ourselves amongst the number, can deny feeling deep and bitter disappointment. One or two of his selections for high public positions have really worn

the appearance of "a negation of God," as was happily said of King Bomba's government—that is, of a deliberate denial that there was a moral order in the world, and that virtue and vice, good and evil, were anything better than creations of the poet's fancy, good enough to sing of and write essays on, but which no man of affairs was to be expected to treat as realities. This is bad enough, in all conscience, but what is worse and most repulsive is that among the names of the persons whose pens are now busiest and tongues loudest in abusing the President for maladministration, and who affect most sorrow at his absence from a friend's death-bed, one finds those of men who cordially recommended the appointments which have most disgraced his Administration and most shocked those who have honored and trusted him. There may be ways of showing greater contempt for the popular conscience and understanding than all this displays, but we are glad to say we do not know what they are.

FALL PROSPECTS.

The merchants of the city generally give a rather favorable account of the present condition and immediate prospects of the fall trade. Certain kinds of goods are scarce and maintain their prices, Southern buyers are laying in liberal stocks, and the conceded abundance of our main crop staples leads every one to anticipate a healthy demand from all other sections. In spite of this buoyant feeling in commercial circles there must, however, be, for some reason or other, a great disturbance in our general national activity; for we find that, apart from city merchants, complaints of dulness and unprofitable trade far exceed anticipation. In looking over the daily papers for two or three weeks past, for the purpose of confirming the results of our own enquiries, and enabling us to give intelligently our usual fall discussion, we are surprised to find how many and how strikingly unfavorable facts we have unconsciously gathered. We cannot do better than reprint in logical order the principal of our extracts, many of which have, no doubt, been already noticed by readers of the daily papers:

"At a meeting of mill-owners and others interested in the lumber trade, held at Williamsport [Pa.], yesterday, it was resolved that but one-half of the usual stock of lumber be cut and manufactured for 1870."

"At Machias, Me., there is estimated to be a three years' supply of logs for all the saw-mills up and down the river. Lumber-dealers complain of a harder season than has been known for ten years. Real estate is much depreciated, and can be bought for 25 per cent. less than two years ago."

"The Lowell cotton-mills are endeavoring to close their establishments for three weeks, in order that stocks may be diminished and prices advance to a remunerating rate."

"The cotton factory at Harrisburg suspended operations for a time on Saturday last."

"Some of the New England mills have suspended operations, and the large mills of Fall River contemplate running on short time until trade assumes a more encouraging aspect."

"The origin of the coal-miners' strike unquestionably was the production of coal in excess of the demand, and consequent decline in the price to a figure at which every ton raised involved somebody in loss."

"There are at this moment strikes among plate-printers, coal-miners, ship-builders, journeymen tailors, and shoemakers."

"Along the Hudson River many brickyards have suspended operations owing to the low price of brick."

"The number of unoccupied houses in this city is greater than at any season since 1861."

"There are more dwellings and stores to let than at any time for several years past. The demand for new buildings is limited, and there is a prospect of a further reduction in wages."

"Real estate in Philadelphia has experienced a considerable decline. There is a glut of houses in the market."

"Real estate in San Francisco is far less salable than it was six months since, and outside lots are totally unsalable."

"The woollen goods market is decidedly dull, and heavy stocks are on hand."

"We have a magnificent crop of wheat, unsurpassed, if ever equalled, in quantity, and wholly acceptable on the average in quality."

"Last fall, red wheat in the interior of Michigan was $2 25; this summer, the same wheat sold at $1 25."

"Acres of berries are left unpicked; wagon-loads of the finest melons are left in the field or fed to cattle; apples, tomatoes, and other articles of the crop are left ungathered, because it does not pay."

"Western merchants complain that trade is in a very unsatisfactory state."

"Freights are so low that the canals of this State cannot now be navigated at rates that will pay."

"The rates at which freights are now carried on all the through lines are daily involving the carriers in loss."

"The Common Council of Chicago authorized the increase of the police force to the extent of seventy-five men. Commissioner Littsworth informs me that within three days there were over 3,000 applications."

"The number of beggars who bar one's progress or invade one's dwelling or office for alms is steadily on the increase."

"The total number of persons receiving out-door relief during the last year in Philadelphia was 85,322."

The foregoing are about one-half of the facts of a similar tenor gathered during the last three weeks from four daily papers—the *Times*, *Herald*, *Evening Post*, and *Commercial Advertiser*. They all point in one direction: abundant crops, abundant stocks of goods, plenty of houses, lumber, bricks, building material, coal, plenty of railroads, canals, mills, and mines, but yet a general want of prosperity, generally unprofitable business, and a large number of people unemployed.

What does it mean? Have we produced too much coal, too much lumber, too much wheat, and too much of other crops of the field? Have we woven too much cotton and woollen cloth, built too many houses and mills and railroads and canals? Can it be that we have produced too much? Can we produce too much?

There can be but one answer to this question. We can never produce too much. As long as one human being on the face of the earth hungers or thirsts, we can never produce too much food. As long as one human being suffers cold, we can never produce too much coal. As long as one human being sleeps homeless and houseless on door-steps or under shelter of the trees, or breathes rheumatism and ague from damp cellars, or breeds pestilence in crowded tenements, so long we can never build too many houses. So long as one poor child wears rags, we are not producing cloth enough. So long as one human soul thirsts after joy or knowledge, or one human body in vain seeks comfort, so long must it be evident that there is not joy or knowledge or comfort enough produced by our labor, and all men must strive on to produce more. Yet everywhere men seem to be engaged in diminishing production. Coal-miners seek to force a diminished production of coal by strikes. Lumbermen seek to force a diminished production by agreement. Cotton-printers seek to force a diminished production by suspension of labor. The whole Southern press is filled with urgent advice to the planters not to raise too much cotton. Why is it?

Production seems no longer profitable. Western farmers complain that they can scarcely exist on the present prices of their products. It is a fact that large quantities of garden produce even in the neighborhood of large cities have not paid for the gathering. Coal-miners claim that, until the recent strike, they were producing at a loss. House-builders are discouraged, woollen and cotton mills are losing money. Merchants and mechanics alike complain that they are earning nothing. What is the reason?

The reason is not that we are producing more than usual. The reason is that we are consuming less. In spite of nominally high wages, the great mass of the working-classes—the great bulk of the consumers throughout the country—are less able to purchase commodities than they were a few years ago. The great mass of the people are not prosperous. War, taxation, and a protective tariff have impoverished us beyond belief. There is less wealth in the country; and of what there is, as Commissioner Wells has well shown, more is in the hands of the rich, and less in the hands of the poor. As long as the feverish activity of war and the scarcely less feverish activity of returning peace continued, so long was it possible to maintain the delusion of our prosperity, so long did reckless consumption continue, and labor was fully employed at seemingly remunerative rates. But as soon as the country was blessed with one fair harvest, and the first symptoms of a decline in the prevailing preposterous high prices set in, and people began to take a calm account of stock, then the truth began to dawn on people's minds. Economy slowly and timidly sought to supplant extravagance; people began to scrutinize the price of what they bought; trade slackened; merchants beat the manufacturers down; the manufacturers sought to reduce wages; and then came strikes and labor unions, and the dawn of the great conflict between capital and labor, which, with its inevitable ultimate harmonious settlement, is to mark with greatest prominence this era of industrial progress. Precisely a year ago the *Nation* pointed out that the bubble of high prices could not outlast one good, abundant crop of grain; that the decline would

involve everybody in loss, would diminish every one's ability to purchase products, and would speedily result in a great stagnation of business. The assertion was received with derision, and has not, indeed, been fairly borne out by events. For although, so far, the year has been anything but a prosperous one, yet nothing like the widespread distress which we anticipated has as yet been seen. In truth, the premises upon which our argument was based proved false. Some of the great crops upon which everybody counted proved to be no great crops after all. The cotton crop, from which so much was expected, fell even below the light crop of the previous year; and the wheat crop, though it yielded superbly, was not fully felt upon the general markets until this summer, owing to the desperate speculation both among farmers and dealers. But, in spite of this partial putting off of the evil day, there has been witnessed enough during the last six months to prove that our abundant crops have not prevented an unprofitable trade. If prices continue to decline in the present ratio, as they inevitably must, if our crops are really good, we shall see an early revival of the great labor struggle, that seems for the moment hushed.

With declining prices, and diminished demand for products, manufacturers must seek to reduce wages. Workmen can scarcely live decently on present wages, and refuse to submit to further reduction. The manufacturers must either work at a loss or stop work. The terrible calamity at Avondale has for the moment superseded the miners' strike in the thoughts of men; but that strike is a most noteworthy illustration of what is going on everywhere throughout the country. Each decline in the price of coal reduced the wages of the miners, until they claimed they could not subsist upon their earnings. The coal-mine owners saw no means to stop the reduction without advancing the selling price of coal. This could only be accomplished by stopping work entirely. The men consented, but at what a sacrifice! The thirty-day suspension has lasted ten weeks, and the whole mining region is distressed and impoverished. Few people realize what suffering is entailed upon whole communities by the suspension of work among any one class. The three leading stores in Hyde Park—one of the mining towns—saw their average monthly sales reduced from $22,000 to $7,400 during the strike; and even then they had to sell largely on credit. All other branches of business suffer in proportion. This is what takes place everywhere during strikes and labor suspensions; and if the decline in prices is, as seems inevitable, to continue, how can further strikes and further suspensions be avoided? And will not each suspension still further diminish the consuming power of the people, still further reduce the profits of production, and cause prices to decline still further? We see no hope for a permanent, healthy revival of business until all classes of the community, rich and poor alike, awake to the folly of their recent extravagance and wastefulness, and return to their former ways of economy and simple thrift. That awakening will only come through suffering.

MANUAL LABOR.

Nobody who watches the discussions about the "labor problem" can help wishing most sincerely that in this field of enquiry at least a reconciliation could be effected between preaching and practice. At present they are as wide as the poles apart. In the ancient world, manual labor was not unnaturally despised; and, in fact, no kind of labor was held in very high repute. Robbery, either wholesale or retail, was the favorite mode of making provision for one's old age. Whatever work had to be done from day to day to make life possible, was imposed as far as possible on slaves. Labor was openly and unblushingly spoken of as disgusting and degrading. Under this theory, however, the world went rapidly to the dogs, until, in the eighth century, hardly anybody in Europe owned anything or knew anything. The general neglect of labor and the general taste for pillage, protracted through several centuries, had left society in rags and starvation, and here the church stepped in, and started it once more on the road to civilization by preaching up manual labor as a noble and elevating and pious pursuit, not only useful to man, but well pleasing to God. Since then it has never lost its high place in the books and schools and churches. The dignity of manual labor is taught to all children, it is preached from the pulpit, and lauded by moralists in their essays, and sung by poets. Everybody knows, from the very dawning of his consciousness, that the value of what he does depends on the spirit in which he does it; that if a floor be swept in a proper frame of mind, the occupation of the sweeper is just as fine and respectable as that of the legislator or philosopher.

Partly under the influence of this teaching, and partly under the influence of the general growth of humanitarian feeling, the workingman—by which we mean the manual laborer—has risen in the social scale, and he is now acknowledged on all hands to be as good as anybody. The reason given for not admitting him into genteel circles is no longer that he is not as good as the people who compose them, but that difference of tastes and habits would not make the association agreeable to either party. His growing intelligence, too, and growing power of combination, and consequently political and social power—that is, power of imposing his will on others by inconveniencing the community if it does not listen to him—have, of course, both given increased weight to his opinions and respectability to his pursuits.

Nevertheless, it must be admitted that, with all the teaching and preaching, there is nothing which everybody in the community—we do not believe this is too sweeping a statement—more carefully and strenuously avoids if he can than manual labor. Of course, there is in European countries a large admixture, in the prejudice against it, of the old feudal taste for highway robbery; but then, after making due allowance for the effect of European traditions even on our social ideas, we must admit that there are few countries in the world in which the desire to escape manual labor by hook or by crook is stronger, or more constant, or more widely diffused than it is in this. No duke ever took more pains to avoid having to use spade or pickaxe than the average American youth of our day; and it must be admitted he has been extraordinarily successful, for most of the manual labor of the country is done by foreigners. The persons who furnish all the praise of it, and preach its dignity and delights, and who want to have it made compulsory in colleges, are never workingmen in the common sense of the term. Some of them call themselves so, owing to their having worked with their hands in their youth—that is, when they had to do it in order to subsist. But there is not one of them who ever worked in this way one minute longer than he could help—that is, one minute after he had found his way into some calling in which brains were more useful than muscle. Some of the greatest enthusiasts about manual toil we have amongst us are men who toiled manually just as long as was necessary to make themselves preachers, or lawyers, or editors, or teachers, or speculators, or capitalists; but not one minute longer. So that their whole careers give the lie in a very point-blank way to their preaching.

Now, we cannot help thinking that the talk of this class, and, in fact, of the whole non-laboring class, about the dignity and delights of manual toil, has had, and is having, a very unfavorable influence on the labor problem, because it has had, and *has*, a very unfavorable influence on the feelings which the workingmen bring to the discussion of it. It was an easy thing for mediæval monks to teach mediæval serfs that not only was labor a duty, but a highly elevating and dignified employment, because the monks practised what they preached, and really made their hoeing and ploughing expressions of devout feeling. In talking in this way about labor, they were unconsciously going through the necessary process of adapting the code of morals to the social exigencies of the age. The world was full of violence, of insecurity, and poverty. The race was sinking into the blackest barbarism, because some men would not work and others had no motive to work. Something had to be done to glorify toil and supply a motive for engaging in it—the ordinary motive, the hope of enjoying its fruits, being for the moment no longer in existence. But when merchants, and bankers, and capitalists, and Protestant clergymen, and editors, and lecturers took up the tale, and after getting up in the morning about eight o'clock, putting on clean linen, taking a leisurely breakfast with their families, reading the papers, went to their snug offices or libraries, and began in their easy-chairs to paint the delights of rising at six, putting on a greasy or mud-bedaubed suit, and hurrying to dig all day long in a wet ditch or hammer in a smoky forge, and recommended all men to follow it as a truly noble, not to say sacred, calling, the theory began rapidly to break down. Workingmen began to feel that they were the objects of an elaborate but very transparent attempt at imposition. They saw the preachers not only avoiding manual labor themselves, but doing their best to save their sons from it. They accordingly began to suspect the whole body of what are called "educated men" of humbug, or something very like it. Bible quotations in glorification of labor produced very much the same effect on them that similar quotations in reference to the doom of Ham and the duty of Onesimus used to produce on the Abolitionists—that is to say, instead of laboring with rapture, and considering themselves lucky in

being laborers, they throw the Bible overboard, and in nearly every European country regard the clergy with the greatest hostility as the natural allies of the capitalist. When the clean-shaven, oval-nailed, well-booted, and well-tailored lawyer or doctor or banker tells them that he is a workingman himself, and that the only difference between him and them is that he works with his head and they with their hands, they simply laugh derisively. He is nevertheless right; he *is* a workingman, and his work is a good deal harder and more useful than theirs; and if it were not for it, they would be serfs under the lash or howling savages in the wilderness; but when he pretends to consider the laborer's work as being just as agreeable and dignified as his—as work, in short, *to be liked for its own sake*, just as his own—he is guilty of an attempt at deception which is now hardly ever successful.

It seems as if the time had come when this elaborate attempt to keep up this amiable fiction about labor should be dropped. The time for fictions, whether legal or moral, has passed away. Workingmen are no longer either ignorant or simple-minded. They know perfectly well that muscular toil is not agreeable; that nobody likes it, and none less than those who most pretend to revere it. The history of the human mind—that is, of what is most valuable in human nature—is in large part the history of efforts to escape it, of discoveries and inventions which lessen the necessity of it. But one of the curious and certainly unlooked-for results of the prevailing cant about manual labour is, that it has filled the heads of the workingmen—as one may see by the reports of their conventions—with the notion that, disagreeable as their occupation is, it is the only important one in the world; and that a perfect state of society—that is, the state to be aimed at in all legislation—would be one in which everybody would be forced to work with his hands, and all capitalists, exchangers, distributors, and professional men, except perhaps teachers and a few clerks, be unknown. In fact, everybody who does not handle a tool of some kind in his daily occupation is getting to be spoken of at the labor conventions as a drone, whom society would do well to take in hand. The sapient movement amongst some of our amateur educators to have manual labor made compulsory at colleges helps to spread and deepen the impression; and we see that some of the English Radicals are now raising the question whether there can be such a thing as real "culture" without manual labor, and whether our faculties would not be all improved if each of us had to devote one little seventh part of one horse-power every day to the production of some material result.

It is high time there were an end to all this, and that this most important social problem of the day were discussed in the language of soberness and truth, and in accordance with the facts of life. It is the duty of everybody, and the necessity of most people, to work, steadily and habitually; but it is ridiculous to pretend that muscular labor is one whit more respectable or useful than any other kind of labor. It is, of course, necessary to civilization; but no more so than, and indeed not so much so as, brain labor. Men may live, and do live by the million, as rude barbarians, elevated but little in thought or feeling above their beasts of burden, by mere manual toil; but for all progress, in the best sense of the word—for nearly all the comforts and enjoyments of life—we are indebted to brain labor; and nobody would suffer more from anything like neglect of brain labor than the working class. One kind of labor is, in fact, just as necessary to the race, considered as rational beings, as another. But the comparative moral and social value of different kinds of labor is to be estimated by their influence on character, and it is simply preposterous to pretend that manual laborers are juster, truer, more humane, more upright and self-controlled than clerks, or lawyers, or shopkeepers. There is nothing in their calling to make them so; while it is notorious that all muscular toil exercises a more or less deadening influence on the mental perceptions, and does, therefore, in some ways, hinder rather than help moral culture.

Correspondence.

THE TRIBUNE AND "A CHINA MERCHANT."

The *Tribune* on Saturday last called attention to the fact that the phrases in its article, "How to Deal with China," on which our correspondent, "A China Merchant," commented so severely last week, as being insulting to American merchants, were in reality directed expressly and exclusively against the British China merchants, and it wonders how, therefore, a respectable journal like the *Nation* could admit such a letter as "A China Merchant's." To which we reply that, in the first place, we do not guarantee the accuracy of correspondents' statements, or exact as a condition of publication from writers willing to put a signature to their letters anything except that they should have something to say which, *primâ facie*, seems worth saying, and that they should abstain from scurrilous abuse of individuals—the adoption of which rule, we may add, would, in the opinion of many good people, strengthen the *Tribune's* own claims to respectability, and would certainly increase its usefulness. In the second place, we have not ourselves studied the *Tribune's* articles on Chinese affairs with the care which perhaps they merit, since the time when we saw that it committed the task of explaining and defending the Burlingame treaty in its columns to "Mark Twain," the comic writer—a task which he performed in four or five columns of as humorous matter as has ever flowed from his lively pen. One looks to that gentleman for entertainment, and a good deal of it, but not for information as to Chinese politics or for expositions of public law. In the third place, our correspondent's error was not quite so serious as the extract published by the *Tribune* would seem to show. Its article was throughout directed against opinions which the American colony in China holds in common with the British, and to which Mr. Browne was replying in the very letters which brought him under the *Tribune's* bludgeon, and its whole tenor would have warranted the impression that it was directed in reality as much against one as the other, even if it had not wound up as follows: "Let a minister be sent to China whose name will carry influence with it, and whose force of character will secure him against being made the instrument of a greedy and reckless knot of European *and American* traders." This looks certainly as if, in the opinion of the writer, the American China merchants would do well to keep out of sight whenever the devil comes to get the British. We may add that "A China Merchant" is one of the most respected members of as respectable a class as the country produces—men who are in every way an honor to it—and when China comes up for discussion, some of us might spend our time worse than in listening to what they say—in writing about China, for instance. We add a word of explanation just received from him:

To the Editor of the Nation:

Sir: I observe some remarks in the *Tribune* of to-day respecting my note to you of the 4th inst. I regret that its publication should have brought any attack upon yourself. There was one important omission in it, and that was, that the words "and English" were not added to the word "American" merchants.

The letters of both communities in Shanghai express the same sentiments, and Mr. Browne's reply was addressed to them in common; and it seemed to me that the strictures of the *Tribune* were intended for both, although, in general, the name of only one of them was mentioned. The *Tribune* evidently disclaims such intention, and would confine its remarks exclusively to the English; but they are just as inapplicable to the one as to the other. The English letter to Mr. Browne was signed by all the merchants of the first respectability in Shanghai, and they are as honorable and good men as any of the merchants of London or New York. How the *Tribune* can maintain consistency in intimating that these gentlemen, without exception, "are narrow-minded, selfish, and grasping traders, who have squatted in the open ports of China, who would force their principles and their trade down the throats of the Chinese people," and so forth, and then deny that these strictures have any application to Americans who occupy the same position and openly avow the same sentiments, I am unable to see. Anyhow, the assault is equally reprehensible whether it was intended for only one, or for both the foreign communities of Shanghai.

The *Tribune* has the right to express its own opinions upon the Chinese question, or any other, as it pleases; but when it assails a whole community with indiscriminate and scandalous reproaches, such as we have noted, it may well expect a retort. A China Merchant.

New York, September 11, 1869.

THE "HARVARD 'RAH'" A VERY GOOD CHEER.

To the Editor of the Nation:

Sir: Your correspondent on the subject of the "Harvard 'Rah'" in this week's *Nation* is, I think, mistaken both as to when and why it originated. The facts, if I remember aright, are these: Just before the Presidential election of 1864, those students whose politics were Republican decided to join the monster Republican torchlight procession that was to

march through Boston, and, desiring to have something by which to distinguish their voices from those of the various other political clubs, determined to adopt this peculiar cheer. Once adopted, the charm of novelty, and the satisfaction felt at having a mode of expressing their feelings peculiarly their own, induced not only them, but the whole college, to continue the use of it. It is now known everywhere as the Harvard cheer, and, so far from being "devoid of life and beyond the pale of human sympathy," as suggested by your correspondent, I think it would be hard to invent anything more invigorating or life-inspiring than the quick "Rah, rah, rah," as shot out by a crowd of excited young fellows. To prove that it is not wholly beyond the pale of sympathy, I would simply instance one case that struck me forcibly at the time, when, at the breaking camp this summer of our crack military corps, during the customary cheering for the officers, when the name of a special favorite came up, it was proposed, in addition to the three cheers, that they should be Harvard cheers, which were heartily given, much to the apparent satisfaction of the entire corps, although scarcely a half-dozen of those present were Harvard graduates.

Yours respectfully, F.

Boston, September 11.

ANTI-SLAVERY REMINISCENCES—A SUGGESTION.

To the Editor of the Nation:

Sir: Your suggestion in your mention of the recent book of the Rev. Mr. May, that other anti-slavery leaders should contribute their reminiscences of the times, reminds me of a series of letters contributed to the *Anti-Slavery Standard*, by a certain "D. Y.," which I have always thought were among the very best and wittiest contributions to newspaper literature I ever read. There are some two hundred of them, and a selection would make one of the wittiest and most truthful contributions imaginable to the history of those sorrowful times, though I fear the reputation of some of the big-wigged respectabilities of the past would suffer.

To save Mr. "D. Y.'s" modesty, I will not name him. I will only say that he is a master of English style in one of its most difficult forms—letter-writing. His manner is as good as Horace Walpole's; his matter much better worth reading. A.

Boston, September 11, 1869.

AGAINST REMOVING THE CAPITAL.

To the Editor of the Nation:

Sir: In speaking of removing "the Federal capital" in your last issue, you say: "There is really only one objection to the scheme—or, rather, only one thing to be said in favor of Washington—and that is, the expense would be enormous, owing to the abandonment of the Government buildings."

Now, it seems to me you could not have considered this subject with that deliberation which you are wont to give matters about which you treat. The expense, it is true, should constitute a very serious objection, as it would not be less, probably, than a hundred and fifty millions of dollars, and might run up to two hundred millions, and require not less than twenty, and very likely thirty, years for its accomplishment.

But allow me to present one or two other objections to the scheme which appear to me worthy of consideration, and which did not suggest themselves to your mind.

The Government, acting under the authority of a provision of the Constitution, entered into a compact with the States of Maryland and Virginia for a tract of country ten miles square, "for the permanent seat of the Government of the United States." The territory was ceded to the United States for that purpose, and no other. A contract was made with the owners of the soil upon which the Federal city stands, by which Government became possessed in fee of a large portion of lots of the city, together with the streets, avenues, alleys, and public squares, for the sole purpose of founding a city which should be, as Congress declared, "the permanent seat of the Government of the United States." These lots have been sold from time to time, and the proceeds have gone into the public treasury. What gave value to them, and what was the inducement to purchase? Simply the fact that this had been made by Congress "the permanent seat of the Government of the United States." This constituted their *whole* value. The public faith was pledged as solemnly as it ever was for anything, that this should remain *permanently* the seat of government; and, relying on that faith, individuals have invested millions of dollars in real estate and in building: let this public faith be violated by the removal of the seat of government, and these investments would become comparatively valueless. To the holder of real estate here, and the holder of U. S. bonds, it would be nearly equally disastrous whether the seat of government should be removed, or the Government should repudiate its public debt. In either case, the public faith would be violated, and a stupendous wrong done.

The city which bears the revered name of Washington is the offspring of "The Father of his Country;" it was founded expressly for the seat of government, with streets and avenues such as no other city in the world has, from sixty to one hundred and eighty feet wide; the streets crossing each other at right angles, and the broad avenues running diagonally across them and crossing each other, leaving at their intersection large open spaces; the streets, avenues, and alleys thus taking up an unusual proportion of the city, and making it very expensive and burdensome to light and keep them in order. What use to any city but the capital of a great nation are such broad avenues and such wide streets? They would be only a detriment to a commercial or manufacturing city.

Is the fact that the permanent location of the seat of government at this place was one of the objects nearest the heart of Washington no objection to its removal? To my mind, the removal would show hardly less regard for him than the entire destruction of his house and tomb at Mount Vernon; the sacredness of his name could never attach to any other place. Let the capital once start upon its travels, and it could never be considered *permanent* anywhere, and might move on until it reached Santa Fé or Mexico. *Cui bono?*

I could suggest many other objections to this scheme; but fear that in doing so I should require more space than you would be willing to accord me.

N. Sargent.

Washington, September 6, 1869.

[Another letter by Mr. Sargent we have seen, in which he insists strongly on his point that Congress, by accepting the District of Columbia as "the *permanent* seat of government of the United States," bound itself for all time, so that it is debarred from ever removing the capital. But at any given moment Congress is omnipotent within its sphere, and is only bound by moral considerations to be equitable in reimbursing parties, be they States or individuals, which may be injured by its revocation in the public interest of a compact into which it has entered. The further question which has been raised, as to whether the removal of the capital is within the sphere of Congress, does not seem to us doubtful. The Constitution refers to the subject only in the words which give Congress power of exclusive legislation "over such district as may by cession of particular States and the acceptance of Congress become the seat of government of the United States." It was in virtue of inferences from this clause—inferences how drawn we do not know—that the retrocession of Alexandria County to Virginia was stigmatized as unconstitutional by John Quincy Adams in 1846; but the Supreme Court never expressed the same opinion, though it is told traditionally in Washington that Mr. Bates, sometime Attorney-General, was, by implication, committed to Mr. Adams's view. However all this may be, a new amendment would settle the question, and would perhaps be as easy to get as an Act of Congress. But the question is hardly a living one, we should say. We know of only one argument in its favor that seems to be of weight: we might find our advantage in governing this Metropolitan District of ours by Congress instead of by Tammany.—Ed. Nation.]

TWO MISTRANSLATIONS BY CARL BENSON.

To the Editor of the Nation:

Sir: Your correspondent, "Carl Benson," writes on so many subjects, and usually so well on literary ones, that any mistake on his part may do harm to the reading world at large, as well as grieve the soul of the sympathetic scholar.

In his article in your No. 218, Vol. IX., entitled "A Mistranslation by Lord Byron," he corrects one mistake of the poet and makes two of his own. The first consists in mistaking the Spanish conjunction, *que*, "that"—denoting the subjunctive—for the pronoun *quien*, "who." In the second he translates the perfect subjunctive, *que oyera*, as if it was the perfect indicative, *oyó*.

He quotes the stanza in which lies Byron's mistake, and, not having access to the original, I quote from him; although I suspect a misprint in the last word of the last line—*i. e.*, that, instead of *hablava*, it should be *hablara:*

"*Fuego por los ojos vierte*
El Rey que esto oyera,
Y como el otro de leyes,
De leyes tambien hablava."

And he translates the stanza as, "literally:"

"*The king, who heard this, darted fire from his eyes, and, as the other (had spoken) of laws, he spoke of laws also.*"

The last word, "also," *tambien*, is the point at which Byron made his misstep, taking it as *tan bien*, "so well."

Now, the stanza, word for word, reads in English thus:

"Fire, by the eyes, turns
The King, that this he should hear;
And as the other of laws,
Of laws also spake he."

"or, metrically:"

"That he should hear such speech, in ire
The King turns towards him eyes of fire,
And as the other laws had named,
Of laws he, too, his answer framed."

Carl Benson and all other critics should keep in mind the proverb: "*Ne trębuchez pas en ramassant.*"

A. Diez.

[The stumbling was not so very great, however. "Carl Benson's" attention was directed towards the material alteration in the sense which was made by Byron's error, and not towards making a translation nicely exact, especially of the lines which were not in question. The original, we may inform Mr. Diez, has *hablava* and not *hablara*, which latter would not so well conform to the principle of versification observed in the poem.—Ed. Nation.]

Notes.

LITERARY.

Messrs. D. Appleton & Co.'s list announcing their books to be published in September is not a very long one, but contains the titles of several interesting works. "Caliphs and Sultans" consists, we are told, of "Tales not included in the Arabian Nights"—which is a remark that might be made of most tales, but by which it is probably intended that we should understand the volume to contain newer stories drawn from the same source as those which we have in the greatest of story-books—the only story-book that is important at once in the literature for adults and in the literature for children. "The Reasoning Power of Animals" is by the Rev. John Selby Watson, who takes sides against the thinkers—if there are now any such—who deny that the inferior animals, or many of them, have a portion of the reason which is possessed by man. "Phosphorescence, or the Emission of Light by Minerals, Plants, and Animals," is by T. L. Phipson, an Englishman of science. The Appletons, like half-a-dozen other publishers, dip into the French Library of Wonders, and announce as in press "Meteors, Aerolites, Storms, and Atmospheric Phenomena." "Arms and Armor in Antiquity and the Middle Ages" we have once mentioned in our notices of English works as a book translated from the French by Mr. Charles Boutell, who furnishes notes, a preface, and a supplementary chapter on arms and armor in England. Mrs. Hemans's complete poetical works are to appear in the cheap Globe Edition of the poets which Messrs. Appleton & Co. are publishing. "The Bellevue and Charity Hospital Reports" are contained in one volume, from the hand of Dr. W. A. Hammond. We cannot undertake to mention all the announcements of children's books which are now being put forth by our publishers, and we do not regret it, because, except in a few instances, the names of book and author are alike in having no exact meaning in the ears of our readers. Such of the "juveniles" as we think worth notice we shall be able to speak of before the holidays. We may, however, here say that for Miss Edgeworth's books in new editions the purchaser may look to Messrs. Kelly & Piet; that Mr. Duffield Ashmead is going to publish a translation, done by Mr. Charles A. Dana, of a German story-book, called "Nutcracker and Sugar Dolly;" that "Peter Parley" and "Mother Goose" without any abridgment, are to be had from Mr. James Miller; and that the commendable "Chinaman in California," which came out last year, and is a very good book for Sunday-school libraries, and not a bad book for other places, will be followed by "The Back Court," written by the same author, and published by the Philadelphia Presbyterian Publication Committee. The "one-syllable" literature, about the possession of which there was a hot quarrel and a newspaper controversy awhile ago between some of the publishers and the inventor of it, seems to have got into almost everybody's hands—almost every seller's; we cannot say we hope it goes into the hands of many buyers. Messrs. Felt & Dillingham now announce some of it, and so does Mr. James Miller, and so, of course, do Messrs. Routledge & Co., the authorized publishers.——Mr. James Campbell, of Boston, publishes "The History and Philosophy of Marriage; or, Polygamy and Monogamy Compared," and compared much to the advantage of polygamy, we believe. Robert Carter & Brothers have in press an autobiography and memoir of F. W. Krummacher; the fifth volume of D'Aubigné's "Reformation;" "Words of Comfort for Parents bereaved of Little Children;" "The Shepherd of Israel; or, Illustrations of the Inner Life," by the Rev. Mr. Duncan Macgregor; "The Crown without the Conflict," by the Rev. Mr. R. H. Lundie, and several religious "juveniles." Mr. Duffield Ashmead has in press a "Red-line" "Christian Year," and the same work in an illuminated edition—its designs being by Jean Lee.——Messrs. Thomas Nelson & Sons announce two of Arthur Mangin's well-known works—the "Mysteries of the Ocean" and the "Desert World," which they will issue in an illustrated edition—one like their last year's edition of "The Bird." Messrs. Sever & Francis announce De Tocqueville's "American Institutions;" a "Handy Volume Edition of Sir Roundell Palmer's Book of Praise," and (also a "handy volume") Mr. C. F. Alexander's "Sunday Book of Poetry." Mr. W. J. Widdleton has in preparation a Globe edition of the "Ingoldsby Legends," which still have a public rather larger than the one which appreciates the designs, and considerably larger than the one which is taken by the cleverness of the versification. The same publisher announces a new edition of a work which has been for some time out of print in America, if we are not mistaken—Milman's "Latin Christianity." Messrs. Lippincott's, Fields, Osgood & Co.'s, and Hurd & Houghton's, fall lists have already been noticed. For the legal works in Messrs. Little, Brown & Co.'s list, and the technical scientific works in Mr. D. Van Nostrand's, we must refer our readers to the catalogues of those houses, or the publications devoted exclusively to the trade.

—"Circular No. 2" for the current year, recently issued from the Surgeon-General's office at Washington, is the unpromising official title of an important and interesting addition to the literature of practical surgery. It is in fact a complete and exhaustive monograph on "Excisions of the Head of the Femur for Gunshot Injury," in the form of a report to the Surgeon-General by Assistant Surgeon and Brevet Lieutenant-Colonel George A. Otis. The sagacious forethought which signalized a change in the administration in the Surgeon-General's office early in the second year of the late war, not only by the liberal reorganization of the hospital system of the army, but by the establishment of the now unequalled Army Medical Museum, and by the reformation of the statistical method previously employed, has its fruition partly in this document and similar ones which have preceded it. A "Report on the Materials for a Medical and Surgical History of the War," one on "Amputations at the Hip Joint," and the magnificent *catalogue raisonné* of the Army Medical Museum—a great illustrated quarto, like "Webster's Unabridged"—are among these. They are all of them works most honorable to medical literature. All of them bear the marks of unstinted and well-directed labor; and the present "Circular No. 2" is really a marvel of research. What with anonymous bones coming to excite curiosity and baffle enquiry; what with scrappy reports of cases, begun amid the hurry and stress of the battle-field, continued in the hastily-extemporized hospital, and ended in the disappearance of the patient in "the dim inane" of transfer or furlough, we may imagine the classifier of specimens and digester of reports exclaiming, in the words of another physician, "What song the Sirens sang, or what name Achilles assumed when he hid himself among women, though puzzling questions, are not beyond all conjecture. But who were the proprietaries of these bones, or what bodies these ashes made up, were a question above antiquarianism; not to be resolved by man, nor easily, perhaps, by spirits." "A question above antiquarianism" must be allowed a tough one, in our time no less than in Sir Thomas Browne's; but by diligent following up of slender clues, and by assiduous correspondence (much of it with ex-Confederate surgeons, who seem generally to have responded with creditable promptness and good-temper), Dr. Otis has been able to present reasonably full histories of sixty-three cases of the operation in question, performed in both armies during the war of the rebellion. He has at the same time rendered the equally important service of eliminating from the records several spurious and replicated cases. The small number of five successes strikes the unprofessional reader with something like horror that this operation should ever be attempted, until he learns the dread alternative offered if excision be rejected—either

the frightful amputation of nearly a quarter of the body, or the abandonment of a man, perhaps otherwise sound and vigorous, to a death of slow torture, from a wound which may be of small extent and involving no part necessary to life. After all, we have stout and ebrious "Private Hugh Wright," with an incredible number of inches gone from the top of his *os femoris*, eloping from the hospital, and becoming invisible to the admiring eye of surgery, by reason of a clear vocation he had to carry hodfuls of bricks up high ladders. Hugh admits with apparent reluctance that he found this work too heavy, and had to change it for mowing and wood-chopping. Dr. Otis's report leads him inevitably into the region of medical polemics, whose atmosphere is not always of the serenest; but we are bound to admit his candor of tone and freedom from special pleading. He who intrenches himself behind the histories of "over twenty thousand major amputations, and of more than four thousand excisions of the larger joints," with an *abattis* of something like five thousand surgical specimens, can afford to carry on a discussion without passion or prejudice. When the history of the medical service in the war of the rebellion is finished, it will establish one fact that deserves to be better known than it now is—that the business of life-saving was then done more thoroughly and successfully than ever before in a great war.

—The *American Sovereign* is the name which is to be borne by a new fortnightly paper, which will be published partly for the sake of discussing Social Science, Literature, and Rural Affairs, but mainly "in the interest of political purity and in opposition to organized knavery." "More pressing and urgent than any other question before the people," says the prospectus, "is the great and overshadowing question of political corruption;" and what we must first do is to terrify the party hacks and greedy plunderers, and secure honest men to fill public offices. Two dollars a year will be the price of this journal, to which we wish plenty of courage, an independence of libel suits, and all the success to which good service in a righteous cause entitles journals. The proprietors of the *American Sovereign* state their intention of publishing at an early day a contribution to the history of American politics since the Rebellion, which they will call "The Era of Dishonesty," and which they intend to make a historical record of corruption and fraud under the reign of the Rings. Venal legislators, corrupt judges, and rascally politicians are to be treated with strict justice—or rather, we should say, judicial corruption, legislative venality, and political iniquity; for here again one is embarrassed by fear of libel suits, and by the difficulty of proving what everybody knows to be true, and is driven away from particulars into vague generalities. However, let the book be prepared with real ability, so that it may be read—prepared, as Cobbett would have prepared it, rather than as if it had been done by the writers of the "Federalist"—and the American sovereigns will read it, and in good time, we may be sure, will act on it, sometimes at least, and to some purpose. 36 Dey Street, in this city, is the new paper's address.

—We have had occasion once or twice to mention the *Church Union*, and we cannot say we have ever praised it for its good behavior or its ability. But it has now fallen into better hands than those which managed it before, and we may fairly expect a great change for the better, both in its matter and its manners. It certainly is changed for the better in its outward appearance, and is now far handsomer and handier than before. Messrs. J. B. Ford & Co. are the new publishers, and they have induced Mr. Henry Ward Beecher to promise that he will at once become a regular contributor, and that by-and-by his connection with it shall be closer, and that he will work in an editorial capacity. Just how close his connection is to be we are not informed and do not know, but on the first day of January next he is to give a full exposition of the plans and purposes of the journal, and then we may learn. His contributions in the immediate future are to consist of his sermons from week to week, phonographically reported, and some, if not all, of his "lecture-room talks." These latter are perhaps even better liked and calculated to be more useful to the readers of the paper than even the sermons. We doubt if, except in saying one thing, we should add much to that complete description of the new paper which is implied in the statement that it is to express Mr. Beecher's views and opinions. That one thing is the promise of the proprietors that an arena will be provided where, free from denominational trammels, opposing views will be heard in courteous debate.

—The *Philadelphia Photographer* for September and the last number of the *Zeitschrift für Bildende Kunst* describe independently the new English (Woodbury) process for obtaining plates for printing from photographic negatives. Goupil & Co., of Paris, have put it into practical and apparently successful operation, and the subscribers of the *Gazette des Beaux-Arts* (May and June) and the *Photographische Mittheilungen* (August) have already had specimen prints of a very satisfactory character. Apparently, the producing capacity of the plates is all-sufficient, and, what is of great consequence, the impressions correspond to right and left in nature. In this was the grand defect of the Albert process, which reversed all the objects that it copied, and was thus greatly restricted in usefulness, though some of the proofs which we saw were wonderfully fine in detail and in gradation of tones. Mr. Woodbury, however, instead of printing directly from the gelatinous surface which he first treats with his negative, uses it in forming a matrix like a copper-plate engraving, in which, as is well-known, the lights are raised and the darks sunk. This transfer ensures the restoration of right and left in the impression, and the printing consists in pouring upon the plate a warm solution of colored gelatine, and then bringing it under the press. Unlike the Albertotype, the Woodbury picture must be printed on a peculiar surface, and owing to its great delicacy its cost when mounted is double that of the unmounted proof; and, as yet, the expense is but little less than in ordinary photography. Of course there is a gain in permanence.

—Before leaving the two journals first-named, we will allude somewhat further to their contents. The *Photographer* gives on a single sheet four views of the late solar eclipse, one having been taken at the totality. They are followed by reports of the various expeditions in this country to photograph the rare phenomenon, their modes of photographing, success, and general adventures, some of which, among the ignorant and superstitious, were quite amusing. The number is well worth preserving as a souvenir. In the *Zeitschrift* we remark another of the admirable etchings from paintings in the Brunswick Gallery—this time a full-length portrait of some Dutch gentleman of the seventeenth century, seemingly a statesman or captain, and altogether a noble and commanding figure. The original was by Frans Hals, one of the fathers of the Dutch School, though only lately appreciated at his just value. Other illustrations are of the new Schinkel statue to be erected in Berlin, and (borrowed from Lübke) of specimens of the Renaissance in France. From advanced manuscript of the *Neue Künstlerlexikon* is printed a very interesting sketch of the life of Leon Battista Alberti, an eminent apostle of the Renaissance, by Dr. Julius Meyer. There is the usual correspondence, chronicle of art matters, reviews, etc.

—We learn from a correspondent at Berlin that Professor Theodore Mommsen recently presented Mr. George Bancroft with a copy of his "Römische Geschichte," and accompanied the volumes with these lines which present the distinguished historian in the character of poet:

"Wir sind von gleichem Schlage,
Uns hebt die gleiche Fluth;
Ihr braucht die alte Sage,
Wir brauchen frisches Blut.

"Des einen Volkes Gründung,
Das war, das bleibt uns Rom;
Vertiefung und Verbündung
Baut jetzt am Völkerdom.

"So klingt hier die Parole,
Sie klingt auch drüben wohl,
Vom alten Capitole
Zum neuen Capitol."

The character of poet is not an accustomed one, we take it, for the learned author to appear in, and perhaps these lines are rather more valuable as a tribute of respect than as poetry. We are obliged to say so, at all events, in view of the version in English which we append as the best that we have managed to make. Want of matter is certainly not to be charged against the verses—which state of the case does not, however, make the translator's labor any easier:

"Of self-same mould are you and we;
One flood bears both along;
We need your fresher blood, and ye
Lack yet our lore and song.

"All peoples fused in one vast state,
That meant, that still means, 'Rome:'—
Of many a pillar, each separate,
Build we the People's Dome.

"Thus here the watchword we divine;
So sounds it there with you,
And the old Capitoline
Is answered from the new."

The second stanza is difficult to understand, and difficult to render after an interpretation has been decided upon. We take it to mean that the policy of ancient Rome, as of modern ecclesiastical Rome, was the absorption of nationalities and the fusing them into a single state—a political state in old times, a religious state in our day; but that now the tendency is to

make empires by binding together the peoples into federal unions, at the same time deepening ("*Vertiefung*"), intensifying, the individuality of each people. Notwithstanding the faults which seem to be due to the professor's unfamiliarity with the vehicle he has here used in expressing his meaning—samples of which are the second stanza's abstractions performing mason-work, the obscurity of the same stanza, the confusion and the confused metaphors of his first four lines—and notwithstanding the fact that the ideas are in themselves hardly more poetical, strictly speaking, than they are poetically expressed, the verses are yet full of suggestions which are not unpoetical, and there is an ingenuity of suggestion which might be envied by almost any writer of occasional verses. For example, the historian of ancient Rome addresses the historian of the new Capitol: here is a compliment to Mr. Bancroft and to the American people. Then, too, the German people come in for a share of this same compliment, and so also does the policy of creating a united Germany, as well as—more indirectly—the men who have executed that darling wish of the German heart. Then the contrast between the old governmental ideal and the modern idea of the "parliament of man, the federation of the world," a large and noble conception, as grand as true, happily suggests Mommsen himself, the historian of old Rome, and—as Mommsen's brother-writer, his fellow-expositor of the new tendency—it suggests Mr. Bancroft also, the historian of the great Western federal republic. And, to name no more, there is the flattering assertion of German and American consanguinity, heightened by the declaration that, though our blood and the German is the same in constitution—in fact, identical—ours is "*frisch*," which at once makes it better, of course. And we may say, too, that there is no harshness, but rather mildness, in the allusion to American literature.

—*Apropos* of the notice of Mr. Edwards's book on town libraries which we print on another page, we may remark that it is a pity that we have as yet no returns showing what success has attended the scheme of establishing free or nearly free school libraries throughout France. Over 10,000 have been founded, and endowed with over a million of books. Twenty years ago, French parents complained that there were no books which they durst give their daughters that their daughters wanted. The French press is still prolific in *ce que vierge ne doit pas lire*; but in the last two decades some most estimable writers have tried to supply the woful deficiency of books at once interesting and not immoral. One would like to know the character of the million volumes of these school and communal libraries, and whether morality has succeeded in avoiding a sacrifice to dulness. Germany, the land of book-making, always well provided with libraries, has of late years established many for more popular use—"Volksbibliotheken." The most noteworthy peculiarity of Italian town libraries is that they are not free, a small payment being exacted from borrowers. It has been thought by some that our own libraries would do well to adopt such a rule. People value what they pay for. Could not the two systems be carefully tried by two libraries otherwise similarly situated? Possibly even a small payment would keep away many who very much need the benefit of good reading, and that those only would pay who do not need any such obstruction to make them appreciate the privilege.

—The types were decidedly in error last week in making us say of Mr. E. C. Stedman that he is a poor poet. That, as our readers know, is not our opinion of him. We think no more than Mr. Stedman does that he is to be counted among the great singers; but we think, as we dare say he may not, but as we are sure he ought, that in many of his pieces he shows himself the possessor of a genuine and charming poetical gift. In the way of lighter poetry, nothing need be much prettier than "The Door-Step" and "Pan in Wall Street," which were last published in the "Blameless Prince," and to which we believe we have already called our readers' attention more than once. The word printed "poor" was "good," and as it was an insertion in printer's proof, and did not afterward fall under the eye of the writer, the error stood in the paper as it was published.

—The new agitation of the land question in England and Ireland—and especially in Ireland—is to begin with the publication of a volume of essays of the kind so common of late in England in the treatment of various political and social questions, and of which the "Essays and Reviews" furnished the model. The volume will appear under the auspices of the Cobden Club, and will contain accounts of the tenure and distribution of land, and its relation to government and society in the United States, India, France, Belgium, Russia, and Prussia. The United States is to be treated by a Mr. Fisher, of whom we know nothing beyond his name.

—The seventh session of the International Statistical Congress was held last week at the Hague. Organized, in 1853, mainly through the efforts of A. Quetelet, the well-known author of standard works on statistical and social subjects and Director of the Belgian Bureau of Statistics, this important body met for the first time at Brussels in the year named. Its subsequent sessions were held at Paris, Vienna, London, Berlin, and Florence, at intervals of from two to three years. No international organization has been more fruitful of good results. Its deliberations have derived more than ordinary weight from the fact that the principal governments of Europe have been regularly represented in it by official delegates in the persons of the directors of their respective statistical bureaus, all of whom are shining lights in statistical science, and that the successive recommendations of the Congress have been practically carried out in most countries. The present advanced state of public statistics must be ascribed in a large measure to the influence of the Congress; comparative statistics especially have received a marked development from its steady efforts to bring about a certain uniformity in the methods of conducting official statistical enquiries in different countries. The printed transactions of the Congress form a rich mine of the most valuable information concerning the material and moral condition of the civilized races. The programme for the recent session embraced subjects of the highest importance. Among them were propositions to induce the governments represented to have less regard for their fiscal and other interests and more for the welfare of the governed in the collection of public statistics, and to provide a system of mutual correction in connection with international commercial statistics. The United States Government was represented by Hon. S. B. Ruggles, who attended the session at Berlin in 1863 in the same capacity. The subject of our next general census was to be brought up by him for discussion. The American Association for the Promotion of Science having, at its last meeting at Salem, extended an invitation to the Congress to hold its next session in this country, it is not impossible that in 1871 we shall be able to welcome the leading statisticians of the Old World among us.

—We see that Messrs. Trübner & Co. announce themselves as the London publishers of a new quarterly magazine, which is to be called the "Revue Celtique," and is to be conducted by H. Gaidoz, who will be assisted by the chief Celtic scholars of the British Islands and the Continent. Celtic Philology, Literature, and History are the subjects to which the new magazine is to be devoted, and the list of competent scholars who have promised their assistance is long. Luckily, there is something of the nature and habits of the hobbyhorse-rider in the students of such subjects, and we may expect their promises to be fulfilled with more certainty than would be reasonable in the case of the promises of men cultivating general literature who should lend their names to publishers. The list includes contributors in Belgium, Holland, Bavaria, France, England, India, Scotland, Wales, and Ireland.

THE DIARY OF HENRY CRABB ROBINSON.*

This year has seen the publication of two biographies which are among the best that English literature has to show. Neither Forster's life of Landor nor Crabb Robinson's diary is what can be called a well-planned and skilfully executed work. In the life of Landor there is a clumsiness of arrangement and a dwelling upon details which forbid the use of the word skilful in regard to its workmanship, and Robinson's diary is so almost entirely made up of gossip and anecdote, and the life of the writer himself is, on the whole, so devoid of interest and so almost entirely a mere thread on which these pleasant recollections are strung, that one hardly thinks of his work as anything but a repertory of anecdotes and contemporary criticism of distinguished men and women of England's greatest period by one who knew them personally. But that it is in perfection Mr. Robinson, who was born so long ago as 1776, had the advantages of being born of a comparatively poor family, Dissenters in creed, in the England which was anti-dissenting and insular to a very much greater degree than now, and much more exclusively than now a community worshipping rank and wealth. As a result of his circumstances, Robinson did not go to an English school, and did go to several German universities, and came away with a breadth of culture very uncommon in an Englishman; made the acquaintance of Goethe, Schiller, and the other lights of German literature, just at the time when English curiosity began to be aroused concerning them, and there was almost nobody to gratify it; acquired the German language when a knowledge of it was a rare distinction among his

* "Diary, Reminiscences, and Correspondence of Henry Crabb Robinson. Edited by T. Sadler." 2 vols. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1869.

countrymen; was more disposed than he would have been, had he been born within the charmed circle of the best society or had he not gone abroad, to appreciate the genius and cultivate the friendship of Lamb, Wordsworth, Coleridge, and their friends, when they all were under a cloud; and thus fitted himself for collecting the mass of information concerning the great Englishmen of the last sixty or seventy years which he has given us in these volumes, and which will in turn give his name a long immortality among us and our posterity. Only Boswell has done better in Mr. Robinson's field, and even Boswell must yield to him in the amount of literary history which the two respectively give us, and must rest his claim to superiority on the fact that he had so interesting a central figure to portray, and that he showed a good deal of what may be called artistic perception in the portrayal of it. Both books have suffered and will suffer from the use of their material by other writers, and necessarily Mr. Robinson, when he loses his materials, loses more than Boswell, for Boswell, as we say, has something which cannot be taken away from him any more, or hardly any more, than a play of Shakespeare's can be superseded by voluminous quotations from it—dramatic and pictorial interest, namely. But the diary has so much to lose—is such a mine of biographical materials, that there is no danger at all of its becoming used up or rendered obsolete. Fifty new lives of fifty distinguished men and women, whose lives are already written, might be enriched from Mr. Robinson's stores; but it would be the reading of fifty books instead of one should the reader forsake the original source of the new wealth; and, on the whole, we may call Mr. Robinson's work immortal; not with the essential immortality of the gods, doubtless, but with a Tithonus-like interminability of existence which is attained by keeping the company of the true immortals.

Of Mr. Robinson himself it is hardly necessary to say much. He had in his early and his later life a good deal of the real Boswellian admiration for those better than himself; and in his later life he added to this more than a young man's fondness for social intercourse, so that he became even famous as a story-teller and talker. They relate of him that, when he gave his breakfasts, it was usual for the initiated among the guests to make their breakfasts before setting out, as the host habitually began serving up Goethe and Schiller or some other celebrity quite as soon as the cups and saucers began to make their appearance, and continued to offer intellectual fare so much more abundantly and constantly than food for the body that a hungry man was in an awkward position. Even a bold push to escape famishing was not surely successful; for sometimes there would be no housekeeper's keys, and sometimes even no housekeeper. With such a disposition and such habits of life, there was almost a necessity laid upon Mr. Robinson to be always hearing and always telling some new thing; and one has only to open the autobiography—no matter where—to see proofs of the extent of his acquisitions of this sort. To go on with his characteristic traits, we may say that, intellectually, he was of a receptive nature rather than creative or aggressive; but that he seems hardly to have had either the intellectual courage and energy with which this sort of mind is often endowed, nor quite all the breadth of tolerance and catholicity of taste with which it is still more frequently marked. He was, for example, to be called intolerant whenever Wordsworth's claims to admiration were seriously questioned. Wordsworth was, indeed, his idol, and a very devoted worshipper he was. And as to his want of decision, there were certain matters which, to the end of his life, he found it possible neither to leave alone nor to come to any conclusion about. Such were religious topics, which were, it is said, a constant theme of his discourse, and as to which he can hardly be said to have formed any fixed body of opinions down to the latest days of his life. For some time before his death, he seems to have inclined towards a liking for Church of England clergymen with no views that could be called very pronounced, and with a good deal of "liberality." As was natural, this tolerance and liking for tolerance grew upon him the older he grew; and not only as regards religious things, but others also, and he was a kinder and less exacting critic in his old age than in his youth, though, for that matter, it could never be said of him that he was not an open-minded man without harshness. His modesty was perhaps excessive; but that is an assertion open to contradiction, for we do not know that we see anything in the diary to disprove his opinion of his own powers, or to lead us to suppose that he might, as he says he could not, have done anything considerable in literature except this that he has done. He consorted intimately, while young enough to be ambitious, with men who certainly would have roused the ambition, and stimulated and strengthened the literary faculties, of almost anybody, however modest, who had much native literary ability, yet in his case nothing came of it. Still, it is not unlikely that he may have been too fastidious, and not bold enough either, and at the same time had his courage dashed and his standard of excellence too much raised by his acquaintance with the greatest geniuses of Germany and England. This is a supposition somewhat strengthened by his course in regard to the law. He gave up literature because he thought he could do nothing in it that he should care to do, and, becoming a law student, was admitted to the bar, and in time got a profitable practice and something of a reputation. He did nothing, however, to enlarge it; but at a time when many English barristers are still waiting for the first brief, he retired from the profession to live leisurely on a small competence, apparently having too little energy of mind to find it to his taste to do the work he might very probably have done excellently, and too little ambition to spur what energies he had.

However, we may be very glad that this was so; for in pleasing himself and letting his nature gratify its inclination—by leading a calm, beneficent, social, semi-studious life—he has doubtless done the world more service and laid up for mankind more pleasure than if he had been the greatest of England's chancellors. Nobody will read these volumes of his without forming a liking and a respect for his kind heart and the estimable qualities of his mind. He will go into the number of our well-loved friends, and our children's and grandchildren's; and no doubt would rather be counted there than with the admired and unloved among the great men whom he has commemorated in one of the most readable of books.

As specimens of what the reader of the diary has in store for him, we quote almost at random a few of the thousand anecdotes of men well known, or whom this book will make so.

First, we happen upon a characteristic jest of Charles Lamb's. A jest and a gibe together we may call it, as many of Lamb's jests were, and as almost all of his serious jests were. "The Gentle Elia"—as he objected to being called—was seldom wholly himself unless he was somewhat ungentle. Clearness of insight was of the essence of his genius; and in his case clearness of insight was not counteracted by the creative power, the effect of whose activity it often is to withdraw its possessor from criticism, humorous or otherwise, or to give to criticism a mildness which hardly belongs to it. We may say, by the way, that justice is not often done to Lamb's extraordinary critical discernment. In the case of the friends with whom his lot was cast, and with whom we of to-day usually connect his name, his kindness generally led him into the temptation of giving undue praise. And in the case of the dead, his critical appreciation itself, unshared as it was by those around him, led him not into extravagances of laudation, but into laudation somewhat too unlimited. However, here is the jest we were to quote; and we may be sure that, to Lamb's mind, the little dig at Doctor Johnson was not the least of its recommendations:

"Some one, speaking of Shakespeare, mentioned his anachronism in which Hector speaks of Aristotle. 'That's what Johnson referred to,' said Lamb, 'when h wrote—

'And panting Time toils after him in vain!'"

Here are three notices of Mr. Benjamin Strutt, a friend of Mr. Robinson's in his early youth, and apparently a man of acuteness and wit. On one occasion he seems to have somewhat confused the mind of his young friend:

"Strutt was cynical, a free-thinker, I think an unbeliever. Yet one day he said something that implied he was a churchman. 'What!' I exclaimed, 'you a churchman!' He laughed: 'Let me give you a piece of advice, young man. Whatever you be through life, always be of the Act of Parliament faith."

On another occasion Mr. Strutt, using the true Johnsonian manner—a manner not so displeasing when it is a Johnson who uses it—spoke thus to Mr. Robinson, who had been making some commonplace remarks, to the effect that it was Mr. John Locke's principles that had produced the French Revolution:

"That's all nonsense; Locke's book was the effect, not the cause of the Revolution. People do not rebel and overset governments because they have any ideas about liberty and right, but because they are wretched, and cannot bear what they suffer. The new government employed Locke to justify what they had done, and to remove the scruples of weak, conscientious people."

Mr. Strutt only makes one more appearance in Mr. Robinson's diary, but that is an appearance not to his discredit. Our author says:

"I once saw him by accident in London a few years after I had left Mr. Francis. He was going to the opera; I mentioned that I had no ear for music, least of all for Italian music. 'Get it as soon as you can. You

must one day love Italian music, either in this or another life. It is your business to get as much as you can *here*—for, as you leave off here, you must begin *there*.' This, if seriously said [adds Mr. Robinson in a rather queer, way], implied a sort of hope of immortality very much like that of Goethe."

Another obscure person, whom Mr. Robinson seems to have remembered with respect and with satisfaction, is a Mrs. Buller. What he says of her is of some value for its remarks on the character of George IV., and of more value as exhibiting the tact of Mr. Robinson, who very well knew the old lady's line of reading:

"About this time, July 2, 1812, my diary refers to the death of Mrs. Buller—of those who never in any way came before the public one of the most remarkable women whom I have ever known. She was a lady of family, belonging to the Bullers of Devonshire, and had lived always at Court. She said once, incidentally: 'The Prince Regent has, I believe, as high a regard for me as for any one—that is, none at all. He is incapable of friendship.' On politics and on the affairs of life she spoke with singular correctness and propriety. On matters of taste she was altogether antiquated. She was the friend of Mrs. Montague and Mrs. Carter. She showed me in her bookcase some bound quarto volumes, which she assured me consisted of a translation of Plato by herself, in her own hand. She was far advanced in years, and her death did not come upon her unexpectedly. Not many days before she died I called to make enquiries, and the servant, looking in a book and finding my name there, told me I was to be admitted. I found her pale as ashes, bolstered up in an arm-chair. She received me with a smile, and allowed me to touch her hand. 'What are you reading, Mr. Robinson?' she said. 'The wickedest, cleverest book in the English language, if you chance to know it.' 'I have known the "Fable of the Bees" more than fifty years.' She was right in her guess."

Lamb we see pretty constantly in these volumes, and in this passage we have some just criticism of his on two poems, and indirectly on two men, one of whom he has often been unjustly charged with liking, and the other of whom he has been as unjustly charged with thinking not worth attention. Nobody, of course, has ever thought of Lamb as "taking to" Byron, but there is a belief that he thought of Southey as a great poet—a belief which gets little confirmation from anything in this book. Robinson says:

"*January 8th.*—Went in the evening to Lamb. I have seldom spent a more agreeable few hours with him. He was serious and kind; his wit was subordinate to his judgment, as is usual in *tête-à-tête* parties. Speaking of Coleridge, he said: 'He ought not to have a wife or children; he should have a sort of diocesan care of the world—no parish duty.' Lamb reprobated the prosecution of Byron's 'Vision of Judgment.' Southey's poem of the same name is more worthy of punishment, for his has an arrogance beyond endurance. Lord Byron's satire is one of the most good-natured description—no malevolence."

Here is Lord Thurlow in an agreeable light:

"*April 13th.*—Dover lately lent me a very curious letter, written in 1757 by Thurlow to a Mr. Caldwell, who appears to have wanted his general advice how to annoy the parson of his parish. The letter fills several sheets, and is a laborious enumeration of statutes and canons, imposing an infinite variety of vexatious and burdensome duties on clergymen. Thurlow begins by saying: 'I have confined myself to consider how a parson lies obnoxious to the criminal laws of the land, both ecclesiastical and secular, upon account of his character and office, omitting those instances in which all men are equally liable.' And he terminates his review by a triumphant declaration: 'I hope my Lord Leicester will think, even by this short sketch, that I did not talk idly to him, when I said that parsons were so hemmed in by canons and statutes that they can hardly breathe, according to law, if they are strictly watched.'

"Scarcely any of the topics treated of have any interest, being for the most part technical: but after writing of the Statutes of Uniformity, especially 13th and 14th Ch. II. c. 64, he has this passage: 'I have mentioned these severe statutes and canons, because I have known many clergymen, and those of the best character, followers of Eusebius, who have, in the very face of all these laws, refused to read the Athanasian Creed. Considering the shocking absurdity of this creed, I should think it a cruel thing to punish anybody for not reading it but those who have sworn to read it, and who have great incomes for upholding that persuasion.'"

And here is tinkling Tommy Moore, whom we may, perhaps, forgive for being not much at his ease nor very much delighted among so many poor friends as he must have had in a company of which Coleridge, Wordsworth, and Lamb were constituent parts:

"*April 4th.*—Dined at Monkhouse's. Our party consisted of Wordsworth, Coleridge, Lamb, Moore, and Rogers. Five poets of very unequal worth and most disproportionate popularity, whom the public probably would arrange in a different order. During this afternoon Coleridge alone displayed any of his peculiar talent. I have not for years seen him in such excellent health and with so fine a flow of spirits. His discourse was addressed chiefly to Wordsworth, on points of metaphysical criticism—Rogers occasionally interposing a remark. The only one of the poets who seemed not to enjoy himself was Moore. He was very attentive to Coleridge, but seemed to relish Lamb, next to whom he was placed.

"Of this dinner an account is given in Moore's Life, which account is quoted in the *Athenæum* of April 23, 1853. Moore writes: 'April 4, 1823. Dined at Mr. Monkhouse's (a gentleman I had never seen before) on Wordsworth's invitation, who lives there whenever he comes to town. A singular party. Coleridge, Rogers, Wordsworth and wife, Charles Lamb (the hero at present of the *London Magazine*) and his sister (the poor woman who went mad in a diligence on the way to Paris), and a Mr. Robinson, one of the *minora sidera* of this constellation of the Lakes; the host himself, a Mæcenas of the school, contributing nothing but good dinners and silence. Charles Lamb, a clever fellow, certainly, but full of villanous and abortive puns, which he miscarries of every minute. Some excellent things, however, have come from him.' Charles Lamb is indeed praised by a word the most unsuitable imaginable, for he was by no means a *clever* man; and dear Mary Lamb, a woman of singular good sense, who, when really herself, and free from the malady that periodically assailed her, was quiet and judicious in an eminent degree. This admirable person is dryly noticed as 'the poor woman who went mad in a diligence,' etc. Moore is not to be blamed for this; they were strangers to him. The *Athenæum* reviewer, who quotes this passage from Moore, remarks, 'The tone is not to our liking,' and it is added, 'We should like to see Lamb's account.'"

But time fails us to do so much as mention by name the many celebrated people of whom Mr. Robinson speaks. We must leave it to his volumes themselves to tell our readers what he has to say of Goethe, and "Conversation Sharp," and Flaxman, and Schiller, and poor George Dyer, and Daniel Webster, and Tieck, and Capel Lofft, and Charles Greeley Loring, and Mrs. Stowe, and the Brownings, and Hazlitt, and John Wilkes, and Lord and Lady Byron, and Sir Humphry Davy, and John Wesley, and Voss, and Herder, and Irving, and Rogers, and Liston the comedian, and the Kembles and Keans, and Wellington, and Miss Coutts, and Amelia Opie, and Benjamin Disraeli, and "Tom Hill, the original Paul Pry," and Mr. Gladstone, and Joe Hume, and Grote, and Robert Hall, and Godwin, and Talfourd, and Romilly, and Erskine, and Mrs. Barbauld, and Queen Victoria, and Landor, and Thackeray, and Mrs. Austen, and, in short, nearly every English body who has been made known to us during a period beginning with the times before our Declaration of Independence and ending with—our own day, we were about to say, but Robinson at the last writes of men who will be carrying on the world's affairs a quarter of a century after his more elderly readers are dead and gone.

A LIBRARIAN ON FREE LIBRARIES.*

Mr. Edwards's title may raise some false hopes among those who have town libraries in charge. His work exhibits considerable research, and is very interesting; but it will give librarians little practical assistance. For the greater part of his space is devoted to the history of town libraries, and the lessons to be drawn from this history in regard to certain great questions of management, such as whether it is the better policy to provide books or building first—(books first, is the answer); whether there should be any payment on the part of readers who desire greater privileges than are granted to the general public—(our author would have no such combination of a free and a subscription library); whether any voucher should be exacted from applicants for the loan of books—(which he answers in the affirmative), and from applicants for admission to the reading-room—(to which he says No). But even these questions are hardly discussed; and the librarian who buys the expensive book hoping to learn what form of building will best accommodate the books, the officers, and the public; whether to support the shelves by pegs or ratchets; how high the tables should be; how to plan such conveniences of desk or book-stand as it will be well to add to the tables; what form of ledger or of ticket is best adapted for charging books and for preparing the catalogue; and—not the least perplexing question—what rules to follow in cataloguing; where to buy books, and what discount to expect from the booksellers; whether to cover the books, and how to bind them when the cloth binding is worn out; what other processes a book must go through before it can be taken out—the librarian, we say, seeking assistance on these points will find no dimensions, no details, nothing but the most general hints. Mr. Edwards says of the recently erected library at Grenoble: "It is, I believe, one of the extremely small number of library buildings which have been mainly designed by a librarian. The plans are said to exhibit—as, under such circumstances, they plainly ought to do—unusual closeness of adaptation to the end in view." After this praise, it is rather provoking not to be told what the plans are.

The chief interest of Mr. Edwards's book lies in his account of the dif-

* "Free Town Libraries: their Formation, Management, and History in Britain, France, Germany, and America. Together with Brief Notices of Book-Collectors and of the Respective Places of Deposit of their Surviving Collections. By Edward Edwards." New York: John Wiley & Son. London: Trübner & Co. 1869.

ficulties with which the promoters of free libraries have struggled in England, and of the wonderful success and efficiency of the libraries when once established. The usual resistance of townsmen to new things, their natural disinclination to increase their taxes, and an inability to appreciate the advantages of providing reading for clerks, artisans, servants, mill-operatives, have thrown every obstacle in the way. During the eighteen years which have elapsed since the first Library Act was passed, only thirty-four towns of the United Kingdom have availed themselves of its provisions and of those of the second and better act, which allowed a rate of a penny in the pound. Those thirty-four towns, however, have accumulated more than 420,000 volumes, and the average annual issues already amount to 2,938,000 volumes—Fiction heading the list, and the classes next in order being respectively History and Biography, Voyages and Travels, Sciences and Arts, Philosophy, Politics, and Law.

There are some interesting questions which Mr. Edwards does not touch upon; to which, in fact, it would be very difficult to get any but a conjectural answer. What, after all, is the good accomplished by the circulation of these three millions of volumes? It cannot have been without effect. Has it merely amused, or has it, as is claimed, educated, refined, civilized the readers? Is not mere amusement, if innocent, a good in itself which there is more danger of our underestimating than overestimating? Is the effect in any proportion to the trouble, and cost, and blowing of trumpets? How much have these books stimulated the nascent ability of future writers or artists? how much have they helped the artisan in his work? how much political—and domestic—economy have they taught? how much contentment have they fostered? how much pleasure and relief from weariness or anxiety have they given? how many empty hours have they filled that would have been worse occupied, preventing visits to low resorts by supplying better and cheaper amusement? These results we cannot tabulate; we cannot even ascertain them accurately. Sociologists should attempt to find answers; statisticians could make little of them.

The account of American libraries is not very satisfactory; indeed, none can be till the publication of the next census. Our town libraries do not in their annual reports generally give such detailed statistics of their issues as the English. It is to be hoped that in 1870 questions will be put and answers obtained on many more points than satisfied our last census-takers; that we shall not only know how many volumes there are, but get at least an approximate estimate of the amount of their use. The war checked the formation of new libraries and the growth of the old; but since its close the stock of books accessible to the public must have greatly increased. In 1850, it was nearly four millions, in ten thousand libraries; in 1860, eight and a half millions, in nearly twenty thousand libraries; and in 1870, it may be from twelve to fifteen millions in twenty-five thousand libraries.

The last third of Mr. Edwards's book is filled by an alphabetical list of 1,120 book collectors, giving usually the date of death, the name of the library to which the collections went, and a brief statement of the circumstances of the acquisition. It is full of curious anecdotes of the book-lovers of the last four centuries, and will be useful as a work of reference. Of course, a first attempt at such a compilation cannot be complete—is not likely to be even accurate. In a second edition, Mr. Edwards would do well to add the name of John Harvard, whose books formed the nucleus of the first library in America, and the names of two of its subsequent benefactors—Rev. Theophilus Gale, whose "Court of the Gentiles" was famous in its day, and John Lightfoot, the great Rabbinical scholar. Nor ought he to omit three men, a part, or the whole, of whose collections are now in the library of the Divinity School at Cambridge—Dr. Francis Parkman, Dr. Convers Francis, and Prof. Friedrich Lücke. Mr. Edwards's Henry *William* Wales should be Henry *Ware* Wales. All these facts could have been ascertained by examination of documents which are in the British Museum, but Mr. Edwards complains of the inconvenience of the catalogues of that library, and apparently found such researches as he made sufficiently tedious. The same excuse could not be pleaded for the omission of fourteen out of seventeen names of collectors elsewhere mentioned by himself (pp. 228–230). Again, the four names on pp. 256, 257, and eight out of the nine on p. 249, are not given in the alphabetical list. In fact, our author does not appear to have thought of making use in the second part of the work of his own thorough researches in the first. It is a pity, too, that the list is deformed by the very unscholarlike practice of giving all Christian names in the English form, as Lewis Ariosto, John Boccaccio, Peter Séguier, Leonard of Vinci! With the older names this is not very offensive, for our fathers Anglicized freely; but, if he is following the ancient usage, he should write John Bocace, as he writes Francis Petrarch. And in the modern names, it is unendurable; for our fathers' practice is wholly obsolete—or we had thought so till Mr. Edwards's attempt at reviving it. Who ever heard, or ever will hear, except from Mr. Edwards, of John Mary Quérard?

SEMI-CRITICAL OLD TESTAMENT COMMENTARIES.*

The books the titles of which we have grouped together below, have one important trait in common: a more or less distinctly expressed, unquestioning belief in the genuineness, almost perfect correctness, and inspired character of the Hebrew Scriptures. But only Dr. Lange's critical standpoint—we use these words in the broad sense which would lead Dr. Lange himself to speak of the *religious* standpoint of even pantheism—is fully and argumentatively, though neither lucidly nor satisfactorily, defined and explained. This is done in the "Theological and Homiletical Introduction to the Old Testament" which the author has prefixed to the "Genesis," and which Dr. Gosman has so poorly translated that some of its obscurities are manifestly owing to deficient rendering. The more tangible points, however, are sufficiently discernible. According to Dr. Lange, "the great, profound, all-pervading formative element" in *all* the books of the Bible "is the ideal fact of the saving self-revelation of God even to his incarnation, *i. e.*, the soteriological messianic idea," and as regards the "outward connection and articulation" of the various component parts of the Canon "it cannot be denied, there must have been not only an inspiration of the records themselves, but of the records in their present form, and that it is just as one-sided to deny the traces of this inspired editing of the sacred records (Luke i. 1) as to enfeeble their testimony by the supposition of an uncanonical biblical book-making, of a painful and laborious compilation and fusion of diverse elements or parts into one." And this broad declaration of belief implies not only a vindication of the correctness of the Hebrew superscriptions, given in the text, concerning the authorship of certain books, prophecies, or psalms; it also implies an assertion of authenticity in regard to traditional or external titles. Thus all the unheaded prophecies connected in one book with those marked as Isaiah's are acknowledged by our author as belonging to that prophet, not excluding those that speak of Cyrus by name, and of the temple of Jerusalem as already destroyed, although that monarch was not born nor that sanctuary burned within a century *after* Isaiah. For "the prophet would in these prophecies have placed himself upon that, to him, far distant standpoint of the Babylonish captivity as in his historical present, in order from that point to predict events still more distant in the future. This is not the method of the prophets, but it is the method of the Apocalyptics. . . . . We regard then the second part of the Book of Isaiah (ch. xl.–lxvi.) as the first Old Testament Apocalypse." And what is, according to this view, the theme of the first part of that book? "The personal Christ as prophet, priest, and king." And what is the theme of Obadiah? "The judgment upon Edom—as the type of Antichrist." Of Nahum? "The judgment upon Nineveh as the type of the fleshly Antichrist." Of Habakkuk? "The judgment upon Babylon as the type of the demoniac, self-deifying Antichrist." Jeremiah has his Apocalypse. So has Ezekiel. Daniel is "throughout Apocalyptic." Yet there are exceptions to the author's orthodox rule concerning authorship. He admits portions of Daniel to have been interpolated, on account of "grave circumstances," against which the more orthodox translator, Dr. Gosman, refers to Hengstenberg. He believes the Preacher of Solomon to have been written long after that king, and the title affixed "in the use of poetical license." "That the Song, also, is not correctly attributed to Solomon as its author," he infers from its fundamental thought, to which Dr. Gosman decidedly objects. This translator also disputes various points of the author's dissertation on the "so-called difficult places in the Old Testa-

* "Genesis; or, The First Book of Moses; together with a General Theological and Homiletical Introduction to the Old Testament. By John Peter Lange, D.D., Professor in Ordinary of Theology in the University of Bonn. Translated from the German, with additions, by Professor Tayler Lewis, LL.D., Schenectady, N. Y., and A. Gosman, D.D., Lawrenceville, N. J." [Vol. I. of the Old Testament in "A Commentary on the Holy Scriptures: Critical, Doctrinal, and Homiletical, with special reference to ministers and students. By John Peter Lange, D.D., in connection with a number of European divines. Translated from the German and edited, with additions, by Philipp Schaff, D.D., in connection with American scholars of various Evangelical denominations."] New York: Charles Scribner & Co. 1868.

"Biblical Commentary on the Old Testament. By C. F. Keil, D.D., and F. Delitzsch, D.D., Professors of Theology. The Twelve Minor Prophets. By Carl Friedrich Keil, D.D. Translated from the German by the Rev. James Martin, B.A., Nottingham." 2 vols. [Vols. XVII. and XVIII. of the Fourth Series of "Clark's Foreign Theological Library."] Edinburgh: T. and T. Clark; New York: Charles Scribner & Co. 1868.

"Notes, Critical, Explanatory, and Practical, on the Book of Psalms. By Albert Barnes, Author of 'Notes on the New Testament,' 'Lectures on the Evidences of Christianity,' etc. In 3 vols." New York: Harper & Brothers. 1868-9.

"Jeremiah, and his Lamentations; with Notes, Critical, Explanatory, and Practical, designed for both pastors and people. By Rev. Henry Cowles, D.D." New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1869.

ment," which forms one of the numerous additions to the American edition of the book before us, many of which are from the scholarly pen of Professor Tayler Lewis. He is satisfied with Dr. Lange's orthodoxy concerning the account of creation, paradise, the first human pair, "the long-lived fathers and Enoch," the flood and the ark, the tower of Babel, "the sexual difficulties in the history of the patriarchs," the Egyptian miracles and plagues, and other difficult points, but he is far from being edified by what is said, in explanation, about Balaam's ass and the arresting of the sun by Joshua—though of the ass Dr. Lange piously says that he "is no subject for ridicule," and that "the Spirit of God has made this ass to be a standing irony upon the thoughtlessness (to speak euphemistically) of the knights of free-thought as they go upon the expedition to destroy Christianity." In view of the vast labor and scholarship bestowed upon this work by Dr. Lange, we cannot refrain from thinking that Dr. Gosman would have better employed his time had he devoted it more exclusively to the cares of a translator, which might have saved him the triple reproach of inaccuracy, inelegance, and gross haste in execution. In illustration of his carelessness, we but refer to pp. 61, 62, and 416, where, after the mention of Von Hetzel, Staehelin, and Tuch, respectively, parts of the sentences are given untranslated, in the original German. The American edition is, besides, disfigured by numerous misprints in Hebrew words (see f. i. p. 178) and numerous minor inaccuracies of various kinds. But Dr. Lange himself, with whom the theological and homiletical parts are, after all, the most important, is not free of highly blamable carelessness. Thus, after correctly stating (p. 15) "the sum of the reigns of the Jewish kings"—that is, of the kings of Judah from Rehoboam to Zedekiah—to have been a little upward of 380 years, he informs us (p. 45) that the period embraced by "the two Books of Kings" was "about 380 years," forgetting that those books embrace also the forty years of the reign of Solomon, the predecessor of Rehoboam, and, in their concluding passage, about thirty years posterior to the reign of Zedekiah; while, on the other hand, for reasons unexplained, he extends the period covered by the Books of Ezra, Nehemiah, and Esther to "about 130 years," which is either too long or, if meant to include the time covered by the list of high-priests interpolated in Nehemiah, too short.

If Dr. Lange's orthodoxy may appear to some imperfect, Dr. Keil's, we have no doubt, is apt to satisfy the most exacting scrutinizers; while he also excels in Semitic erudition and in exegetical minuteness and precision. While the former speaks of the Book of Jonah as allegorical—at least to a degree—the latter, almost without hesitation, swallows that prophet with his "shark" and everything as historical. Hitzig's rather sharp criticism on this point so provokes him that he stigmatizes it as a "coarse view of God and of Divine Providence, . . . which borders very closely upon atheism;" he endeavors to prove that "even the two most striking miracles—the three days' imprisonment in the belly of the sea-fish, and the growth of a *Qīqāyōn* to a sufficient height to overshadow a sitting man—have analogies in nature;" he makes this view the more acceptable by stating that "the three days and three nights are not to be regarded as fully three times twenty [*sic* in the translation] hours, but are to be interpreted according to Hebrew usage, as signifying that Jonah was vomited up again on the third day after he had been swallowed;" and he not only defends the genuineness of the prayer of Jonah against Knobel and De Wette, but also declares it to have been uttered in the belly of the fish, and "in perfect accordance with the prophet's" rather queer "circumstances and the state of his mind." That Jonah praises God for a deliverance already received, instead of praying for it, can, of course, be no strong objection for a critical conscience of such calibre. Nor will Dr. Keil hesitate to declare Jonah the author of the narrative of his mission, which, according to him, took place as early as 800 B.C., though the style of the narrative most decidedly resembles that of the latest compositions in the Hebrew Canon. Still less does he waver in upholding the identity of origin of the two parts of Zechariah (i.–viii. and ix.–xiv.), in spite of their glaring difference in contents, tone, and language. In fact, he does not even stoop to mention the existence of a different opinion on this subject. This is perhaps going a little too far, as it might subject him to the suspicion of avoiding a conflict from fear of an inadequacy of weapons. And yet it requires almost equal anti-critical courage to place Obadiah in time at the head of all the minor prophets, by making him the contemporary of Joram, King of Judah ("between 889 and 884 B.C.")—which Dr. Keil bravely does. The next in time he makes Joel ("between 875 and 848 B.C.") Like Dr. Lange, he evidently believes in the Jewish collectors' "inspired editing;" he goes, however, a step further, attributing the headings of the books, incorporated with the texts, to the prophets themselves. The later editors are thus relieved of a great deal of responsibility. Their literal revision of the text Dr. Keil considers trustworthy in the highest degree, and he staunchly clings to their readings. He is also a very strict grammarian, to the detriment here and there of his, in so many respects, eminent exegesis. The English edition of this ample and erudite commentary is comparatively fair, and, as regards the Hebrew, printed with admirable accuracy, but otherwise less carefully. Thus, we find "Jehoiada" for Joash (Vol. I., p. 6) and "Hezekiah" for Jotham (Vol. I., p. 420, in one instance).

"Barnes on the Psalms" is a model of careful elaboration, correctness of revision, and external neatness. It is chiefly homiletical, in this respect equalling the fulness of Lange's Commentary. In critical matters, the author moves apparently somewhat more freely than both Lange and Keil. Thus, he says in an introductory remark to Psalm xxii.: "It cannot be absolutely demonstrated that these titles to the psalms are all of them correct, as it cannot be supposed that they were affixed to them by authors of the psalms themselves; and it is not absolutely known by whom they were prefixed. Of course, there is no certain evidence that they were attached to the psalms by an inspired writer." But, as he immediately adds, "Still they are to be presumed to be correct unless there is some clear evidence to the contrary," and as he consistently acts upon this principle, his critical license almost entirely vanishes in the application, so that the psalms are classified, and, of course, their contents explained, not according to their inner evidence, but mainly in accordance with their superscriptions, and other traditional indications, emanating from "the collector of the Psalms, whoever he might be." In the introduction we find a very elaborate—though perhaps not quite successful—apologetic discourse on the "imprecatory" portions of the Psalter, in which the writer by very ingenious processes endeavors to justify, among others, expressions like the following from Ps. cix.: "When he shall be judged, let him be condemned; and let his prayer become sin. . . . Let his children be fatherless, and his wife a widow. . . . Let there be none to extend mercy unto him; neither let there be any favor to his fatherless children. . . . Let the iniquity of his fathers be remembered with the Lord; and let not the sin of his mother be blotted out." In the preface, as likewise in a short closing postscript, the aged author—who has been for years afflicted with a partial failure of vision—speaks in touching words of his manifold labors "in endeavoring to explain and illustrate the sacred Scriptures," and of the emotion with which he now resigns himself to "attempt no more."

Dr. Cowles concludes with the volume on "Jeremiah and his Lamentations" his "series on the Old Testament prophets." The main object of this new work, to which is somewhat strangely affixed a dissertation on "The Premillennial Advent of Christ," is "to bring out the great points of prophetic revelation with a richer practical force." To this end most of the author's labor is devoted; the introductory, historical, and purely exegetical remarks are comparatively short and insignificant. Criticism, in the narrower sense of the word, he nowhere attempts. Objections, based upon critical grounds, to the genuineness of a portion of his prophet's writings, he cuts short by an assertion which renders all further and similar disquisition unnecessary: "Jeremiah was not merely a *man;* he was also a *prophet of God.* Hence, he was not dependent upon his knowledge of history, or his personal observation, or his shrewdness in forecasting future results from present indications. The Lord showed him what no human eye could see, and taught him what to say and to write. . . . Hence, the fact that Jeremiah, in the fourth year of Zedekiah, speaks by anticipation and in prophecy of Jerusalem and its temple as destroyed, creates not the least difficulty. Nor does the fact that he saw the Medes preparing war against Babylon [half a century after Zedekiah] create any sort of difficulty. Did not the Lord know that fact as early as the reign of Zedekiah?" We are rather surprised to find that our author thinks it possibly "admissible" to change the reading of the word *mibtzar* (Jer. vi. 27) "slightly," that is, by the insertion of a dot. At the same time, he has overlooked the fact that his compositor has, by the omission of three dots and one vowel, slightly spoiled the reading of four words out of the twelve given in this book in Hebrew letters—*s(h)eruth, hag(g)eber, mas(s)a, al(a)y.*

Eight Years' Wanderings in Ceylon. By Sir Samuel W. Baker. (Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1869.)—The title of this book would not lead the reader to expect an account of a settlement undertaken by the author in the year 1848–9, and such descriptions of the country, its geography, products, capacity, etc., as would be of value to intending colonists. These, however, are what he will get, and the "Wanderings" consist chiefly in digressions relating to the chase that might properly have

been included in the "Rifle and Hound." We confess to liking the present work better than that just named, on grounds with which we shall not ask sportsmen to sympathize. It presents Mr. Baker in the *rôle* of a civilizing pioneer in a tropical wilderness, among a degenerate people, and under a government of whose inefficiency he does not hesitate to speak with the greatest frankness. As his experiment in the highlands of Newera Ellia was to prove his fitness for the grander experiment in which he is now engaged in equatorial Africa, it cannot fail to be read with interest, apart from the attractive style in which all his narratives are clothed. A number of years have passed since this book was written, and Ceylon is probably better cultivated and better ruled than formerly, but the nature of its soil, of course, remains unchanged, and it must be still true that no crops will thrive without manure, and that even with manure wheat does not prosper, and pasturage is precarious, that the native fruits are generally inferior to those of other parts of India, and, in short, that the island—except in scenery—is quite other than the paradise which it has often been reported to be. What it might produce, and how dense a population it might sustain, is inferrible from the stupendous monuments of that elder race which constructed the tanks and the water-courses that once fertilized all the land, and gave an extension to the rice-culture which it is now difficult to realize. The Cingalese of to-day inherit the modes of culture of their ancestors, without their indomitable enterprise or high civilization, nor have they been perceptibly elevated under the British rule, which, at the time when Sir Samuel wrote, was changed every five years, and generally for the worse, which had paralyzed the coffee trade by a sudden resort to free trade, had destroyed the pearl fishery with retributive greediness, held a monopoly of salt and of the precious metals, and, in a word, did nothing to foster and much to retard the development of the island. However this may now be, the relation of Ceylon to the new currents of trade through the Isthmus of Suez, on the one hand, and from our Pacific Coast, on the other, may, we imagine, revive its colonial importance, and ensure its progress.

The Science of Government in connection with American Institutions. By Joseph Alden, D.D., LL.D. (New York: Sheldon & Co. 1869.)—Dr. Alden's "Science of Government" is, for a book of its scope and aim, nearly all that could be desired. Colleges will of course use some more complete treatise, like those of Story, Duer, and Pomeroy; for high-schools and academies the one before us can hardly be surpassed. It is very brief, but one wishes only a very little in the way of commentary, and the views are always judicious and clearly expressed. This judgment will be confirmed by the trial of use in the schoolroom. It needs, however, tables (lists of Presidents, etc.), and, especially, the Appendix ought to contain the Constitution as a whole, instead of having it merely distributed through the book in clauses. It errs, perhaps, on the side of brevity; for instance, Art. 9 of the Amendment requires a commentary; and Art. 4, § 3, clause 1, has its sense spoiled by the use of a semicolon instead of a comma after the words, "within the jurisdiction of any other State."

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Authors.—Titles.	*Publishers.—Price.*
Brinton (Dr. D. G.), A Guide-Book of Florida and the South	(Geo. Maclean) $1 00
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The Week.

The preparations in this State for the fall elections are tolerably lively. Frequent meetings of the two Gangs in this city have been held with a view to reunion; but then the combination, if they succeed, will be mechanical merely, and not chemical: that is, nothing new will result from it. The two Gangs united will simply form one big Gang, with the same aims, processes, and probably increased powers of mischief. Committees are made of men, and you cannot make a good committee out of bad men. In the country districts there is much confusion. The conventions seem to nominate some of the worst "corruptionists," as they are called, of the last Legislature, with the regularity of clockwork, but independent tickets are springing up in some places in opposition to them, with what chance of success it would be difficult to say. The readiness of the regular conventions to offer the notorious old hacks once more to the voters is a striking indication of the demoralization of the party in some districts. So also is the boldness of some of the "corruptionists." Mr. Younglove, for instance, the Speaker of the late Assembly, and one of its most suspected members, is openly canvassing the Fifteenth District in quest of the nomination. Indeed, the invention and rapid diffusion of the word "corruptionists" as a designation for men who take bribes, or support those who take them, is a sign of the times worth noting. It is now really used as the name of a section of the Republican party, just as "abolitionist" and "annexationist" might be, and is rapidly losing its moral significance, and becoming merely an announcement of the fact that the person bearing it belongs to the bolder class of politicians, who, as long as they are sound on "great issues," really believe themselves entitled to whatever they can make in the party ranks, and not to be spoken lightly of.

The war in the Democratic ranks over Mr. Belmont still continues, and the points of objection to him multiply. One of the last is that he is a foreigner, and only "an American citizen on paper;" but this is a delicate matter to speak of in the Democratic ranks, inasmuch as if the foreigners abandon it in this city, it would vanish like a dream. The "Father of his Country," even, has been invoked against him—that passage in the Farewell Address which bids his countrymen "beware of foreign influence" being held to be, under the circumstances, applicable to the present Chairman of the National Committee. Another defect in him, which, unlike this one, is his fault, and not his misfortune—for he could not help being born in Germany—is that he has advocated the payment of the bonds in gold. A fair set-off to this disgraceful piece of honesty is, however, that he first of all advised his friends not to buy them on any terms. The discussion of his nativity is in many respects inopportune, inasmuch as it is leading the Germans to "arouse" and look after the city offices, now monopolized by their fellow-citizens of Irish origin. The revelations made on this subject have really been of a heart-rending character. The Irish have about nine-tenths of the spoils; and if the Germans, who now cast half the Democratic vote, are to have their share, there will be a convulsion of the first order.

It appears that the recent noteworthy action taken by the Pennsylvania Democrats in withdrawing their candidates of bad character was taken by the City Executive Committee, acting under the advice of Judge Packer himself, who has no notion of being beaten if hard, business-like work will save him. His chances of election are certainly not less than the Republican press of Pennsylvania are disposed to concede. He counts, of course, on the regular vote of his party in the other sections of the State, and he has a good many friends in the city of Philadelphia, even among the Republicans—especially among the well-to-do Quakers, who have borne with him a part of the labor of developing the Lehigh Valley. The new ticket which this Democratic committee has put up is, as we have said already, a very strong one; and this is not their only means of local strength, as they have raised the cry that the municipal rights of the city have been invaded by the bill which gives the management of Girard College and other lesser charities to a board appointed by the judges, and the cry has all the more force because, as it happens, the board that has actually been appointed cannot be said to be well chosen. The general feeling throughout the State in regard to the passage of the Fifteenth Amendment by the last Legislature, which many people hold to be directly in contravention of the State Constitution, may also assist the Democrats. But, on the other hand, it is not to be forgotten that the Republicans are, if somewhat apathetic, still firmly and well organized; that they have to help them what they had not last year nor the year before—the Federal patronage, which is no small thing; that Secretary Robeson will not refuse them the help of the Philadelphia Navy Yard; and in case the decisions in the "contested election cases"—"contested elections" are getting to be a Pennsylvanian political "institution"—are in favor of the Republicans, the police and other branches of municipal patronage will be restored to their hands. Altogether, the Pennsylvania fight will be a close one.

The New York *Times* announces that enormous frauds have been discovered in the Methodist Book Concern, the largest publishing house in the world, and the magnitude and honesty of whose operations have hitherto given just matter for national pride. The difficulty of keeping in force any good system of accountability in so large an establishment, managed by agents, who were necessarily frequently changed, and whose watchfulness was not stimulated by self-interest, must always have been very great, and the wonder is not that frauds should now appear, but that they should not have appeared sooner. We suspect that even when the worst is known, it will prove that the establishment has fared on the whole better than many commercial enterprises of similar magnitude.

The centenary celebration of Alexander von Humboldt's birthday went off very successfully. A great number of Americans as well as Germans took part in it; for Humboldt's glories belong to the whole race, as well as to Germans; though it must be admitted that a great number of those who did take part in it knew very little about him. He was neither poet, orator, conqueror, politician, nor discoverer; but simply a philosopher—and philosophers and their memories are not yet popular in the broad sense of the word. A colossal bust of the great man was presented to the Central Park Commissioners by Mr. C. E. Detmold, on behalf of the subscribers for its purchase, and Dr. Lieber afterwards delivered an excellent address, in which Humboldt's various claims to the admiration of posterity were very well condensed. In Boston, Professor Agassiz spoke, and so did Ralph Waldo Emerson and others, and, barring some questionings as to Humboldt's religious views which a correspondent notices elsewhere, "nothing occurred," as the reporters say, "to mar the pleasure of the occasion." One of the curious things connected with the anniversary is that in Berlin the celebration of it has been treated as a Liberal movement, and the upper classes have consequently abstained from participation, and thus made it "shabby."

The state of depression in which the English cotton manufactures find themselves is naturally exciting a good deal of speculation as to its causes. One of the theories started, and which finds most general acceptance, is that the cotton-spinners, stimulated by the prosperity of former years, put their gains into new mills and machinery, thus making themselves every year dependent on a steady increase of the supply. Now the supply has fallen off, while the capital invested in the mills is fixed, and cannot be turned into any other channel. The deduction from this is that the spinners ought also to have looked to the supply, and put money into planting or plantations. A strong effort is now being made to induce them to invest money in the South, and a Mr. Morehead has been sent over by the late Memphis Convention to stir them up on the subject. But he is drawing some rather too glowing pictures of what may be accomplished. He says, for instance, that cotton plantations in Mississippi are yielding 100 per cent. Perhaps they are; but what did they yield last year, and the year before? No prudent man ought to go into cotton-planting without basing his calculations on averages of five years. There is undoubtedly, owing to the delicacy of the plant, a gambling element in all cotton-raising. We do not mean to say it is sufficient to deter anybody from devoting his time and money to the work; but it has to be kept in mind.

The English papers seem to be working themselves up into a terrible state of excitement over General Sickles's notes to the Spanish Government about Cuba, and will have it that they are of a highly minatory character, and point to an immediate interference on the part of the United States in favor of the insurrection. We believe the fact of the matter is that General Sickles has been instructed to offer mediation, and to recommend the Spaniards to conduct their military operations like civilized men and not like savages, but that the Government means, with regard to all other action, to follow international usage—that is, to recognize the insurgents as belligerents when the facts justify it, and to recognize the independence of the island when the Spanish inability to hold it has been fairly demonstrated. In the meantime, there is a ridiculous telegram to the effect that the French Emperor wishes Spain to retain the island; and the Spanish paper in this city openly menaces us with the iron-clads of that nation, and threatens to blockade the principal eastern ports, and reduce the country to a state of abject submission to the present Spanish Government. We hope things may not reach this pass; but if the worst comes to the worst, we may at least draw courage from the example of the republic of Peru, which, a year or two ago, did not shrink from a conflict with the Spanish giant, and certainly did not get the worst of it. The editor of the *Cronista* ought, however, to understand that our citizens will imperatively demand his head on the appearance of his iron-clads. His passports he shall not have. He knows, it seems, that we are weak, and weakness, driven to the wall, is apt to be cruel.

The Irish Catholic prelates, Cardinal Cullen presiding, have issued a manifesto on education, in which they denounce all schemes of mixed or non-sectarian education either in school or college, and refuse to accept as a peace-offering the abolition of religious tests in the Dublin University. They ask for a distinctly Catholic University for themselves, to be founded and apparently endowed by Government; or else the establishment of a National University, like the London University, granting degrees and honors to the students of Catholic colleges on equal terms with Protestants; or else "the arrangement of the Queen's Colleges on a denominational basis"—that is, we suppose, the allotment of those of Cork and Galway to the Catholics and of Belfast to the Protestants—the University still granting degrees to each impartially. To do any of these things, except the second, would, however, be a step backward, which would not be made now by the Government of any Catholic country, and will hardly be made by that of England. Cardinal Cullen has supported the manifesto by an announcement that Catholics who allow their children to attend the National (Common) Schools will hereafter be refused the sacraments. As there are no other schools accessible to the poor, Catholic parents have now, therefore, the alternative presented to them of letting their children grow up in ignorance or exposing themselves to everlasting damnation. The length of time this extreme measure has been threatened without being resorted to shows how serious the ecclesiastical authorities consider it, and its seriousness lies in the strain it puts on the popular reverence for the church machinery. Should the prohibition be even partially disregarded, the effects would be calamitous. It is now a long while since the Church imposed so heavy a task on the Devil, and we shall be curious to see how much of his mediæval freshness and vigor he has preserved.

On the other hand, the disestablished Protestant Church is showing more life than even its friends gave it credit for; but this is not saying much for it. Still, as was confidently expected, the separation from the state seems to have roused an amount of interest in the Church amongst the laity which they have never before displayed, and which, indeed, the clergy begin to find somewhat inconvenient. It was a matter of debate amongst the latter a few weeks ago, whether the laity should be admitted to the Church Synods; but at a meeting of leading laymen in Dublin, the other day, it plainly appeared not only that the laity were determined on being represented in the government of the Church, but they were inclined to demand a preponderating influence in it. To their equal representation there will apparently be no opposition. Subscriptions to a considerable amount have already been made to a "Church Sustentation Fund."

The new land movement in Ireland is making good progress, and a striking illustration of the rapidity with which popular demands advance in our day is to be found in the fact that the old concession of mere "tenant right"—that is, the right of the outgoing tenant to sell his "good-will" to the incoming tenant, and of the ejected tenant's right to compensation for his improvements—is now pronounced and *is* antiquated; that is, nobody would dream of being satisfied with it; and the chances are that the landlords, after having refused it for years, would now be only too glad to get off with making it. The new agitators demand perpetuity of tenure, at a fixed rent, or, at all events, at a rent fixed by periodical valuations, in which tenants' improvements would be allowed for. There is no danger in predicting that to this it must come at last, athough this would be but a very little way removed from Mr. Mill's plan of two years ago, which then seemed so revolutionary.

There is a curious controversy going on in the London *Times* about the state of religion in Germany. Its Berlin correspondent, who is a well-known Prussian, some weeks ago, *apropos* of the attempted assassination of the clergyman while repeating the Creed in the Berlin Dom, declared that the great body of Protestant Germans were rationalists of the most advanced type; that not only did they not go to church, but they held the clergy in contempt, and even abhorrence, as dunces or

hypocrites. This led to a reply from Mr. Ernest Bunsen, or *de* Bunsen, as he absurdly calls himself, questioning the statements but very feebly; and then the controversy, after one reply from the Berlin correspondent, passed into the hands of Mr. Wright, an English clergyman, formerly of Dresden, now of Boulogne, and Mr. Anketell, the American minister of St. John's Church, Dresden. Mr. Wright maintains "that though the state of religion in Germany is not satisfactory, there is a decided reaction in favor of evangelical truth;" and that "the attendance at public worship in Dresden is now greater than it was twenty years ago;" and that "among the educated laity in Germany are to be found not a few believers in the leading doctrines of Christianity." This last assertion certainly has not a very hopeful sound. To this Mr. Anketell replies, that out of a Protestant population of 150,000, only 7,000 at most attend public worship; that at a meeting of the Protestant clergy of Dresden, held last February, "the sentiments broached" were that "Arius was as good a Christian as Athanasius;" "that the Lord's Prayer was creed enough for Christendom;" and that all persons present, except himself, gave in their adhesion to these doctrines. Pastoral visiting, he says, is unknown; and he cites a saying of a brother student of his—the son of a Lutheran clergyman—a dozen years ago, that, "if resorted to, it would be ascribed to licentious motives." He says, too, that the Dresden Protestant-Verein decided last March "that the doctrine of Christ's atonement for human sin was an exploded superstition;" and sums up with the remark, quoted from some one else, that "Luther may have discovered a pearl of great price, but it has a wonderfully poor setting in his own land." Here the matter now rests. Religious statistics are always untrustworthy or misleading, because they try to weigh what is imponderable and measure what is immeasurable. You cannot put down in figures "the state of religion" in any country. There is nevertheless no country whose religious condition is of more importance than that of Germany, for no country so powerfully influences the thought of all other countries. By-the-by, we wish more was known of the religious condition of Americanized Germans. Who ever hears of religion amongst them at all?

The full report of Prince Napoleon's speech has reached us by last mail, and it more than justifies the accounts given of its radicalism. He protests his devotion to the Emperor and his son, and then proceeds deliberately to ridicule the senatus-consultum while approving of it, because, though very good as far as it goes, it does not go far enough. He says the autocratic empire must burn its ships and become a liberal empire; that, with everything else moving and changing, politics cannot stand still; that it is folly to say that only some countries are fit for liberty; that liberty is everywhere the same—"cosmopolitan, human, like the beautiful in its unity;" that the Constitution of 1852 was very imperfect, and that, great as are the changes which have been already made in it, or are now proposed, they are nothing to those which will have to be made during the next two or three years; that, in fact, the more it is changed, the better it will be; that "you may do anything you like with bayonets except sit down on them;" that the senatus-consultum is defective in five things: in that it does not say specifically to whom the Ministry is to be responsible; in that it contains no provision for making the Senate a second legislative chamber instead of a nondescript body with nondescript powers; in that the Senate is still allowed to act legislatively during the prorogation of the Corps Législatif, which may last for six months; in that it does not abolish the Senate's exclusive power of discussing the constitution, when, in truth, the lower House discusses it also, and the present changes are made on the demand of the latter; and in that it does not make mayors elective by the municipal councils. He wound up by telling them that, by-and-by, they would have to repeal the law of Public Safety, giving monstrous police powers to the Government; Art. 75 of the constitution, releasing functionaries from responsibility for official acts before the courts; and that would soon come up the still greater questions of education, decentralization, individual freedom, and governmental economy—and then sat down, leaving the old Bonapartists "scandalized" and the younger ones dumfounded.

The curious little farce, known as the reprimand of the Pasha of Egypt by the Sultan, of which the public has been hearing for some weeks, is now at an end—the vassal having made his submission in due form. The most striking thing in the whole affair was the lofty moral and philosophic tone of the Turkish despatch, which read very much as if it had been composed by John Stuart Mill with the assistance of a committee of the Massachusetts Prohibitionists. People who are familiar with the ways of the Turkish Government and the condition of Turkish society read it with great astonishment. It contained a sharp lecture on economy from one of the most absurdly extravagant governments in the world; some remarks on the wickedness of luxury, unsupported by wealth, from officials who live in the most outrageous luxury in one of the poorest countries in the world; and expressions of concern for the condition of the Egyptian peasants from rulers whose own peasantry does not, up to this day, know what legal protection is, and has never seen a good road. The main causes of the offence given by the "Khedive," as the Pasha is called, are, however, that he has been acting as an independent sovereign in sending representatives to foreign courts; in accepting regal honors himself at their hands; in inviting foreign sovereigns to his dominions; and in buying himself iron-clads.

In his reply, the Khedive comes down handsomely. He says he has invited the sovereigns to the opening of the Suez Canal, in virtue of the high position he holds under the Sultan; whatever respect was shown him abroad was due to the favor with which the Sultan is known to regard him. His representative abroad went with the Sultan's knowledge; Egypt has thriven under his rule; the finances are carefully managed, and the taxation not heavy, and the Khedive's devotion to the Sultan is unalterable; but he says nothing about the iron-clads, which may yet cause trouble. What heightens the effect of all this is, that it is extremely doubtful whether the Khedive is not as well able to take Constantinople as the Sultan to take Cairo or Alexandria. The Egyptian army is small compared to the Ottoman, but both officers and men are vastly superior. During the last Russian war, the Egyptian contingent was everywhere the *corps d'élite* of the Turkish army—the one body which could be counted on to stand in confusion; it furnished the only sentinels whose vigilance was absolutely reliable, and submitted to slaughter with something of real Mussulman resignation. In fact, with another Ibrahim Pasha, a repetition of the events of 1840 would not be at all difficult; but the present Khedive is a reformer and administrator rather than a man of war. Both he and the Sultan owe their position solely to the jealousy of the Great Powers, and their quarrelling in public about their respective rights and duties has, therefore, afforded a good deal of amusement to the realistic diplomatists of Christendom.

Some fresh light has been thrown on the Chinese question by the publication of a presumably genuine report of Tsang, a high Chinese functionary, on the subject of intercourse with foreigners. He is decidedly hostile to the extension of trade, to the introduction of railroads, telegraphs, and steamers into the heart of the empire, and for the very reasons for which many people resisted their introduction in Europe—that they would throw a great number of people out of employment. Coal-mines, however, he would allow to be worked. If foreigners should force the Government of Peking to yield to their wishes in these matters, he thinks the provincial governors should resist vigorously. As regards the toleration of missionaries, he expresses himself with great contempt with regard to all Western creeds, as transitory and feeble, which China, with her ancient and impregnable faith, need not fear. So, with a confidence and scorn which the Pope, with his eighteen centuries behind him, would give a good deal to be able to feel, Tsang advises that the missionaries be allowed to do their worst. He approves of embassies to foreign powers, and recommends firmness and fairness and sincerity in all dealings with the West; but with regard to all "the modern improvements"—in fact, everything that is commonly called "progress" by practical men—he is inexorable. The paper is, on the whole, very much what a good old English Tory squire of the year 1760 might have written in reply to similar questions.

THE DEFENCES OF SOCIETY AGAINST THE SPECULATORS.

THERE was an announcement last week, made by the *Tribune* in leaded type, that there was going to be another "gold corner" created by "certain financiers of our city in combination with European capitalists," who were bent on buying and withdrawing from use thirty millions of coin, thus forcing those who need gold for duties and other purposes to buy of them at exorbitant rates; and the *Tribune* thereupon calls on Secretary Boutwell "to ascertain the facts," and, if he discovered the combination, to step in with his gold, sell it at the artificially raised price, and thus make money for the Government and ruin the speculators at one blow. "Mr. Boutwell," adds the same paper, "can surely ascertain whether such a conspiracy does or does not exist, and, if it exists, his duty is plain and imperative," etc., etc.

We do not doubt that the *Tribune* made this appeal in good faith —that it really believes that there is a combination, and that it is the business of Mr. Boutwell to frustrate it. Nevertheless, we have very little question that nine persons out of ten of those who have even a faint knowledge of what goes on in Wall Street, and do not share our confidence in the *Tribune's* integrity, looked upon the cry as simply part of a gold-jobbing operation. A little consideration is all that is needed to show how the matter stands. We have admitted, we believe, more than once that, since Mr. Boutwell has gold to sell, it is his duty to sell it as nearly as he can when he thinks the market is at its highest; but then, if, instead of watching the market, and stepping in when he thinks the right moment has come, he takes upon himself to find out beforehand whether conspiracies to put gold up exist, so as to be ready for the conspirators and frustrate their schemes, and, above all, if he institutes these enquiries on the demand either of newspapers or individuals, one of two things is sure to follow—either he will actually be made in a large number of cases the tool of speculators, or the public will suspect him of being their tool, and either would be a great misfortune. Confidence in Mr. Boutwell's integrity now exists, and, considering the magnitude of the interests committed to his discretion, the destruction of this confidence would be a calamity second in importance only to the loss of his integrity itself.

It has to be borne in mind that in the gold market, as in the stock market, there are bears as well as bulls—that is, there are speculators for a fall as well as for a rise, though the consciousness that the Treasury gold is impending over them doubtless keeps both in check; and as long as the game is confined to themselves, it may do great harm if one party believes or knows that it has only to cry "combination" or "conspiracy" when it finds itself in a "tight place"—when, for instance, after having made time sales of gold, it finds it rising or likely to rise—to get the Secretary to come to its aid. The game would be carried on with loaded dice, and, what is worse, the Secretary would seem to be, or would be, a party to it, and the Treasury gold sales become one of the most tremendous instruments of demoralization ever witnessed. His preliminary investigation, or attempt to ascertain whether "the combination" existed, would of course be a mere farce. Mr. Boutwell has no machinery for any such investigation. He has no power to send for persons and papers, or take testimony under oath, and would from first to last have to depend for his information on mere assertions, made to him, probably, by the bears anxious to produce an immediate effect on the market. It would be hard indeed to devise a better mode of sending gold down, suddenly and on a pinch—there are plenty of ways of sending it up—than getting such a paragraph into the papers as the one in the *Tribune* on which we are commenting; and how ready the public would be to suspect the investigation of being a mere step in the speculators' game, somewhat like Judge Barnard's injunctions in the Erie war, one has only to read the following, which we find in the money article of the *World* of the same date:

"Mr. Boutwell, Secretary of the Treasury, will be in New York tomorrow (Wednesday), and notified some of his friends yesterday of this fact. Some influential parties who are heavily short of gold at low prices —in the neighborhood of 131 and 132—are bringing a pressure to bear upon the Secretary in order to induce him to sell about $10,000,000 gold, and to pay at once the gold interest due on November 1 without rebate. The Secretary will do well to pause before he decides to make any alteration in his published official monthly programme for buying bonds and selling gold."

And again, on the following day:

"The Secretary of the Treasury was expected to arrive in the city this morning, but left Boston this morning, and arrived here this afternoon about 4.30 P.M. This evening Mr. Boutwell is to hold confidential consultations with Mr. Horace Greeley and Mr. Bigelow, in regard to the best means of running down the price of gold, of which an ex-Loyal-League Mayor of the city, and other influential persons of the 'trooly loil' type, are said to be largely short at 131 to 132. The plans proposed by these Loyal League 'bears' in gold embrace the prepayment of the November interest by Government and the immediate sale of $10,000,000 of gold."

Now, it makes no difference whether the imputations here thrown out have any foundation or not; they *might* have a foundation, and it would be nearly as bad for people to believe them true as for them to be true. We trust, therefore, Mr. Boutwell will take no evidence and institute no enquiries as to the existence or non-existence of "combinations" and "conspiracies." They are none of his business. He could not get at the truth about Wall-Street "corners" if he were ten times as knowing as he is, and he could not establish the reign of pure justice in Wall Street if he were the Archangel Michael himself; and he may rest assured that nobody can give a stronger proof of fatuity than asking him to try his hand at either job.

To provide protection for the public against combinations either to raise the price of gold or the interest on money, is no easy matter. If a band of men of large capital are able and willing to enter into a combination to withdraw an immense quantity of gold from the market, it would be impossible to devise a law that would prevent them while leaving gold in the position of a commodity purchasable in the market; and if you attempt to interfere by law with the transfer or possession of gold in any way, you produce precisely the effect at which the combinations aim, viz., a rise in price. Consequences far more disastrous have been produced by "locking up" greenbacks than are ever again likely to be produced by locking up gold; but this performance also seems hardly capable of legal prevention, although it is, we believe, not possible without the co-operation of the banks. A group of speculators for a fall determine, in order to bring stocks down, to make money "tight," and for this purpose go to the banks and borrow all the money the latter are not using, but leave it on deposit, and the banks are, of course, only too glad to receive interest on immense sums which do not pass out of their hands. But, of course, also their power of lending to their other customers is so far diminished, money becomes "tight," stocks have to be sold, and the object of the speculators is answered. The shocking effects of these combinations on trade and commerce we described in our columns some months ago; but they can be readily imagined without description.

Now, to prevent them we should have either to inspire the great stock-jobbers with scruples and a regard for the general weal—which of course is hopeless—or to provide some means of punishing banks for aiding and abetting them. The loan to the operators is, however, on its surface a perfectly legitimate loan; it only differs from ordinary loans in the money being allowed to lie in the banker's hands. There is an understanding between him and the borrower that it shall not be drawn out. The difficulty of devising a legal process which would prevent the banker from lending money to a set of men without being sure that they were not going to use it for legitimate purposes, or convict the bank of having lent it without taking the proper precautions, or compel the borrowers of money to draw their balances out, or compel the bankers to exact a particular kind and amount of security for loans, must be apparent to anybody who has ever given any attention to the practical working of legislation. And yet some such process is sorely needed; but how futile all attempts to interfere between dealers in money are likely to prove has been well illustrated by the late usury trials. Here the speculators not only succeeded in making money tight, but when the private dealers endeavored to relieve the pressure by getting money in from every quarter, and lending at such rates of interest as those who needed it thought it worth to them, the speculators actually prosecuted them for interfering with their "game," got them convicted of usury, and sentenced to fine and imprisonment; and what gives a touch of the ludicrous to the transaction is, that in doing

so they had the hearty applause and support of an influential portion of the press—the New York *Tribune* included. Better still, they raised a subscription to pay the expense of having put the District Attorney and the court in motion. A better illustration of the way in which all legal remedies are apt not only to fail in this field of wrong, but actually to help the wrong-doers, it would be difficult to light upon, and the dexterity of the operators was not a whit more remarkable than the fatuity of the press and public.

We do not mean to say that nothing can or ought to be done by way of legal remedy. The banks are the creatures of the state, and doubtless legislation against the co-operation of banks in locking up greenbacks, though it might not put a complete stop to it, and although the proof of offences would always be difficult, would sharpen the consciences of bankers, and help to make complicity with these raids on the community more disreputable; and whatever was very disreputable few bank officers would probably be willing to engage in. But the true remedy, after all, must be sought in public opinion. Commercial morals will never in any country be very much higher than the community requires them to be; and it is useless to expect men whose one passion is money-making, and to whom stock-jobbing is a delightful game, to refrain from schemes by which a fortune may be made in an hour, and which is followed by no retribution of any kind, which in no perceptible way lowers them in the estimation of their neighbors or subjects them to any social inconvenience. Few people think much the worse of a man for having been engaged in a successful "corner," even though it may have carried ruin to a thousand homes. A few "fossils" may grumble, but nobody minds them; clergymen may lift up their voices in the pulpit in general condemnation of roguery; but then nobody clings much faster to the horns of the altar, or comes down more handsomely for philanthropic objects, than the individual rogues; so that, although we may feel sure there is a good deal of knavery going on, there is nothing scarcer than a distinct, well-defined, and generally recognized knave.

ENGLAND AND HER INFLUENTIAL COLONISTS.

To readers whose memory goes back thirty or forty years, what seems almost a miracle is now getting itself accomplished within the limits of the British empire. The people whose drum-beat accompanies the sun in his journey round the world, are talking of the British colonies as "what used to be called our dependencies." That is the phrase of the *Times*. And the present Government, in which the most distinguished of colonists holds a place of the highest rank, and of which another colonist is a promising and distinguished member, is understood to be almost more than willing to sever the connection now existing between England and every other important possession of the crown except India. For the fact is that none of them can any longer be said to be possessions of the crown. For years they have all been independent, even to the extent of being able to tax British goods imported within their borders, and they are all a source of weakness to "the mother country"—as she begins to protest against being called—who is able to set to the credit side of their account only these entries: that they afford places to some of the needier members of the English governing classes; that they offer her in case of war coaling and refitting stations in all parts of the world; and that the nominal ownership of them gratifies to some extent the sentiment of national pride.

But, on the other hand, when the proper deductions are made, these entries really foot up very much less than their nominal amount. The tide has well turned that has so long carried "the governing classes" into all places of power and profit, and the country is every year to be more and more Americanized, and governed more and more in the interest of the main body of the people. Then, again, with this main body of the people sentimental considerations, not of the moral and religious order, have much less weight than with their betters, and will less and less shape the policy of the nation—to say nothing of the fact that with all classes, everywhere, the utilitarian question, Does it pay? constantly assumes larger importance. Moreover, the national pride is in its greatest danger of a severe fall by reason of this connection with wide, scattered, feeble, dependent communities, which would be the first points of attack sought by any maritime enemy. England is not to-day mistress of the seas, and if she were she would never feel sure from day to day that some accident of lucky invention would not deprive her of her ascendency and expose her to the deep humiliation of being at once shorn of her world-wide empire. As to the necessity of her possessing stations for her fleets, we suppose that beyond a doubt it would be easily possible for her to secure in all parts of the seas small stations, like Aden, Malta, the Bermudas, Gibraltar, which could be formed into coaling and refitting stations, susceptible of defence as so many first-class fortresses, and infinitely less expensive in all ways than the colonies either are or else constantly threaten to be.

There is no point of view, then, from which an outsider considers the question from which it does not seem to appear likely that the growing opinion in England in favor of a nominal, as well as the present real, independence of the colonies will continue to grow rapidly and will before long result in decided action. But the colonies have their opinion also; and so much is the possible and probable decision of England feared by some colonists that it is not many days since a meeting of "influential" Pacific colonists was held in London, and an address adopted which urges a general conference of colonial delegates who shall protest against the policy which Mr. Gladstone's Government seems to have adopted. Partial protection in case of foreign war, say these influential colonists, seems to be all that the mother country is willing to do for her children, so they suggest that some scheme of giving the colonies a voice in the government of the empire, or in some way making the ties stronger that bind the two together, should be as soon as possible adopted.

From "influential colonists" language like this was to have been expected; but whether it is not easy to allow it too much weight in concluding upon the real feeling and opinions of their fellow-colonists who are not so influential, but after all *are* the colonies, is another question, and one that, in the case of the Pacific colonies, we are not at all able to decide. Of the Canadas and the lower British Provinces we know something more, and we confess that our confidence in the ability of influential colonists to express the wishes of their fellow-citizens is not very great. In all the Provinces there are three pretty well-defined classes of people, who represent respectively the nobility and gentry, the merchants and middle classes generally, and, thirdly, the lower classes, as these all exist in England; and two of these three classes, but more particularly the first, are engaged all their lives in keeping up a shabby-genteel and more or less ludicrous caricature of the worst aspects of society in the old country. The Governor's state and military family, Government officials—no matter how petty, lawyers, clergymen of the Episcopalian Church, and officers of the army, make up the "influential class"—the last-named element of it consisting of Englishmen with a pretty thorough contempt for the people among whom they mix, for such number of years as may please Providence and the Horse Guards. Some of the heavier merchants are also, by grace, sometimes admitted to good society. But merchants are usually reckoned in the second class, and that is as good as being reckoned of another race, created for other and inferior ends—by a wise Providence, to be sure; but still for other and inferior ends. There was a little story told, not three years ago, of an incident that occurred in St. John's, New Brunswick, which is really of very considerable value as an indication of the way in which society is carried on in many parts of her Majesty's New Dominion. An officer—an English gentleman—taking a walk in the street sees two pretty girls, whom he at once technically assaults, and we suppose batters; that is to say, he walks up to them and takes the liberty of kissing them, and then walks off. The affair made some little talk, and probably excuses were and very well could be made for the young gentleman—young gentlemen, especially in garrison towns, not always being in a condition to behave their very best. But our point is, that the story being told to the wife of a small Government official, she remarked, "Oh! well, they were only a merchant's daughters;" and so the case was closed. The men of this class are called "gentlemen," and are not expected to be prompt in the payment of their debts, civil to their inferiors, well-informed in politics, or, in fact,

anything but gentlemen. They wear knickerbockers when they shoot; they import their clothes or their patterns; they are Tories in British politics, and Conservatives in Provincial politics; they are densely and complacently ignorant of what goes on across the line among the Yankees; and, of course, they require the British Constitution behind their little social fabric, and while they continue to be influential colonists they will clamor for the British connection.

More or less hurt by the tone which is adopted towards them by their betters, the merchants and trading classes, though they have a good deal of the sentiment of loyalty which it is so hard to eradicate from the heart of an Englishman, especially if he is born abroad, nevertheless have little of the selfish loyalty which is exhibited by the people whose social superiority is in good part maintained by their being citizens of an oligarchical empire. The business interests of the merchants serve to allay a good deal the heat of their patriotism, and throughout the Canadas there is to-day a great deal of quiet counting of the cost of giving up their allegiance. There will be no loud talk of independence or annexation except by Irish agitators, who will deceive only the unwary; but there will be very little resistance to the inevitable in the shape of protests such as the London meeting has just put forth, and what little there is will rather be due to the subserviency which this class has long had to show; to their habit of letting their superiors take the initiative in political movements and of acquiescing in their action. This is, however, a policy that will not wear very much longer, as Nova Scotia has for a year or two indicated; and when the English decide to set the colonies afloat, they need not apprehend that the capital of any one of them, or the labor of any one of them, will be bitterly opposed to the change.

Of the laboring classes of the Canadas, the mechanics, and the farmers, there is probably a greater number of men in Upper Canada—immigrants—who would feel a pang at parting with the old flag than can elsewhere be found on this side of the water. New Brunswick and Nova Scotia, with their native population, cisatlantic for many generations, are much less loyal, and Nova Scotia, shamefully used at the time of forming the Canadian Confederation, would see the separation of the old country from the new with comparative indifference. As for the French Canadians, they also would be at least indifferent. Hardy, brave, enterprising, intelligent, frugal, and moral, the farmers and mechanics of British blood in the Provinces yet have had no very great amount of practice in political discussion and action,—no amount that would seem great to an American, unless, indeed, we accept the anti-Confederative fight in Nova Scotia, which has done more for the political education of that community than anything that ever before happened in it. It will, therefore, take longer to get the sense of the people than it would in some other countries; but by the time England is ready to set herself free, we have little doubt that the American colonies will, on their part, be ready to accept freedom. It is, however, the opinions of the uninfluential colonists that it will be best to consult.

THE BOHEMIAN QUESTION.

When, after the catastrophe of Königgrätz, Von Beust undertook the difficult task of saving Austria by transforming her, two points were patent to him as well as to every unprejudiced observer of the situation: the system of centralization, which had prevailed in an absolutistic form under Schwarzenberg and Bach, and in a sham constitutional form under Schmerling, had to be definitively given up; and the Hungarians not only to be conciliated by the restoration of their constitution, but to be converted into the main support of the Empire. The solution of the latter part of this programme was unequivocally indicated by the demands of the Diet of Pesth, as formulated by its leader, Deák. What he would declare to be the ultimatum of his nation was to be granted; nothing less or more. But what was to replace centralism as the general system of the Empire? The nature of things pointed towards federalism as the most, and perhaps the only, satisfactory solution; political tradition and international circumstances advised the adoption of dualism. Austria consisted of distinct territorial groups, each animated by historical remembrances of the past, and claiming national life for the future: these parts could as little be welded into two unities as into one. But for centuries only the Hungarian division had, by jealously guarding and often heroically defending its constitutional life, preserved intact its national individuality; all others had been ruled by decrees and officials from Vienna, and accustomed to look to that city as their only centre. This was probably a consideration of little moment in the eyes of Von Beust; much weightier was the fact that the formation of a kind of semi-independent Polish kingdom out of Galicia and Bukowina would have been a challenge to a deadly duel flung into the face of Russia, and that the reconstituting of the Cechic element as the dominant in Bohemia and Moravia would have driven the German population of those—and also of other—provinces into a more or less secret and fatal alliance with Prussia. Exhausted, disorganized, and still on the brink of dissolution, Austria durst then neither provoke the Czar nor increase her conqueror's facilities for Pan-Germanic agitation among her subjects. Dualism was decided upon; possibly as a transitional solution. The non-Hungarian divisions of the Empire received provincial autonomy, but no more; the Reichsrath of Vienna was to be their common parliament, while Hungary and her dependencies had their own in Pesth, the two communicating by delegations in common affairs.

The Cechs of Bohemia were in a rage. This solution, if made permanent, was a deadly blow to their aspirations; it frustrated the patriotic efforts of two generations for the national regeneration of their country and race. Austro-Hungarian dualism was worse to them than Austrian centralism. As long as the latter lasted, the Cechs were not only a kind of favored people, enjoying thrice their share of imperial bureaucratic patronage, they could also cherish the hope of one day transforming Austria, with the aid, chiefly, of the Slovacks, Croats, and other Slavic tribes of Hungary, into a Slavic empire, of which they, the most advanced of the Austrian Slavi, would be the leaders. For that idea they had worked in their Panslavic agitations and conspiracies in the times of Metternich; to realize it, they had convoked, after his fall, the Panslavic Congress of Prague; for it they had fought, in June, 1848, on the barricades of that city, against Windischgrätz; and for it also, under Windischgrätz, against revolutionary Vienna and Hungary. Now, being definitively detached from their Slavic brethren in the Transleithan half of the Empire, which was surrendered to the Hungarians, they were doomed to succumb to the Germans, who, by their wealth and culture, so largely preponderated in the Cisleithan. To be sacrificed to the German element at the moment when Austria, whose most faithful subjects they had been for two centuries, was forced out of her connections with Germany, seemed to them as unjust as strange. And then, they argued, were not their historical claims to national autonomy as good as those of the Hungarians? Had not the realm of St. Wenceslas existed and flourished before that of St. Stephen? Did not the real independence of both perish on one day, on the battle-field of Mohács (August 29, 1526), when the dread of the victorious Turk drove both to offer their crowns to the Hapsburgs? Could the extorted decrees of the "Bloody Diet" of 1547, under Ferdinand I., or the trampling under foot of their charter by Ferdinand II., after the battle of Prague in 1620, legally deprive the Cechic nation of its ancient and sacred rights? And had not the last of the Ferdinands, in April, 1848, revived those rights by a new, though ephemeral, imperial sanction? Or had the Cechic people, in spite of most terrible proscriptions and spoliations, and a flood of foreign immigration, ever given up the palladium of its nationality, its beautiful and refined language?

The parallel was, however, far from being perfect. The Hungarians had, throughout the time of their connection with the House of Austria, guarded and preserved their autonomy, their institutions, and liberties. None of their diets ever sanctioned the attempted usurpations of the Hapsburgs. What violence extorted for a moment, they always reconquered by the sword or regained by a threatening attitude. They could never, even for a moment, be forced to submit to religious dictation. Their Lutheranism, their Calvinism, their Unitarianism in Transylvania had been triumphantly defended. Bohemia, on the other hand, had for more than two centuries submitted to the imperial sway without an attempt to revindicate her rights, and almost without protest. She had been absorbed in both Germany and Austria. Her

ancient charters were buried in oblivion. Two-fifths of her territory was Germanized. Nearly the same was the case with Moravia and (Austrian) Silesia, which she claimed as the dependencies of her crown. Her nobility was half-denationalized. Worse than that, the Protestantism of her Cechic population had been uprooted; the people of Huss and Ziska, of Podiebrad and Thurn, had been converted into a people of bigoted Catholics—the most bigoted of Northern Europe. They had long been contented with their yoke, and the readiest tools of bureaucratic oppression, of reaction, and even of Germanization. Besides, they were inferior in culture to their German fellow-citizens, over whom they claimed a superiority by right of numbers.

Maddened by objections of this kind to their natural demands, which were but too insultingly and provokingly uttered and repeated in Vienna and elsewhere, no less than by the perils of the new situation, the Cechs not only determined entirely to abstain from any participation in the parliamentary life of Cisleithan Austria, but also, for the first time, gave open vent to disloyal feelings towards the Empire, threatening to promote its final dissolution, if their demands should not be heeded, by complicity with Russian Panslavism. With Russia they had, in fact, long been coquetting, though more or less disguisedly. They had not only fought against Bem and Dembinski in 1849, in Hungary, but they had also shown sympathies with Russia during the Polish insurrection of 1863. Russia, in her turn, overwhelmed them with her attentions. Their principal leaders, the renowned, aged historiographer of Bohemia, Palacky, and his son-in-law, the eloquent Rieger, had now no hesitation in appearing at the grand Slavic gathering in Moscow, convoked by the Russian Panslavists, and at which Poland naturally remained unrepresented. This was an act of defiance provoking alike to Germans, Poles, Hungarians, and the Austrian authorities. Accompanied, as it was, by violent anti-German manifestations of both the Cechic press and populace in Bohemia, it was answered, on the part of Count Beust, by acts of compression, which the Vienna Reichsrath readily approved, and the public opinion of almost all Western Europe applauded. As the consolidation of transformed Austria was in the meanwhile rapidly and successfully advancing, with the ready co-operation of both Moravia and Silesia, the sympathies of their Russian friends were a poor consolation to the Cechs, who, on this new turn of things and public opinion, began keenly to feel their powerlessness to resist or even effectually to threaten. The paroxysm of their irritation being over, they failed not to perceive the error they had committed, and unhesitatingly returned to a more moderate and, under the circumstances, much wiser course.

And here begins the last phase of the Bohemian question. The Cechs—whose discipline under tried leadership is perfect—have retracted all disloyal utterances. They brand as calumnies all imputations of connivance with Russian intrigues. They have renewed their friendly relation with the Poles of Galicia. They even try to conciliate the Hungarians by abandoning their former claims to the Slovack territories, as inhabited by a people speaking a Cechic dialect. In the same way, giving up the idea of national rights founded on race and clinging only to that of rights historically developed, they admit the propriety of the whole of South-western Austria forming an undivided German group in the Empire—notwithstanding the predominant Slavic populations in some of its parts—and even begin to fraternize with their own German neighbors, with whom they are ready to share all the benefits of the North-western group, which is to consist of Bohemia, Moravia, and Silesia (containing about 4,500,000 Cechs and 2,500,000 Germans). They continue to keep aloof from the new parliamentary machinery of the Empire, but they show evident symptoms of a readiness to compromise with the men in power. In return, both Count Beust and most of the formerly offended nationalities seem to be equally inclined to approach an amicable solution. Having reorganized Austria and placed her by a series of radical reforms on a constitutional level superior to that occupied by Prussia, the Chancellor of the Empire is now much less alarmed by the threats of Russia or by the centrifugal tendencies of the Austrian Germans. The Poles see in the realization of Austrian federalism, as now urged by the Cechs, the beginning of a restoration of their country. The Hungarians warmly sympathize with the Poles, and can now afford to be magnanimous towards the Cechs, on condition of their abjuring Panslavism. The Germans alone hesitate, and with them, we believe, the decision rests. In every case, however, the situation of the Empire must continue to have its grave difficulties. Without the Cechs of Bohemia, and the condition of affairs in Galicia remaining unsettled, the Cisleithan workings of the adopted dualism must continue to be imperfect. A new transformation of Austria, by the substitution of federalism for dualism, will not only again temporarily disorganize her, but probably expose her to a violent attack on the part of the Czar, who will not quietly suffer the organization of a semi-independent Poland on his own Polish borders. The question is a highly complicated and interesting one, and it more and more attracts the attention of Europe.

JEFFERSON IN "RIP VAN WINKLE."

He is certainly a great actor who can make the acting of one of Boucicault's worst plays a triumph of realistic art. And certainly "Rip Van Winkle" vies in atrocity with the most atrocious of that author's performances. Imagine the hazy, antique style of Irving—a style admirably adapted to the mysterious legends which he was so fond of telling—changed into the rough-and-ready, pepper-and-salt lingo of the modern sensational playwright; imagine the haunted Katskills transformed by devilish, Circe-like enchantment into practicable mountains, with a Right Upper Entrance and a Left Upper Entrance; imagine Hendrick Hudson and his immortal crew changed into business ghosts; imagine the old tale supplied with a ballet *dénoûment*, in which lovers are reconciled, the devices of the wicked confounded, and the virtuous comfortably provided for for the remainder of their lives—imagine all this, and you have not imagined half the baseness of the dramatist.

For as yet you have only pictured to yourself difficulties of detail. It is only when you see the play before you that you perceive the fundanental crime of the whole—then first do you see that Boucicault's cardinal sin consisted in the attempt to dramatize a legend. You may forgive him for his grotesqueness and his sensationalism, you may forget his commonplace, but you can neither pardon nor forget his deliberate assault upon the life of one of the few legends possessed by our prosaic America. When Boucicault deals with underground railroads, and locomotives, and telegraphs, and with gambling-hells, he knows his tools, and uses them with success, but the machinery of legend he does not understand. He is so accustomed to the full glare either of the sun or of gas, that the delicate shadows of twilight are displeasing to him. But the great beauty of Irving's story lay in these mysterious half-lights. You were allowed to see just enough of the supernatural to reconcile you to the impossibilities of the adventures of the hero. But Boucicault, as it were, takes you into the confidence of the supernatural, tells you with a wink how it is all managed, and necessarily leaves on your mind the impression that there was not very much in it after all. He hides nothing, he displays everything; for example, when Rip Van Winkle has fallen asleep on the top of the mountains, and the curtain has gone down, and you know the sleep of twenty years has begun, you naturally expect something to be done to reconcile your mind to the supposition of this enormous lapse of time. But nothing is further from the practical mind of the dramatist. Instead of letting the curtain rise on some totally different scene, as, for example, to the village of Falling Waters, where changed circumstances and characters may gradually accustom the audience to the idea of a long interval, back you go to the top of the Katskills, and find a graybeard asleep where you saw, five minutes before, a hale and hearty middle-aged man. The idea that twenty years have elapsed is too preposterous to be entertained; you feel that you are laughed at—a feeling which never arises in reading Irving's story.

It has been so universally admitted that Jefferson is a great actor that it hardly seems worth while to dwell much here on the fact. But it appears to us that his acting possesses an interest as an indication of the future of the American drama which has not received sufficient attention. Jefferson's acting is the very antipodes of all that is considered most refined and classical in our theatres of the present day. He is the apostle of reality; those who have hitherto occupied the stage have been the apostles of the unreal. Certainly, up to the time of the appearance of Jefferson, Booth has been our greatest tragedian, and Wallack's has been, on the whole, the best depository of high comedy. Both have aimed at what is called classicism in art; both have succeeded in attaining a certain degree of it. But most people are beginning to doubt whether their goal was not

after all, a mistaken one. What they were really trying to do was to reproduce the dramatic methods of a bygone age, in a period to which they were no longer suited. No doubt there was a time when the manners of the day were represented in the practice of the English stage—or at least when the manners of the day were not so very far removed from the latter as to cause in the minds of the audience a disagreeable sense of contrast. No doubt there was a time when the sonorous tones, the studied pitch, the modulated rise and fall of the English style were near enough the fashion of a certain section of society to appear natural in society. Indeed, you may occasionally perceive, even to-day, in the address and carriage of some nonagenarian who has come down to us from ante-locomotive times, the effect of the old social traditions, which have fastened themselves much more firmly upon the drama than they have upon society. But even this will not explain fully the rise and progress of the classical drama. After making all possible allowance for change of manners, we are forced to admit that the classic drama can never have been a natural copy of any actual society. It must always have been unreal. It would be a curious speculation to enquire why it is that the popular taste has changed—whether because the destruction of superstitious belief by science has destroyed at the same time the reverence of the unreal in art, or whether the classic and the realistic are two natural stages in the growth of the drama, which are to be observed in all periods in which the arts are cultivated.

Jefferson is as quiet as a French actor. He never rants, he never gives utterance to a stage laugh, his asides are not stage asides. From the moment when he first appears on the stage with the little Dutch children rolling and playing and tumbling about him, to the passionate recognition of his child in the last scene, all is as natural as if there were no footlights, no audience, no orchestra, no scenery, and no prompter. He seems unaware of the audience's presence. He is thoroughly filled with his part. And the audience evidently enjoy the reality of the performance immensely. One of the most real touches in the whole play is a conversation in the scene at the foot of the mountain between Rip Van Winkle, who is the only person on the stage, and a ghost (neither visible nor audible), who is off the stage and trying to induce the former to follow him up the mountain. The nicety of acting required to give the impression of a real conversation, and of the desire of Rip Van Winkle to hear precisely what it is the ghost is saying, is very great. Nothing seems to please the audience more than the simplicity of the questions, and answers to other imaginary questions, in this scene. It is quite plain that the truth of the acting is what tickled them, for there is absolutely nothing else in the scene. It is his evident success in such passages as these that makes us feel confident that the days of the classic drama are numbered. In the touching parts of the play, you necessarily felt a doubt whether the audience was not carried away by the pathos of the situation or by some sensational mechanism of the dramatist, but in the scenes devoid of all interest except such as might come from the excellence of the acting itself, you felt sure that it was this which so profoundly contented them.

Considering the excellence of Jefferson's talent, it is somewhat surprising to find him acting on such a low level as that which he has chosen. The play is bad enough, but the corruption of the character is worse. Those who remember with affection the old story cannot be very much pleased at seeing their Rip Van Winkle transformed into a drunken loafer. Yet such he unquestionably is in the play as Jefferson represents him. We have heard a most amusing charge made against the play, that the moral of it is the advisability of drinking to excess, inasmuch as the hero, after a life of idleness and dissipation, finally triumphs over his enemies, retrieves the ruin which his intemperate habits had originally induced, and, finally, is presented in the last act with a glass of clear liquor by his wife, who apparently attributes to his old ways his final success. Now, we have an accusation also to make against this last scene of a far graver kind than that of immorality. It is paltry; it is unworthy the occasion. Whether the playwright or the actor introduced it we do not know, but it ought certainly to be struck out. Can they find nothing better for a man to do who has gone through the tragedy of Rip Van Winkle's life than to call for something to drink? The play properly ends—if so wretched a production can be said properly to end anywhere except at the beginning—at the recognition of the daughter; a most effective piece of acting, which is sure to bring tears to the eyes of the audience, and yet at the same time to assure them that it will all end well. But the end is not the only defect. The interest of the play does not lie in the affection of the hero for the bottle, and such scenes as that between him and his wife, on his unsuccessful return from the mountains, are beneath contempt. In making Rip Van Winkle a good-natured toper, you make all the early part of the play a farce, and seriously detract from the sympathy which his fortunes are intended to excite. You feel, instead of sympathy, a good-natured contempt. It is not of much consequence to such a man whether he meets Hendrick Hudson and his ghostly crew on the Kaaterskills or not, and not much consequence either if he sleeps until the last trump instead of twenty years. However, we are bound to say that nothing seems to tickle the audience so much as the drunken part of the play, and nothing so much excites their approbation as the *dénoûment*.

MR. SUMNER AND THE ALABAMA TREATY.

It may save two or three papers from a good deal of future embarrassment about what we said a fortnight ago of Mr. Sumner's correspondence with Mr. Bright to mention that we have taken much more effective measures than they show any sign of taking to secure the exposure of any errors there may be in our assertions respecting the contents of the letters, inasmuch as we have used, and are using, due diligence to obtain the letters for publication. We shall present them to our readers at the earliest possible moment. The two journals which have undertaken to contradict what we have said confess they know absolutely nothing about the matter, and have nothing better to contribute to the controversy than the announcement that they do not believe our story—a fact which, for our present purpose, is of no importance whatever. As the case stands, we allege that there are two letters in Mr. Bright's possession from the Chairman of the Senate Committee of Foreign Affairs, which Mr. Bright has shown to Americans, with strong expressions of indignation, as proofs that Mr. Sumner, in delivering his speech on the treaty, was guilty of bad faith. Mr. Sumner ought not to allow this to go on. If the letters are not his, or if Mr. Bright is putting a false construction on them, he ought to set himself right before the public. If we are not misinformed, his attention has already been called to Mr. Bright's feeling and language about the matter. If, on the other hand, these letters are genuine, and justify Mr. Bright's language, which, we repeat, is very strong, American taxpayers ought to know in what spirit politicians in high places have been dealing with one of the most momentous questions ever brought before the country.

As regards the letter of recommendation (not of "introduction"—perish the thought!) of which the Springfield *Republican* so ingenuously tried to conceal the existence, we happen now to have before us Mr. Bright's account of it in his note to Mr. Reverdy Johnson. He says he has a letter "from his [my] friend, Mr. Charles Sumner, speaking in very high terms of [you] Mr. Johnson, and of the general satisfaction with which his [your] apppointment was regarded by men of all parties in the States." There is nothing remarkable about this, but there is something very remarkable in Mr. Sumner's afterwards expressing to the correspondent of the New York *Herald* his surprise that the British Government should not have known better than to negotiate with the ambassador of a retiring administration, and adding that he "thought of saying this to Mr. Thornton, but concluded it would not be right for him to do so." The Springfield *Republican* tries to dispose of this difficulty by suggesting that Mr. Sumner "doubted the wisdom of the British Cabinet," but "had too much delicacy to say so to Mr. Thornton." Now, why should the Chairman of the Senate Committee on Foreign Affairs doubt the wisdom of a foreign government which negotiates with an American ambassador, possessing regular credentials, and unanimously nominated by the Senate and warmly commended by him (not "introduced") to a member of that Government as a man of high qualifications for his post, whose appointment had been viewed with favor "by men of all parties?" And what about Mr. Sumner's "delicacy" in saying to a *Herald* reporter for publication all that it would have been "indelicate" to say to Mr. Thornton, and a great deal more?

We have thus far only parole evidence of the contents of the letters, but it is the evidence of a person who has read them, and who has listened to Mr. Bright's remarks on them, and felt some mortification on the occasion; but we have always felt the letters themselves were also needed, and have lost no time in applying for them. It is very pertinent to the matter in hand that, according to Mr. Reverdy Johnson, Mr. Sumner "advised with him several times in relation to the negotiations after Mr. Johnson's appointment, and exhibited an apparently sincere desire that he [Mr. Johnson] should bring the negotiations to an early and successful termination. In none of these interviews did he mention the peculiar views set forth in his subsequent speech. It is

hardly to be supposed that as Chairman of the Senate Committee of Foreign Affairs, and in constant intercourse with Mr. Seward, he did not know what Mr. Johnson's instructions were. He certainly knew what Mr. Adams's were, and *these were precisely the same as Mr. Johnson's.*" According to the speech, however, both Mr. Adams's and Mr. Johnson's instructions were simply folly, not far removed from crime.

We need hardly say that we shall take good care to point out any inaccuracies into which we may have fallen in describing the correspondence, when we succeed in securing it for publication. In the meantime, let us modestly suggest to those friends of Mr. Sumner who doubt its existence, that a much more effectual way of bringing his detractors to justice than rolling one's eyes over the *Nation's* blasphemies, will be to get Mr. Sumner or Mr. Bright to deny the existence of the letters. There is the mail and the telegraph both at their service. Mr. Bright, owing to the achievements of modern science, is within easy reach; and, should he feel reluctant to place the correspondence at *our* disposal, he cannot in decency refuse to publish it at Mr. Sumner's request. The accuracy of the *Nation's* version of it is, after all, a matter of comparatively small consequence, and we shall take care not to allow the matter to go off on that issue. We must also remark that the badness of Mr. Reverdy Johnson's speeches has nothing to do with the question. It may have been well to reject the treaty because it was negotiated by an unpopular agent, or because it was defective; but the real question before us is, did Mr. Sumner's speech against it contain the deliberate views of a statesman on important points of international law and public policy, or were they simply an afterthought, suggested by the popular exasperation and excitement produced by Mr. Johnson's course in England? Everybody whom the settlement of the *Alabama* matter may affect in mind, body, or estate, has a right to have this question answered.

FRANCE.—PROFESSIONAL SCHOOLS FOR WOMEN.

PARIS, September 3, 1869.

IN one of my recent letters, I spoke to you of the want of useful or practical education in France chiefly for females. It is a very serious question, and one which has a terrible importance in a country where the proportion of women born is as nine to one man, and where the soil, as in all European lands, will soon be measured out by the square inch. What are women to do? How are they to earn their living if, as a numerical fact, it is to be made evident that a vast number of them cannot find men to divide life with them and support them honorably? A century and more ago the answer to this was furnished by the priests, who said, "Go to a nunnery!" as says Hamlet to Ophelia. But now that answer will no longer serve, and women must work; must know how to do something by which they can live independently.

Neither the state nor public opinion does anything in France to help a woman towards helping herself. She gets her education as she can—very indifferently, very narrowly, either one way or the other, as I will explain: If a woman be destined to what is termed the career of instruction, she has to pass certain competitive examinations at the Hôtel de Ville; and without the diploma of the state, delivered at the Hôtel de Ville in Paris, she cannot set up a class or school, neither can she be *regularly* a governess. When she adopts this line, she is mostly made a *narrow* unbeliever, and practically the consequences are of the very worst kind. If she does *not* take this line, she goes to a convent, and is made as narrowly bigoted and superstitious. One thing is to be noted—namely, that she knows as little, *in fact*, of her religion when she leaves the convent as when she leaves the classes which depend on the university; as to what she *has acquired*, that is pretty much the same thing in one place as in the other—but she is said to be qualified to teach. To teach *what?* Well, to "teach generally." After all, this turns out to be a sorry mode of gaining her livelihood; and in her old age she is dependent upon any help she can obtain for a mere crust. These necessities of women of the middle and lower middle class struck the thinking of both sexes in this country; and, a year or two ago, a society established what was called a "professional school" for young girls. Now, the teaching at this establishment, though in many respects good, leaves too completely on one side the higher or more idealistic training of the mind, is too merely positive, and too evidently hostile to religion of every description. It is, in its line, as narrow as the worst Jesuit schooling.

About eighteen months back, M. Duruy, speaking on this subject, which occupied him intensely, lamented that a mean term could not be found for educating girls "professionally" without making of them either atheists or fanatics, seeing clearly, at the same time, that private initiative alone could do anything effective. A lady, well known for her benevolence and for her great ability and accomplishments, the Princess Charles de Beauvan (a Pole by birth), seized upon the idea, took it up energetically, and set to work to found the establishment in question. She has founded it, and almost entirely with her own resources; for what she has been able to scrape together from external aid has been comparatively nothing. What she has done is this:

At No. 15 in the Rue de Richelieu has been opened an institution in which, for the small sum of ten francs a month, a girl, between the ages of six and eighteen, can be radically and practically taught all those things which will enable her to earn her living independently. Ten francs a month comes within the scope of the pettiest tradesmen, whether green-grocer, charcoal-retailer, or what not. They can give *that;* they cannot give more—which is the reason of the neglected state of education of their daughters and their subsequent wretchedness. Well, then, for ten francs a month, the girl may be, according to the parents' wish, qualified as a governess, and put in a condition to pass her examination at the Hôtel de Ville; or as a *femme de chambre*, or a dressmaker, or a *modiste*, or a laundress, or an engraver on wood (a lucrative employment), or an embroideress, or a teacher of drawing or music. What the parents desire is done. And this principle is also strictly adhered to in the matter of religion. At this establishment there are pupils of three creeds—Catholic, Protestant, and Israelite; and the Princess de Beauvan takes the most scrupulous care that no child's conscience be tampered with. This is one of the reasons of the immense success achieved by the "professional school for girls" of the Rue de Richelieu. The parents feel absolutely secure; they know that not the shadow of an influence opposed to their own will be exercised over their children; and they see that, for the trifling sum of one hundred and twenty francs a year (less than twenty-five dollars), they can ensure to their girls the attainment of a profession and the possibility of supporting themselves later in life.

One of the surest and most lucrative employments taught them is the art (or I should say the various arts) of ornamental embroidery. Formerly, both in France and Germany, embroidery in gold and silver, and in flat silks, was the occupation of many. The Revolution came, fortunes were destroyed, and such luxuries as these were no longer useful. This has again altered, and the rapid development of industry having re-created large fortunes, they are spent, as heretofore, in the acquisition of costly materials, whether for the adornment of the person or the abode. One of the kinds of embroidery specially taught these girls is one of which the Princess de Beauvan herself would seem to possess the secret; it is the art of copying with perfect exactness the Gobelins and Beauvais tapestry, without either incurring the expenditure of money or loss of time attendant on the purchase of a "subject" from either of these looms.

If you order a picture to be hung in a great hall, from either Beauvais or Gobelins, you must wait several years for it, and you must pay between ten thousand and twenty thousand dollars, and upwards, according to size. The Princess de Beauvan's art consists in giving you a copy of any of these pictures in a few months and at a quarter the cost. Many visitors to the great Paris Exhibition of '67 will remember her wonderful copy in tapestry of a portrait of Vanloo's. This, amongst others, is a profession which ensures a woman a really comfortable existence in the lower middle class. So do, more or less, all the professions connected with drawing. A young person of either sex, who can draw *well*, has many chances in many trades of fairly remunerated employment.

The school I allude to began eighteen months ago with six pupils; these are now over a hundred, and applications have to be refused. The thing to hope is that, sooner or later, such an institution will be set up in every quarter of the town; but as yet the "private initiative" required is wanting. Whilst the parents recognize to the full the genuine liberality of the instruction given, and the impartiality shown to all sects—this in itself arms *against* the undertaking all the narrowest of the two opposite factions. The atheistic, or so-called "free-thinkers," try with might and main to ruin the school of the Rue de Richelieu because religion *is admitted* in its instruction; and the red-hot Ultramontanes and Jesuits would all but petition for its excommunication because all creeds are tolerated in it, and received on equal grounds.

It is a most praiseworthy attempt of its kind, and, I believe, of this kind the *only* one; and it is not a thing to be overlooked by any one curious about the development of France. Female education is one of the points which are open to the severest censure in this country, and any effort to improve it ought to be studied. It is worth while.

Correspondence.

HUMBOLDT NO ATHEIST.

To the Editor of the Nation:

Sir: I have before me a Boston journal of September 15, containing a full account of the celebration in honor of Alexander von Humboldt which took place in that city on the preceding day. I find that several of the speakers who there addressed the admirers of the great German tried to enlighten their hearers in regard to his belief, or disbelief, in the existence of God, doubtless presuming that some of them would be anxious to know what so profound an enquirer into the secrets of nature thought concerning its origin and supreme rule, while others would be tormented by the idea that so admirable a man might, after all, be doomed to eternal damnation from want of the saving faith. One of the speakers alone, a noted materialistic writer, Carl Heinzen, who addressed a separate circle in the tongue of the hero of the day, seemed to be actuated by the desire of vindicating his memory from the aspersion, which some of the English-speaking orators might possibly cast upon it, of a belief in a divine ruler or in something equally horrible. Thinking that "full justice will be meted out to him by those only who will show that he saved the honor, as we might say, and the independence of nature by . . . repelling from her side all distorting conceptions," Mr. Heinzen devoted the principal portion of his oration to representing Humboldt in the bright light of a pure "atheist and materialist," though acknowledging that there was no direct evidence to prove such assertions, for "as far as we know, Humboldt has never, directly or openly, *avowed* himself to be an atheist or a materialist, being content with *showing* himself as such in his writings," and "he was even weak enough to make apparent concessions to the belief of others by using phrases which could be misconstrued by means of a forced interpretation."

While Mr. Heinzen thus defiantly proclaimed the materialism and atheism of Humboldt, and by means of a little Jesuitry explained away all n the life or writings of the naturalist that might militate against this theory, the defenders of the opposite view seem to have been rather timid in propounding it, or not well prepared to do it. Rev. Dr. Hedge is reported to have found the strongest evidence against the charge of atheism proffered against Humboldt in his "love for nature and reverence for the laws and works of God," which implied "a recognition of a divine intelligence, even though it might have been an unconscious recognition." Professor Agassiz, too, in endeavoring to prove that where Humboldt "in his works . . . uses the name of God, it appears plainly that he believes in a Creator as the lawgiver and primary originator of all things," found no better support in direct words than his calling nature "God's majestic realm," and his using in the description of the earthquake of Caracas—when the bells began to toll with the first shock—the poetical words: "It was the hand of God, and not of man, which rang that funeral dirge." Now, is there no more positive evidence to be found? Did Humboldt always use "phrases which could be misconstrued" when touching on these topics? Is the passage referring to his brother's treatise, which Mr. Heinzen quoted, the most conclusive of Humboldt's confidential utterances in his letters to Varnhagen von Ense, whom he made "the exclusive keeper" of his "impieties" till his "departure from life," and whom he honored as one of the few to whom full "truth is due?" The following extracts—in reference to both atheism and materialism—may serve as an answer. The first is from Friedrich Kapp's translation of those posthumous "Letters" (Letter 101); the second contains the solemn concluding lines of the first volume of Humboldt's "Kosmos," which, as being written for the public, I quote in the original, in order that the readers of your journal may the better judge whether they were framed to be "misconstrued." I give both passages exactly as I find them, italics and all:

"Humboldt to Varnhagen. . . . . In the *Westminster Review* a certain Dr. Cross says the style of 'Kosmos' is . . . . very indifferent . . . . Then follows the denunciation of atheism, although 'creation' and the 'created world' are never lost sight of in the book. And did I not, only eight months ago, in the French translation, say, in the plainest terms:—It is this necessity of things, this occult but permanent connection, this periodical return in the progress, development of formation, phenomena, and events, which constitute *Nature* submissive to a controlling power. *Physics*, as the name itself implies, can only deduce the phenomena of the physical world from the properties of matter; the highest end of experimental science is therefore to ascend to the existence of the laws, and progressively to generalize the same. Whatever lies beyond is no object for *physical demonstration*, it belongs to another order of *more elevated* speculations. Immanuel Kant, one of the few philosophers whom no one has yet accused of impiety, has, with rare sagacity, indicated the limits of physical explanation in his renowned *Essai sur la Théorie et la Construction des Cieux*."

"Mit diesen Worten . . . . sei es erlaubt . . . die allgemeine Darstellung der Naturerscheinungen im Weltall zu beschliessen . . . . Nach theilweise erkannten Gesetzen konnten hier die Erscheinungen geordnet werden. Gesetze anderer, geheimnissvollerer Art walten in den höchsten Lebenskreisen der organischen Welt; in denen des vielfach gestalteten, mit schaffender *Geisteskraft* begabten, spracherzeugenden Menschengeschlechts. Ein *physisches* Naturgemälde bezeichnet die Grenze, wo die Sphäre der *Intelligenz* beginnt und der ferne Blick sich senkt in eine andere Welt. Es bezeichnet die Grenze, und überschreitet sie nicht."

Philalethes.

New York, Sept. 19, 1869.

[For the benefit of some of our readers, we annex an almost literal translation of the last given passage:

"With these words . . . let it be permitted . . . to conclude the general sketch of the natural phenomena of the universe . . . These phenomena we have been able to arrange here according to partially discovered laws. Other laws, of a more mysterious nature, rule the higher life-spheres of the organic world—those of man, a being of varied formation, endowed with creative *mental power*, and speech-producing. A physical delineation of nature marks the boundary line where the sphere of the *intellect* begins, and where our remote gaze loses itself in a different world. It marks the line, but transcends it not."

Ed. Nation.]

Notes.

LITERARY.

Mr. T. O. H. P. Burnham, the very well known owner of an antiquarian book-store in Boston—of *the* antiquarian book-store, we may as well say—has in press a new edition of Miss Sheppard's "Counterparts," which is to be printed on tinted paper, and is to be otherwise handsome, and suited to the peculiar class of readers who find pleasure in it. Mr. Burnham has, it appears, a project of publishing—translated, we suppose—all the "Bibles of the World," and is to begin with the Vedas, which he talks of putting into the printer's hands at an early day, the Rev. Dr. J. F. Clarke being the editor he has selected for the series.——Mr. James H. Burr, of Hartford, has just published a book, to be sold by book-agents, which is written by Mr. P. T. Barnum, and is entitled "Struggles and Triumphs; or, Forty Years' Recollections."

— A new evening paper has just been started in this city, which bids fair to be clever and successful. It certainly will be if its "reportorial corps" can do their work as well as its editor can write the reportorial English which used to vex so much the not unserene soul of De Quincey. And in fact it is an evil under the sun—though we are so much more hardened to it, or indurated to it, than the brilliant writer's earliest victims were—to have prospectuses written in this high strain: "We would not, in any spirit of affectation, disavow the potency of pecuniary considerations in inaugurating this enterprise, but we do pronounce emphatically our conviction that the cheaper class of newspaper literature in this city is pervaded by an alarming tendency toward licentiousness and infidelity, and is characterized by a general recklessness of moral responsibility which helps to aggravate, rather than check or counteract, the corruption of the day. It shall be our ambition to make a newspaper which shall in some measure satisfy the popular craving for that which is sprightly, we might say sensational, at the same time endeavoring to discriminate between dignity and stupidity, between genial vivacity and senseless frivolity." He is not going to deny, you see, that the paper must pay its expenses; but he thinks a paper need not be dirty or rascally merely because it is cheap. In this we fully agree with him; and we shall all the more heartily wish him success if he will from this time out take to reading regularly in his Bible, and his Bunyan, and his Cobbett, and his Boswell, and learn to give us a style fit for a Christian, as well as the sound morality which is to accompany the sprightly, not to say sensational, matter that we, like the rest of the public, are perhaps craving.

—Three numbers of the monthly *Journal of the Gynæcological Society of Boston* have now appeared, and afford the means of judging whether the society and its official organ supply, or are likely to supply, a desideratum. On both these points we cannot err in deciding affirmatively, especially so far as concerns the medical profession, to whose members among our readers our remarks are principally directed. The aim of this new organization is the advancement of the knowledge of the diseases of women; but while it adopts for its motto "Propter uterum est mulier," it excludes obstetrics as a branch already well-worked and well-established. In practice, we opine, obstetrics cannot be always ignored, but even if they could be, the society would be busily and worthily employed. The editors of the *Journal* are Drs. Winslow Lewis, Horatio R. Storer, and George H. Bixby—the first a local celebrity, the second more widely known, and the last not unfamiliar to thousands of Federal sick and wounded whose lot was cast in the campaign along the Mississippi. Taken together, they bring experience, energy, and skill, in an uncommon degree, to the work they have undertaken, and their independence is pretty sure to excite hostility in certain quarters in Boston, where "respectability" is too much thought of for the good of a profession so empirical and unstable as that of medicine. We judge that the society, small as it has bound itself to be, numerically, will not only exercise a wholesome influence upon general practice, but upon State legislation in matters where it may properly offer counsel. Dr. Storer and his colleagues agree in discountenancing female physicians, which of course is no new thing in the former, radical as he undoubtedly is; but we must say strong evidence on the other side is furnished in several papers reported in the society's proceedings. Besides recommending the *Journal* to physicians, we take the liberty of thinking that intelligent laymen would be not a little benefited by perusing it. A moderate knowledge of anatomy, a little Latin and less Greek, will enable a man to read understandingly a large proportion of current medical literature, and by watching the growth of systems, the discovery of new drugs and operations, and the tendency of practice as therein recorded, he will be competent to distinguish between a quack and a man of science much more surely than he otherwise could, and can perhaps often anticipate the services of a doctor, by seasonably detecting the malady or by administering a preventive or a remedy of the simpler sort. The greatest difficulties in the physician's practice arise from the dense ignorance of even the best classes of society as to the nature and cause of disease and the effects of misconduct, and it is deeply to be regretted that medical reading does not form some part of every person's self-culture or education.

—The contributions to the literature of the Byron controversy during the week are of some importance. The solicitors of the Byron family write to the London papers, denouncing Mrs. Stowe and the editor of *Macmillan's Magazine* rather sharply, and denying, point-blank, that it is, as the editor has asserted, a "complete" and "authentic statement" of the facts connected with the separation. They also denounce Mrs. Stowe's article "as a gross breach of trust and confidence," as "inconsistent with her own recommendation to Lady Byron," and "as an ignorant violation of the terms of Lady Byron's last will and testament." They say Lady Byron, a few days before her death, committed to three persons as trustees—of whom Mrs. Stowe is not one—the whole of her MSS., with directions that nobody else, however nearly connected with her, should be allowed access to them, or to inspect them, and that these trustees should make such use of them as they deemed best for the interests of her grandchildren. But, as the *Daily News* well remarks, since Mrs. Stowe was not one of the trustees, what has she got to do with the terms of the trust? Other letters in the London papers are mostly from persons who evidently know nothing about the matter, and devote themselves mainly to personal abuse of Mrs. Stowe, while one or two make a critical examination of the article under the rules of evidence, and this, of course, it bears badly. On this side of the water, Carl Benson comes out in the *Turf, Field, and Farm* in a letter, in which, besides arguing against the probability of Mrs. Stowe's story on grounds with which our readers are already familiar, he asserts that the accusation was distinctly made "in an American literary paper" at least a year ago, but being anonymous no notice was taken of it; and that Lady Byron communicated "the secret" to Mrs. Jameson, and Mrs. Jameson to Miss Catharine Sedgwick, and Miss Sedgwick to at least one other person. He also makes some strong points against what was perhaps the weakest part of Mrs. Stowe's article—the attempt to find corroborative evidence in "Manfred." Mr. James Parton also appears in the field, in a letter to the *Tribune*, containing a string of those curious *non sequiturs* for which he is now becoming famous, and which he produces with such perfect innocence of manner. He says Mrs. Stowe was justified in publishing the article by the facts—(1) That she was a friend of Lady Byron, who was calumniated by Guiccioli; (2) That the New York *Times* had reviewed the Guiccioli book favorably; (3) That a "veteran journalist" in New York knows of twenty-three young men who have destroyed themselves by "the nasty vices"—"he [Mr. Parton] might say the Byronic vices." (This mode of bridging over the logical chasm, and connecting Byron with the death of the twenty-three young men by the use of the question-begging epithet "Byronic," is in the best Parton manner, and is really delicious.) From the number Mr. Parton himself has known, however, he feels justified in saying that the veteran journalist has rather understated than overstated "in putting the number of these lamentable suicides at twenty-three." (We suppose the real number must be twenty-five.) (4) That Byron, in some mysterious manner, is the cause of the vices of young literary men; (5) That Mrs. Stowe, being a good and pure woman, "as superior to the average of mankind in character as she is in genius," and "having been the organ of the national conscience," to question her decision on the propriety of publishing this article is, to Mr. Parton's mind, like questioning the dictum "of Professor Agassiz with reference to a fish, or charging Professor Peirce with error in a mathematical calculation!" We suppose there is no intelligent friend of Mrs. Stowe or Mr. Parton who does not wish that Mr. Parton would leave ethical and scientific questions alone, and confine himself to his proper business of narrating.

—But the most important contribution to the Byron controversy that has been made since the discussion began was made last week by Lord Lindsay who writes to the London *Times* a letter which contains some passages copied from the private diary of Lady Anne Barnard, which in turn contain some passages quoted from a letter of Lady Byron's written to Lady Anne shortly after the separation from Lord Byron had taken place. The two women had been friends from childhood, it appears; and when Lady Anne, who had just been undergoing a long fit of illness, heard of the separation, she wrote to Lady Byron to come to her to be comforted. This request was complied with, and we may imagine that the talk between the friends was long; and it is probable to a very high degree that we shall not go far wrong if we believe it to have been not only long but exhaustive. Now, then, this is, in substance, what the injured wife told her bosom friend in 1816. The newly married pair, who were on their way from London into the country, had not been an hour in the country when the husband said, "Oh! what a dupe you have been to your imagination. How is it possible that a woman of your sense could form the wild hope of reforming me? Many are the tears you will have to shed ere that plan is accomplished. It is enough for me that you are my wife for me to hate you. If you were the wife of any other man, I own you might have charms." Lady Byron thought he was jesting—"had not a conception he was in earnest." It will be remembered that Miss Harriet Martineau, in her biographical notice of Lady Byron, refers to this scene in the carriage, and, describing the arrival of the pair at the country-house, speaks of the amazed and pained expression of the wife's face when left to ascend the steps alone; and says that it attracted the compassionate notice of the servant who hastened to meet her. Mrs. Stowe also mentions the affair; and we suppose there is no need of doubting its occurrence, though there is a little unreality in Lady Anne's phraseology—an unreality to be attributed, doubtless, to the fact of her being to some extent a "literary lady" of the period—and though there is improbability in the case abstractly considered. It was not the abstract newly married man, however, who was in the carriage, but Lord Byron, who certainly was capable of such brutality, who was never content unless he was picturing and doing the melodramatic, and who clearly did not marry his wife for love. Then followed the perturbed married life, which gave his wife a year of misery, but very seldom and very briefly lightened by a moment of happiness for her or of decency in him. He was a profligate, a drunkard, and a mean tyrant. To-day he would tell his wife that he had married her for her money, as she him from vanity; to-morrow he would roll on the floor and call himself insane; next day he would tell her of his haunts, and boast of them; next he would insult her by base proposals; then, perhaps, he would call himself a monster, fall at her feet, and beg for pardon, till he had got her into a forgiving mood and shedding tears of gladness at his return to virtue, whereupon he would laugh at her, and inform her that he had merely been experimenting with her. All this time, according to Lady Anne's account of Lady Byron's disclosures, "she kept his sister with her as much as possible." "Oh! what an implement of torture have I acquired in you," was his remark when he first saw his daughter; and he

appears to have actually kept his wife in a state of alarm for the child's safety. She, meantime, was in a state of uncertainty as to the insanity which it pleased him to affect. She consulted Dr. Baillie, who was not inclined to believe in it, but advised her to go out of town, to part in friendship, and not to excite him by writing cold letters. "She went, regretting, as she told me, to wear any semblance but the truth"—which means, we take it, that she had become satisfied that her husband was pretty thoroughly bad, and that it was useless to offer him affection, or to pretend that she could live with him. Finally, the diary says that Lady Byron corresponded with Lady Anne after the separation; that the latter saw that her friend would be misjudged by the world; and that, therefore, she decided to place on record some of her letters, although she had been compelled to promise that she would not publish them, Lady Byron still loving Byron, and wishing not to injure him by any act or word of hers.

—One of the letters Lord Lindsay proceeds to quote, and it furnishes strong negative testimony that Lady Byron, some year or two after she had begun to live a widow, had no charges to make against her sister-in-law. At all events, she makes none, and she uses language in regard to Byron and herself which, as she expressly says she knows his insanity to be a sham, she could not have used in regard to an incestuous adulterer. To the fact that "she kept his sister with her as much as possible," add the further fact that she knew Byron was as sane as need be, and how could she thus write of him to her friend: "Though he would not suffer me to remain his wife, he cannot prevent me from continuing his friend"? Again, she says of this same incestuous adulterer, as we are now asked to believe him: "It is not necessary to speak ill of his heart in general; it is sufficient that to me it is hard and impenetrable—that my own must have been broken before his could have been touched. I would rather represent this as my misfortune than as his guilt; but surely that misfortune is not to be made my crime. . . . . It is not my duty to give way to hopeless and wholly unrequited affection, but so long as I live my chief struggle will probably be not to remember him too kindly."

—The East Indian Archipelago is getting a good deal of attention this year, in consequence of the fortuitous publication of several narratives of travel in that part of the world in previous years. Professor Bickmore's and Mr. Wallace's ample volumes—the former covering portions of 1865–66, the latter the eight years 1854–1862—are now reinforced by Dr. Adolf Bastian's "Reisen im Indischen Archipel" (Jena: Hermann Costenoble). This work is the fifth of a series of studies and journeys among the people of Eastern Asia by the same author, and comes between his observations in Siam, Cambodia, and Cochin-China, and those in China, Siberia, the Ural, the Caucasus, etc.—the latter to be comprised in a forthcoming sixth and final volume. Bastian appeared in the Archipelago in the interval between Wallace and Bickmore (March—June, 1864); but he by no means takes up the thread of the one or paves the way for the other. His travels are of quite a different order; for he touched only at Singapore, Batavia, and Manila on his way to Japan (of which country he has much to say), and was content to see men, and men only, and in crowded places—it being part of his theory that the present moment of contact between the barbarous and civilized races in the East is most favorable for those ethnological collections of facts on which comparative psychology, in his opinion, must ultimately repose. It is this subject (already treated by him in his work on "Das Beständige in den Menschenrassen," and now regularly discussed in his *Zeitschrift für Ethnologie*) which wholly engrosses him in his fifth volume; his voyages are hardly visible enough to warrant the title he has selected. What strikes the reader in this as in his former works is his enormous industry and acquirements, on the one hand, and the difficulty he has in deploying his material, on the other. His speculative style is often animated and lofty, but in the presence of facts which need statement, description, arrangement, he tries even the patience of his countrymen.

— Of the new or forthcoming English Religious and Theological works, clergymen of the Church of England will be interested in a compilation made by the Rev. C. H. Davis and called the "English Church Canons of 1604; with Historical Introduction, and Notes Critical and Explanatory, showing the modifications of each Canon by subsequent Act of Parliament." The volume also contains appendices on the new Canons of 1865, the vestment question, and other matters; but altogether it is not a large one. Another little book of value to the same class of readers, or to a part of it, is the Rev. W. B. Marriott's "Vestments of the Church," which is a lecture printed with illustrations. Dr. J. M. Neale's "Sermons for Children" go into a second edition, and the same author's hand appears—and we may be sure with all its best force and skill—in a book called "The Office of the Most Holy Name," which is a devotional help to young persons, and is written by an anonymous author, who has taken from Dr. Neale the translations of several of the hymns of the early Church. In work of that kind, perhaps, Dr. Neale never had an equal. The book in question will no doubt be much more satisfactory to the Anglo-Catholic churchman than to any other. The Rev. T. H. Ingraham's "Prince of the House of David"—a book that once had such a run in this country, and for anything we know may be running yet—is reprinted in England by Routledge. The recently deceased Bishop of Salisbury had for a friend and admirer, and we believe for a chaplain, the Rev. Henry Parry Liddon, the most eloquent Church of England divine, who, on the day following the funeral of his patron, preached a commemorative sermon which the saintliness of the prelate's life well deserved, and which well depicted it in eloquent language. It is now printed. The Rev. Mr. Leathes, Hebrew professor in Kings College, London, writes "The Witness of St. Paul to Christ, with an Appendix on the Credibility of the Acts"—being a reply to the strictures of Dr. Donaldson. "Apostolical Succession in the Church of England," by the Rev. Arthur Haddan, is one of an interminable succession of works on a question which will never be settled if it is not settled already. The Rev. H. B. Walton and the Rev. P. G. Medd have united to edit a reprint of the First Book of Common Prayer of Edward VI. and the Ordinal of 1549, together with the Order of the Communion, 1548.

— New English works of Poetry are almost none at all. "Monk" Lewis's fearful "Tales of Wonder" are, however, just reprinted, much, we should imagine, to almost everybody's surprise. We had been fearing that his fluent, grisly, eyeless graveyard muse had vanished—"disappearing with a melodious twang." But perhaps we have been hasty in grieving over the loss of the good old chain-clanking ghost, the blood-bedabbled, good solid old British spectre, with signs most palpable upon him of being of housemaid manufacture, and ghastly enough for anybody. Schiller's "Wilhelm Tell" has been translated by somebody unknown into English verse; and there is added to the Clarendon Press Series "The Idylls and Epigrams of Theocritus," annotated by Mr. Herbert Snow. Routledge issues a new edition of N. P. Willis's "Poetical Works." Among works in History and Biography first in interest is probably Mr. George Masterman's "Seven Eventful Years in Paraguay," which is a narrative of personal experience, but happens in this case to belong to current history, and to be needed. Mr. G. R. Gleig writes a "Continuation of the Marquis of Londonderry's Story of the Peninsular War." Mr. Froude's eleventh and twelfth volumes, the last two, are soon to appear. A Miss Jane Williams has written a "History of Wales, drawn from authentic sources," which will be good, if well done. In Fiction, the book that will be welcomed most warmly, we fancy—at any rate, by those who know "L'Arrabbiata"—is a translation of a new volume of novelettes by Paul Heyse. There are, besides, Miss Marryatt's "Veronique"—which she tells her American publishers she considers her best work, and which might be that, some of her critics think, and still lack something. Mr. E. J. Worboise's "Story of a Pervert;" "A Country Family," by the author of "Lost Sir Massingberd;" Mr. William Gilbert's "Sir Thomas Branston;" "The Experiences of a Real Detective"—which we take to be fictitious; "Give a Dog a Bad Name and ——," a story with a violent title, written by A. Fonblanque, jr.; Arthur Sketchley's "Mrs. Brown in the Highlands;" and one or two more which seem to promise less than these.

— At the head of Miscellaneous Works and Works of General Literature we may well put the fifth volume of Spedding's "Bacon." It contains all the occasional works, including letters, tracts, state papers, speeches, memorials, devices, and all authentic writings not already printed, with Mr. Spedding's historical and biographical comments. Messrs. Longmans are to publish later in the year "The Scenery of England and Wales," which will be an attempt to trace the nature of the geological causes, particularly denudation, which have given English and Welsh scenery its present character. The work is by Mr. D. Macintosh, and will be profusely illustrated with wood-cuts from photographs. "Country Walks of a Naturalist with his Children" is by the Rev. W. Houghton, and is for youthful learners and observers in natural history. A book commended as being instructive to young mothers, and as being written simply, honestly, and wisely, is by Mr. Pye Henry Chavasse. Its title is "Counsel to a Mother," and it is in continuation of a similar work. Mr. Edward Newman has written "The Work on British Moths," "An Illustrated History," etc., with life-size figures and full descriptions. In the present time of curiosity about the probable future of the British colonies, editors and others may

find useful Mr. John Bowes's "Notes, Topographical, Geographical, and otherwise, on the Colonial Empire of Great Britain," which now appears in a revised and corrected edition.

REMINISCENCES OF AN AMERICAN OCTOGENARIAN.*

JUST on the verge of his eightieth year—now at the close of a life almost coeval with that of the Government which his celebrated father did so much to establish, and which the son has often served in private and public capacities—Colonel James Hamilton narrates his recollections of the great men whom he has known from the time of Washington down to to-day, and of the public events of which he has been cognizant in his protracted career. He has seen and conversed with the men of the Revolution; he began political life by making a Federal speech before Burr had killed his father; he talks familiarly of all our "illustrious founders," and is not afraid to record that Jefferson was a consummate hypocrite, and that Madison was one of the most spiteful little fellows that ever existed; he was a young man rising in his profession when the battle of New Orleans was won and lost; he knows the pre-Adamite wars about the successions to the early presidencies, and was himself a part, and no small one, of the famous Nullification troubles, to say nothing of the tremendous struggle over Mrs. Eaton's reputation; he saw the rise and decadence and death of the Whig party; he knew the Democrats when they called themselves Republicans; and he has lived to see his friend and fellow-Whig, Hamilton Fish, Secretary of State under a President who was not born when the great Scott was a man of renown; to see Nullification become secession; to see the Revolution dwarfed almost into nothingness by campaigns fought in regions that were subject to Spain and France when he was a child; to see Perry and Preble and Decatur and Macdonough give place to Farragut and Foote; to see Benton and Crawford and Rives and Randolph and Pickering and Polk fading away into insubstantial figures, and Lincoln and Chase and Davis and Fessenden and Andrew Johnson and Sumner supplanting them; and of these, too, he has seen that some of them begin to fade and vanish in turn; he assisted in the fight about the removal of the Bank deposits, and he has seen Government bonds and a national banking system that would have reduced the Hero of New Orleans to imbecility, through mere gasping amazement, if he could have conceived of them. And he has known not only the celebrities of this country, but many of the distinguished men and women of England and the Continent—men of the court of Louis XVI., of the First Empire, of the days of '48, and of the Second Empire; and not a little of the interest of his book depends on the too few stories that he has to tell of his intercourse with such personages. He has always been too political, it would seem, to be a good gossipper or collector of ana, and has mightily failed to use his chances. But he made some slight use of them. Here, for example, is a rencontre with a celebrated man, who showed himself to our sturdy American in rather a queer light, and took little or nothing for his pains. Colonel Hamilton is dining at the Lansdowne House:

"At length the nobleman who handed the mother in to dinner, and who was, of course, the person of highest rank at the table, invited the daughter to drink wine with him. I turned to my next neighbor, a large, burly-looking man, who turned directly to me and said, 'An American, I perceive?' 'Yes, sir, I have the honor to be an American.' 'Well, sir, there is an account up there (pointing with his forefinger) which your country will find it very difficult to settle.' I understood his allusion, and being a little nettled, I retorted by saying: '*Slavery?* If that account is properly entered, your country must settle it. You brought slavery upon us, and when, as colonies, we asked to be permitted to abolish it, our parental Government refused to allow us to do so. And let me add, too, in India, the English judges have decided that the Hindoo law which sanctioned slavery was the law of the land, the law of a British territory. If I recollect aright, we are informed by the best authority that, in a great famine in British India, the women sold their children to obtain bread.' My tone was earnest, and my manner so emphatic as to invite the attention of others. The company rose to retire, and the Marquis said: 'Macaulay! Colonel Hamilton! what! what!' I thus learned who my antagonist was. He afterward met me at a breakfast, and, when introduced to me, apologized"

—as, indeed, he had need.

Two or three more of these stories we shall quote; but before doing so we must say that the quality of the book is not accurately presented in them—that is to say, so far as concerns the general reader. A great deal of space is filled with letters on political and financial topics that interested the author from the early days when "Little Van" was Governor of this State, down to the other day when Mr. Hugh McCulloch was Secretary of the Treasury. Colonel Hamilton wrote a great many letters to a great many public men on all sorts of subjects. Often they are able letters, and sometimes they have helped to shape national policy; no doubt, many of them did very good service in their season; but while we are not going to object to their publication, we must say that they are not precisely succulent reading now, useful as they may be to the unfortunate future historian of the Rebellion, and to him also who is to do American politics generally. We wish they had been published by themselves, and that the colonel had made also a handy volume of personal memoirs.

Visiting in Scotland, in 1837, his father's cousin, Mr. Alexander Hamilton, of Grange, in Ayrshire, the colonel got a glimpse of the disappearing Scottish life of the period—the Highlander; the "ancient, very clever woman" with her stories, whom we all know; the untaxed usquebaugh and the toddy; the bitter politics:

"The clergyman of the parish, and several other gentlemen, visited him while I was there. They addressed him as 'Grange' and as 'My Laird.' He had living with him Captain Wright, and two young maiden ladies—relations; also an ancient, very clever woman, a visitor. The laird showed me the portraits of many departed members of the family, and, among others, Sir John Pellick, of that ilk. His two waiters were dressed in small clothes and plain livery. He said to me, 'Cousin, as you have been in Paris and London, I fear you will not find my cooking agreeable, for, to say the truth, my cook has lived with me forty years.' A very agreeable and singular reunion of the family was as follows: At about nine o'clock at night, all the party sat around the dining-table; the laird had a plate of oatmeal for his supper; before each gentleman, Captain Wright, my son, and myself, were placed a small carrat of whiskey, a goblet, wine-glasses, sugar, and a silver ladle with ebony handle; warm water was in a tea-urn within reach, and a plate with soft biscuit before each person. This reunion was for conversation. Each gentleman made his whiskey toddy in his goblet, and with the ladle filled one or more of his glasses with the mixture he had prepared, and sent it to one of the ladies of his choice. This simple and agreeable tipple occupied the party for an hour or so in lively chat. The elder lady repeated to the laird a gossiping story of another lady, to which he replied, 'Ah! she is a rinsing hussy.' I write according to the sound. The whiskey was far better than any I had ever tasted, and wishing to send some of the same to America, I said, 'Laird, this is the best whiskey I ever tasted. Where do you get it?' After a pause, he said, 'Cousin, that is a question never asked nor answered in this part of Scotland.' I felt that I had made a blunder. He said shortly afterward, 'Cousin James, to-morrow morning, before breakfast, if you go down to the entry you will probably find on the marble table a few black bottles well corked, and if you go round the house you may encounter a naked-legged Highlandman.' The next morning I was up early, and found all things that had been intimated. It was obvious why such a question was never asked nor answered. At breakfast, I laughingly said, 'Captain Wright, I found this morning a very civil Scot walking round the house in a costume I had never seen before, except on the stage. I should like to have a cask of any liquor he might have put into my coach.' Wright replied, 'I think I can manage it.' The laird said promptly, 'Hout, man, they would find it and seize the carriage, cask and all. Cousin, stay here and enjoy the liquor, but do not attempt to carry any away in any other manner. Nothing can escape the vigilance of the exciseman.' The explanation was that the bottles were placed on the table, and the naked legged fellow was found near the house and received payment for his liquor.

'I said to the laird, 'Cousin, is not the Duke of Hamilton the chief or head of our clan?' 'I believe he is,' he replied. 'Do you not, as a liege, go sometimes to pay your respects to your chief?' 'Nay, cousin, not I; he is a damn Whig Radical.' This good gentleman was so high a Tory that he would not allow a questionable newspaper to come into his house."

Here is something as much to Samuel Rogers's credit—though it was his father who did it, to be sure—as most of the stories which are told of him. Perhaps it partly accounts for the poet's general civility to Americans:

"I returned to London, and to the society of my dear friend, Samuel Rogers. I had the pleasure, in the course of my five voyages to Europe, to visit London eight or ten times, and until the last two, in 1847 and 1848, always breakfasted at his house and enjoyed much of his society. His father, as he told me, was accustomed to have family prayers. When he heard of the Declaration of Independence, he added a prayer for the success of the Colonies, which he repeated every day until the peace. He believed the feelings which prompted this prayer were more common in England than is generally supposed. He said, when an armament was ordered to be taken from the Tower to be sent to America, the officer in command resigned the place rather than to be instrumental in subduing the Colonies. The Recorder of London, when he heard of the outbreak of the rebellion, went to order a suit of mourning. His tailor expressed the hope that his lordship had not met with a serious loss. 'Yes,' was the answer, 'my country's loss, by the rebellion, induced by injustice and tyranny.'"

In Russia, in 1841, where Hamilton was received with a great deal of the civility and cordiality which Americans now expect in that country, he heard this anecdote of John Randolph, who was not just the man to be amused at an incident of this kind, we may be sure:

* "Reminiscences of James A. Hamilton; or, Men and Events, at Home and Abroad, during Three-quarters of a Century." New York: Charles Scribner & Co. 8vo, pp. ix.; 647.

"The following story was told to me in relation to the presentation of John Randolph, who was appointed Minister Plenipotentiary to Russia by President Jackson. When he was presented to the Empress, and she put out her hand, he went down on his knee, and having on tight gauntlets, he was for some time in that position, tugging at the one on his right hand in order to take her Majesty's hand and kiss it, it being contrary to etiquette to touch the lady's bare hand with a gloved hand. This took him so long, that her Majesty smiled, and the courtiers laughed out. Randolph soon took his leave, and left Russia."

The Hero of New Orleans thus makes his appearance as he and Hamilton, with a party of Southern ladies, were on their way to New Orleans, where a medal was to be presented to the General, and where, too, he was to deliver that year's cotton crop, which he had on board with him:

"During the voyage we stopped at the different towns on the river, at the most of which the people were assembled; and at the principal ones, committees addressed the General, to whom he made appropriate replies. In the course of the voyage an event occurred, which I repeat, as it is suggestive of character. A steamer of greater speed than ours, going in the same direction, passed us, crossed our bow; then stopped and let us pass her; and then passed us again in triumph. This was repeated again and again, until the General, being excited by the offensive course, ordered a rifle to be brought to him; hailed the pilot of the other steamer, and swore that if he did the same thing again he would shoot him. As I believed the General was in earnest, and as such an outrage could not be of service to our cause, I went below and stated to Mrs. Jackson what had occurred; she said mildly, 'Colonel, do me the favor to say to the General I wish to speak to him.' I did so. He went to the cabin with me, and remained there in chat with her."

Mrs. Jackson, if she was extraordinarily ugly, and if she was the first lady Colonel Hamilton had ever seen smoke cigars, nevertheless struck him as being a very sensible woman, who, had she lived, would have deserved well of the Republic by checking her husband's violence when afterwards on a larger stage he played similar pranks, to the great detriment of us all. The worst legacy of his Administration, however, we owe to his Secretary of State. Van Buren, Colonel Hamilton avows, was the author of that fatal policy of making a clean sweep of office-holders in the interests of the victorious party, which since his time has occurred quadrennially, or oftener. Or rather, it was he who made application to the nation of the policy which the Albany Regency had invented for use in this State, and which Marcy, one of the regents, laid down in his famous maxim—nothing less than infamous, as it has turned out, and nationally calamitous—"To the victors belong the spoils."

But if the general reader will find this work one the reading of which would be impossible if the art of skipping had never been found out, the student of our political history will find it of great value—a volume not to be slighted, and by no means of immitigable dryness. The vindication of the Colonel's father—the only distinguished American of those times who has been popularly underrated—indeed, we may say the only great American of those times who has not been considerably overrated—is conclusive of many points. That Hamilton wrote the Farewell Address is made manifest; and it is made tolerably clear that he must have not only written it, but furnished many, if not most, of its ideas. But on this point the author does not put us into possession of the drafts which are the evidence, and we are not able to satisfy ourselves or to speak fully. He proves, too, so that there will hardly be any more dispute about it, that Jefferson's and Madison's accusations against his father were unfounded and, on the part of Jefferson, probably malicious; and that Hamilton was entirely uncorrupt; was a poor man when he said he was, and was poorer when he came out of the Treasury than when he went into it. All this calumny has been mostly given up a good while since, as springing from partisan heat and recklessness; still it is as well to have the testimony and the accusation set plainly before us; and one feels some of the son's gratification in reading the story—several times repeated, by the way—of Albert Gallatin's having been set by Jefferson, when he became President, to hunt for proofs of his former friend's frauds and faults, and being disappointed by having to hear Gallatin report that Hamilton's financial system was perfect, and could not be changed in any part without injury to the country, and that he had been absolutely honest in his management. The Burr and Hamilton affair of honor also gets our author's attention, and incidentally he discredits the story which is related by Mr. Parton in the "Life of Aaron Burr," and which tells how Burr behaved magnanimously when a challenge was brought him purporting to have come from our author. The challenge was a forgery; and Burr's imputed intention "not to hurt the Boy"—then thirty years old, he was—probably had no existence.

Of Colonel Hamilton himself the reader will get a pleasant impression. He appears to have been, throughout his life, a man of courage and decision—as witness the effectiveness of his efforts to stop the great fire in this city by blowing up buildings to leeward, a course which he suggested and made the officials adopt. He was pretty early in all the good political movements that arose in his day of activity, and passed by rapid rather than slow stages from being a Federalist to being a Whig, and then on to Republicanism of a fighting and practical, radical kind. His mind seems to have been always active, and though he makes no claim to possessing his father's genius, he appears as a person of very sound sense, of very considerable cultivation, and of more than usual reasoning powers. On the whole, he will not be denied praise as able, patriotic, courageous, kind-hearted, and just—a valuable citizen and a good man, whose busy life has been well spent in the service of his fellow-citizens more than in his own.

GLADSTONE'S JUVENTUS MUNDI.*

"The Youth of the World" is a subject which has a peculiar fascination for the present age of men—a subject, too, which no age before the present has possessed adequate means of investigating. Wild theories and inferences from very inadequate data have heretofore marked enquiries in this field; but a genuine scientific method has led at last to well-established and important results, which are every day becoming wider and better grounded. In these enquiries into the condition of society, religion, and government in the primitive ages, no testimony is more valuable than that of Homer; and the work which Mr. Gladstone has undertaken, in ascertaining the precise nature and extent of Homer's contribution to our knowledge of this, is a most praiseworthy one. Wherever he has had this object distinctly in view, and has sought to learn from Homer alone what Homer alone can teach, we are heartily grateful to him for a work which he has done exceedingly well. It does not matter whether or not we agree with him as to the unity of the poems, and their trustworthiness in regard to names and events; if we have the poet's testimony distinctly before us, we can sift and judge it for ourselves.

Thus, the chapter on "The Three Great Appellatives" contains a very able and interesting discussion, arriving at the result that, "at the time of Homer, the name most nearly approaching to what we mean by a national name was that of the Achaioi;" further, "as the specific shades of meaning attaching to the three Appellatives respectively, (1) for Danaoi, the soldiery, the people in warfare; (2) for Argeioi, the masses, the people engaged in tillage; (3) for Achaioi, the chiefs or aristocracy, the people regarded through the governing class" (p. 70). A prime feature of the book is the characterizing this Achaian nationality. He goes on:

"This class, and the race that formed it, appear to me to be entitled to a more separate and concentrated attention than it has yet received in the investigation of Greek history. It forms a distinct type of Hellenic character, the earliest in time, and certainly not the least remarkable in grandeur or in completeness. The Greek of Homer is neither the man of Athens nor the man of Sparta; he is neither cast in the Dorian nor in the Ionian pattern; he is the Achaian Greek. Simple, and yet shrewd; passionate, and yet self-contained; brave in battle and gentle in converse; keenly living in the present, yet with a 'large discourse' over the future and the past; as he is in body 'full-limbed and tall,' so he is in mind towering and full-formed. His portrait could never have been drawn but from the life; and disregarding what I conceive to have been the figments of the first *renaissance* after the wild and rude Dorian revolution, I set down Homer himself as the Achaian painter of his own kith and kin." Again, p. 172: "After him, as Hesiod tells us, a ruder and a darker age is sung in with a wilder music. The traditions and the families of the older time are submerged by the flood of Dorian conquest. The noble and refined Achaian succumbs to the half-savage Heraclid. The Hellenic world is resolved into a chaos, which devours its ancient ideas and institutions; though the spirit of life still breathes over the formless mass, and gradually moulds it into a new and more organized and splendid, if not a more pure and healthful, civilization."

Probably the Achaian character, as here depicted, belongs quite as much to the epoch as to the race: but the passages we have quoted are in a genuine and appreciative historical spirit, and most of the volume is equally good.

But in passing out from this limited field of enquiry, and taking up the more general considerations suggested by the title of his book, Mr. Gladstone fails in two ways—first, by starting with a favorite theory, which soon becomes a hobby with him; secondly, by not possessing, or at least not manifesting, sufficient acquaintance with what has been done by others in this wide field. It will not be necessary to delay long upon his improbable and wholly unsubstantiated theory of an affinity with Hebrew traditions; it will be enough to notice his remark (p. 250) that the

* "Juventus Mundi: The Gods and Men of the Heroic Age. By the Right Hon. William Ewart Gladstone." London: Macmillan & Co. 1869. 8vo, pp. 541.

Trident "appears evidently to point to some tradition of a Trinity." Such a suggestion as this is symbolism run mad.

We cannot, however, but think it very strange, seeing that Mr. Gladstone treats of comparative mythology at all, that he hardly notices the facts of this science as established by other students. He quotes Max Müller's second series of lectures respectfully, but—if we remember rightly—only twice makes a doubtful reference to his etymologies, in the unimportant cases of the Charites and Erinyes, and does not even mention the connection of Zeus with the Sanskrit *Dyaus*, to say nothing of the generally accepted etymologies of Athene, Hermes, etc. Can this be because Professor Müller's investigations tell directly against Mr. Gladstone's pet theories, by proving that, so far as any origin at all can be shown for the Greek divinities, they were originally pure nature-powers?

Mr. Gladstone's view of the influence of Homer upon the Greek theology is ingenious and well developed, and in many points very attractive. He considers him to have been the great reconciler of the varied elements in the Greek worship—especially the Pelasgian and Hellenic—and thus the creator of the later Grecian theology. The old Pelasgian nature-worship was, he holds, superseded by the Olympian anthropomorphic system, and Homer was the chief instrument in making permanent the new order of things, and reconciling with it whatever of the old could be preserved and made permanent. The Trojan War would appear to represent one stage in this contest—the Trojan gods being chiefly Pelasgian—and the victory was that of the Hellenizing over the Pelasgian divinities. The theory, as we have said, is an attractive one; we know that there were transitions and conflicts in the history of the Greek religion, and that the Pelasgian age preceded the Hellenic. And the obvious objection that Zeus, the Pelasgian Zeus, became the head of the new Olympus, and a completely anthropomorphized god—indeed, "the type of anthropomorphism"—is anticipated by Mr. Gladstone, who suggests, very probably, that the Olympian Zeus, in his finally developed shape, was formed out of "two separate clusters of tradition." This we consider certain—two, or many more than two; but what this points at is the wide extent of the worship of Zeus as an elemental spirit (as in the Roman *Jupiter*), making him not only the highest, but the most widely recognized of all the gods, and therefore the centre of the greatest variety of legend and worship. The Zeus who sat on Olympus, no less than the earlier Zeus of Dodona, Lycæus, and Crete, was in his essence nothing but the spirit of the firmament; and if we may trust Sanskrit scholars, Athene—the purest Hellenic divinity, according to Mr. Gladstone—is herself nothing but the *dawn*. How, by the way, does it come about that this eminently Hellenic goddess was the patron deity of Pelasgic Athens?

We cannot, therefore, think that the contest commemorated in the Iliad was between a nature-worship and a revealed worship, as Mr. Gladstone would have us believe; but, if between theologies at all, between one which still recognized as divine the powers of nature and one which had outgrown this, and worshipped anthropomorphic gods. Even this, however, we doubt, for the reason that the gods who fought with Troy—Apollo, Artemis, Ares—are quite as fully developed Hellenic and anthropomorphized deities as those on the other side—Hera, Athene, and Poseidon. Indeed, one becomes suspicious the moment the dangerous word *Pelasgian* is mentioned, and still more distrustful when Mr. Gladstone gravely brings forward Niebuhr's exploded Pelasgian theory as an accepted one; the fatuity which haunts this word is well illustrated, too, by his thinking it worth while (p. 92) to mention its proposed derivation "from Peleg of the tenth chapter of Genesis, a name said to mean 'partition'—that is, of the earth: this opinion is questioned by Marsh, and rejected by Clinton"! After all, Mr. Gladstone advances the safe and probably sound view "that the Pelasgians formed the basis of the Greek nation;" considering this, it is strange that he should insist as he does upon the *antagonism* between Pelasgian and Hellene. Ernst Curtius says: "There is no Pelasgian myth, no Pelasgian gods, which can be opposed to the Hellenic. The first genuine Hellene whom we know—the Homeric Achilles—prays to the Pelasgian Zeus; and Dodona, in all times regarded as the original seat of the Pelasgians, was also the oldest Hellas in Europe."

The First Six Books of Virgil's Æneid; with Explanatory Notes, a Lexicon, and Map; together with an Appendix, containing Dr. S. H. Taylor's Questions on Virgil, and a Metrical Index. Illustrated with numerous Engravings and a Facsimile Page of one of the oldest existing Manuscripts of the Latin Text. By Edward Searing, A.M., Professor of Latin in Milton College, Wisconsin. (A. S. Barnes & Co., New York and Chicago. 1869. 8vo, pp. xxii. and 421.)—The title-page of Professor Searing's Virgil describes the book so fully that it needs few words to direct attention to its merits and its special value. It is very well fitted for the use of those schools, of which there are many, which make a sort of specialty of Virgil, passing to the Æneid after a brief introduction of Cæsar, and reading nothing else. Although this course is so common, we do not think it a judicious one. Virgil ought to come at the end, not at the beginning, and ought never to be used as a *drill-book*. For this reason we differ from the editor in regard to the advisability of having a vocabulary: by the time a scholar comes to read Virgil, he ought to have in his hands a complete dictionary of the language. The vocabulary, by the way, seems to us one of the best in plan and details with which we are acquainted; of its completeness it is impossible to judge without further trial. Neither do we think he is right in having the notes at the foot of the page. For school use, we like the American practice better than the German; for a scholar's attention, which ought to be fixed upon the text before him during recitation, will inevitably be distracted by the tempting explanations a few lines below. The notes are in themselves generally good; but the practice of grammatical references, which at the present day is often excessive, is here carried to a ridiculous excess. From the three-hundredth to the four-hundredth verses of the First Book, we count twenty-three references to the rule of ablative of cause, manner, and means. Now, we submit that any person who cannot recognize this principle at sight in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, has no business to be reading Virgil at all. We are pleased with the illustrations, especially those of the views from original sketches (*e. g.*, Delos, the Plain of Troy, and Crete); these cannot fail to aid the student in appreciating the author he is reading. It was a mistake, however, not to give the authority for the genuineness of all of them; some we suspect not to be antiques. In neither class of illustrations has the engraver done justice to the elegant book he was engaged upon. For those who desire to use Virgil as a drill-book, Taylor's questions will be found invaluable, and all will be glad to have the facsimile of the manuscript.

Histoire des Doctrines Chimiques depuis Lavoisier jusqu'à nos jours. Par Adolphe Wurtz. Paris: 1868. (*History of Chemical Theory. From the Age of Lavoisier to the Present Time.* By Adolph Wurtz.) Translated and Edited by Henry Watts, B.A. (London: 1869. pp. 220.)—Wurtz is very celebrated in the scientific world as one of the chief experimental promoters of chemistry, as the author of a remarkable course of "Leçons de Philosophie Chimique," published in 1864, and as the editor of a very complete "Dictionnaire de Chimie, Pure et Appliquée," which he is now issuing with the help of a large number of eminent collaborators. The "Discours Préliminaire" with which M. Wurtz prefaces the latter work (recently embodied in a small volume and rendered accessible to English readers by Mr. Watts's annotated translation) is a masterly sketch of the progress of chemical science during the last century, or, more correctly speaking, since Lavoisier overthrew the phlogistic theory of Stahl, and revolutionized chemistry by showing the true nature of combustion and the importance of oxygen in producing this phenomenon. Prior to this discovery, combustion was regarded as a violent disengagement of phlogiston instead of a rapid attraction and assimilation of oxygen, and the increase of weight in calcined metals was attributed to the absorption of heat. Lavoisier, by the nice use of the balance in a series of careful quantitative analyses, established the fact that sulphur, phosphorus, and other substances become heavier by being burned in the air because they absorb a portion of the air; and when, in 1774, Priestley discovered oxygen gas, Lavoisier immediately recognized this gas as the element of the air which combined with metallic bodies in combustion and also performed vital physiological functions in respiration. A few years later, he developed a general theory of acids, oxyds, and salts, thus giving still greater preponderance to the *rôle* of oxygen in chemistry, and formulating a system fundamentally opposed to the ideas of Stahl. Nevertheless, phlogiston continued to have its champions, and it is a striking illustration of the tyranny of scientific traditions that men of acute and ardent minds, like Priestley, Cavendish, and Scheele, defended the old dogma by a thousand ingenious arguments long after it had ceased to furnish a satisfactory explanation of the newly discovered facts. Wurtz gives an admirable account of the manner in which a new chemical nomenclature was formed through the combined labors of Guyton de Morveau, Lavoisier, Berthollet, and Fourcroy, and substituted for the mass of whimsical and incongruous terms invented by the old alchemists. Notwithstanding the coldness with which the innovation of these four reformers was received by the French Academy, the clearness which the new

nomenclature introduced into the history of chemistry, and the ease and exactness with which it indicated the composition of bodies and their various degrees of oxygenation, soon caused its merits to be generally recognized, and before Lavoisier's head fell under the guillotine, in 1794, it had acquired an almost uncontested authority. About ten or fifteen years later, Dalton, Thomson, and Proust developed the theory of atomic weights, and Gay-Lussac established the volumetric relations of gases. In 1811, an Italian chemist, Amedeo Avogrado, published a treatise, in which both these laws of weights and volumes were merged in a higher generalization and shown to be two phases of a single great principle. We shall not attempt to follow M. Wurtz through his interesting sketch of the life and labors of Berzelius, the long and ardent controversy excited by M. Dumas' theory of substitutions and its final triumph over the dualistic hypothesis of Berzelius, the expansion and transformation of the theory of substitutions by Laurent and Gerhardt, the subsequent evolution of the doctrine of types by Williamson and others, and the final metamorphosis of this doctrine into the theory of atomic attraction, as set forth by Odling, Hoffmann, Kékulé, and especially by Wurtz, who by his lectures and writings has contributed greatly to elucidate and popularize the ideas which underlie the new school of chemistry, of which he has been styled "*le grand maître*"—and not unjustly, if we take into account his experimental researches, especially his discovery of the ammonia bases.

Mademoiselle Fifty-Millions. By the Countess Dash. (New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1869.)—A stupider novel than this it would not be easy to find, and why anybody should have thought it worth while to translate it we do not see. However, it is very badly translated. The author has taken the memoirs of a time rich in the materials for the construction of the most stirring romances, and has succeeded in making a story as weak and unreadable as if there had been no Brinvilliers, no *poudre de succession*, no intriguing going on about the Cardinal, no half-crazy De la Porte, no poisoning Sainte Croix, no Anne of Austria, no secret passages, nor stabbing in the dark, nor black magic, nor gallantry, nor plots and counterplots, nor, in short, anything else in the Paris of Mazarin and the Fronde. The story bears the same relation to the novels of Dumas, which begot it, that the dime novels bear to "Waverley" and the "Pioneers;" and we warn all readers away from it as being capable of making duller the dullest day.

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The Week.

THE operations of the gold "ring," which had been talked of for some days as impending, culminated on Thursday of last week in a "crisis" of the first rank, gold being rapidly pushed up to 161, the Exchange thrown into a condition of the wildest excitement, brokers driven half or wholly mad, and business completely suspended all over the Union. At last, an announcement that the Government was going to put $4,000,000 in the market brought everything down by the run within a few minutes. The wreck still encumbers Wall Street; and though the officers of the Gold Clearing-House have been working night and day, the precise extent of the damage done has not as yet been clearly ascertained. But it has announced the failure of nine firms, one of which, however, says there is a mistake about it. Of the amounts lost by the dealers little or nothing is as yet known. Fisk, jr., and Gould, and their clan, apparently got the "combination" up, and carried it on with the wildest recklessness and an apparently devilish delight in the ruin they were causing, and are now said to be repudiating a good many of the obligations contracted in their name. Threats of killing one or more of them are freely made by exasperated losers; and it was reported on Monday and Tuesday that Fisk, if not others, was guarded by policemen. The loss sustained by the country at large is of course incalculable. It may be safely said that there was an absolute suspension in the wholesale trade in every commodity for three days, nobody knowing what to ask or give for goods. The operations in the Exchange were of course simply gambling on a scale never before witnessed, dozens of enormous fortunes being on the table at once, and lost or won in the twinkling of an eye, and this not in a quiet, well-furnished room, by a dozen silent men, but publicly by hundreds of howling, desperate men, maddened out of all calculation by frightful alternations of hope and fear, protracted through fifty-six hours, and all this literally in the presence of an astonished, disgusted, and alarmed nation.

The worst of it all is that nobody can tell how soon these scenes may be repeated. No rational man can doubt that they will be repeated. There is no reason why they should not be. Nothing is more certain than that we are only witnessing the beginning of these combinations; that the conspirators are only learning their trade; and that, when they have once fairly mastered their art, they will, with a corrupt judiciary at their back, treat us to exhibitions of their skill such as we now have little idea of. All that is needed to spread this devastation over the country is the agreement of a few bold and unscrupulous men to stand by each other, and the command of two or three million dollars, than which nothing is now easier. What is more, they will show the rest of the country that it will not do to treat New York as an accursed place, which the rest of the Union can keep clear of or laugh over, and whose wickedness godly men elsewhere can afford to pass by as none of their concern. New York speculators *have now a rope round the neck of every business man in the United States;* and there is not one of Barnard's orders or injunctions which does not strike nearly as deeply in Boston or Philadelphia as here. There is no town or city in which his writs do not *really* run. As regards these gold corners, there is absolutely no safeguard against them but a return to specie payments, and of this there is at present no hope, because the country will not submit to contraction, though probably the loss sustained by one corner is treble the cost of going back to the ancient ways. Nothing can be more delusive than the idea that Mr. Boutwell can be converted into a kind of special providence to protect the community from the gold gamblers. They can always dodge his golden showers, or can make their *coups* when his tank is low; and besides, is it not disgraceful to a commercial community to have its business constantly dependent on the result of the attempts of a parcel of unscrupulous rogues to outwit the Secretary of the Treasury? The only thing we have to look forward to at present is Mr. Boutwell's four per cent. loan; but it is indefinitely remote, and indeed it is doubtful whether he will ever be in office long enough to contract it; and yet there is no doubt that he is doing his best, and that nobody could do more without vigorous measures in aid from Congress.

There was some expectation, not at all well founded, as it turns out, that there would be a severe fight between the Massachusetts Liberal Republicans and the Prohibitionists for the control of the late State Convention; that the Prohibitionists would be victorious; and that there would be a secession—made quietly at the polls—which would result in a very light Republican vote and an increased Democratic vote, and which not impossibly might give the State to Mr. Adams. But the convention was managed with a skill to which hasty people might give the name of astuteness. Mr. Sumner was put into the chair, and the rank-and-file of the party listened with complacency and admiration to his elaborate speech on the foreign affairs of the nation, and readily acquiesced in the necessity of the Republican party in all the States still keeping its eye fixed on national politics and undiverted yet by State issues. Caucusing was discouraged, a meeting for speechification taking its place, and finally the committee on resolutions reported, among the rest, one that was beautifully ambiguous in its treatment of the liquor question. The truth of the matter seems to be this: The Republican party in the country is honestly in favor of the rigorous enforcement of a prohibitory law; the rural dissentients are so few in number in any given village that they may safely be disregarded by the managers. In several of the large cities and the urbanized country adjacent, the party is to some extent opposed to prohibition—that is, to practical prohibition—and a rigorous enforcement of the law during the past few months would have driven very many Republicans into voting for Adams, though that gentleman is not to be called popular with any section of the party which he has left. But the understanding is now perfect that in the rural districts the law shall be really an effective law, and that where there is danger of alienating any large body of Republican voters it shall be enforced as it is in Boston, where to-day open and semi-closed bars abound, and liquors are sold across the counter within ten feet of open doors and the crowded street; and where on Sunday evenings beer and spirits are more easily purchasable by a casual customer than they are in New York. There will be a pretty heavy vote for Adams, which

will be thrown by the Democrats—who almost to a man actively oppose prohibition—by some Republicans who, on sociological grounds, oppose it, and by more Republicans who habitually drink liquors, and resent interference with their habits. These latter compose the S.O.L. leagues, which probably number several thousand members. There are some few Republicans who even now talk of the possibility of Adams carrying the State, but Governor Claflin will, no doubt, be re-elected, although some of the men who voted for him last year will vote for his opponent, or will "scratch" him, either for reasons derived from the temperance legislation, or because of his gubernatorial connection with a railroad of which he is or was a director and stockholder.

Mr. Sumner's address at the opening of the convention was, as we have said, very elaborate, and dealt entirely with national topics, and contained little to call for much remark. He took ground on Cuba which much needed to be taken by somebody of weight; and what he said was so forcible and sensible that it makes one regret more than ever his aberration in the *Alabama* case. Up to the delivery of that "effort," he was invaluable in Congress for his good sense and sound doctrine on all international questions; but since his indulgence in that little debauch with the Blatherskites, his utterances are naturally somewhat less weighty, and it will take a year or two of steady habits to bring him back his old influence. He asked a few questions about the basis of the Cuban claims to belligerency which, applied to a good many of the "Cuban articles" of our contemporaries, would produce an enormous quantity of light vapor. The organs of the Junta naturally ascribe his position on this point to a desire to strengthen his position on the English question; but it is difficult to see the necessity for this hypothesis. His definition of belligerency, except his division of it into aqueous and terrestrial, is not new, and is not of his contrivance, and has been held by every publicist now living since he became capable of holding "views" at all. On the question of repudiation, he was sound as a bell, arguing for payment of the bonds, according to the spirit of the contract, in gold, and pointing out, what most people have long felt, that the talk of repudiation has done, and is doing, more than anything else to lower the national credit, and prevent our getting loans at a low rate of interest. Let us add, and in no ill-natured spirit, that a few manly, courageous words from Mr. Sumner on this subject, when the Honorable B. F. Butler, hot from the work of repudiation in Congress, was running for the Fifth District last year, would have saved the nation millions of dollars; but they came not—a circumstance which suggests various passages from the poets.

In New York, the main issue is the adoption of the new constitution, against which the Democrats have sworn open war, and seem to find no good in it. In the Republican ranks, there is a slight feud between the "corruptionists" and the rest of the party—the former presenting themselves, as we remarked in our last, once more unblushingly to the public gaze as men who, like other men, have their peculiarities, but are entitled to have them, and ought not on this account to be lightly rejected. The result is, extensive preparations for "scratching"—the New York *Tribune* advocating that powerful mode of expressing disapprobation, and publishing lists of corruptionists who should on no account receive further Republican support. The prospects of the election depend largely, we regret to say, on the extent to which frauds will be committed by the Democrats in this city. Their powers of mischief are probably somewhat lessened by the coalition between the three Republican committees in this city. The two old "gangs" were unquestionably sold out to the Democrats at the last election, but the cheating machinery of the Democrats in this city is now in such perfect working order that it will not be easy to throw it out of gear. There are, however, deep divisions in the Democratic ranks—the Manhattan Club and the country districts being seriously roused against Tammany, whose delegates had to "take back seats" at the State Convention, and have come back sorrowful. The other faction has got out a pamphlet against Tammany, in which there are many disclosures of its corruption, painful but not new. The curious thing about all this, and the thing most worthy of attention, is that we have here in New York the most perfect political equality—every man has the ballot, and poor men have two ballots if they like—so that, theoretically, "injustice" ought not to be possible; and yet there is probably no similar area in Christendom which is the scene of more *in*justice. There is hardly an abuse of the worst days of the most corrupt monarchies of the seventeenth or eighteenth century of which we cannot furnish a specimen. Take, for instance, one of the greatest abuses of those monarchies—the holding of sinecures by court favorites; we have in the case of Mr. Tweed—who is *said* to hold *seventeen* city offices, and who certainly holds a large portion of that number—something for which, we venture to say, neither the England of George II. nor the France of Louis XIV. affords a parallel. So that universal suffrage, *per se*, does not afford the slightest safeguard against some of the worst evils of absolute monarchy or oligarchy.

Both parties are warming to their work in Pennsylvania. The State Central Committee (Republican) has issued an address to the people, in which it castigates the Democratic party severely, and mentions "casually," as it were, that Mr. Packer, the Democratic candidate for governorship, evades the payment of his taxes. The candidate for the vacant judgeship it derides as an unknown and incompetent man; and then, turning to the record of the Republican party, of Governor Geary, and of Judge Williams, draws a picture which, though the colors are laid on very heavily, and the promise of happiness it contains is almost too brilliant for mortal faith, nevertheless is weighty, and ought to be telling, by its contrast of facts and figures. There is, however, strong opposition in the Republican ranks to Geary; and Judge Williams is to many the principal, if not the only, attraction of the ticket. All accounts represent the Philadelphia courts as in a bad way—not so bad as our own; but the political boa is covering the judges steadily with his slime, in preparation for a grand final swallow. The Supreme Court has adjourned, so as to avoid naturalizing for this election; but the Democrats declare that if they get a majority in the Legislature they will impeach Judge Read.

Accounts from Tennessee, which are about as good as most of the accounts which come from that State, represent Andrew Johnson's chances of the Senatorship as improving. The correspondent of the Cincinnati *Commercial* represents his friends as enthusiastic beyond measure; that "the nearest thing to a party, even in Nashville, is the Johnson party, and the next nearest thing the anti-Johnson party." The principal argument in his favor used by his supporters is a very powerful one, that but for him they would all have been "hanged, confiscated, and quartered." Favors of this kind will of course be only feebly repaid even by keeping him in the Senate for the rest of his life. The objections made to him are his military governorship, when he was a rampant Radical and persecutor, and his St. Cloud speech to drunken negroes, and his behavior towards Mrs. Surratt. He is said to be himself satisfied that his success is certain; and if he is, his tuneful voice will probably be heard every day of his term. No man in the country has so many grievances to ventilate, or is so much struck by his own resemblance to the principal martyrs and confessors of ancient and modern times. Indeed, there are occasional indications in his language that he believes there is something divine in his nature, and an examination of his views on this point might throw some needed light on the most curious phenomenon of Roman history—the sober deification of some of the emperors at a time of great enlightenment and indeed of general sceptisism.

General Reynolds has made a report to the President on the condition of political affairs in Texas, from which it appears that the Republicans in that State are divided into two factions, the Davis faction and the Hamilton faction—a Radical and Conservative. The Davis men charge the Hamilton men with having secretly entered into a coalition with the Democrats; and though at first General Reynolds was unable to see any evidence of this, and did all he could to promote harmony, even to the extent of dividing the Federal offices equally be-

tween the two, he has since come to the conclusion that the charge is true. He says the platforms of the two "wings," as he euphemistically calls them, are precisely the same; so that their aims can be only judged by their acts. Both profess hearty adhesion to the Reconstruction Acts; but the Radicals prove their sincerity by carrying them out in the spirit as well as in the letter, while the Conservatives evade them—by nominating men for office, for instance, who are known to be disqualified under the law, simply because they are acceptable to the Democrats. The general therefore concludes that the success of the Hamilton faction, if it succeeds, will be accomplished by the aid of Democratic votes, and will result in putting the State into the hands of the very men who labored to destroy the Union during the war.

Two leading politicians, Governor Hoffman and Mr. B. F. Butler, have delivered addresses to farmers within the last week—a laudable innovation in this country, though a common fall amusement of English members of Parliament—and a good sign, too—for something has to be done to revive the popular taste for farming life and the popular faith in it. The addresses differed widely in character, however—Hoffman's being hortatory, poetic, and emotional; Butler's severely economical and critical. Mr. Butler first justified his own appearance as a discourser on agriculture, then showed the reason of the constant collisions between labor and capital in our day, which was that workingmen had as yet derived no benefit from the enormous increase in production wrought by machinery, but were now determined to have either higher wages or shorter hours, or both; and how to gratify them, and at the same time content the capitalists, is the great problem of the day. The farm laborer does not strike, partly because the profits of farming, not having increased, there is not much to strike for, and partly because the farm laborer, being fed by his "boss," does not care about a rise in prices of provisions. One great cause of the depression of farming is the neglect of agriculture by the Legislature. Out of 466 acts passed by the Massachusetts General Court last session, only one related to agriculture, while 173 were devoted to the interests of individuals and corporations, a large number of them affording capital increased facilities for combining for commercial purposes. The farmer should demand, therefore, that an end be put to special legislation; and, in fact, Mr. Butler strongly suggests that no facilities at all for creating moneyed corporations should be afforded, the reason which first called them into existence—the scarcity of capital in individual hands—no longer appearing. It is worth mention, however, that the wages of labor come out of capital; and that if you lessen the means of employing capital with ease and safety, the less demand there will be for labor. In fact, a more ingenious device for breaking down labor than depriving small capitalists of the chance of engaging in industrial enterprises with limited liability it would be hard to hit on.

Governor Hoffman, on the other hand, urged on farmers the advantages of education, the desirableness of having pleasant homes and taking pains to beautify them, warned the young farmers of the dangers and disappointments of city life, spoke darkly of commercial pursuits, drew a glowing picture of the content which reigns in the farm-house—which, however, did not tally with the account previously given of the farmers' eagerness to get to the city—and concluded with an enforcement of the doctrine that the way to pay the National Debt is to labor and economize. The two speeches are worth reading side by side for the sake of the contrast. Hoffman's reveals an amount of didactic power of which probably nobody suspected the existence; and it was easy to trace in Butler's, amidst much that is good and interesting, the evidences of his curious love of setting people by the ears. There are very few of his discourses which do not read as if he had the dolorous history of the Kilkenny cats constantly in his mind, and enjoyed it.

There is but little that is new from abroad. The Emperor is better, and able to show himself once more in public; but it is not likely the dynasty will ever recover from the shock given it by his sickness. The discussion and alarm excited by the prospect of his death showed the feebleness of the fabric even more than the concessions previously made to the Liberals. The Empress is again making ready for the Eastern trip. But everything connected with the court is for the moment thrown into the shade by Father Hyacinthe's (the celebrated preacher) bold revolt against Papal supremacy, which has taken everybody by surprise, as he has during the past two years been one of the glories of the Church. He has, however, been always rather too much inclined to participation in philanthropic work carried on under secular auspices to make him a safe man, ecclesiastically considered, and has for some time been under a slight cloud. He figured somewhat unclerically at a peace meeting a month ago, and had evidently been undergoing a kind of fermentation that bade fair before long to make him restive under Church discipline. The effect produced by his revolt has been aggravated by some expressions of discontent about the coming Council from M. de Montalembert also. This gentleman is slowly dying, but takes the keenest interest still in the ideas which absorbed his life and energies during the last thirty years, and foremost amongst these was the reconciliation of Catholicism and modern civilization. The influences which seem likely to predominate at the Council, of course, if triumphant, would send him disappointed to his grave.

Mr. John Bright seems to have a short method with protectionists not unlike that which Mr. Greeley occasionally employs in dealing with troublesome opponents. Talking of the new "revivers of British industry," who have begun to agitate a return to high duties, he explains their appearance by the statement "that there are knaves in the world, and there are simpletons, and the one class preys on the other." A pamphlet which they have issued, and which somebody sent him, he says, "bears the mark of having been written in Bedlam," and is a mere confusion of figures, wholly without logic or sense! "It is more cotton," he says, "Lancashire wants, and not more taxes on imports." We are greatly afraid this explanation of the matter will not generally be accepted as exhaustive, and wish he had taken the pains to show specifically on what points the lunacy of the author of the pamphlet showed itself. We are sorry to learn, on the other hand, from the address of the Pennsylvania Republican Central Committee, that free-traders are also knaves. The address says that if Pennsylvania "should now fall into the hands of an effete and corrupt Democracy, it may throw the next national administration into the power of rebels, *free-traders*, and repudiators."

A fresh and important contribution to the controversy about the position of the Chinese Government towards "progress," and about the objects of the Burlingame mission, has just been made by Mr. Robert Hart, who was appointed Inspector-General of Customs on the recommendation of the British and American Ministers. He says that the object of the mission was to explain to foreign powers the difficulties the Chinese Government has in introducing novelties, and to bespeak their forbearance, and to stave off pressure. The notion that the mission was an expression of the readiness of China to accept Western ideas and "modern improvements" he ascribes to newspaper "misinterpretation," and says that nothing but complete ignorance of China could have led the public to assume that China herself was ready for or desired the vast changes now looked for. The press, he says, hoping all things, has "in its speculations as to the object of the mission completely overshot the mark," and "has inferred from the arrival of the mission much that, however likely to come to pass in the future, *China did not intend to publish as feasible now.*" But, he says, a commencement of progress has been made, in that China feels the want of physical strength, and he argues that, feeling it, she will now seek to supply it gradually by an investigation of the sources of Western strength, and the adoption of them. The best way, he thinks, to stimulate this appetite for improvement is to leave her alone. It must be admitted, however, that if the sole object of the mission was simply to ask us to leave her alone, there has been a good deal of fuss about a very small matter.

THE CUBAN CASE.

Mr. Sumner, touching on the Cuban question at the Worcester Convention, applied to Cuban demands for recognition as belligerents a test which disposed of them very effectually by asking:

"But where are their cities, towns, provinces? Where is their Government? Where are their ports? Where are their tribunals of justice? and where are their prize courts? To put these questions is to answer them. Where then is the 'fact' of belligerence?"

Nobody, so far as our knowledge goes, pretends that the insurgents have anything worthy of the name of an army—that they have anything like a regular government—that they have a revenue, or arsenals, or prize courts, or ports, blockaded or unblockaded, or are responsible, or could be made responsible, for the wrong-doing of their officers. If they put cruisers to sea to-morrow, under a recognized flag, no matter what outrages or violations of law these cruisers committed, no one could tell where to look for redress. Under these circumstances, "belligerency being a fact, and not a principle," there would seem to be but one answer to be made to their claims for recognition as belligerents, and that a negative one. They have not fulfilled the conditions on which the usages of civilized nations and the dicta of the ablest jurists declare the concession of belligerency to depend—usages and dicta of which no nation has more solemnly, continuously, and tenaciously acknowledged the authority than the United States. If it be now incumbent on us to recognize the Cubans, the course pursued by this Government, as Mr. Sumner pointed out, towards the other Spanish American republics, towards Poland, towards Hungary, and towards Crete, was a gross neglect both of legal and moral duty, if, indeed, in international relations, there be any distinction between the two. In fact, if it be incumbent on us to recognize the Cubans, there has hardly been an insurrection since this Government came into existence in which the American people have not used their discretion for the confusion and discouragement of the weak and oppressed. Those chapters in the diplomatic history of the United States on which Americans are in the habit of dwelling with most pride and satisfaction, instead of being the glory of the country, are its shame, and American professions of sympathy with "down-trodden peoples" have been amongst the most lamentable exhibitions of cold-blooded hypocrisy on record. The Spanish South American colonies fought for long years, and had practically established their independence, before we took any notice of their existence as political organizations; Hungary maintained a regular government for two years, kept on foot some of the finest armies the world has ever seen, won pitched battles against the whole force of a great military monarchy, and was in a fair way to seize the very capital of her oppressor, and we gave no sign—never even said, "We *acknowledge* that you are an organized fighting power; we *see* your army, your treasury, your arsenals, and your parliament"—one of the oldest legislative assemblies on earth, though this would have cost nothing but a few sheets of paper and a controversy with the Austrian Minister, which, as it was, we did not escape. Poland has been three times in arms within the last ninety years, and in arms with regular marching armies, with a government, great cities, stores, and arsenals behind them, with world-renowned generals at their head, and has won bloody battles and made displays of devotion such as have rarely been equalled. The Cretes, in like manner, struggled heroically against the Turks for three years, had more of an army, according to all accounts, than the Cubans have ever had, have been living for nearly two centuries under rule compared to which the worst oppression laid to the charge of the Spaniards was mild, beneficent, and humane, and yet they got no official notice from the United States. If the claims made for the Cubans be well founded, the course of the United States in all these cases was positively base.

It is now said, however, that on the showing of one of the principal members of the Spanish Government—Serrano, for instance—in a report made two years ago, as well as on that of other distinguished Spaniards, the Cuban revolt is justifiable—that is, that the inhabitants have serious grievances against the mother country, and are all but unanimous in hostility to her rule; and that, according to another distinguished Spaniard, a revolt once begun, the contest would prove for Spain not only a costly, but a hopeless one. It is therefore asked, What, supposing all this to be true, is the duty of the American Government? and the New York *Times* actually pronounces the situation to be a very puzzling one, and appeals fervently to Mr. Sumner for guidance. Now it is rather surprising, and indeed we think it shows to what an extent the idea that there is such a thing as international law is drifting away from people's minds, that a first-class newspaper should have to call for help on such a question, or, indeed, should base such a question on such considerations. The justifiability or non-justifiability of a revolt is a question which has never yet been allowed openly and ostensibly to justify the concession of belligerent rights to revolters. There is no trace in history of a government's having claimed the right, under international law, to treat its own opinion of the moral status of insurgents as a sufficient reason for treating them as a political power capable of carrying on war; and the adoption of any such rule would introduce monstrous confusion into international relations; for if we once concede that the physical proportions of an insurrection have nothing to do with its claims to a belligerency, we put it in the power of a band of brigands on land to legalize the operations of a pirate at sea. A score or two of malcontents would only have to take to the mountains for a few weeks, with a fair show of grievances, and resist the troops of a regular government, to furnish any foreign power with an excuse for calling them belligerents, and to furnish them with the privilege of issuing letters of marque. But its absurdity is not the only objection to such a rule; a greater one is that it does not exist. Is the United States going to add it to the international code? Should it add it if it could? Would it be a gain for civilization? Would it diminish causes of war, and promote the cause of peaceful and rational reform? Besides all this, a recognition of belligerency is or ought to be a statement of facts—an assertion that the power making it sees certain things with the physical eye which in the case of Cuba do not exist. If our Government, therefore, issued a proclamation calling Cuba a belligerent, and directing her to be so treated, it would literally lie.

To be sure, it seems hard to allow the Spaniards to buy gunboats in our ports and not to allow the insurgents, but the distinction is no harder than any legal restriction. It is hard to have no remedy against a government which does not pay its just debts. It is hard to have a good claim barred by the statute of limitations, or an honest contract vitiated by the statute of frauds; but the rules of international law, like the rules of the civil law, are framed for the greatest good of the greatest number, and any objection to them based on the fact that they bear harshly in particular cases would, if sound, tell against all law whatever, and go far to break up civilized society. The fact is that Spain is an old and established government, with which we are on friendly relations, and whose right to buy ships and arms in our ports is undoubted, and to which we stand under a *mutual* obligation not to allow rebels against her authority, of whose force, activity, and prospects we have formed no decided opinion, to arm themselves on our soil for her injury. To admit the Cuban Junta to the same privileges would, therefore, be an insult and act of ill-will, because it would be putting them on a footing, not of moral equality simply, but of political equality—political equality "being a fact and not a principle."

The argument that Cuban belligerency ought not to be recognized because it would damage the American position towards England, is one which is as unworthy of the consideration of the friends of Cuba as of its enemies. There is no American who ought not to be ashamed either to use it or see it used. If the United States has reached such a pass that the only rules of law it acknowledges are such as suit its temporary convenience, it has to all intents and purposes dropped out of the family of civilized nations. The effect of our policy on the *Alabama* case, and our duty in the Cuban case, are two separate things. We can abandon the *Alabama* claims if we please, but we cannot, or at least ought not, to refuse the Cubans the character of belligerents one minute after, or grant it one minute sooner than, they are entitled to it. We are not nearly as much interested either in effecting the independence of Cuba, or securing payment of the *Alabama* damages, as in maintaining the principles of international law.

A FIELD FOR THE HUMANE.

Suppose you were manager of a great joint-stock bank or of a mercantile firm, and hired your employees. Suppose, as would most probably be the case, that your employees were poor men, dependent upon your wages for means of subsistence for themselves, their wives, and their children, and who would be forced, in case of dismissal, to choose between the poor-house and starvation. Say, also, that your bank was doing a large business. And now suppose, as soon as your employees were fairly at work, attending to your business and furthering the interests of your concern, you were to select ten or a dozen of them, whose places yielded a fair income, and summarily turn them into the streets, filling the vacancies with a number of your private creditors, in order that the money received by them should cover your debts. Suppose, also, when called upon for explanation, you gave as your reason some such fact as that a relative of the employee had refused to buy goods at your brother's store, and, when even this contemptible accusation was disproved, neither replaced him nor offered any reparation. Imagine, too, that in the majority of cases you gave no reason at all. Suppose that every man in your employment *knew* that no amount of fidelity, industry, or honesty could give him the smallest security in his place, and that he entered your bank every morning with the sickening consciousness that he might at any moment see a summary dismissal placed on his desk. Suppose, moreover, that you selected your employees without any regard to their fitness, on the recommendation of third persons, well knowing that these third persons were to pocket a percentage on their salaries in payment for the recommendation—in other words, that you became a party to a corrupt arrangement, involving the spoliation of your clerks and gross indifference to the interests of your corporation.

Suppose that, while pursuing this system for the most part, changing your men not when they proved themselves unfit for business, but whenever it seemed possible, by means of a change, to cancel some private debt, you still were obliged to retain a few old and tried servants for the sake of efficiency, and to prevent a general chaos. You keep these men for years, paying them their salaries (perhaps at intervals cutting their salaries down without any notice or excuse, and lowering their grade, but still paying them something), thus enabling them to support their families, and leading them to believe that their places are permanent and their service a necessity to you. They grow gray in your employment, and begin to look forward to a competence in their declining years, when, *presto!* the door is shut in their face, and they are told that the wages of their lifetime of faithful labor is dismissal. They plead their long service; you wish them "good morning." They urge their poverty; you commiserate them, and suggest other employment. They press upon you the impossibility of this for aged men who have been accustomed to but one kind of business, and cannot begin the struggle of life anew; you shrug your shoulders, and mutter something about the "necessities of business."

To be more particular, suppose such a case as this: A. B., an industrious and thrifty fellow from the country, comes to you with the best recommendations, and at once obtains a situation. He serves you for a dozen years, confining himself closely to his business, coming early and going away late, eschewing even necessary recreation, that he may the more faithfully perform his duties. He suddenly falls sick, and it becomes necessary for him to economize in every way, for he has a family to support, and his daughter is sick as well as he. He can hardly see his way from month to month. Under these circumstances, you request him to give you—not lend, but give you a sum of money for private purposes of your own, in no way connected with the bank business or with his own interests. Not having any money, he is compelled to decline. Here is a difficult case: to dismiss him would embarrass the transaction of business, so necessary has his industry and knowledge become to you; to retain him would furnish a precedent very convenient for any of your men who might wish to refuse the payment of tribute. Accordingly, you resort to an effective method of at once humbling his pride and retaining the benefit of his skill. You "cut him down." In fact, you cut him down so effectually that he dies. The money for his burial is furnished by his fellow-servants, who also contribute a small sum out of their earnings to assist his family in getting to their former home.

If you conducted your business in this way; if you treated your employees after this fashion, gentle subscriber, what do you think your neighbors would say of your behavior? What would the stockholders of your bank say? What would the church of which you are a member think of it? What would the newspapers, and the magazines, and the quarterly reviews, and the lyceum think of it? They would all say with one voice that your conduct was infamous; that it was the very depth of inhumanity, cruelty, perfidy, and injustice; that you were a cheat, who betrayed his trust; a barbarian, who treated free men as slaves; and that, if no legal remedy existed against such an abuse of power, one ought to be speedily invented, that an outraged society might avenge itself upon you.

Is our parable intelligible? The employer is the Government of the United States; the employees are the civil servants of this employer; their wages are the salaries paid out of the United States Treasury; the private creditors of the employer are the regular party hacks; and the tribute of which we have spoken is an "assessment for political purposes."

Those who find any difficulty in understanding what we have said should read the New York *Times* of September 20. In that paper is a full account, apparently written by some one of experience, of the system of appointment and dismissal now in vogue in Washington. That our readers may judge for themselves whether our statements as to the brutality of the present practice are at all exaggerated, we give a few of the facts: A clerk in the Fourth Auditor's office, who was appointed in 1812, and had held his position during all the intervening time, except a few years of Buchanan's administration, was turned out this spring "because some relative had left him property." A descendant of Washington, who had risen from a clerkship in 1820, was turned out because he had risen too far. If he had remained content with his humble station as clerk, he might perhaps have retained it; but unfortunately his good qualities carried him as high as the Assistant-Secretaryship of the Treasury. That place was wanted, and he was turned adrift.

"Charles Mix, the Indian Commissioner, entered the Government service as a subordinate clerk many years since, and through various gradations rose to the head of his Bureau, rendering himself so familiar with its intricacies as to be invaluable to the public service, and universally acknowledged to be a splendid officer, whose place could scarcely be filled by another. Rev. Mr. Newman, of the Metropolitan Methodist Church, having secured the President as a regular attendant, coveted the position of Commissioner Mix for his friend Waugh, a relative of the Bishop." So he was turned out.

"John Wilson, the Third Auditor, had become very efficient through many years of training, and considered himself pretty secure in his position; but he, too, this spring, received a polite note, and thinking to only delay the inevitable, sent in his resignation, to take effect on the confirmation of his successor. He reckoned without his host. The man was already 'knocking at the door;' for, to his amazement, his resignation was accepted in three hours, and an Acting Auditor appointed! His successor, R. W. Clark, was formerly Representative from Batavia, Ohio."

All these cases are of recent occurrence. But the most atrocious case mentioned is the following:

"Mr. B., from a Western State, had served a dozen years in a responsible position, eschewing all politics, rendering himself familiar with his duties and valuable to the department. Sickness and misfortune rendered it necessary to retrench in every possible way. He could not see his way through the coming month, but paid off the most of his bills, reserving a trifling sum to purchase some needed delicacies for a sick daughter. An assessment for political purposes was presented, which, he explained, he was compelled to decline. The case was 'reported,' and he was tabooed. To dismiss him would embarrass the office. He was 'cut down.' Sick at heart, he struggled awhile against this new calamity, sought extra work at night, broke down, and died. Through the charity of other clerks, he was buried in the plainest manner, and the family assisted (with the aid of a few disposable articles of dress) to their friends in the West."

A little while ago, Mr. Boutwell, happening to find himself near the scene of a railroad accident, exerted himself to save the lives of the victims. Straightway some of his newspaper friends made a devout noise over him as "the man with a heart." No doubt he has a heart, and no doubt, having a heart, he regrets profoundly the odious machinery of dismissal from office which his party retainers

compel him to use. But how must the assembled clerks in the Treasury have laughed when they read the anecdote.

If such things as these happened only occasionally, various excuses might be framed for the government which permitted them. But they do not happen occasionally. They have become a part of the very machinery of government. An administration which refused to make use of patronage, or, in other words, an administration which should decline to drive faithful servants into beggary, ruin, and it may be death, would be considered visionary, if not positively wicked. Its supporters demand that patronage shall be used. For example, at the present moment we hear that the Government has determined to break down the Hamilton movement in Texas. It is going to be done by driving out into the streets, beggaring, starving, and degrading clerks, postmasters, marshals, storekeepers, and a host of minor officials whose bread depends on the pay of their employer, the Government of the United States. Their fate will not be known, for they are nothing after all but "small clerks," and this great age of ours cares but little for anything that is small. A few will die, perhaps, and be buried by the assistance of their friends, and their family will be removed to their home, and then everything will move on as before. But though we forget it, or never know it, the offence is rank. It smells to heaven. The inefficiency of the Civil Service is bad enough, but the cruelty of it is worse.

IRISH LAND QUESTION.

Land legislation in Northern Europe has gone through three stages. In the first, the land was treated as an instrument for the maintenance of an aristocracy—a policy which was embodied in the old French law maxim: *Nulle terre sans seigneur*. Elaborate legislative precautions were taken to prevent large estates being broken up; and this policy prevailed in full vigor over the greater part of Europe till the French Revolution. These precautions were of various kinds; some strict entails, others elaborate and expensive formalities in the transfer of lands, others the reservation of certain estates for born nobles. On this policy, however, the political economists in the early part of the century made vigorous and successful assaults, and succeeded in securing very general acceptance for the doctrine that land was a commodity, and ought to be treated, in all that regards its possession and transfer, as nearly as possible like any other commodity—that is, that the lawyers' distinction between personal and real property should be done away with, as far as the nature of the two things would admit. This theory had a very successful run for a while; but it may be said to have now utterly broken down, and to have few or no preachers, owing mainly to the course things have taken in England. There the effects of free trade in land, combined with freedom of testamentary disposition, have for the first time been witnessed. It is now clearly perceived that, even if all the great estates were broken up and divided into small freeholds, in about thirty years the freeholders would, in the existing condition of English society, have begun to disappear rapidly; in seventy years, there would be but few traces of them left. The same thing is true of Ireland. As long as large fortunes are accumulated in commerce, and the possession of land brings with it either dignity or influence or enjoyment, rich men will buy land up, and will be glad to buy it at fancy prices—that is, for far more than its value for farming purposes. Few estates in England now pay more than from two to three per cent. on their market value, and yet they are in eager demand. In the presence of this demand on the part of rich capitalists—and there is little prospect of its ceasing—the small freeholder would be constantly exposed to almost overwhelming temptation. Whenever his crops failed, or his health failed, or he had children to settle in life, his thoughts would inevitably turn to his rich neighbor, who stood always ready, purse in hand, to give him one-third more than, or even twice as much as, his farm was worth—in other words, a sum with which it would seem to him he could advantageously emigrate, or go into some trading speculation in the large towns; and he would sooner or later sell out. This is what has actually happened in England. Through just such a process a whole class—the most valuable the country has ever produced, the class which won Cressy and Agincourt, and charged behind Cromwell at Naseby—has totally disappeared; and if such a class were again called into existence by law, it would, with free trade in land, and land limited in quantity, inevitably disappear in the same fashion.

It consequently now begins to be acknowledged, even by the foremost apostles of the *laissez-aller* policy, that land is a peculiar commodity in this—that it is limited in quantity, and that though its principal function be the furnishing of products for human food and clothing, it has another hardly less important—the furnishing of surface for human habitations. It has not only to be lived *off*, but lived *on*—a fact which is entirely overlooked in most of the discussions about the comparative merits of large and small farms. The advocates of large farms always talk as if the food-producing function of land were the only one worthy of attention, and as if the state ought, therefore, to favor any distribution of landed property which promised the greatest agricultural yield. But the fact is, that the man who owns land has a large share in deciding where and how a certain number of his fellow-creatures shall live. They must live somewhere; but they cannot live anywhere; and if you allow a few persons to own the soil, you give them an enormous amount of power over their neighbors, inasmuch as you enable them to fix the site and the fashion of people's habitations, to decide whether they shall live near or far from their work, near or far from the most attractive centres of business, in healthy places or unhealthy places, and even in some cases whether they shall have roofs over their heads at all. The notion that men can move freely from place to place, and fix their homes where they please, is, in fact, a pure fiction. The great mass of the human race are, and always must be, tied to particular places by all sorts of reasons, most of them invincible. It is only the rich who are absolutely free in the matter of locomotion, and the most atrocious pieces of tyranny of modern times have been practised by Irish landlords, not in the eviction of farmers, but of cottiers, who asked for nothing but shelter, and by English landlords and farmers in refusing habitations to laborers lest they should become chargeable to the parish under the law of settlement, thus compelling half-fed and overworked men to walk five or six miles a day to and from their labor.

The radical demand, therefore, is now no longer for free trade in land, or a free testamentary disposition of land, but for the use of land as the instrument of giving a certain character to the social organization. As it has been used to create and perpetuate an aristocratic system, so it may be made to create and perpetuate a democratic system; or, indeed, the form which any society assumes may be said to depend on the mode in which the tenure and transmission of landed property is regulated. If the quantity of land be limited, and the amount of capital seeking investment in it be great, as in England, the result will inevitably be an aristocratic system. The growth of commercial and manufacturing interests in England during the last fifty years, so far from weakening, has strengthened the landed interest. If, on the other hand, artificial means be taken to prevent the accumulation of much land in single hands, as in France, or if the quantity of land be so great in proportion to population as to render the renting of land impossible, and therefore prevent heavy investment in it, as in the United States, the result will be a democratic society. If this be true, it appears plainly enough that, no matter what may be the comparative yield of large or of small farms, the land movement which is now beginning or going on in many European countries is hardly likely to stop short of some legislative precautions against the formation of large estates, such as exist in France, in the shape of restrictions on the power of testamentary disposition. The aristocracy have laid so much stress on the importance of landed property, on the dignity of it, and of its elevating effects on human character, that they are very likely to have their own guns turned against them.

The growth of commerce, so far from weakening this tendency, will strengthen it. Trade, as we have said, increases the value of a demand for land, and in addition to this it is constantly creating enormous fortunes, and the owners of these fortunes cannot and never will in any country be satisfied without trying to make them instruments in the acquisition of power. In England, rich men buy estates, in order thereby to acquire influence over a large body of tenants; in

America, they go into great railroad and other speculations to acquire similar influence over large bodies of employees and clients and dependents. It is doubtful, too, whether the desire of founding and perpetuating families be not inherent in the Aryan race at all events, and whether public opinion or legislation will ever do more than hold it in check. As the difficulties of acquiring fortunes grow, the desire for security of investment will increase, and fathers will be more and more reluctant to leave their children dependent on their own skill and energies. This is pretty sure to make land, as the surest and most permanent of investments, more and more an object of desire everywhere, and nothing but stringent prohibitions will probably ever prevent its accumulation in large quantities for purposes of investment. In fact, the passion for the ownership of a portion of the soil is one of the most striking and, when properly regulated, one of the most valuable of the social forces, and it may be safely said that on its proper regulation human happiness largely depends. The history of the land tenures in Ireland is the history of a series of outrageous attempts to stifle or ignore it, and perhaps one of the most threatening defects of French society is due to its over-stimulation. Here, we are luckily able for the present to leave the matter to nature, but the day will come when we shall not be.

SOCIAL EQUALITY IN ITALY.

LEGHORN, Sept. 1.

THIS age is often called a fast age. The metaphor is a good one. For whether we imagine ourselves to be moving on through avenues of phenomena or to be sitting still by the stream of current events, the result is practically always this, that in a given length of time a greater number and a greater variety of phenomena come under our notice than our fathers ever saw or dreamt of in a whole lifetime. Heraclitus is right once more: all is in *Werdenlust*, intent not on being but on becoming what it is not. Even old England is sprouting like a young tree, and seems to be undergoing unprecedented changes with comparative noiselessness. And Italy, unshackled as she is by precedent or prejudice, might move on much faster than she does, if she were not a southern country. Astronomically, southern countries have a wider circumaxial orbit, a longer revolutionary course to traverse, on which, the politicians might say, they have to waste a good part of their strength. Yet Italy speeds on like any other European state. This universal fastness naturally renders observation somewhat unsteady, and the sketches of the describer are often dim and ill-defined, like photographs of railway trains in full motion. In speaking of Italian traits, in particular, and of the curious changes which the wrinkled yet classical features of Italy are just now undergoing, it is important to make a distinction between those changes which are the result of her undisturbed individual growth and development and those adventitious changes wrought by the more general (and cosmopolitan) agency of the spirit of the age. The former alone are typical, but they are doomed, in the course of time, to be effaced and eclipsed by the latter. While there is still time, therefore—while national types still remain as clearly defined as they are at present, it is a useful task to fix as much of the fleeting images as one can. Italy has not ceased yet to be the land of wonders to the northern visitor. He not only finds a new sky and scenery, a new vegetation, and a new architecture, but if he looks below the surface he will find that society itself is based on obsolete, though to him new, principles, and is living on terms widely different from what he is accustomed to in his hyperborean home. He finds society, of course, divided into classes and ranks, but these classes and ranks seem co-ordinate rather than stratified. The gulf between the rich man and the poor man, between master and servant, employer and employed, patrician and plebeian, is partly filled up and partly bridged over by a thousand symbols of equality and fraternity, and, what is more, the lower classes avail themselves of this equality without boasting, and the upper classes meet them half-way without any visible condescension. *Redeunt Saturnia regna*, one might exclaim.

But, in truth, the Saturnian kingdom has never departed from Italy. In this respect, Italian society is, or has been hitherto, quite unique in the civilized world; for "equality and fraternity" existed long before the dawn of liberty in Italy. It is as if matronly Italy, the mother of so many civilizations, had long outgrown those childish squabbles about precedence and prerogative which render Rome's early history so interesting to school-boys. "Let the greater fool go first," said Frederick II., when appealed to by two ladies of the court debating at the door. Surely Italy has seen too many dukes and counts and court-fools, and also too many ragged beggars, to be impressed by clothes and titles, and not to remember on all occasions that "a man 's a man for a' that." This is a pleasant trait—a homage paid to the dignity of human nature. It has given an indescribable tone to Italian society—a tone which, at all events, may be qualified as the reverse of vulgarity and snobbishness. We find it in every relation and sphere of life. The servant feels on free and easy terms with the master, and shows, generally speaking, great tact in finding out what degree of familiarity his master requires or tolerates. Both parties want a good deal of it, and the consequence is a considerable intimacy, and sometimes (for instance, in cases of family secrets or intrigues) a mutual dependence, which no northern man could endure for a week, much less for life. When an Italian servant has been in a house for some years, you may be sure that he knows as much about the family as the *padrone* himself, and sometimes a good deal more. It is at this stage that an Italian man-servant becomes faithful and sincerely attached to his employers, whose *petites faiblesses* will only the more endear them to him. He will then be found to be a far more efficient helpmate than any number of northern flunkeys put together, because he has no pride and no fanatical notions about the divisions of labor. I have seen a white-aproned cook run to and fro between the kitchen and his master's sick-room, doing the nursing and the cooking with equal willingness and efficiency; finding time for answering the door-bell, for waiting on the family at dinner, and for driving them out in a pony-chaise, dressed and gloved *comme il faut*. All this was done cheerfully, and, what is stranger still, it had never been bargained for. There are only a very few things which Italian servants of either sex refuse to do: they will not carry water (many refuse even to draw it from the well in the court-yard), and they will not clean the staircases, which, in ordinary Italian houses, are considered as part of the street. And street-sweepers and water-carriers are two distinct professional guilds. But whether the servants are afraid of them, or whether they see something degrading in those two occupations, it would be difficult to decide. I feel inclined to think the latter. In Tuscany, at least, the women think they lose caste by carrying anything on their heads, as the *acquaiole* do; and even these latter seem to have got hold of the same crotchet, as the graceful Caryatides, with their Etruscan vases on their heads, are becoming rarer every year—in the cities, at least. But, apart from a few peculiarities of this kind, the average Italian domestic servant is a most willing, many-sided, and useful servant, and when he once begins to consider himself as one of the family, he never dreams of leaving his service or of looking out for a better (*i. e.*, more lucrative) situation.

It is in this curious relation between master and servant that some of the most pleasing qualities of the Italian character become apparent—qualities such as disinterestedness and honesty, of which most travellers or season guests in Italy see nothing but the reverse. But it must be remembered that all this is true only as long as that peculiar footing—I will not say of absolute equality or even familiarity, for that may convey a somewhat offensive meaning to Anglo-Saxon ears—but a footing of free and easy cordiality is maintained. If either party withdraws into his shell; if the master limits his conversation to giving orders and hearing messages; if no chat, no gossip, no joke, no laughter, no burst of temper, enlivens the servant's mental solitude, the spell is broken. The master, however just and polite he may be, is then called "*superbo*," and is considered as an alien—as a person belonging to a different order of beings, and requiring a different mode of treatment. Consciously or unconsciously, the servant assumes a new attitude—not merely the cold attitude of a man of business who has sold his labor to an employer, but one of real hostility. It is difficult for an Italian to be merely just. He will be more than just, if you have once gained his heart. You may then find him forbearing, generous, and self-denying. But if you do not take the trouble of courting favor, you run the risk of not even finding justice.

Hence the great importance of politeness and palavering in all transactions in Italy. This is tiresome, but often indispensable. A tersely expressed claim is rarely heeded, be it ever so just and obvious. If a boy throws pebbles at you or amuses himself by ringing your door-bell, the best thing you can do is to swallow your just indignation as well as you can, and blandly to address the lad thus: "Do me the favor, my boy, of discontinuing this." Perhaps you might go so far as to say, "For shame!" but you must not go further if you wish to make an impression on the transgressor's mind. You will find how true this is if you send your thunderbolt by your servant, who will translate your fiercest message into either of the above sentences; adding, perhaps, an appeal to the rchin's reason or to his heart, on the fictitious ground that the master is

asleep or unwell. One cannot deny that these bland remedies are generally efficacious enough; but one must be born in Italy to have them always at one's command. Kind words go further than money in this country. They effect a great deal; scolding and threatening absolutely nothing. Harsh words, provided they are not uttered deliberately, but in a passion, are ludicrously ineffective. The most timid woman or child, the most pugnacious ruffian, will stare at the thunderer like one who cannot comprehend his meaning or his manners. There will be no contradiction, no exchange of angry words; but it may happen that the offender will repeat (not necessarily from spite) the very thing for which he had been reprimanded, then and there, with the most perfect coolness and self-possession. That threats are not heeded is natural in a country where promises are not always intended, or understood, to imply performance. But that angry words fall so dead upon the ears of the lower classes in Italy is mainly due to the difference of manners and mental standards. Our sentiments are not their sentiments, and what provokes us does not provoke them. It is as difficult for us to understand their quarrelling and stabbing each other for the sake of a penny, as it seems to be for them to comprehend our indignation at the sight of some act of cruelty or other misdemeanor.

In general, it may be said that those who are best off in Italy—that is to say, who can live there with the smallest loss of individuality—are either dreamers, living in a sphere of their own, or "spoons" (to use a vulgar term), or mercurial persons possessing great *savoir vivre*. Part of this art will be found to consist in carrying little coppers in one's pocket and little lies in one's mouth. Even those who refuse to do the latter have to learn this lesson—that many things in Italy, but especially those which deserve our loudest denunciation, are not to be called by their proper names. One word will often serve as a euphemistic substitute for many others. If, for instance, you call all lies, cheatings, rogueries, and thefts "*sbagli*"—*i. e.*, "mistakes"—you will avoid a great many annoyances and many otherwise irretrievable losses.

The Italian rogues are not clever thieves. They may like brigandage, extortion, or the ordinary cheating by false accounts or short weights; but real thieving seems to be considered as something degrading. Cheating, after all, is "only" practical lying, which sits lightly on their consciences and is considered by them as a kind of intellectual sport. But to be convicted of stealing is intolerable to them. I have seen men faint away on such occasions, and many sudden deaths are caused by these accusations, especially when they are well-founded. An artist, whose studio is often frequented by female models, has told me that when he misses something after a sitting (and especially silk scarfs were apt to disappear), he is in the habit of engaging the same model for the next day, and of asking her, incidentally, in the course of the sitting, whether she remembers having seen such and such a scarf, or whether, "*by mistake*," she has picked it up with her own shawl on leaving the studio. This generally has the desired effect. The stolen article is either forthcoming at once or sent back in the afternoon. If anything like a suspicion or accusation were uttered, a stout denial and possibly a scene of hysterics would be the consequence, and the loss would be irretrievable.

Evidently, the Italian dislikes all that creates distance or tends to widen the gulf between class and class, or between individual and individual. The lower classes cannot see that, by embracing the rogue, society gains less than by exposing and punishing him. They like to connive and want to be connived at; and any application of principles is deemed a sign of northern hardness. It is "*duro*"—an epithet constantly heard when northern barbarians invoke justice before mercy, law before expediency, duty before convenience. A friend of mine was once sitting in a Roman restaurant, anxiously waiting for the soup he had ordered. After some delay, the waiter returned from the kitchen, plate in hand; but, recognizing an old *habitué* who had meanwhile entered the room, he stopped before him, and began discussing politics. "The Emperor of Austria, depend upon it, sir, will never grant a constitution; but—" and he was going to expatiate on the subject when the Inglese, who saw that his soup was getting cold, reminded the waiter that he had no business to keep him waiting. Nothing seemed fairer, but the waiter could not see it, and said, with a tone of arrogance quite unnatural to him: "Sir, I am as good as you are, and you need not treat me as if I were your servant."

This is a very crude conception of equality. Yet it is more than ever rampant among the lower orders here. When a policeman arrests a cabman for furious driving, the cabman is sure to say to him: "Don't think you are better than I am." And I believe that this silly kind of self-assertion, which is becoming the fashion of the day, has already reacted in a very perceptible degree on the manners of the lower classes in Tuscany. There was a time when their manners were as refined as the manners of the upper classes (provided we take *refined* as an adjective expressing a state; not as a participle past, expressing the result of an action)—when every Italian seemed "nature's gentleman," born into this world with good manners and good grammar. All this is changed or changing. Education may one day replace natural refinement; but the interregnum is marked by comparative coarseness and boorishness. "Excuse him, sir, he is a man without education," said a beggar to me in 1848, apologizing for the rudeness of a fellow-beggar who was following me too persistently. Twenty-one years later, I saw a beggar woman on a public promenade standing in the middle of the road, and doing what a certain statue in Brussels does, yet begging me all the while to stop and give her something.

Many of these unpleasant, though transitory, changes are undoubtedly the indirect effects of political liberty and the incipient reign of law. Liberty being the medium in which everything and everybody is allowed to find his proper level, according to his specific mental gravity, it seems but natural that this liberty, when superadded to pre-existing social equality, should prove detrimental to the latter, which admits of only one level. Differences in power, wealth, and education must arise undreamt of in those halcyon days when everybody was refined and nobody educated. The man of the people now perceives, for the first time, that he belongs to a *class*, and he sees, face to face, or rather face to back, another class which is distancing him at an alarming rate. The sight distresses him; but instead of following onward himself—instead of reconquering the lost equality, he claims it back as an inalienable right from those before him. The gift of political and legal equality cannot console him for the loss. And thus, while the consciousness of social equality, which alone is the source of good manners, is fading away from him, his own manners and the collective demeanor of his class must necessarily suffer a certain change.

Society may be divided according to any arbitrary *fundamentum divisionis*. For instance, it may be divided into clean people and unwashed people. If these sit together in a theatre or church, the latter cannot help interfering with the comfort of the former. In the same manner, a man may, by staring at a lady, unconsciously spoil the pleasure of her solitary walk, and a loud voice, or an organ-grinder, may disturb the quiet happiness of a student or thinker. Now this is not equality. On the contrary, in all these cases, the uneducated classes have the greater power of mischief (unintentional though it may be), and the refined classes have the greater capacity for suffering. Nevertheless, this is tacitly submitted to, because in the chance contact of private individuals no malice prepense need be suspected. But suppose that all that is coarse, unwashed, and loud were to constitute itself a class, animated by a real *esprit de corps*, fully conscious of their difference from other classes, and thus implicitly proclaiming coarseness and loudness as their common platform. What would be the result? The better classes would naturally begin to react, and either avoid all contact with the lower orders (which is difficult in a southern country like Italy, where the streets and the *cafés* are everybody's home), or else enact and enforce police laws. Both alternatives being equally offensive to the lower classes, these would become defiant in their turn, and thus a vicious circle would be created, widening daily the incipient chasm.

This may be said to be the present stage of Italian society. The *mobile vulgus* sees clearly that, of their long-cherished idyllic equality, very little can survive in the new order of things; but it refuses to see that the same order of things which has created the chasm has also furnished inexhaustible materials for bridging it over. As yet it sees only the chasm, and a thousand little circumstances (too small, perhaps, for many observers) of everyday life in Italy will remind the well-dressed man that he is considered fair game by those who walk about in their shirt-sleeves. Not that his pockets will be picked. But where he formerly received unsought tributes of politeness, he will nowadays fail to obtain what in fairness is due to everybody.

Veniet cordatior ætas. When the rising generation has passed through a few years' training and drilling, in the schools and in the army, new ideas about liberty and duty may prevail, and the people may learn that the only equality which can be officially recognized in human society is the equality of civil duties, the equality of rights being a mere deduction from it; and that social equality is a prize to be fought for and toiled for, and for this very reason an ever-receding mirage, which may very well be

ignored altogether, at least by those few elect who aim at higher things than wealth and power, and who would be rich even in rags and free in chains. To the honor of Italy, let it be said that some of these royal natures are still to be found among her sons. At all events, the type of the Italian character makes it easy to predict that, whatever revolutions may be in store for it, Italian society, even when unavoidably split into classes, will never be split into castes; that it will never assume the shape of the proverbial pyramid with its proverbial apex, which may do very well for Egypt; but that it will rather be like a race-course, where everybody has a fair field and a fair start; where few only win, but all *may* win.

Correspondence.

"MANUAL LABOR" AGAIN.

To the Editor of the Nation:

Sir: The article on this subject in your paper of September 16 seems to me so erroneous in matters of fact, and so objectionable in its tone, that I beg to enter my protest against it in the name of Christianity and true civilization. I am quite ready to admit, with the writer, that there has been a great deal of cant about the dignity of labor, an absurd disproportion between theory and practice. So it has been with other modes of living, when described by persons who had no practical acquaintance with them. What a vast amount of trash is uttered every year about the farmer's life is but too well known, I suppose, to the frequenters of agricultural fairs. But I read with amazement the assertion that "there is nothing which everybody in the community more carefully and strenuously avoids, if he can, than manual labor." Without supposing that such a sweeping statement was meant to be taken literally (for it is to be hoped that in a well-ordered community there are some persons who would "avoid" the staining of their souls even more than the soiling of their hands), I deny that there is any such universal dislike to muscular exertion as here intended. I *know* that there are those who take a positive pleasure in working with their hands—strange that this writer does not! Of course there are sluggards enough everywhere; but it may well be questioned whether there are not more who shirk *thinking* than there are who shrink from manual toil. Does the writer really believe that brain-work is any more attractive to the mass of the community than hand-work? There are lazy temperaments to whom any exertion, of mind or body, is hateful; but also there are active temperaments, who delight in exercises of bodily strength. I had not supposed, until now, that anybody doubted this. And is it indeed "notorious that *all* muscular toil exercises a more or less deadening influence on the mental perceptions?" How then is it so desirable to have a "sound mind in a sound body?"—for perfect health of body is certainly not attainable without some muscular exertion, such as might often justly be called "toil." I had thought it was admitted, on the contrary, that the brain worked to the greatest advantage, or, in other words, really accomplished more, where nervous action was judiciously balanced by muscular.

But the writer in question seems to me not more erroneous in his facts than he is unwarranted in his conclusions. On the supposition that "everybody" is anxious to avoid manual labor as much as possible, he concludes: *First*, that they are insincere who preach up the dignity of this kind of labor; and, *secondly*, that it is really a mark of civilization, a sign of the true progress of society, that such labor is more and more shunned. Now, as to the first conclusion, it is only another form of the old charge, that a man cannot be said to believe anything which does not square with his practice. But is there anybody that could stand such a test? Is there anybody who lives perfectly in accordance with his professed belief? I may cordially admire the beauty of a self-denying and noble life in others, and may sincerely believe that such a life is far preferable to one of inglorious ease and self-indulgence; and yet I may confess with shame that I often yield to the seductions of the latter. Does not the drunkard, in his lucid intervals, believe with all his heart in the advantages of sobriety? Does not the coward believe that it is much nobler to face danger than to run away from it? And why, then, may not a man believe that a certain amount of muscular toil is conducive to the more manly virtues, even though he may deem himself unsuited to such toil, or may have no heart for it?

I protest, however, most of all against the *second* of the two conclusions referred to. It is of the very essence of aristocracy in its most offensive form. It would go far to justify the existence of a servile class in society, to do the drudgery which an *intelligent* and *educated* race, like the American, justly despises. It also virtually denies any Divine Providence in the affairs of men, since it dooms the majority of the human race to a toil which is *necessarily* degrading. That there is a disposition in this country, in spite of the professions of democracy, to turn away from manual labor as ignoble, not less than disagreeable, is unfortunately too true. But instead of recognizing this disposition as the fruit of true cultivation—taking for granted that the "spirit of the age" *must* be right—I would rather endeavor to show how weak, and unmanly, and selfish, and mean such a disposition often is; and, notwithstanding the sneers of this writer to the contrary, I would insist again and again, both by preaching and practice, that it is the man who ennobles the calling, and not the calling the man; that in this sense "the end" not only "justifies" but *glorifies* "the means;" that dress, and delicate bringing up, and leisure, and polished manners do *not* "make the man"—no, not even the gentleman. But it is mortifying to have to argue for such truisms. Can the writer read Burns's "A man 's a man for a' that," and call *that* "humbug," or an amiable fiction, or a mere piece of sentimentalism? Or, to put a more personal question, did he ever feel degraded in doing for a sick friend some service of manual labor which might be, to the last degree, repulsive in itself?

W. S.

[There is, it seems to us, a good deal of misconception and some fallacy running through the foregoing. The fact that many people dislike brain labor does not prove that more do not dislike manual labor. The dislike of all labor is general or widely diffused. All we say is, that give the choice between brain labor and manual labor to any man competent to do both, and he will choose the brain labor. There are, of course, persons who take "a positive pleasure in working with their hands;" but we have never yet had the privilege of seeing a person who, being offered the chance of *getting a livelihood* in some other honest way, failed to accept it. "W. S." confounds "muscular exertion," which may be and is constantly resorted to for pleasure, with manual labor as an occupation; he also confounds manual labor with exercise taken for health and taken voluntarily; result in both cases, fallacy. The writer of the article does not say or "conclude" that persons who preach up the dignity of manual labor are "insincere." What he says is that workingmen suspect some of them of being so, or look on much of their preaching as an attempt to "humbug" them into contentedness with an unnecessarily hard lot. That this is true nobody who has given much attention to the "labor problem" can deny. That the dislike of manual labor is a "mark of civilization, and a sign of the progress of society," we have nowhere said. What we say is, that the preference for brain labor is a sign of the progress of society, and also a mark of civilization. In fact, civilization consists almost entirely of a series of successful attempts to diminish the amount of manual labor necessary to human subsistence and comfort; and these attempts are due to the general desire to escape from manual labor; and a country is civilized in proportion to the amount of its work which is done by brain. If this be of "the essence of aristocracy," or a "denial of Divine Providence in the affairs of men," our understanding must be out of gear. Finally, let us say that our belief is that what society needs is not to have manual labor preached up, because this will not produce any effect—every human being feeling in the marrow of his bones that the respectability of any kind of labor depends on the amount of *mind* it calls for; that is, on the extent to which it requires the exercise of human as distinguished from brute faculties—but to have *duty* preached up. Everybody who is engaged in doing his duty is respectable; he does not ennoble his employment in doing it, the poems and sermons to the contrary notwithstanding, but he ennobles himself. You cannot make hod-carrying or drawing an iron roller over a pavement a dignified occupation, because a horse can do it; but the man who does either faithfully, *because it is his duty*, is a man to be honored. The greatest evil of the day is not the prevailing dislike to manual labor; it is the prevailing dislike to do what is disagreeable or uncomfortable or hard, and the wretched moral shifts to which men resort to avoid it; and the best work preachers can do is to revive, if they can, in the teeth of the prevailing passion for material enjoyment, that noble disregard for personal ease, and the noble obedience to duty, however stern or disagreeable, which the training of past ages, numer-

ous as were its faults, undoubtedly produced in a greater degree than this. If this were done successfully, we should have less need of attaching a kind of mystic value to muscular labor. A man in good moral "condition" labors with his hands, if that be plainly his calling, cheerfully and pluckily, without having the pill sugared for him; and with such a man we would, in a lonely place, sing "A man's a man for a' that" just as heartily as, though probably much less effectively than, "W. S." himself.—Ed. Nation.]

Notes.

LITERARY.

Messrs. T. B. Peterson & Bros. announce the following additions to their inexhaustible line of fiction: "The Prince of Darkness," by Mrs. E. D. E. N. Southworth; "Popping the Question," by Mrs. Gordon Smythies; "Wives and Widows," by Mrs. Ann S. Stephens; "Major Jones's Courtship," and the same subject's "Sketches of Travel;" and "The Countess of Monte Cristo."

—Mr. Henry C. Lea is now carrying through the press another work, the fruit of his mediæval researches, to be called perhaps "Studies in Church History;" at least that title will cover the contents. These consist of four essays, two of which have already appeared in the *North American Review*, but will now be enlarged; and two as yet unpublished, of which one relates to Excommunication, and is likely to have an exceptional interest. Good proof of Mr. Lea's standing in the estimation of foreign scholars may be found in the very liberal use which Mr. Lecky, in his latest work, has made of the "History of Sacerdotal Celibacy." There are many kindred fields which Mr. Lea might work to better advantage than any writer we know of, and with which he is of necessity more or less familiar already. Attention has been called to his fitness for writing a history of the Inquisition, for which there is considerable unused material in manuscript at Trinity College, Dublin, that was brought from Rome by Napoleon's agency.

—The American Social Science Association hold a general meeting in this city on the 26th, 27th, and 28th of next month, at the rooms of the Historical Society. There will be afternoon and evening sessions, and the reading of seventeen papers by as many experts. It is seldom indeed that the programme of any convention is so full of excellence and so free from padding. Dr. Samuel Eliot, President of the Association, will read the opening address, to be followed by Professor T. W. Dwight on the "Public Charities of New York." Mr. Joseph D. Potts, President of one of those fast-freight lines which have revolutionized the carrying business in this country, will treat of "Transportation as a Science." Mr. Speaker Blaine will propose a "Change in the mode of electing United States Senators," as Mr. C. F. Adams, jr., will of electing Presidents. Other political papers are as follows: "Reform of the Civil Service," by Mr. G. W. Curtis; "Procedure in Contested Election Cases," by Hon. H. L. Dawes; and an "International Code," by David Dudley Field. Kindred topics, with a social phase, are: "Immigration," by Mr. Frederic Kapp, one of our New York Commissioners; "Health Laws and their Administration," by Dr. Elisha Harris; "Vaccination as an Element of Public Health," by Professor Francis Bacon, of Yale College, who will perhaps refer to the agitation now going on in England against vaccination—one of the signs of which, we may remark, was the recent attempt of a bereaved parent to put upon the tombstone of his child the inscription, *Killed by vaccination;* "The Census of 1870," by Hon. Jas. A. Garfield, to whom we must look for whatever improvement the new system of taking the census is to have over the old; "Life Insurance," by Mr. Sheppard Homans; "Education"—a broad theme for the close of an afternoon session—by Professor Henry, of the Smithsonian Institution; "Industrial Schools," by Professor D. C. Gilman, of Yale; and the "Public Libraries of the United States," by Mr. A. R. Spofford, Librarian of Congress, from whose paper Mr. Edward Edwards may likely learn something worth adding to his book on the same subject. These topics, and the names of the gentlemen who are to discuss them, not only promise highly interesting meetings, but a valuable number of the Society's *Journal* for the next quarter, which will, we suppose, be composed of the best of the papers named above. The *Journal* for January will find ample material in a series of twelve independent lectures to be delivered under the auspices of the Association at the Lowell Institution in Boston this winter.

—The Boston lecture courses this fall will be remarkable for nothing so much as the unusual proportion of women who will take the stage, side by side with the men whose names are already familiar to the lecture-going public. The Parker Fraternity course, which does not allow anything to pass it on the road to radicalism, is to be opened by Miss Dickinson with an account of the Mormons, whom she calls "Whited Sepulchres." Mrs. Lucy Stone follows, on "Woman and the Bible;" Miss Kate Field, having fairly earned her title to lecture, has a place after "Nasby," who would seem to have woman's rights in his mind in talking of the "Lords of Creation." The Boston Lyceum, with a less sober-sided programme, contrives to admit Mrs. Livermore, of Chicago, who will open up "A Long Look Ahead." Miss Dickinson reappears in the Bay State course, which terminates with an entertainment to which Miss Granger contributes singing and Mrs. Fanny M. Carter readings; and finally, the Union Course appoints a "woman's evening," devoted to readings by Mrs. Ames and Mrs. Carter, vocal music by Mrs. Smith, and organ-playing by Mrs. Frohock. That Boston can sustain all these is a proof, we suppose, that the lecture system has yet a mission in that city; but the mission is still clearly social rather than intellectual, and the committees still bring forward the celebrities who will draw rather than the men who really have something to say and know what they are talking about—in a word, adepts, and not orators or humorists merely.

—The Dana-Lawrence controversy has passed through its first stage—decision having been rendered by Judge Clifford against the Dana edition, finding that there has been more or less legal plagiarism of Mr. Lawrence's notes, and directing a Master (in Chancery) to examine and report; and such passages of Mr. Dana's notes as he finds to be within the rule as to the use of citations laid down by Judge Clifford, are ordered to be omitted in future editions. But the court refuses to enjoin the sale of the Dana edition as it stands. We believe we have nothing to add to what appeared in the *Nation* in September, 1866, and probably shall have nothing till we see the Master's report. Moreover, Judge Clifford's rule will be appealed from, and until the case is finally decided all further discussion of its legal aspects is out of the question. There is already, of course, a good deal of talk about the matter, both in the newspapers and in private circles, and the unfortunate circumstance—for unfortunate it undoubtedly was—that Mr. Dana's edition owed its production in some degree to political reasons—Mr. Lawrence's having given offence by its leaning to Southern views—has introduced a good deal of acrimony into the controversy. As we understand the matter, no question of good faith is raised in the decision.

—The late General T. Perronet Thompson, just deceased in England at the age of eighty-six, was a remarkable character, and deserved well the eulogiums which are now pronounced upon him. The present generation has well-nigh forgotten his early services as an associate of Wilberforce against the slave-trade, both while governor of Sierra Leone, and afterwards in concluding a treaty with the tribes on the Persian Gulf; his part in the Peninsular campaign; his efficient labors with the Anti-Corn-Law League; his Parliamentary career; his editing, as proprietor, the *Westminster Review*. His mental force and activity remained unimpaired perhaps to the day of his death. During the rebellion he was indefatigable in contributing to the daily press of England letters and articles on the progress of the war, always in the interest of the Union, and with profound abhorrence and contempt of the slaveholders. His style was *à la militaire*—terse, epigrammatic, sometimes obscurely elliptical; and abounded in illustrations borrowed from his experience of three continents and the recollections of a green old age. General Thompson's home was at Blackheath, and in his social circle he was, says the *Pall Mall Gazette*, "one of the most gentle, considerate, and kind of men."

—The reckless humorist who remarked that a pair of Jersey lovers ought to revel in the thought that their blood might meet in the veins of the same mosquito, has been quite outdone by a writer in the London *Telegraph*, who was inspired as follows by the fate of a young couple struck dead by lightning, which happened to mark both their faces:

"Wrapped in the discreet darkness of the night, his lips would naturally be so close to hers that to kiss her fears away was an obvious course to take. In a few minutes the rain would be over, and, alas! the happy evening walk also. So, perhaps, he whispered that he wished it might thunder and lighten longer, to keep her by his side. If so, the quick messenger of heaven answered the wish with infinite compliance; and as they stood there, lip pressed to lip, the flash sealed the pledge of love, and took them away together. If it were not a direct favor of heaven for these lowly lovers thus to pass, it was certainly not in anger nor in punishment that the blue gleam searched them out where they stood, and, while their lips met, crowned them with the pale marriage-wreath of death."

—The rehearsal of Wagner's new opera, "Rheingold," occurred at Munich on the 27th of August, the King attending in person, and being well satisfied with the way in which it went off. Not so, however, the music-director Richter, who represented the impossibility of carrying out the author's ideas if the first public performance should take place, as ordered, on the 29th. To this the King was inclined to listen; but a conflict having arisen between Richter and the intendant of the theatre, Perfall, the latter gave in his resignation because he was told by the director that the only person competent to give orders in the case was Wagner himself. This imprudent speech procured his suspension from office, leaving the performance in abeyance. Wagner's solicitude for the smallest details of his works is too well known to need comment. The story reminds us—as it puts the musician in hot water, to which, however, he has been accustomed for the last twenty years—of his recent pamphlet on the Jewish element in music ("Das Judenthum in der Musik;" Leipzig: J. J. Weber). In answer to a lady's enquiry why he is pursued and condemned on every hand, Wagner reprints his essay of 1850, with the title just quoted, and then shows what the offence thus given to the Jews cost him, and to what an extent they control public opinion and the press in every European country but Russia. The essay is curious reading, for its study of Jewish character, and for its conclusions, that the Jewish nature, as such, is incapable of eminence in the fine arts, and in music can only be an imitator of form, never a creator of substance; or, as the author expresses it, can attain to the *Wie*, but not to the *Was*. Mendelssohn and Meyerbeer are thus taken away from their admirers, and Heine is reduced from the rank of poet to the poor office of exposing the pretences of his cultivated brethren—of being "the conscience of Jewry, as Jewry is the evil conscience of our modern civilization." Wagner asserts that he has the people on his side, and that the sole reason why his later works are not received as freely and as favorably as his first, is the fact that they have appeared since his criticism on the Jews—a criticism which they declined to meet with counter-arguments, preferring a concerted and implacable assault on his art-theories and productions from that day forward. Thus far, he says, they have triumphed, and their corrupting influence in music still continues.

—We wish most sincerely we had done with the Byron controversy, but as long as it occupies so large a share of public attention there is no getting rid of it. The most important contributions to it during the week have been a letter from Mr. T. Arnold, the brother of the better known Matthew, who ridicules the idea that there was any need of Mrs. Stowe's disclosures; calls attention to the fact that she has nowhere produced sufficient authorization for making them, Lady Byron having simply consulted her as to the propriety of making them; and dwells upon the destruction of Byron's Memoirs, bequeathed to Moore for publication, as a still stronger reason for silence. Lastly, he says, no good cause could be served by these disclosures, not certainly the cause of morality, because no more complete demonstration of the folly of a vicious course could be afforded than Byron's own history, which every one knew already. If the story of his miserable life and his early unhappy death could not prevent people from imitating him, neither would the announcement that in addition to his other sins he had committed incest. Bearing on this point comes a story of a large circulating library in Glasgow, which reports quite a "run" on Byron's works since the appearance of Mrs. Stowe's article—the demand being much greater than the supply, and growing, and most from very young men and women—"Parisina" and "Don Juan" being in greatest request. Mr. William Howitt also writes a second letter, in which he comments very severely on Lady Byron, whom he knew well, and says the notion of her having made Mrs. Stowe the exclusive repository of the secret is all "fudge," one of Lady Byron's weaknesses having been the admission of nearly every intimate female friend to participation in this and other secrets. Mrs. Leigh left, it appears, two daughters, whose life the publication of the story has of course blasted, and whose case calls for as deep sympathy as human hearts can bestow.

—Mr. John Robertson also writes to the *Pall Mall Gazette*, saying that he was well acquainted with Lady Byron at Brighton for many years—and that one of her well-known peculiarities was the habit of accusing persons about her or connected with her—her daughter, her eldest grandson, and her servants—of various offences, and communicating the charges to "confidantes" right and left, for the vindication of her character, conduct, or memory. She accused her dead husband of *two* crimes, and she made her "confidential" communications to six persons more or less known to Mr. Robertson, of whom three were Americans. Three of her friends, himself being one, came separately to the conclusion "that her mind was touched." Her stories, he says too, differed. The Rev. Frederick Robertson was one of the recipients of her revelations, but he received them as Mrs. Stowe did, in sober earnest.

We have received the following from a lawyer of distinction about the matter:

"As to Mrs. Stowe's part in this Byron business, allow me to suggest: She has made the charge:

"1. *Without solicitation.* None in or out of Lady Byron's family asked her to. Her action was entirely voluntary. She acted because no one else was acting. The responsibility begins and ends with herself.

"2. *Without authority.* Lady Byron did not authorize the publication; nor did her family, nor her executors, nor did any one having the color of authority. A family matter, she has intruded into it, and attempted a vindication where it was neither needed nor asked.

"3. *In violation of confidence.* The communication was not made to her to publish. It was a confidential communication relating to a matter between a woman and her husband, made simply that she, Mrs. Stowe, might give advice. She gave it, and there her speaking should have ended. Lady Byron did not follow the advice, so far as it implied a duty of publication after death, and the counsellor has done what the party (apparently) determined should not be done. If Mrs. Stowe had stumbled on the information elsewhere, this communication might not have barred her use of the information otherwise obtained. But she did not. All that she says came in confidence. As well might any lawyer—Dr. Lushington, for example—violate his client's confidence in the name of truth. This conduct of so respectable, conscientious, strong-minded, clear-visioned a woman (as Mrs. Stowe is) makes one doubt whether a woman can ever take the place of a professional adviser, or be trusted in those matters whereof she must, as every honorable lawyer does, live and die dumb.

"*As to Lady Byron*, I beg you ever to bear in mind that she has made no charge, as General Butler says and all the newspapers imply. She consulted an adviser confidentially; she lived a long time thereafter in the full possession of her faculties; she died saying nothing. Her 'privileged communication' to her confidential adviser was never intended for publication: it cannot be given in evidence against her. To weigh her statement as General Butler does by the principles applicable to a suspicious witness making an improbable charge against a respectable citizen in a court of justice, is not allowable; it overlooks the principle that her communication was sacred in the eye of the law."

A RUSSIAN EXILE ON RUSSIA.*

The words of a political refugee must always be taken with a certain amount of qualification when he speaks of his own country, for exile sorrows a man; and the very fact of his absence from the country, and his viewing what passes there through the medium of his own sufferings, makes him paint its situation in too dark colors. The pureness and singleness of M. Turgeneff's life, his honesty of character, his devotion to a great idea, his freedom from petty plots and conspiracies, make us, however, listen to him with more respect than we would give to the indiscriminate attacks of Hertzenor Prince Dolgorukoff. Nicholas Turgeneff, who should not be confounded with Ivan Turgeneff, the novelist, is of a good noble Russian family; and in the year 1824, when still a young man, stood in close relations to the Emperor Alexander I., and held the office of State Secretary of the Council of the Empire, a dignity nearly equal to that of Minister. While occupying this position, M. Turgeneff was a firm supporter of emancipation, and presented a paper on the subject to the emperor, which was favorably received, and made the emperor promise actually to do something in the matter. His persistent efforts in this way gained him numerous enemies among the obstinate supporters of the serf system. After the publication of a somewhat remarkable book for that time in Russia—the "Theory of Imposts"—he was asked to become a member of a secret society called the "Union of Prosperity," and, thinking he might thus gain adherents to the cause of emancipation, joined it. But, finding that the society was of no practical use, he, with other members, thought it useless to keep up the organization, and it was accordingly dissolved. In 1824, he went abroad. On the death of the Emperor Alexander on the 26th of December, 1825, occurred what is called the conspiracy of the Decembrists, originated by a few enthusiastic, earnest young men—Ryleyeff, Muravieff, Prince Obolensky, Prince Odoyefsky, and others; and Pestal, a selfish, ambitious officer, who was one of the leading spirits, with

* "Tchevo zhelat dlya Rossii? (Que faut-il désirer pour la Russie?) N. Turgeneff." Leipzig: F. A. Brockhaus 1869. 8vo, xxxvi., 233 pp.

the idea of putting the Grand-Duke Constantine on the throne, and wresting from him a constitution. The conspiracy was at once put down, and the persons engaged all executed or exiled. The conspirators had all been members of the "Union of Prosperity," and had been dissatisfied with its dissolution. Suspicion, of course, fell on all persons connected with the society, and, among others, on Turgeneff. He was accused of conspiracy and treason, and without the shadow of proof, as some of the judges who signed the warrant admit, was condemned to death. He had not returned to stand his trial, because he had received assurances from St. Petersburg that it was unnecessary. At the accession of the Emperor Alexander II., all of the other persons convicted who were not dead were pardoned. Turgeneff has ever since lived abroad, working, so far as he could, to secure the emancipation of the serfs, and writing frequent books and pamphlets on Russian affairs.

The book before us is his last work, and is in a way the legacy of a dying man. It was written originally in 1864, with the purpose of showing what were the great questions of the day in Russia, and what reforms in the solution of them were absolutely necessary. It lay unpublished till last year, and is now printed as then written, but with numerous notes showing how far the problems have already been solved by the reforms proposed by the Russian Government since that time. As an independent judgment of the efforts of the Emperor Alexander II., it is certainly valuable.

The questions which M. Turgeneff sets forth as of the most importance to Russia at the present time, and demanding a speedy and thorough solution, relate to the affairs of the serfs, the local representative bodies, judicial reforms, paper money, the censorship of the press, the corporal punishments still permitted, the dissenting sects, the railways, and a general code of laws. He has one panacea—namely, a legislative representative assembly, which he thinks capable—and alone capable—of solving thoroughly all questions arising on these points. Two methods of emancipation were advocated: one gave the peasant a small quantity of land, but granted him entire personal freedom and the right of free locomotion, and transferred the heavy personal taxes to a land-tax, after the Prussian style. This M. Turgeneff preferred. The second assigned to the peasant a considerable quantity of land, but required him to buy it, and to live on it and work it till he had paid for it, leaving other things very much as they were. This was the method adopted by the Government. Now, seeing that emancipation was actually accomplished in this way, that the peasant has enough land to enable him to live with comfort, and that the buying process, and even the heavy taxes, have given him a feeling of independence and importance, and that the other method might have been adopted without in the end lightening his burdens, Turgeneff feels compelled to admit that it was the best both for the Government and the peasant. The question of importance is to change the method of taxation and free the peasant from a load which is exceedingly heavy. In the North, there are often several bad harvests in succession, and the cattle and utensils of the peasant in arrears for taxes may be sold by auction, leaving him totally unable to work in the ensuing year. On the 3d of March, 1870, the emancipation will be finally accomplished, the period of temporary obligation will be passed, and the peasant entirely free. It is interesting to know that about one-half of the former serfs have now entirely bought their land —the majority of purchasers being residents of the southern governments, which are the more fertile.

With regard to the *zemstva*, or representative assemblies of the "districts" and "governments" with powers of local government, Turgeneff finds their introduction an advantage, as being a great advance toward popular self-government, and approves of them. He, however, makes some slight criticisms on the members and the mode of procedure, and regrets the little interest which is taken in them by the public. But during the sessions of this last winter—only the fourth year of the institution—all orders have shown an interest, and many very important measures have been taken for the spread of education, the welfare of the peasantry, and the advancement of agriculture. Turgeneff's chief complaint is that the members wish to receive pay for their services, though he acknowledges that he does not see how the necessity of payment can be avoided, for unpaid attendance is a great burden to the poor men who are members.

At the time when the book was written, the judicial reforms were still under consideration by the Council of the Empire, and nothing but the first propositions had been published, which, in M. Turgeneff's opinion, were not sufficiently full or satisfactory. In the appendix, he gives an account of the reforms as they were finally introduced, and adds: "All my propositions, expectations, and hopes did not reach the great dimensions which characterize the present judicial reform; I merely say I never dared hope for all this immense good which is now a fact." The too great amount of paper-money in Russia, and its easy forgery, combined with constant loans made by the Government, are injurious to trade and commerce, and demand a remedy. The new notes which were made by American engravers have in great measure removed the danger of counterfeits, and the exchange is better for Russia than it has been. During the present summer, it has been higher than for some time past, and during July a pound sterling was worth about eight rubles, and the paper, half-imperial, stood to the gold coin as 5.15 to 6. The publication of the budget of the Empire for the last three years in detail has had a good influence in making the Russians study finance and understand something about the immense Government expenditures. Attention should also be given to the fact that for two years and a half the Government has made no loans, and that in 1867 and 1868 there was actually a surplus. Still, the Treasury needs a thorough overhauling.

The censorship is a disagreeable thing for everybody who may be in Russia. M. Turgeneff tells us that all seem to admit that the censorship is at present a mere temporary institution. Certainly, the Government appears to give the public some reason for thinking so. The newspapers of Moscow and St. Petersburg have been freed from the yoke—and the freedom has produced a marked improvement in their character. A proposition is now under consideration to apply this law, based on the French system, of warnings and fines to all the journals of the provinces, as well as those of the two great cities, and to modify the censorship of foreign journals. As it is, the foreign papers are delivered, if subscribed for at the post-office, but obnoxious articles are erased—a thing which has occurred at least six times in the last two years. Still, as the author remarks, no matter how mitigated, a censorship is yet an exercise of arbitrary power, and as such to be condemned. In one respect, the author does not find a complete satisfaction of his expectations—that corporal punishments are not entirely abolished. "A great step has, however, been taken; bodily punishments are entirely abolished as judicial punishments, and are almost entirely abolished in the army." The knout and the whip are gone, but the rods of the police and sergeant-major still are in use. Through the action of the *zemstvo* of Poltava they even have been abolished for all men of the peasant class—(the only class subject to them)—who are members of the *zemstva*, or hold other offices.

With regard to the dissenting sects, everybody in Russia agrees with M. Turgeneff that something must be done. Every thinking man believes in universal education and in complete liberty for all of the sects that do not, like the *Castrati*, engaged in unlawful and inhuman practices. The clergy, though not all disposed to grant liberty, wish no more persecution.

Writing in 1864, the author complained of the slowness with which railway enterprises are prosecuted. There is now no reason for complaint. There are to-day in operation in Russia twenty-six lines of railway, with a combined length of 4,452 miles, and there are in actual construction thirteen new lines, or extensions, with a combined length of over 2,200 miles, all of which will be opened within two years, and nearly 900 miles of which will be opened this autumn.

The last question of M. Turgeneff is the codification of the laws, and he shows the confusion and contradiction which exist in the immense mass of the Russian laws. There are few who doubt the utility of codification either in Russia or elsewhere, and we have all to hope for a time when our statute-books shall be cleared of all that is antiquated, confused, and tautological.

What greatly surprises us in the author's account of the evils in Russia which demand remedy is that he has referred but incidentally to the great question of all others—the most pressing one—and the one which now occupies the Government, the newspapers, and all intelligent men in Russia—namely, popular education. Until that is successfully begun, it will be difficult to make any real improvements in the country. It is only fair to say that a system of common schools has been created on paper; but the money to put it in practice is lacking. The Government this year, while it spends 136,774,108 rubles for the army, thought it could allow only 9,281,220 for education; but since, a grant of 300,000 rubles has been devoted especially to village schools. The *zemstva*, however, have taken up the matter vigorously, and their chief efforts now are turned to preparing teachers, the first want. In Russia, one has to begin at the beginning.

M. Turgeneff's remedy for everything is, as we have said, a parliament. He thinks that at first this must be in the nature of an advisory body; and as definite parties do not exist in Russia, he is of opinion that, in order to

preserve the influence of the crown, one-third or one-fifth of the members should be appointed by the emperor. Such an arrangement he considers better than an upper house. That a parliament will come in Russia all liberal Russians believe. When, no one knows. Many think that the present emperor will crown his reforms by granting it. If we may believe the well-authenticated accounts of the disposition and ideas of the Crown Prince, and may hope that he will continue in them, we may be sure of a parliament and a responsible ministry when he comes to the throne. He is reputed to have a stronger will than his father, and will be more successful in putting down the *camarilla* which surrounds Alexander and tries to thwart his plans. All reflecting liberal men will agree with the remark of an eminent Russian senator, the late Prince O——, that we could not be too thankful that no constitution had been made before the emancipation. Then it would have been an aristocracy, and the people would have been longer in gaining their rights than in England; now, all classes will be treated alike.

In a concluding chapter Turgeneff reviews the Polish question, and shows how the world, through a laudable sympathy with the Polish efforts, has been unjust to Russia. He asks the commendation of all men for the emancipation of the Polish serfs, accomplished by Russia, and says that "three or four times as many peaceful people were killed by the Polish insurgents in the cities, and especially in the villages, than were shot or hung by the Russian judges and proconsuls." To this statement, confirmed in part by Mr. Sutherland Edwards, he brings no proof, and we leave it to rest on his own word. M. Turgeneff's book has, we may add, been condemned by the censorship.

MAGAZINES FOR OCTOBER.

Four chapters of Mrs. Edwards's rather dull story of "Susan Fielding" open the *Galaxy*, though it is to Mr. Reade's "Put Yourself in his Place" that all novel-readers, habitual or occasional, will first turn. They will be sorry, we suppose, to find that in this October instalment Mr. Reade is apparently bringing his vigorous and interesting story rapidly towards its close. If he is, his newest novel is not going to take rank with his best ones. It has little enough freshness and value in its presentation of character, although Jael Dence recalls our author—not very vividly—when he is at his best: when he is delineating a young woman who is pretty frankly in love and pretty deeply in trouble, and in whom love by no means takes either its most sentimental or its most spiritual form. The incidents of the story are certainly striking, and very cleverly put together; but the periodic recurrence of what—borrowing phrases from Mr. Boucicault's fraternity—we may call red-light situations and effective tableaux, gives a theatrical rather than a dramatic air to the plot, and produces an impression of cheapness. And everything except this management of situations is done sketchily rather than thoroughly. One would suppose that the author had it in view, first, to make a story to be issued in monthly parts, each of which should wind up with a bang, and leave the reader hungry for the next month's batch of chapters; secondly, to make a story which it should be easy to adapt for the stage, and which should have a good run as a sensational drama; thirdly, and only thirdly, to make a good story—to do as well as he could and as he ought. Prophesying is not, however, the safest business in the world, and it is possible that Mr. Reade may have only just begun to unreel the thread of his tale, and there be as great an abundance, not to say redundance, of matter behind as there is in "Very Hard Cash." If so, the applicability of these foregoing remarks ceases, perhaps, with the beginning of the twentieth chapter—for which we do not mind saying we are waiting with eagerness.

Perhaps magazine readers will turn, in the second place, to somebody's recollections of the Countess Guiccioli. The writer is nobody very competent to talk on such subjects, we should say, and has made an article which is not particularly good in point of taste or tone, and has but slight interest of any sort. But then, since the heroine set her poetical lover to doing "The Prophecy of Dante" in *terza rima*, down to the time when she or some gentleman of the press wrote her recollections, or memoirs, she has been almost a sort of a demigoddess of literary dulness. Apparently, when the story of her old amour is told, there is nothing else of her. "Little Bopeep," by "The Author of Emily Chester," is by a writer who not only was, but who evidently still is, "The Author of Emily Chester," for it is hardly an improvement on that novel in any essential respect. Yet it is, in degree, healthier than many of the kind of stories of which it is one. It closes happily, to be sure, for in the end it releases a young fellow from the nameless spell of the "influence"—"sphere" the spiritualists used to call it, we believe—of a woman who, in virtue of her atmosphere, draws all men after her, and also draws some even of the women. Bopeep gets her wandering sheep back again, and the pair settle down in a cot together, and are happy. It is good, too, to find the young gentleman admitted to be a sheep—a better name for him than to call him the "sport of his destiny" and of "inscrutable affinities;" which is how he figures in certain novels that we could mention. But while this is well, it certainly is not enough. Our author gives no indication that she thinks there are other than male sheep of this kind, and some indication she gives that, in her opinion, when the subdued one is female, that mysterious and irresistible Affinity has been at work for ages preparing this poor girl for her fate. Poets, if they are great enough, are permitted such themes; and students of psychology must be permitted them also, just as the law winks a little at the robbing of graveyards for anatomical purposes; but young writers in magazines which young people read should keep them away, for their own sakes and for everybody's else. The cause of intellectual and moral and spiritual unhealthiness is fostered by the class of stories of which "Little Bopeep" is a small one. It is a small one, and it is not very ripe and not very poisonous, and so, perhaps, we have said too much about it—given it more mention than its merits require, or than is required either by its faults. But it is one of a bad class. No one who is sound and reasonably happy, and who would do nothing that should make others less brave and cheerful and clear-minded, should indulge himself in publishing abroad these relaxing dreams; such things as this the "Charles Auchester" school of novelists once made very popular, and which still are more popular, especially here in America, than is for anybody's good.

Two of the *Galaxy's* articles that are of more consequence than those of which we have been speaking are Mr. Grant White's "Shakespearian Mares' Nests" and Professor Pumpelly's "Journey in Northern China." Mr. White gives us what we should call some very good verbal criticism, and throws light on a good many passages which many of us had not been understanding before. But perhaps he is not entirely free from those sudden and unaccountable fits of stone-blindness which afflict commentators. Unaccountable, we say; but they are to be accounted for by the inherent weakness of all human nature; everybody is liable to them. Why, now, need anybody go further than the Sixth Commandment to find God's canon against self-slaughter? Especially, since the man who is deliberating about suicide is a Roman Catholic—a member of a Church which makes self-slaughter a peculiarly heinous and hopeless form of the crime of taking human life. Again, in elucidating this passage from "Macbeth," Mr. White seems to us to be probably in error, and the error is one that has recently been pointed out in the case of another commentator by still a third, who wrote in we forget what paper or magazine. The verses are these:

> "The right valiant Banquo walked too late;
> Whom you may say, if 't please you, Fleance killed;
> For Fleance fled. Men must not walk too late.
> Who cannot want the thought how monstrous
> It was for Malcolm and for Donaldbain
> To kill their gracious father?"

The word "want" in the fourth line is the particular word which Mr. White is explicating; and he remarks that it has been pointed out that in the north of England and the south of Scotland "want" means "to do without," to dispense with. But then he goes on to say that to give it that sense in this passage is altogether wrong—a blunder of the largest sort. "Do without," he says, is just the meaning that here must be done without: "the speaker surely means to ask, *Who can be without* the thought how monstrous it was for Malcolm and Donaldbain to kill their gracious father?" But, most probably, "do without" is precisely the meaning we want here. If Mr. White will strike out the full stop at the end of the third line, and will give up the notion that the speech is an interrogative one, he will have what appears to us to be the best imaginable interpretation of it. Macbeth has put off Banquo's murder on the shoulders of Fleance, who is self-exiled; and would have men believe that the sons of the king, also, were parricides. The speaker, in the passage quoted, sarcastically says that "Banquo (whom, if you choose, Fleance killed) walked out too late at night, and is dead; men who (like Banquo) cannot suppress the thought that the tale of the king's death at his own son's hands is a mere monstrous improbable invention would do well to keep under cover after dark, or they will go Banquo's road."

Mr. Pumpelly's article is curious and interesting, and too short. Too short, both because what there is in it is readable—enough to make one wish for more; and also because it would have been well to have given us more details of a trip which must have presented so much that is novel to the American reader. We get, however, several highly pictorial pieces (not word-painting, by any means) which are vivid, and

see a good deal of local color. The journey was made out of Peking towards the west, and its object was to explore certain coal-mines whence Prince Kung's government might get fuel for its flotilla of English-built war-vessels. For the rest, the *Galaxy* has a gossiping article on the Astor Library by a Mr. F. H. Norton, who was for many years employed there; some account of "The Thieves of New York" by Mr. Edward Cropsey; a poem by Mrs. J. W. Howe, the general drift of which is familiar and ordinary enough, but the details of which are done in such a way as to make it simply bewildering; an article on "The Real Louis Napoleon" by Mr. Justin McCarthy, who gives us in a sufficiently taking way what has for some years been the opinion of most well-informed people as to the Emperor's character; a paper on "The Renaissance" by Mr. T. M. Coan, who seems quite as well qualified as a good many other art-writers on art to fit one out with a regular theory of architectural art; and, finally, there is the usual miscellaneous matter.

Before examining the contents of *Putnam's*, let us express our regret that our comments on the September number—a very good one—were by accident credited apparently to the *Galaxy*. The best of the articles in the number before us is by Mr. Pumpelly, again, who relates some really thrilling adventures that he and his miners had with the Apaches when he was out in New Mexico in '60 and '61. The "lowness of tone" in the narration is very effective on the reader. "Old Boston and St. Botolph's" is another of the very pleasant letters which Mrs. Hawthorne wrote home —to some of her children, apparently—when she and her husband were in England. There is not more in them than there ought to be in such letters; and, naturally, they are written in an affectionate manner, which takes them still a little further out of literature; but all the good reading is not in literature, and this is very agreeable. Agreeable, too, is a slight little article which she calls "Childhood: A Voluntary" by Miss Mary Dean, who writes kindly of some of the thoughts and pursuits of children. Mr. Putnam himself contributes from his letter-book some possibly interesting letters written him by Mr. Prescott, and one or two written by Cooper. Mr. Putnam rather amusingly remarks that even of the late distinguished Edward Everett Mr. Cooper permitted himself to speak rather disrespectfully. Considering Mr. Cooper's disposition and the peculiar abilities of Mr. Everett, this is not astonishing. Mr. Vincent Colyer continues his "Notes among the Indians," and we find as we read that our confidence in the new Indian policy steadily increases. The more the working of it can be kept before the people, the more certainly there will be that no future administration will be allowed or be willing to take any step backward, and Mr. Colyer, therefore, has it in his power to be a national benefactor. What he writes is not, however, very well written.

The poetry of the October *Putnam's* hardly needs mention. Mr. Cranch's "Dream of Pilate's Wife" takes its place with the mass of poetry founded on Bible scenes and incidents; there is next to none of it that ever gets much above smooth mediocrity. It would be worth the while of some of the men of ability who occupy themselves with the attempt to make poetry out of Biblical passages to study the works of the very few men who have had any success in that way and to see how much of their best work is utterly disconnected with their nominal theme, and how very little has any closeness of connection with it. We are sorry to find Mr. J. T. McKay "dropping into poetry" in "The Charge at Valley Maloy"—one of those pieces of poetry the goodness of which blinds the maker of them to the badness of them; and so he is led on, having as much vocation for poetry as Monsieur Jourdain himself. "Fallen Angels" is by Mrs. J. J. Piatt, who seems determined to wrap up her thoughts in obscurity of expression, which is what absolutely no great poet ever did. A poet, that is to say, one at least of the great ones—after his poetical days were done—riddled in rhyme; but the rule holds that obscurity is either affectation or some less blamable form of weakness. The criticism of "Literature at Home" is varied rather than copious, and is not so good as it used to be. The department of "Art and Literature Abroad" is, on the other hand, somewhat better; but it is still very dry and scrappy, and must, we should hope, be a grief to the readers of the magazine.

Mr. De Forest, without forsaking the field in which he has made a decided success as a magazine writer—the field which he explored to such good purpose when he was among our white and colored brethren—has latterly joined to it a field out of which, we should say, he is not going to get any adequate reward for his labor in cultivating it. To our thinking, he gives no sign of ability to work to great advantage in the supernatural and fantastical, for which suddenly—so far as we know—he has developed so strong an affection; and the mixture of the two elements spoils the completeness of his later works, although it certainly does not destroy their interest, for his hand retains all its cunning in the portraiture of Southern life. Southern white men, in particular, he sketches, as we have often said, with great spirit and correctness; no one with more correctness, except the author of "Inside: a Chronicle of Secession," who, we think, has come as near doing "the American novel"—nearer, in fact—than any of the better-known writers who have attempted it. Not, for that matter, that he has really made a novel, strictly speaking, at all. But some aspects of American Southern life, and some types of Southern character, he has done most remarkably well. Next to him, as we think, comes Mr. De Forest, who is indeed his equal, if not his superior, in the portraiture of the negro, though this latter figure got very much less of the attention of either writer than one would think might be well for their readers and well for their own reputations. But the ghosts, and bell-ringings, and spirit-drummers, and Oriental fables in which Mr. De Forest has been dealing for a year or so, are always so much alloy in his works not worth his or any one's attention, and, worse for him, not distracting anybody's attention except his own. The ghost in "Lieutenant Barber's Ghost Story," in this number of *Harper's*, is really of no possible use to the author, whose work is done when he has given us the lieutenant and old Mr. Marshall. To be sure, Mr. De Forest habitually explains away his mysteries when he comes to make an end, but that would seem to show that he is one of the writers who ought to leave ghosts alone. In the *Atlantic* for this month, his "City of Brass" is another example of his new and inferior work. The reconstruction policy of Congress, the probable future of the negro, and the fate that is in store for the country, are treated of under cover of an Oriental allegory—a somewhat blind and incoherent Arabian Nights tale. There are some clever things in it, of course, but for Mr. De Forest to write it seems a waste of power.

The illustrated papers in *Harper's* are an article on Brazil, which every one who reads will seem to himself to remember as very many years old, and like a thousand others that he has read; an article on "The Woodcock;" a good description of the Helderbergs, which are the little known range of mountains which cross this State from east to west, beginning near the Hudson, and ending beyond Niagara; and, fourth, some Border reminiscences by R. B. Marcy, U.S.A. This last is quite amusing, and will help any one who reads it to understand both the Indian and the West Pointer. There are more chapters of "The New Timothy," of Mrs. Craik's "Brave Lady," and of Mr. McCarthy's "My Enemy's Daughter," while there are a couple of love stories, very filling, of the kind that the Messrs. Harper might almost take out a patent for. There is, however, not much harm in them usually; self-sacrifice when young men are in the case is not a virtue, let us be thankful, that we need fear to find many sensible young ladies actually practising for the benefit of light, frivolous girls with doll-like faces whom the sensible ones' blinded lovers are apt to prefer. One might fear to say what one thinks of the probable attractiveness in face and form and manner of the ladies who prepare these little fables for *Harper's*. The pink-faced, doll-like girls have a right to be heard, however; and till they appear in their own defence it is no more than just to presume that there is no self-sacrifice in these affairs, the real truth being that the instances are very few in which the grave Marians really do themselves put the sour grapes up so far above their heads in order that the flighty Millicents should enjoy them in their graceful, lazy way.

Mr. Curtis, in the "Easy Chair," talks about the Byron case, and seems to be decidedly of opinion that his lordship was quite capable of committing the crime laid to his charge, and thinks it most probable, too, that the charge is literally true. So much evidence is daily coming out, however, that no one is called upon to make up his mind just yet, though we are very near it ourselves. The Oxford-Harvard boat-race also gets a word from Mr. Curtis, and so does the Massachusetts nose-pulling, which latter is treated of very well.

The last number of *Hours at Home* seems to be better than any of its predecessors; and the magazine steadily gains in capacity to fill the place for which it is designed—that of a magazine which, without being strictly religious, or at all hortatory in any way, shall furnish suitable secular reading for all the intelligent members of religiously regulated families. This number begins with a very sensible article on "Trades Unions and Strikes," which would do good service if widely distributed among both workmen and masters. A point is made by Dr. Hunt, its author, which we do not remember to have seen made before, and to which we take pleasure in calling the attention of General Butler, General Cary, Senator Sprague, and some other gentlemen whom perhaps we can thus save some labor. Dr. Hunt remarks that the eight-hour question, which is over-

tasking the brains of so many statesmen, is really of very little importance in comparison with the noise it makes. An eight-hour law is really the demand of only a very few trades, and they neither the most numerous nor the most influential classes of workingmen. The whole article is, as we have said, a sensible one, though it is of course but rudimentary.

Dr. E. H. Gillette contributes an article which should get some of the attention of bibliographers and critics. He says that some months since, while he was examining some London booksellers' catalogues with a view of making purchases for the Union Theological Seminary of this city, he observed the titles of a "lot" of pamphlets, some of which he knew to be valuable, and which he therefore bought. Among the tracts lumped under the head of "etc." Doctor Gillette found a pamphlet which had this for its title-page: "A Reply to the Answer (Printed by his Majesty's command at Oxford) to a Printed Booke Intituled Observations upon some of His Majesties late Answers and Expresses. By J. M."—and this he believes to be a work of Milton's. It is of date 1642, and contains 46 closely printed quarto pages. Another treatise, entitled "A Soveraigne Salve to Cure the Blind, or a Vindication of the Power and Priviledges claim'd or executed by the Lords and Commons in Parliament from the Calumnies and Slanders of Men, whose eyes (their Conscience being before blinded) ignorance or malice hath hoodwinckt, wherein the fallacie and falsity of the Anti-parliamentary party is discovered, their plots for introducing *Popery* into the CHURCH, and *Tyranny* into the STATE are manifested; the pretended fears of danger from *Separatists, Brownists*, etc., blowne away, And a right way proposed for the advancing the just Honour of the King, the due reverence of the clergy, the Rights and *Liberty of the people, and the renewing* a GOLDEN AGE," by "J. M., Esquire," was also found. This pamphlet, too, is a quarto, and is of date 1643, and has 42 pages.

Other meritorious articles in *Hours at Home* are Mr. Johnson's laudatory account of Ahmed Agha, the brave and faithful Consular Guard in Syria, whom the churches ought to reward, for they seem to be in debt to him, to say nothing of their wanting more like him; "Tommy" is a brief sketch of a truculent hater of boys—a writer whom we hope to meet again; "The Great Fire in New York" is from the recently published "Reminiscences" of Colonel Hamilton; the author of "Mary Powell" contributes one more chapter of "Compton Friars;" Mr. R. H. Stoddard has "A Chinese Love Song." "Marion Harland" and Professor Porter go on with their "Sunnybank Papers" and "Books and Reading;" Miss Maria Mitchell describes the late eclipse; and there are a score or two more of pages equally well filled.

Next after the "City of Brass," in the *Atlantic*, comes Mr. Giles's "Egotist in Life," which will not easily be read, and next after that is an article of the merits of which we can hardly judge, which discusses "Parlor Singing." The writer seems to be one of the rare persons who know how to sing with whom an uncultivated singer can at all agree as to what is good in the way of songs to sing. Very good indeed for a light article is "Hunting in England," the writer of which must himself, one would say, have a strong liking for the chase. Not so much is to be said in praise of "German Songs and a few other Matters," which would be all the better if the other matters had been left out—at least, so far as concerns the dramatic setting for the remarks about the songs. There is, however, more than one touch of humor that is pleasing. "The Brick Moon," by Mr. Hale, is yet to go on; so far we find it unintelligible and a weariness to the flesh—a charge not to be brought against most of its author's stories. But good again is "The Pennsylvania Dutch," which, by the way, readers of "The Foe in the Household" may be very glad to read, as it describes very fully the Mennonites who have puzzled some readers; and good, too, in some particulars is "Wettstein." "Garibaldi" and "An August Pastoral," which are both in verse, we are not going to praise; but "At Rydal" might be praised, comparatively at all events. The heavy articles of the number are "The Increase of Human Life," by Dr. Jarvis, and "The Earthquakes of the American Continent," by Mr. Shaler, both writers who are authorities in their respective branches of science.

An article by Karl Blind, on "The Democratic Movement in France," is about as noticeable as anything in *Lippincott's Magazine;* but we do not know that there is much in it that is new. Mr. Blind, like every other politician of his school, of course lives in constant expectation of severe political convulsions in Europe. One would hardly like to say of the school in question that it is for ever in the position of the boy who cried Wolf, but certainly most people believe what it predicts only after the predictions have come to pass, and are not much to blame for their tendency to unbelief. Mr. Blind, however, talks with a good degree of moderation, and this time his talk is about the recent increase in the numbers of French Liberal newspapers; about the fact that it is the ignorant districts of France, and those alone, that are Imperialist; about the attitude of the army; about the expenses of the court, and various other matters. Rather a readable little piece in this number of the magazine is Mr. George Jones's "Dick Libby." As Mr. Jones has for many years been a navy chaplain, and has gone with the flag to almost every quarter of the globe, he might give a good many reminiscences fully as interesting as these concerning the old quartermaster and his vagaries. "The Freedman and his Future" is by Mr. George Fitzhugh, a Virginian, who writes kindly about the negro, but rather like a benevolent master than like any kind of a sociologist. It is written, we fear Mr. Fitzhugh will find, that the negro is not to be cared for by good-natured semi-masters, as in some patriarchal age, but that he is to work out his own salvation or to perish away. Mr. Frank Thurber makes some rather graceful verses, and "What I saw of the Suez Canal" is not without value, but is not clear enough. Geographical writing, unaccompanied by maps, cannot be made too clear—cannot be made clear enough, unless by a person who is more of a natural-born geographer and has a more pictorial eye than Mr. Grubb.

The leading article in the *Catholic World* is entitled "An Imaginary Contradiction," and is devoted to defending Father Hecker, of the Paulists, against the charge of contradicting himself—he being now a Roman Catholic—when, in his "Aspirations of Nature"—written, we suppose, before his conversion—he says this: "Endowed with reason, man has no right to surrender his judgment; endowed with free will, man has no right to yield up his liberty. Reason and free will constitute man a responsible being, and he has no right to abdicate his independence." Now, says in effect the *Christian Quarterly*, Roman Catholicism compels every good member of its communion to submit his reason and will to the absolute authority of the Church. Father Hecker then says Yes to-day, while yesterday he said No, point-blank; contradicts himself, and so forth. But the entirely imaginary character of this contradiction will at once appear, says the *Catholic World*, if we stop but a moment and consider that Father Hecker, when he said independence, clearly must have meant independence of merely *human* interference. But the voice of the Church is the voice of God. The contradiction vanishes, then. The answer is certainly plenty good enough for the *argumentum ad hominem*, and if the *Christian Quarterly* is not satisfied, it ought to be. There is nothing, we believe, in the October number of the magazine that calls for special mention, unless we are to speak of the good sense of several of the short book-notices that follow the first one or two. The second one declares that "altogether the wittiest of English writers" is Mr. T. W. M. Marshall, of Baltimore. The magazine is still valuable chiefly to those Romanist laymen who are apt to be involved in controversies with their Protestant neighbors, and are willing to take more or less heat with their light. Occasionally, however, there is a solid article on some historico-religious or historico-ecclesiastical question; and almost every number has a specimen of argumentation that, as mere reasoning, is agreeable, if only by contrast with the slip-slop of most of the argumentation carried on by the polemical press. Also, one may occasionally get a glimpse of the foreign Romanist world; but there is no systematic provision for giving regularly a full view of this generally interesting field; and perhaps more judgment and tact than is often available would be required for such work; and, after all, most probably it would be the general reader who would care most for it.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Authors.—Titles.	*Publishers.—Prices.*	
Ainsworth (W. H.), The Miser's Daughter: a Tale, swd.	(T. B. Peterson & Bros.)	$1 00
Andersen (H. C.), The Two Baronesses: a Tale	(Hurd & Houghton)	1 75
Black (W.), In Silk Attire: a Tale, swd.	(Harper & Bros.)	0 50
Day (H. N.), The American Speller	(Chas. Scribner & Co.)	
Eliot (G.), Felix Holt, the Radical: a Tale	(Fields, Osgood & Co.)	1 00
The Mill on the Floss: a Tale	(Harper & Bros.)	0 75
Emerson (L. O.), The Choral Tribute	(O. Ditson & Co.)	1 50
Found Dead: a Tale, swd.	(Harper & Bros.)	0 50
Higginson (T. W.), Army Life in a Black Regiment	(Fields, Osgood & Co.)	1 50
Hemans (Mrs. F.), Complete Works, 2 vols.	(D. Appleton & Co.)	3 00
Lange (Rev. J. P.) and Fay (Rev. F. R.), The Epistle of Paul to the Romans	(Chas. Scribner & Co.)	5 00
Menault (E.), The Intelligence of Animals	(Chas. Scribner & Co.)	1 50
Mac Donald (G.), David Elginbrod: a Tale	(Loring)	1 75
Marryat (Miss F.), Veronique: a Tale, swd.	"	0 75
Napheys (Dr. G. H.), The Physical Life of Woman	(George Maclean)	1 50
Sadler (Rev. M. F.), Church Doctrine, Bible Truth	(Pott & Amery)	1 50
Saintine (X. B.), Dame Nature and her Three Daughters	(Hurd & Houghton)	1 50
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The Week.

THE exact truth, we believe, about the Spanish gunboats is that the Government unwarily seized them, or, rather, put them under surveillance in the nature of a seizure, in the belief or on the pretext that they were to be used against Peru, with whom Spain is technically at war; but we are warranted in saying that not a particle of evidence exists that they are or were ever intended to be used against Peru, and yet, under the statute, evidence of intent to use them against a particular power, with whom we are at peace, is absolutely necessary to justify the seizure. Having held them so long, however, the sympathy for Cuba in the meantime growing, the Administration may now find it impossible to release them in the teeth of popular clamor, and may be driven into recognizing Cuban belligerency in obedience not to precedent and principle, but to pressure and political expediency. This would of course cut the ground from under the feet of the *Alabama* claimants in a woful manner; and though, as we have often said, we do not think their interests should in any way affect the action of the Administration towards Cuba, if they are likely to be injured by precipitate or illegal action towards Cuba they ought to lift up their voices. Not that the *Alabama* claims would be any way *legally* affected by the premature recognition of Cuban belligerency, but it would render the statement of the American case, as made by Messrs. Seward, Sumner, and others, ridiculous, and even contemptible, in the eyes of foreign nations.

About the claims of Cuba to belligerency, there is little to be added to what Mr. Sumner has said. With every conceivable motive for putting a good face on the insurgent cause, and with hundreds of persons all over the country interested in giving value to the now worthless Cuban bonds, not a particle of proof has ever been offered by the Junta to the American public that they have even the simulacrum of an army; that there is an acre of Cuban soil which the Spanish troops do not traverse in large and small parties whenever they please; and that the insurrectionary "operations" consist of anything better than sudden attacks on convoys and detachments by bodies of guerillas, who owe their ability to "report" to their early retreat. As we have often said, the seat of war is literally here, and the hopes of the Junta are based almost entirely on the chance of dragging the United States into the fray. There is therefore plenty of sympathy for the cause in "halls" in New York and Philadelphia, but those who have seen the filibusters who go out to "pay with their person," as the French say, are filled with even deeper commiseration for the rebels they are going to help, than for the Spaniards who will have to chase them.

In the meantime, the ordnance manufactured at Cold Spring, in this State, and which was to have been put in the gunboats, has sailed, or was to have sailed, on Tuesday last, on board the *Euterpe*, the Government refusing to interfere under advice of the Attorney-General. The *Hornet*, which has just been seized at Wilmington, was bought at Philadelphia, and partly at least with Cuban money, and was seized there by the United States Marshal, but released for want of proof. She then went to Halifax, and was seized there, but released for a similar reason. She is now undoubtedly ready for active operations, but unless she is supplied with letters of marque from Peru, she is technically a pirate. She is said to be manned and officered in such fashion as to make it doubtful whether the elements will not speedily deliver Spain from her, even if she escapes the United States Courts.

A curious Washington dispatch appeared on Monday in the *Tribune*, which is a very good friend of Cuba—one of the best it has—announcing that—

"Letters from Cuba, received here yesterday, confirm previous accounts of the insubordination and treachery in the Cuban army. Gen. Cespedes and Gen. Quesada are untiring in their endeavors to harmonize the conflicting elements, but without success. The Americans are anxious to get away. They report that every promise made them before leaving New York has been violated, and the representations of the state of affairs on the island are equally false. The Americans who have escaped describe the condition of their comrades as most piteous. They are compelled to take the front in all contests, and receive no quarter from the Spaniards. The wounded, who in the exigency of battle are left upon the field, are invariably murdered. To this is to be added the almost daily assassination of their comrades by those whose independence and liberty they were induced to volunteer to assist in securing. Several engagements have taken place, in all of which the Spaniards have been defeated, and in each of which the Americans have lost largely. These fights are stated to have been unimportant in their results as affects the conclusion of the war."

A subsequent despatch says the "Cuban leaders" in Washington are "greatly incensed" at the publication of this, and that other private letters make no mention of American discontent, and say the Americans are going to stay till all is over. The *Sun* requests us to take note of the fact that Senator Sumner misrepresented the case in his Worcester speech when he denied that Cespedes had abolished slavery. We honestly confess that we are unable to say whether Cespedes has abolished slavery or not. We have no doubt he means to do so, whenever he has the power; and what we should like to know is, whether he has the power now.

There is a report current, and believed, we know, by some sober men, that the late gold operation was planned by Mr. Abel Corbin, the President's brother-in-law, with the President's connivance or approval—a large portion of the profits to be appropriated to him or his family—that the scheme was carried out with the aid of General Butterfield, the Assistant-Treasurer in this city, and that Gould and Fisk were called in to aid and abet it; and that Fisk was actually allowed to discuss the matter with General Grant on his boat. Fisk swears to Corbin's complicity, and Corbin says Fisk lies, as he will show when he gets well, being now sick. The matter is already a common topic of conversation and of newspaper discussion; and we mention it for the purpose simply of saying that, if untrue, the author of so atrocious a calumny ought to be promptly exposed and punished and that the indifference, whether real or affected, of public officers to charges of this nature has its limits. Some persons worth disabusing do now believe it, and more will come to believe it if the story is allowed to run. One thing we believe is certain, and that is, that bankers here see, or think they see, traces in the operation of the hand of *somebody* in authority. Let us know who that person is.

One of the results of the eagerness with which charges of this kind are made for party purposes, combined with the growing indifference of public men to all charges whatever, is that public opinion is really ceasing to act with much force as a represser of villany of any kind. There is just now a good deal of indignation against Fisk, jr., but it in no way interferes with Fisk's operations. Nothing is said about him that has not been said about men generally considered respectable; and he follows their example in despising "newspaper abuse," and finds his account in it. A clergyman, to whom we happened to be talking the other day of Gould, said he saw a good deal of evil said of Gould in the papers, but that he felt satisfied "there was another side to it." On the other hand, if a man has a good following, you may catch him in a burglary; but if you expose him, tools and all, the chances are ten to one you will yourself come worse out of the affair than he will.

The Republican Convention of this State has met, and made its nominations and adopted its platform most harmoniously, and, what is more to the purpose, the platform is very good, and so are the nominations. When we remember the way most of the conventions shirked the question of paying the bonds in gold in 1867, and the disinclination even of the Chicago Convention to use the word "gold" in its protest against all schemes of repudiation, and see the boldness with which the conventions now declare the payment of the bonds in gold to be the only honest and expedient course, we are conscious of solid progress, conscious that the party has been really "educated up," and has been "educating" the public too. The other important points in the platform consisted of protests against grants to sectarian schools, and against electoral frauds, and a demand for an improvement of the canals. The remaining resolutions were mostly general statements, intended rather to protect the party from suspicion than as positive affirmations of principle, and may be set down among the sentiments which do equal honor to the head and heart of the utterer—such as expressions of sympathy with the downtrodden and oppressed, of a desire for equality and simplicity in taxation, of hostility to electoral discrimination based on color, religion, or race. Cuba received a warm declaration of sympathy also, but the question of recognition was left, where it belongs, in the hands of the Administration.

Perhaps the best and most encouraging feature in the proceedings was the nomination by acclamation of George William Curtis for the Secretaryship of State. Mr. Curtis has not been by any means a thorough-going party man. Throughout the Reconstruction period, he kept his private conscience going in full blast, in spite of the very widely diffused feeling that it was an expensive luxury, in which a "faithful" man had no right to indulge. He had doubts about impeachment; he never believed that Trumbull and Fessenden and Chase were sold out to the Whiskey Ring; and he even lifted up his voice against the Honorable B. F. Butler's election. He refused to join in the party laugh over the idea that a United States Senator could have a "conscience" and be guided by it; and he has gone about the country delivering an incendiary lecture, in which he maintains that a politician ought to be a man of good moral character, and if he is not, and yet gets on the party ticket, ought to be scratched, with much other childish, if not mischievous, matter of the same sort. Many feared it was, politically speaking, all up with him, and that he would hereafter be relegated to the party garret amongst the cherished but useless lumber of the household. His nomination shows, however, that character grows in value in the party ranks, and that Republicans honor other things than reckless fidelity. Many a poor devil, who for years past has been afraid to call his soul his own, and almost blushed at the suggestion that there was any party doctrine he could not swallow, will be encouraged by this nomination into coming out in the likeness of a man. But, we are sorry to say, Mr. Curtis has for personal reasons declined it.

Mr. Boutwell continues to have as pleasant a tale to tell as ever. The last monthly statement shows a reduction of the debt during the month of September of nearly seven millions and a half, making a total decrease since March 1, 1869, of nearly fifty-seven millions. This s reducing at the rate of one hundred millions a year; and if the Treasury can "stay," as the sporting men say, there will soon be a serious hole made in the total amount.

The coming month promises to be fruitful in political results of greater or less magnitude. Governors are to be elected in Ohio, Pennsylvania, and Iowa, and in California judges of the Supreme Court. Of the state of affairs in Pennsylvania we have already more than once spoken. In Ohio, there is nothing very remarkable beyond the fact that the State has to be redeemed from Democratic rule, the last Legislature having been Democratic, and having ousted Mr. Wade from the Senate, and substituted Judge Thurman; and that the Prohibitionists are taking the field with a separate ticket, having nominated Mr. Samuel Scott, of Dayton; but the movement is not considered formidable. In Iowa, the contest always ends in the one way, which saves editors trouble in the matter of speculation. In California, the judges of the Supreme Court are to be elected—their election having been separated from the State election, which occurs in August, for the purpose of securing for it the undivided popular attention; but the opinion gains ground, and the facts warrant it, that no device will ever deprive an elective judiciary of its evils.

Isaac V. Fowler, recently deceased, was postmaster in this city under Buchanan, and in 1858 was discovered to be a defaulter to the amount of two hundred thousand dollars or thereabouts. A warrant was issued for his apprehension, but he effected his escape to Cuba, as was believed, with the connivance of the then United States Marshal, the celebrated Captain Rynders. The Government sued his sureties, but was defeated, on the ground that it had condoned his offence; and the District Attorney soon after entered a *nolle prosequi* as against him. About four years ago he returned to the city on a short visit, and was entertained at a semi-public banquet by many prominent citizens, including the then Chief-Justice of the Superior Court. He has since lived, we believe, in Mexico. One morning paper, noticing his career, speaks of his defalcation as a "failure;" another, of the banquet as a "quiet ovation." The Tammany Society have passed resolutions expressive of highest admiration of him.

Chicago is just now the scene of a remarkable movement for the purification of the city government. Affairs there have been for some time going very much as they have gone here, the party hacks converting the city into a kind of hunting-ground, and securing the support of decent people under pretence of devotion to the rights of man, the Congressional policy of reconstruction, and other vast and tremendous issues. People gradually grew tired, however, of seeing notorious rogues sitting at the receipt of custom, under the shadow of Federal politics, and resolved on a reform. So far, there is nothing peculiar in the matter. We have had here plenty of disgust with knavery and desire for reform, and a keen and even humorous perception of the base uses often made of national questions by local knaves, and we have even had reform movements, and "independent tickets," and "citizens' tickets," and "people's tickets," and we now have a Citizens' Association. The peculiarity of the Chicago effort after reform is, that men of all parties have gone into it with equal zest; and, what is more remarkable, the leading daily papers of both parties give it their united support. The address of the committee to the citizens, too, is as terse and vigorous and clear a piece of political writing as we ever remember to have seen, and recalls the fact that one of the earliest and most powerful utterances against the great greenback heresy in 1867 came from the Chicago Chamber of Commerce.

A statement is going the rounds of the press, accompanied with some ill-natured remarks, that our old friend, Mr. J. M. Ashley, the Original Impeacher and sometime member of Congress from Ohio, having, in spite of the Case correspondence, been appointed Governor of Montana, and the Territory having gone Democratic, and Mr. Ashley being desirous of representing it in the Senate at the first convenient opportunity, he has "bowed to the will of the people," he says, and he, the whilom friend of mankind, accepts the "white man's government" platform in its entirety. Some very ungenerous deductions have been drawn from this performance, in forgetfulness of the fact

that when a man has no opinions of his own, he is at liberty—nay, it is his duty—to adopt the opinions prevailing in the neighborhood of his domicile. "Views," like contracts, depend on the *lex loci*, and it is ridiculous to expect even the most "faithful" person to hold in Montana the doctrines which made him comfortable in Ohio or Massachusetts. Mr. Ashley was probably emboldened in his present defection by the impunity he secured for his corrupt agreement with Case to prostitute his official position, but he will find any offence against party discipline treated in a very different spirit.

Two accounts have been published during the week of remarkable explorations in opposite parts of the continent. The *Tribune* of Thursday printed a letter from Colonel J. W. Powell, describing his romantic voyage through the cañons of the Colorado River, in which interested parties had rumored that he and his companions had perished. Nothing, certainly, could have been easier than to go to destruction; but there was, perhaps, as much in the situation to inspire as to depress the mind. The savage and awful scenery through and under which they were swept it would be worth running many risks to see; and there may yet be excursions to the Colorado as there are now to the Yo-Semite. The same paper contained Captain C. F. Hall's letter to Mr. Grinnell, giving an account of the successful termination of nearly five years' search in the Arctic regions for the remains of Sir John Franklin. He visited, by means of sledges, King William's Land, examining the numerous places on the coast where traces of Crozier and his party have been found, and finding a great abundance of relics, of which he has brought home as many as he could, including, we believe, an entire skeleton of one of the unfortunate men. He is of opinion that rearches prosecuted on the same island in the summer would reveal the depository of the documents of the Franklin expedition, which he locates with some confidence "a little way inward, eastward of Cape Victory." Captain Hall speaks in a regretful way of having been obliged to kill a seaman—one of five whom he engaged from whaling vessels—for mutinous conduct. Two of these, however, have published a letter pronouncing the act a cold-blooded murder, and we have heard that the same judgment is expressed by a third. The fourth is praised by Captain Hall for his constancy on all occasions, and the two are alleged to have kept the others disarmed and defenceless.

As we have at various times predicted that the Chinaman would supersede Bridget as a domestic servant, and have even expressed our satisfaction at the prospect, we feel bound in candor to mention any unfavorable reports about his character or conduct which reach us. A correspondent informs us that in Oregon, where the Chinaman is getting into vogue, he has already begun to display a lamentable disinclination to work for low wages, and already rates himself as high as forty dollars a month, and shows a strong disposition to define his duties with somewhat inconvenient exactness, refusing even to sweep the piazza, unless expressly bound to it by the contract. All this is, however, defensible on one ground or another; but we confess we are somewhat perplexed by his practice of filling his mouth with water and spurting it, by way of sprinkling, over the clothes he happens to be ironing. Is this allowable? We cannot say—and doubt if anybody is competent to decide except a jury of washerwomen. But we have no hesitation whatever in condemning his practice of spurting water into his pastry in the same manner. This no American family of moderate means, and in the habit of frequenting its own kitchen, could possibly put up with. No pie, openly made at home in this manner, could give pleasure to anybody of the smallest taste or refinement. Public bakers, indeed, might indulge in the practice, because, in the matter of preparing food and drink, it is only what we see that disgusts us. We drink with gusto wine in which able-bodied men have rolled about a good deal in a state of total nature. We are glad to say that our correspondent reports most favorably as to the Chinaman's capacity for making cake. He only needs to see the most complicated varieties prepared once, in order to repeat the process ever after with unfailing accuracy, and we do not understand that he introduces into it any repulsive "wrinkles" of his own or of his ancestors'.

In England, the land question begins to occupy all minds, and politicians coming back from their vacation rambles find themselves face to face with a problem compared to which the Irish Church was a bagatelle. One fine old Tory, Mr. Newdegate, tells the farmers of his county that they must not, for various reasons, suppose that what is good for the Irish farmer in the way of tenure would be good for them, but the mere fact of his saying so is a significant indication of what is running in people's minds, and of the conclusions people are likely to draw from the change which must inevitably be made in the Irish land laws. The effect of the abolition of the Irish Church on the English Church already begins to show itself in a proposal to disestablish the church in Wales. That or something needs to be done to improve Welsh morals, which are of the lowest, in spite of considerable religious zeal; and according to one style of political reasoning, the church establishment, as being on general grounds objectionable, must be at the bottom of it.

The protectionist agitation in England seems to grow, but it has as yet only assumed the form of a demand for reciprocity—that is, for protection against nations which do not open their ports to English products, or only open them partially. Manchester, strange to say, is the headquarters of the movement, and manufacturers, as well as workingmen, are engaged in it. Some of the newspapers—the *Spectator*, for instance—treat it with scorn and contumely, as Mr. Bright has done; but this will hardly impede it—if, indeed, it does not stimulate it. Of course, reduced to its simplest elements, it is a movement in favor of raising the cost of production in England, by way of punishing foreigners for keeping up the cost of *their* production—or is, in other words, an elaborate mode of biting one's own nose off to be revenged on one's enemies. The most powerful blow it has received comes from a Mr. Ashton—a Lancashire manufacturer, we believe—in a letter to the Manchester *Examiner*, in which he makes short work of the agitators. He shows, in the first place, that, so far from free trade being responsible for the present pauperized condition of the English population—one in every twenty being now a pauper—for several years prior to free trade one man in eleven was a pauper. In 1847, before free trade, Lancashire consumed 26,379 bales of cotton; in 1868, she consumed, in spite of high prices, 53,689 bales. In 1854—the earliest record—the exports of the kingdom were £115,821,092; in 1868, they were £225,835,088—having nearly doubled in fourteen years of free trade. In 1859, England sent to France nine and a half millions sterling; in 1867, twenty-three millions sterling. In 1859, she took from France £16,870,859; in 1867, £33,734,803. He adds, that if anybody wants to know how the difference between the value of what England exported to France and what she received from France was paid, that matter may safely be left to the bankers who did the business; if they were satisfied, nobody else need complain—an answer which, *mutatis mutandis*, might be given to those who, amongst ourselves, keep up the perpetual lamentation about our "running in debt for foreign luxuries." If the importers are able to square their accounts every year, other people's minds may be easy. Mr. Ashton furnishes some other striking facts. In 1854, England exported £3 10s. 2d. per head of her population; in 1867, £6 0s. 2d. per head of her population; in 1854, she imported £5 10s. 2d. per head of her population; in 1867, £9 2s. 6d. per head.

The excitement in Spain about Cuba seems to continue, and is in some degree helping the Government, by producing a forgetfulness more or less deep of domestic differences in the common hostility to foreign dictation, the Sickles note being still popularly believed to be a threat. The volunteers are roused into a good deal of enthusiasm, and there are even signs amongst them of readiness to volunteer for foreign service, or, at all events, to take the place of the regulars at home. The popularity enjoyed by the Americans during the early days of the revolution seems to be rapidly dying out, and threats against the Yankees, somewhat in the style of those uttered by the *Cronista* in this city, begin to make themselves heard, showing that Spaniards, in spite of their misfortunes, are yet hardly conscious of their weakness.

THE GOLD ROOM.

Next to our military operations during the war, there is no one topic that has elicited so much complacent twaddle as our financial operations since the peace. Notably have the gold premium and the resumption of specie payments furnished brilliant illustrations of the confidence which ignorance inspires, and of the contemptuous facility with which all our difficulties can be overcome—on paper. The recent excitement in Wall Street is proof sufficient, if proof were needed, that all that ever was required to restore our finances to a healthy condition was to adopt the suggestions made years ago by any one of the numerous amateur financiers whose clear and practical schemes are divided in unequal proportions between the "Voices of the People" of the *Daily Tom-tom* and the editorial waste-paper basket. These various schemes differ somewhat in trifling details, but in the main principles they all agree: the greenbacks must be redeemed in coin by the Treasury; all buying and selling of coin for future delivery must be strictly prohibited by law, and made a penal offence; and, above all, that sink of iniquity, that national curse, that robbers' den—the Gold Room—must be destroyed, abolished, annihilated, or otherwise done away with, in whatever language seems most forcible to express the just wrath of an indignant patriot. Not only fools, but a great many sensible people, seriously believe that if the Gold Room were closed, there would be no dealings in gold; that if there were no dealings in gold, gold would not be at a premium; and that if gold were not at a premium, we should at once resume specie payments; hence, that all that is necessary in order to secure resumption is to close the Gold Room, and prevent dealings in gold. Even men from whom better things might be expected display the most lamentable ignorance on this subject; and Mr. Wilson, of Massachusetts, it is announced through the telegraph, is preparing to introduce a bill in Congress which shall prohibit all dealings in gold for future delivery under heavy penalties.

Now, all these people make the radical mistake of confounding the symptoms of the disease with the disease itself; they look upon the boil upon their patient's neck as the real illness, instead of the weakened constitution and impure blood of which the boil is simply the expression. They want to cure one boil, but leave the patient's constitution unchanged; and they forget that a dozen boils will speedily break out in other places. We select on purpose an unpleasant simile. The Gold Room is a nuisance. It has been, is, and will be prostituted to vile uses. It has fostered speculation of the wildest kind. It has been perverted from a legitimate market into the facile instrument of a series of infamous cheats. It is a boil upon the neck of the community; but it is not self-created. It is the direct, legitimate, inevitable offspring of our financial blunders in the past. It is not only not responsible for much of the evil done in its name, but it has, on the contrary, been the means of preventing much worse evils. Above all, as long as the people of the United States persist in transacting their business in a currency which bears no direct and established relation to the currency in use anywhere else, just so long will they absolutely require a Gold Room, or some similar establishment, in which their transactions with the outer world can be translated from the vicious, fluctuating, unsettled, local greenback currency into the sound, stable, international gold currency which alone is recognized in all other parts of the world.

We shall try to explain some of these transactions in a manner intelligible to all. The cotton crop, our largest export staple, is about beginning to go forward. Its value in round figures, say 3,000,000 bales, at $100 a bale, is $300,000,000—three hundred millions of dollars. Of this about one-third is worked up in our home factories, and two-thirds, say to the value of two hundred millions of dollars, are exported. The process of exporting this cotton is practically as follows: The Liverpool cotton merchant telegraphs to the New York commission-house: If you can buy one thousand bales of middling cotton so as not to cost me more than tenpence, or twenty cents gold, per pound, laid down here in Liverpool, you can do so. The commission merchant finds that the freight, insurance, and other charges will amount to about two cents; he can therefore afford to give eighteen cents gold for the cotton itself. He goes into the cotton market and enquires the price of cotton per pound in gold. The dealers answer that cotton is sold for currency, not for gold; the planters at the South have to pay their laborers in currency; they buy their provisions, their agricultural implements, and their manures for currency; they owe their debts in currency; all freights and expenses on their cotton are currency; they can tell what their cotton costs them in currency; and they don't want to sell it except for currency. The commission merchant telegraphs to Charleston, Savannah, Mobile, New Orleans—from all these places he gets the same answer: Middling cotton is selling for about twenty-seven cents a pound in currency; no price can be given in gold. Finding that he cannot buy the cotton for gold, but knowing that he is authorized to pay eighteen cents gold per pound, he next proceeds to the Gold Room to ascertain the price of gold, so as to know how much currency he can get for his eighteen cents gold, or, in other words, how much in currency he can afford to pay for the cotton without exceeding the orders of his Liverpool correspondent. He finds gold selling at 150—in other words, his eighteen cents gold are worth exactly twenty-seven cents in currency; he can pay twenty-seven cents in currency per pound for his middling cotton without exceeding his correspondent's orders.

Now, if business were all as simple as some wiseacres imagine, the proceeding of the commission merchant would be simple enough. He would only have to take as much gold as would pay for the thousand bales of cotton, sell it at 150, and with the currency pay the cotton-dealer, and the whole transaction would be concluded. But, to begin with, he has not got the gold. The Liverpool cotton merchant did not send the gold to pay for the cotton; and if he had sent it, it would not arrive for some time, as the order came by the Atlantic Cable, which is not yet arranged for the transportation of specie. The way in which the New York commission merchant expects to get the necessary gold is this: He receives the order by Cable on Monday, and concludes the purchase of the cotton the same day. He then has to engage a vessel to take the cotton to Liverpool, the arrangements for which occupy the next day. On Thursday or Friday, the vessel is ready to take her cargo on board—a process which is perhaps completed by next Monday. The captain of the vessel signs the receipt for the cotton on a document called a bill of lading; the merchant makes out a bill for the amount of the cotton, at the price in gold which his Liverpool correspondent authorized him to pay, attaches the bill of lading to it, as evidence that the cotton has been shipped, and takes the bill to one of the foreign banking houses, like Belmont or Brown Brothers, who thereupon pay him in gold the amount of the bill, less a small commission for forwarding the bill and collecting it from the merchant in Liverpool. Two or three days are lost in negotiating and settling with the banker, so that at least ten or twelve days elapse between the time of contracting for the cotton and obtaining the gold to pay for it. With this gold the merchant goes to the Gold Room, in order to sell it at 150, and obtain the currency to pay for the cotton. To his disappointment, he finds that gold has fallen to 145, and that instead of getting twenty-seven cents currency for the eighteen cents gold which his Liverpool correspondent authorized him to pay for the cotton, he only gets twenty-six cents currency, while he has actually bought the cotton and agreed to pay twenty-seven cents for it. In other words, he has lost one cent on every pound of cotton purchased, or $5,000 on the thousand bales. It is very true that it might have been the other way. The market might have gone up five per cent. instead of down, and then the merchant would have gained $5,000 instead of losing. But that is not what he wants. He does not want to speculate on the market—to gamble. His is legitimate business. All he wants is to convert his gold into currency so as to pay for the cotton he has bought. He wanted to buy his cotton for gold, in accordance with his orders, but the owners would not sell to him for gold. They compelled him to buy for currency, and in doing so compelled him to run the risk of all the fluctuations of the gold market from the time he purchased the cotton until the day when

he sold his bill. Now, this is a risk which no prudent business man will run, or indeed can run, without degenerating into a mere gambler. But the risk is forced upon the business community by the existence of our present currency. Of course, the risk is evaded; unless it could be evaded there would be a total stoppage of all foreign trade, as there was a few weeks ago when the disturbances in the Gold Room first commenced, and as is virtually the case now. But it was the attempt to evade this improper risk, forced upon the business community by our unnatural currency, that delivered the merchants, bound hand and foot, into the arms of the desperate clique of gamblers and cheats who have made havoc of Wall Street for several weeks past.

We have seen that gold was at 150 on the day when the commission merchant executed his Liverpool correspondent's order for a thousand bales of cotton, and that, if he had had the gold at that moment, he could have sold it at 150 and thus evaded the risk of all future fluctuations of the market. He did not have the gold then, but he knew that he would receive it in ten days or a fortnight. What was to prevent him from *borrowing* the gold, selling it at once at 150, and then returning it as soon as he had sold his bill on the Liverpool cotton merchant and obtained his own gold? There was nothing to prevent him, and, indeed, the bulk of the export business of the country has for years past been conducted upon this basis. The merchant who expects to receive gold to-morrow, next week, a month, six months, or a year hence for goods which he exports to-day, borrows the gold, and sells it immediately, in order to avoid all risk from the fluctuations of the premium. This is the reason why so many merchants are borrowers of gold, and why it was in the power of the gold clique, as we shall presently show, to inflict so much injury upon business. It is easy to see how even these legitimate business transactions, without including speculative ventures, swell the business in gold to enormous figures. The export trade of the country, which is all settled for in New York, amounts to about four hundred millions, or nearly a million and a half a day. In the transactions of the Board, each purchase and each sale is counted separately, so that actual sales of a million and a half make reported transactions of three millions. The bulk of the gold to settle foreign exports is borrowed. The lending and borrowing are likewise counted in the transactions, and, like the purchases and sales, are counted separately. In this way, the lending of a million and a half makes reported transactions of three millions, so that in order to complete one sale of a million and a half, transactions to the extent of six millions have to be recorded. Before the borrower is prepared to deliver his own gold, he may be compelled a dozen times to change his loan—all loans being made from day to day; he may borrow from A one day, and from B the next, and so on, and each fresh loan again counts double; so that the daily sale of one million and a half of real gold may easily cause recorded daily transactions of ten or fifteen millions.

This is the merchandise export trade only. The import trade causes similar transactions to similar amounts. To these must be added the enormous business growing out of European transactions in our bonds and other securities—out of a large West India, and South and Central American, and even Chinese trade that does its banking business here—out of the purchases for customs duties, and the sales of coin interest on United States bonds—out of the entire specie trade from our great mining States of the Pacific and elsewhere. It must be evident how rapidly these multiplying transactions swell the amount of recorded business in the Gold Room, how large a proportion of the whole is legitimate and unavoidable, and how entirely the occasional enormous transactions of speculators and speculative combinations deceive the public as to the extent of the legitimate and unavoidable business that is transacted daily. The average recorded transactions of the Gold Room are $60,000,000 daily, representing not more than from five to seven millions of real purchases and sales, of which probably fully two-thirds are legitimate business transactions. To talk of prohibiting commercial engagements of this magnitude, on which the whole of our foreign trade is as much dependent as it is upon the right to buy and sell bills of exchange, is, therefore, an absurdity.

THE GOLD BUBBLE.

We have shown the impossibility—with our existing currency—of transacting our business with foreign nations without daily dealings in gold, and that one of the essential features of these dealings is the necessity of merchants being frequent borrowers of gold. As already stated, it is upon this essential feature of the business that the great Erie robbers based the speculation which has convulsed Wall Street as it was never convulsed before, and has upset large branches of trade throughout the country for the last two or three weeks. The practice in relation to the borrowing of gold is this: the borrower of the gold gives the lender, as security for his loan, greenbacks to an amount equal to the market value of the gold. When gold is selling at 140, the borrower gives the lender $140,000 currency as security for the loan of each $100,000 gold. When the foreign trade is brisk, and there is consequently an active demand from borrowers of gold, the holders of gold have little difficulty in lending it, and in obtaining as security for the loan the full market value of the gold in currency. A banker or broker in good credit can thus buy a large amount of gold with a very small amount of currency, because the moment the gold is paid for he can lend it for almost as much currency as he paid for it. On this basis, then, the great clique began their operations. In the neighborhood of 131, and up to 135, they bought all the gold there was in the market. They lent the gold to our merchants in the foreign trade, who sold it in the manner and for the reasons above explained. Every time the merchants sold gold, the clique bought it of them, and lent it back again to other merchants, who again sold it; and every time they sold they found that it was always bought by the clique.

Gradually the position of affairs began to be understood. It was noised about that the clique not only held all the gold in the country, but that they had lent out their own gold two or three times over and bought it back again from the very persons they had loaned it to. They were, therefore, in the position to call upon merchants and bankers and brokers and speculators at any moment for the return of from sixty to one hundred millions of gold, which it would be physically impossible for the borrowers to obtain anywhere. As soon as it was evident to the conspirators that their position was understood, they began themselves to spread the rumors of their intentions. Prudent merchants, who had borrowed gold, hastened to buy it and return it, at the risk of severe loss on their commercial transactions. But, to the astonishment of even old and experienced brokers, it was found almost impossible to buy gold. The price advanced rapidly. The most determined bought promptly and suffered comparatively slight loss. Others held aloof. But delay was doubly dangerous; for not only did the timid, the weak, and the prudent rapidly advance the price by their purchases, but the clique themselves sent brokers into the market by the dozen to buy apparently, to bid the price up, and to frighten still more people into buying by the reports that to-morrow or next day all borrowers would be called on to return their loans, and that all those who could not comply would be declared bankrupt under the rules of the Exchange, and many ruined for life. The prospect was threatening. Even the boldest and wealthiest quailed before the insidious power that seemed to hold them helpless within its grasp. Many, determined to incur any loss rather than sacrifice their reputation, gave orders to buy back their gold and return it to the lenders. At every fresh purchase of importance, at every fresh evidence of their success, the emboldened clique still further advanced the price, until on Thursday night, the night before the memorable Friday, the market closed strong at 143, an advance of ten per cent. in a few weeks of peace and prosperity, and the whole mercantile community was hushed and half-stupefied by a presentiment of the coming storm.

On Friday, the brokers of the clique rapidly unfolded their plan of action. In the spacious Exchange Room of the Gold Board, crowded as it had never been crowded even in the wildest excitement of war times, amid the strangest variations of deathlike silence and tumultuous uproar, the pallid, half-conscience-stricken brokers of this gambling clique appeared, one after another, to do their dirty work. By the little fountain which plays in the centre of the floor, and around

which the principal business is transacted, first one bid arose—145 for $100,000, and there was no response. Then another bid—146 for $100,000, and again no answer. 146, 147, 148, 149, for $100,000; with a pause between each, all amid deathlike silence. Then the hundreds gathered there, and the thousands who read the ominous words on all the telegraphic indicators in the principal business offices in the city, and the hundreds of thousands who watched the telegraph offices throughout the country, stood appalled. Each one per cent. advance involved losses of millions—the *gain* was all with the clique. Who could tell what would be the end? There was no resisting such power. They could advance the price to 200 if they chose. And the usually surging, bustling, shouting mass of humanity crowded there was held silent, almost motionless, as by a magic spell. 150 is now bid for $100,000, and despair suddenly gives back life to many. They rush eagerly to bid and buy. Orders come in by telegraph to buy at any price. Messengers from all parts of the city, the great bankers, the merchant princes from up-town and down-town, force their way in through the crush, and give back to the brokers the sense of reality which they seem to have lost amid the dream-like terror. The stillness is suddenly succeeded by frantic excitement. Transactions of enormous magnitude are made amid the wildest confusion and the most unearthly screaming of men, always excitable, now driven to the verge of temporary insanity by the consciousness of ruin or the delusive dream of immense wealth. But amid all the noise and confusion the penetrating voices of the leading brokers of the clique are still heard advancing the price at each bid, and increasing the amount of their bids at each advance, until at last, with voice overtopping the Bedlam below, the memorable bid burst forth—"160 for any part of five millions."

Again the noise was hushed. Terror became depicted on every countenance. Cool, sober men looked at one another and noted the ashy paleness that spread over all. Even those who had but little or no interest at stake were seized with the infection of fear, and were conscious of a great evil approaching. And from the silence again came forth that shrieking bid—"160 for five millions," and no answer; "161 for five millions;" "162 for five millions." Still no answer. "162 for *any part* of five millions." And a quiet voice said, "Sold one million at 162." That quiet voice broke the fascination. The bid of 162 was not renewed. But 161 was again bid for a million, and the same quiet voice said, "Sold;" and the bid of 161 was not renewed. But 160 was again bid for five millions. Then dimly it dawned upon the quicker-witted ones that for some reason or other the game was up. As if by magnetic sympathy, the same thought passed through the crowd at once. A dozen men leapt furiously at the bidder, and claimed to have sold the whole five millions. To their horror, the bidder stood his ground, and declared he would take all. But before the words had fairly passed his lips, before the terror at his action had had time to gain men's hearts, there was a rush amid the crowd. New men, wild with fresh excitement, crowded to the barriers. In an instant the rumor was abroad—the Treasury is selling. Quick as thought men realized that it was not safe to sell to the clique brokers. Scarcely any one now wanted to buy. All who had bought were mad to sell at any price, but there were no buyers. In less time than it takes to write it, the price fell from 162 to 135, and the great, gigantic gold bubble had burst, and half Wall Street was involved in ruin.

We have not left ourselves space to relate the sequel of this extraordinary affair, nor to point out what may or should be done to prevent its recurrence.

THE WORKINGMEN'S IDEAL SOCIETY.

As the labor agitation progresses, and covers a wider area, and calls forth from the working-classes a more general expression of opinion, we get a clearer view of what at least the leaders in the movement, and probably also the whole body, have in their minds as the goal of their striving. As we have on more than one occasion said, they have long passed the point of seeking merely for an increased share in the profits of industry, or increased facilities for self-improvement in the shape of education, either general or special, or a diminution in the hours of labor, or increased legal protection against unnecessary risks in hazardous or unhealthy employments. The extraordinary success they have achieved, during the last twenty years, in the work of organization for self-protection, and the steady growth of their ascendancy in the governments of nearly every European country, and the deference shown to their wishes by nearly all modern statesmen, either from motives of political expediency or humanity, have filled their heads with hopes which make the picture of the future which so long satisfied them seem pale and cold. For the political liberty for which Hampden and Washington fought they have, as we have more than once pointed out, ceased to care one straw. The régime which was established in England by the overthrow of the Stuarts, and in America by the Revolution of 1776, and in France by that of 1789, represents nothing to them but "middle class" or capitalist rule, and to this they ascribe all their woes. The feudal aristocrat, against whom the histories and school-books of our time thunder so much, the workingmen know and care nothing about. If they ever owed him a grudge, they have forgiven and forgotten him. Their bugbear is the commercial man of our day—whether manufacturer or distributor—and it is his nose they wish to keep to the grindstone rather than that of the great landowner, though this gentleman also has but little mercy to expect at their hands.

The workingman was never a strong free-trader anywhere, except in England, and there only because protection made bread dear. Everywhere else he has been more or less captivated by the cheap, ready method of raising the prices of particular commodities offered, or apparently offered, by protection. To free trade in land he at one time appeared to be favorable; but, as we endeavored to show last week, he has got over that, or is gradually getting over it. He now wants to have the distribution of land regulated, and in fact it becomes every day clearer and clearer, if we may judge from the proceedings of the various labor conventions—which may be said to formulate the workingman's discontent with things as they are, that what he now aims at is a total reorganization of society on a new plan, and that in this plan the existing "middle class," as it is called—that is, traders, bankers, capitalists, large landowners, philosophers, students, "men of leisure," and professional men, except, perhaps, school-teachers and doctors, will have no place. In the Good Estate for which the labor leagues seem to be working, the principle adopted by the trades unions, for the preservation of equality between workmen, by which workmen of unusual skill or capacity are forbidden to profit by it, will apparently be introduced and enforced. For instance, at the International Congress recently held at Basle (Switzerland), and which was attended by an American delegate, the expediency of abolishing private property in land was voted by 54 to 4, four being absent and thirteen abstaining. The same proposition was voted last year also, and this year the minority and the abstainers have greatly diminished, showing that the idea is securing a more general adhesion.

Private property in land being abolished, there would, of course, cease to be any such thing as inheritance of landed property; but it appeared that the congress was not satisfied with this. A committee appointed to report on the subject pronounced against the right of inheritance with regard to all species of property, on the ground that it is "a constant menace to social right," and "prevents the individual from having the same means of mental and physical development." When the question came to the vote, 32 voted for the abolition of the right, 23 against it, 13 abstained, and 9 were absent; but as an absolute majority of the delegates did not vote for it, the motion was lost. The debate on it, however, explained why it did not receive a larger number of votes, and it was very interesting. All the speakers seemed to be agreed that no man should be allowed to inherit anything, because all children ought to start in life on exactly equal terms—that is, with "equal means of mental and physical development;" but some delegates held that this would be secured most effectually by preventing accumulation; or, in other words, preventing everybody from having anything to bequeathe, and that, therefore, a law against inheritance was useless. If, as proposed, no man was allowed to acquire capital, or live off the interest on it, and no man was allowed to possess property in land and live off the rent of it, naturally nobody would have anything

to leave his children, and it would, therefore, be a work of supererogation to forbid the children inheriting from him. This consideration affected the vote in some degree, no doubt, and it was doubtless also affected, as was the vote against landed property, by the fear entertained by many that it might excite the hostility of the peasant-proprietors, who have hitherto given the labor conventions scant countenance. One delegate, however, endeavored to mollify them by kindly proposing that the present peasant owners of the soil, actually engaged in the work of cultivation, should be permitted to occupy their farms during their lifetime. We may imagine the spirit and expression of face with which this concession would be received by the small French or Swiss or American farmer.

All landed property being owned by the community at large, and cultivated for its benefit, and all profits of industry being turned over to the state, which would play the part of capitalist, by lending to workingmen or supplying them with materials, and education being provided by the state, everybody would naturally have to live by the labor of his hands. It would be a violation of natural right even to select certain boys or girls in the schools, and educate them for certain professions—that is, give them a better education than others, because this would be introducing inequality in "the means of mental and physical development." So that society, on the workingmen's plan, would then present the appearance of a dead level, covered with a busy and comfortable multitude, each member of which would be prevented by law from in any way getting ahead of his neighbors. His children would be educated for him in a certain way, and he himself would be constantly provided with work, and taken care of in sickness or old age. But he would not be permitted to accumulate savings; or, at least, if he did accumulate, they would profit him nothing. He would not be suffered to invest them and draw interest from them; for this would be "enjoying the fruits of other men's labor," and, as we have seen, he would not, for other reasons, be permitted to leave them to his children after his death. In fact, in some of the Continental labor organizations, the members are already required to bind themselves not to rise out of their class; that is, not to become capitalists or employers of labor—the process so much admired among us of "rising in the world" being looked on by the agitators with great abhorrence; and that eminent citizen, "the self-made man," whose praises we have sung so much, being treated by them as a traitor to his order. Under this rule, for instance, Asa Packer, Peter Cooper, Ezra Cornell, and, we greatly fear, Horace Greeley himself, are simply despicable renegades.

Now this scheme for the regeneration of society may seem to many people to open up a very gloomy prospect for the human race, but then we must remember that, in the first place, for the working-classes the past is infinitely gloomy. Considering what their condition has been for ages, it is not wonderful that in all their attempts at reform they should think it necessary, as one speaker at the Congress said, "to uproot everything that exists;" and, considering the great advances in power they have made within a quarter of a century, it is not wonderful that they should fancy themselves capable of making all things new. Moreover, the distrust of human nature, displayed in their desire of regulating everything, and providing for everything, in their hostility to free trade—which in England is the natural result of the successful operation of the trades unions in restricting the labor market—is a not unnatural result of the spectacle of the small progress made by human nature towards an ideal society. Men start a co-operative association in order to help to abolish the wages system; it succeeds, and grows rich, and very soon the original co-operators are found hiring laborers themselves, and refusing to divide the profits with them. Men organize trades unions to keep up the rate of wages artificially, but all will not come in, and others secede, and the result is that capital comes out often victorious. You put two children at the same school, and give them exactly equal chances of mental and physical development, from infancy to manhood; in forty years one owns a mill, or has made a fortune at the bar, and lives with his children in luxury, while the other is barely able to keep a large family from starving by some kind of abundant and ill-paid labor. That these things should be—or, in other words, that Providence should permit the world to be as full of sorrow, disappointment, and seeming injustice as it is; that some should be born to misery, and some to prosperity; and that the best-laid schemes for the promotion of human happiness should so constantly fall short, and far short, of their aim, has been from the beginning the great puzzle of the universe. We know that one hundred generations have wept over it, and studied it, and tried to find the key to it, and have failed. We need hardly wonder, therefore, that the working-classes, now at their first accession to participation in the regulation of human affairs, should wish to try their hand at the solution of it—and that they will try their hand at the solution of it, we have no doubt; and no philosopher need smile at their plan of converting society into a vast trades union, as a complete remedy for human ills, who remembers how short a time it is since their superiors in culture and experience were trying to persuade the world that slavery was a beneficent institution, and that the first of virtues for the poor and unfortunate was content; and since even great thinkers looked for the regeneration of the world through the virtues and wisdom of "patriot kings."

THE ŒCUMENICAL COUNCIL.

The preparations for the Œcumenical Council are rapidly approaching completion. The carpenters and upholsterers have almost done their work in St. Peter's; the stenographers, who are men of divers tongues, and who have been under training for some months, are reported ready; and the programme of the proceedings, which has been for some time growing into shape, in the hands of a batch of commissions, each presided over by a cardinal, is nearly ready; and Padre Luigi da Trento, the Apostolic Preacher of the Vatican, is working hard at the inaugural sermon. On the 8th of December, the solemnities will open. To get at the real nature of the occasion, one has to go back a great many centuries; but it will be sufficient for our purpose to go back to December, 1864, when the Pope wrote an Encyclical (circular) Letter, giving his views on nearly all the peculiar tendencies and phenomena of modern society, such as religious liberty, freedom of the press, civil marriages, secular education, popular government, or at least the rights of peoples to choose their government, and the subordination of the ecclesiastical to the civil power. The Letter was, however, in the nature of a general treatise on these various errors, accompanied by much wailing and lamentation over the state of the world and the perversity of its inhabitants, and not a little cursing and vituperation. Accompanying it in the nature of a schedule, or "bill of particulars," was the now famous "Syllabus," in which the various errors to which the Encyclical referred were set forth in their order, under eighty heads or articles, each specifying a "damnable heresy;" but the eighty damnable heresies were distributed under ten general heads, or chapters, as follows: 1. Pantheism, Naturalism; 2. Moderate Rationalism; 3. Indifference, Latitudinarianism; 4. Socialism, Communism, Secret Societies, Bible Societies, Liberal Clerical Associations; 5. Errors concerning the Church and her rights; 6. Errors concerning civil society in itself, and in its relation to the Church; 7. Errors concerning natural and Christian ethics; 8. Errors concerning Christian marriage; 9. Errors concerning the temporal power of the Roman Pontiff; 10. Errors relating to modern Liberalism. Of this Encyclical and Syllabus, or the charges and specifications, to use the language of courts-martial, it is sufficient to say that they include and condemn the whole structure of modern society; they condemn as damnable the views held by all civilized states in our day as to the nature of marriage, the education of children, the objects and sanctions of legislation, the relations of governors and government, the source of political power, the relations of the church to the state, of the clergy to the laity, and the views held by nearly all educated men as to the functions and limits of human reason, the objects, powers, and results of scientific investigation. In other words, they pronounce the state of society which existed in the tenth century superior to that which exists in the nineteenth century. The submission to them of the modern world would involve the absolute repudiation, or indeed the blotting out, of nearly everything which has taken place, during the last six hundred years at least, included under the name "progress."

The Pope, who, from the "modern man's" point of view, is grossly ignorant, having little or no tincture of what the profane world calls culture, and who has seen nothing of society at large, having passed his life before his elevation to the episcopate in a monastery, appears to have really expected that these documents would produce a great sensation, and startle Europe from its religious lethargy. But they fell very flat. The French Government refused, under the Concordat, to allow the bishops to publish them; Germany was already laboring in the throes of the coming political revolution, and paid little heed to them; the Rationalists everywhere laughed over them. It was the disappointment thus caused which suggested to his Holiness the idea of summoning a General Council, for the purpose of giving the Syllabus the full weight of the authority of the whole Church; and the discussion and adoption of the Syllabus will, it is said, in conjunction with the doctrine of the Pope's infallibility, take up most of the time of the Council.

Since the issue of the Syllabus, the Church has had serious misfortunes. In Austria and Spain, the powers of evil have completely triumphed. Spain revolted against a legitimate monarch, and has conceded religious liberty, which is damnable under the sixth head; Austria has broken the Concordat, which is damnable under the fifth head; and has established civil marriage, which is damnable under the eighth head; and has subjected bishops to trial by civil courts, which is again damnable under the fifth head. In addition to this, other Catholic powers, finding that an attempt was going to be made to convert the Syllabus into something more authoritative than the dreams of an aged priest, have begun to show signs of extreme uneasiness. The Government of Bavaria, one of the most Catholic countries in Europe, issued a circular to the other Catholic powers, calling attention to the fact that the Syllabus, if adopted by the Council, might introduce serious complications into the politics of Catholic states, and suggesting concert of action for the purpose of keeping the growing pretensions of the Papacy within due limits. In addition to this, the prime minister, Prince Hohenlohe, submitted five questions as to the effect of the Syllabus, if adopted, on the doctrine of the relations of church and state, and on education, to the theological faculties of the universities of Munich and Würzburg. That of Munich has replied boldly that the Syllabus, if adopted as it stands, would introduce great confusion into all modern states, or else unsettle men's minds as to their civil and ecclesiastical duties; and they condemn as erroneous the position of the Jesuit Father Schroder, who has formulated the Syllabus in theses, and maintains, amongst other things, that the "state is excluded from the whole realm of moral matters;" they (the university theologians) affirming that the state is of divine institution as well as the church. Moreover, nineteen German bishops have met at Fulda; and, after enumerating the various "rumors" which are in circulation about the objects of the Council—rumors which the Syllabus fully warrants, and which are generally believed to be true—they go on to say, in a letter which they have just issued:

> "It is much feared lest the Council should proclaim dogmas not contained in the revelations of God or the traditions of the Church, and establish principles prejudicial to the interests of Christianity, incompatible with the rights of the state, civilization, and science, as well as with the just liberty and temporal happiness of nations. People go further still, and accuse the Holy Father of wishing, under party influence, to make use of the Council exclusively in order to augment more than is proper the power of the Apostolic See, to change the old and true constitution of the Church, and to erect, in fact, a spiritual sovereignty incompatible with Christian liberty. Men do not fear to apply the name of partisan to the head of the Church and the episcopacy, an outrage hitherto confined to the declared enemies of the Church; they go so far as to express the suspicion that the bishops will not enjoy full liberty of discussion at the Council, that they will not be furnished with the documents and freedom of speech necessary for the accomplishment of their duty; and, consequently, the validity of the Council and its decisions are called in question."

They significantly express the hope and belief that none of these apprehensions are well founded. The spirit of alarm and opposition of course grows, thus encouraged, as the meeting of the Council draws near. A "Society of Catholics" has been formed in Baden to "resist the aggressions of Rome," and is founding branches throughout Rhenish Prussia. Other signs of the growing anxiety are the defection of Father Hyacinthe, and M. de Montalembert's letter expressing sympathy with an address of remonstrance from the liberal Catholics of Trèves to their bishop, and regretting that French Catholics should not have taken the lead in opposition.

It would, of course, be difficult to believe that the clergy had remained unaffected by the influences acting so powerfully on the laity, even if it were not now well known that the French bishops are already split into three parties, each of which will be represented at the Council; that the German bishops out of Austria are also divided; that the Hungarian bishops are unanimous, or nearly so, in opposition; and that it is only Spain and Austria whose delegation will go to the Council to afford the Pope united support. The press of continental Europe teems with pamphlets and essays on the question, and the radicals both in politics and religion are rubbing their hands with delight over what they believe to be the approaching demonstration of the utter absurdity of the Church, and a vast number of the wiser heads amongst the faithful are becoming seriously alarmed at the possible effect of the follies of the Pope on religion itself. The adoption of the doctrine of his infallibility, for instance, would constantly expose the Christian faith to the chance of being made ridiculous by the sayings and doings of a man physically, at least, like his fellows, and who might any day evolve religious doctrine from the recesses of a brain disordered by disease. In the meantime, the Ultramontane press does not lose heart; and the *Tablet* in England, and the *Civiltà Cattolica* in Rome, lay the lash over the shoulders of the recalcitrant in the good old orthodox style; and the *Freeman's Journal* in this city, infusing a little Western vividness into the theologic gall of the older world, declares that Father Hyacinthe's defection will produce no more effect on the Council than a "sturdy Roman flea," settled on the calf of a cardinal's leg during his celebration of high mass, would produce on his eminence's ministrations at the altar.

THE CHURCH IN FRANCE.

PARIS, September 17.

ONE of the things that people do not study sufficiently when they visit or try to know France, is the action of the clergy in different parts of the country and in different classes of society. Some free-thinkers go away disgusted because, when they see millions subscribed for Peter's pence and sent to Rome, they are convinced that the most slavish form of servility to the Ultramontane priesthood exists here, and that superstition is rife as in Italy or Austria. On the other hand, the more narrow-minded and fanatic of the ultra Catholics, when they are told of similar facts, simply conclude that France is returning to the palmy days of St. Louis, and that Rome will shortly reign supreme and crush all the works of the "infamous Liberals"—Great Britain, in spite of all her "Bibles," being converted, and leading the van of the faithful. Both parties are equally wrong. There is a vast deal more honest, intelligent Christian faith in France than the free-thinkers conceive, and far less fanaticism than the ultra devout would like to feel sure of. Besides, as I began by remarking, you must take into account the various social strata and the geographical divisions if you want to have a clear idea of how religion works in this country. It is not quite exact to say that devotion finds its *only* stronghold in the exclusive Faubourg St. Germain, and that out of the so-called Royalist circles there are no priest-ridden dowagers. This is not true; but the class varies chiefly according to the locality.

In Paris, it is very nearly true to say that piety and pride go together, and that the father confessor rules principally in the homes where ancestors are regarded as a compensation for any want of personal desert, and where blood must be "blue" to mix with that of the owners. But even in Paris there has arisen a new and very curious class—the class of *nouveaux riches*, whose desire is to marry their daughters to penniless *grands seigneurs*. This class is within the last dozen years so numerous that it constitutes one of the fundamental elements of Paris society. Stock-brokers, wine merchants, iron-masters, cattle-breeders, sugar-refiners, soap-boilers—in short, all people having gained, or gaining, money by a trade (without literally having a shop), are one and all now possessed by the ambition to hear their daughters called "Mme. la Marquise" or "Mme. la Duchesse," and the parents have now an advantage in the bargain which they had not formerly, so they will consent to pay a higher price for it. Some twenty years ago, when marriages of this kind took place, it was customary (as under the days of Louis XV.) to ignore the bride's family altogether.

Mademoiselle was absorbed in her lord's tribe, and so utterly forgot her own that she often became the most bitterly exclusive of all her compeers. But this is altered now. When a young man of illustrious name and small means is married off to a retired cheesemonger's daughter, he espouses his wife's family also, to a certain degree; that is, he appears in public with father and mother in-law, never gives an entertainment without inviting them, and goes in turn to all those that they give.

The plebeian mother-in-law is especially gratified by this condition of things, and conscientiously performs the three duties expected of her, which are—to give perpetual presents to her daughter, to dress splendidly herself, and to be noted for her religious zeal. She discharges the last duty in a manner to make bishops and fine ladies declare that she ought to be canonized. She gives heavily to every charity (that is well *lancé, i. e.*, aristocratically supported), obliges her husband to consent to his sons (if he has any) being brought up by Jesuits, and goes in for pilgrimages, and miracles to any amount. She resolutely refuses to *know* anything about the bases of the Christian faith, saying that it is enough to know what the Pope said last, and in fact puts to shame all the most orthodox ladies of the "best society." This class is, more or less, represented in all large cities, and its number and influence are, upon the whole, on the increase; but its capital is Paris.

If you go westward, towards Brittany, for instance, you find religion as gloomy and superstitious as it ever was in Spain, and only not as intolerant because the people have a less ferocious nature, and never had such sanguinary traditions. In Brittany, it is the peasantry that are most devout; as you ascend the social scale, you find less fanaticism. The tradesman is *not* pious at all, although his wife, if she be a *Bretonne* born, quarrels with him for his laxity of zeal—but the gentleman and his surroundings are what priests term "very consolatory." That is, they are very regular in all their practices, but not exactly priest-ridden, and not particularly inclined towards the Jesuits. There is a certain independence in a Breton gentleman which forbids him from surrendering himself wholly to any external power, even that of his confessor, and he is more of a Catholic and a Christian than of a mere Papist. In Normandy, and branching upwards past Paris towards the center, you meet with the smallest amount of religion, unless it may be in the east, where, on the borders of Switzerland and Germany, you can discover certainly no excess of piety whatever. Go towards the south, however, and here you may make by far the most interesting observations. In Languedoc, all classes are devout, and incline towards superstition—not quite the easy-going superstition of the Italian, nor the gloomy superstition of the Breton, but a mixture of the two.

If you go from Languedoc eastwards and to the Italian frontier, you find the priest-ridden *bourgeois* families as you will find them nowhere else, perhaps. They are starched, stiff, determined devotees, as were their grandfathers and grandmothers, and they are convinced that the Pope will one day return to the *Comtat Venaissin*, and reinhabit the Papal Palace at Avignon. You can't get at the bottom of these people's consciences, for their creed is a political one, like that of the English in the "Protestant Establishment." It has been said of them that they don't know anything about the articles of their faith, and don't care; that they may be atheists for aught they or you know, but that they are "Romans," and will remain so. "*Nous sommes du Pape*" is their own expression, and whatever may happen to Christian doctrine these people are "the Pope's own."

Now, on the contrary, if you go westwards from Languedoc, and near the Spanish frontier, you find religion quite differently practised. Probably the excess of gloomy and violent piety in the Spaniard has worked in a repulsive sense, but it is certain that the Pyrenean, the Bearnais, and the Basque, although really and practically devout, have no fanaticism, no intolerance, and no superstition. Along the roads of these countries you may go for a whole day and see, perhaps, one cross at the corner of a lane. And then it will be a perfectly plain one, with none of the offerings and *ex-votos*, none of the bleeding hearts and flames that you find loading the crucifixes of Brittany above all, and even so far up as into Touraine. Throughout the Pyrenean territory you find churches, even of the smallest villages, richly ornamented and kept in the most brilliant state of preservation and order. You find, too, in the humblest class of men and women—fishermen, shepherds, mountaineers—the most firm and loving faith and genuine reliance upon the Father of all, the most touching resignation in misfortune, but you find no small mummeries, no miserable outward superstitions and miracles, such as *La Salette* and others—no paganism, in short.

There can be no doubt of there being still in France a larger amount of religious feeling than in any other Catholic country, but it is very diversely spread over the land, according to the peculiar characteristics of the races, and it acts very differently in different classes. Those who fancy that France is Voltairian are as mistaken as those who think she is bigoted. Religion in France is a great element, but its influence requires to be studied.

A POLITICAL PHENOMENON.

THE seeker after truth is frequently surprised to find that he has, unawares, stumbled upon some important fact at a moment when he least expects it. The particular line of enquiry in which I am myself engaged is that of political study, and the fact on which I have lately stumbled is one which is likely to interest your readers.

Having occasion to visit, not long since, one of our prominent seaport towns (or perhaps I ought to say, as the conveyancers do, for the sake of greater accuracy, one of our now or formerly prominent seaport towns), I was much struck by the singular traits of a man whom I observed loafing about in all sorts of places—now in the principal streets, now on the principal street-corners, now in a book-store turning over the leaves of some recent publication, now in the bar-room of some hotel, now on the steps of some public building. He wore a dress which was singular from its uniformity, never appearing (so I was told by all those who had observed him) in any coat, vest, or pantaloons save those in which I saw him. In his face there was a curious mixture of duplicity, gentility, and inebriety, so that you could never feel confident whether a reformed drunkard, a "decayed gentleman," or simply a lobbyist was before you. The eccentricity of his appearance was considerably heightened by his always carrying a ponderous cane, much too large for his size, and which, from its very enormity, offset the general Bohemian effect of the man by a quaint touch of old-fashioned respectability. On enquiry, I found that he had never been seen without this cane—in a word, his *tout ensemble* was that of some one out of "Nicholas Nickleby" or "The Old Curiosity Shop." Naturally anxious to discover something as to the history of this singular phenomenon, I asked what was his occupation, and was informed by my friends that he made a living by distributing periodicals for a large publishing house. But it seemed incredible that this could be his only source of income, or that a man so individual in appearance should confine his probable originality in so narrow a channel. Some other livelihood, I was convinced, he must have. Chance soon threw in my way an opportunity of verifying this conviction, for, walking in the vicinity of the town not long afterwards, I suddenly found the gentleman in question very near me, and evidently determined to make my acquaintance. He made some remark or other about having seen me before, to which I assented, and, after some preliminary conversation about the weather, we soon found ourselves (by what means I hardly know) conversing on the subject of money and money-lending. It seemed that my acquaintance was familiar with the subject; he stated that he was in the habit of lending money "to his friends."

"Ah!" said I, "then you and I must be in the same kind of business. I have seen a great deal of lending on mortgage."

"No," he answered, with great suavity, "I don't take mortgages; what is the rate of interest on mortgages?"

"Seven per cent."

"Oh! I get a great deal more than that. When I lend money, I frequently take ten per cent. a month."

"Then you make your living by lending?"

"No, I don't need to do that; you see, the fact is that I used very foolishly to let people have my money without charging them anything for it; and some of my friends came to me and said: 'Why, my dear fellow, why do you do this? If you must lend, you positively ought to take interest.' So I concluded that it would be better to do as they advised."

"So you get ten per cent. a month now?"

"Yes; sometimes more. I have got as much as nine hundred and sixty per cent."

"You must run great risks, then?"

"Well, I have never lost anything. I always lend to young men. Young men, sir, are men of honor; but you can't trust an old man; that's one of my first principles. Youth is honorable."

The mystery was thickening. Who was this singular individual who used to lend money without taking any interest, but who, on the representation of his friends, had adopted the less thriftless course of charging nine hundred and sixty per cent.? There was something about the man's manner

which indicated a life above that of the ordinary money-lender, while his choice of language was always so correct, and occasionally so superb, as to make the most romantic explanation a possible one. And there was about him a quiet, self-possessed, educated air, which contrasted curiously with the cunning look of his eyes and the unpleasing account which he gave of himself. He must, said I to myself, be in political life. I recollected that I had seen him in the Custom-House. I asked him whether he was an office-holder. No, he said, he was not. He had a good many young friends, however, in the Custom-House.

"They are a fine set of fellows, these young men," said he. "All honorable men. They never break their word."

"You lend money to them?"

"Oh! yes, they are often in want of money, and whenever they are, they come to me, and I let them have a little."

"At nine hundred and sixty per cent.?"

"No, no; I never received nine hundred and sixty per cent. but once."

I was only more puzzled than before. Why should the subordinates of the collector of the port be dependent upon the charity of their friends? Why should this philanthropist single out the Custom-House for his field of benevolence? Would not the banks or the railroads do just as well? I almost began to believe his story, and to look upon him as really an eccentric friend of humanity, who had chosen to benefit his race in this singular way. It is possible, of course, to suppose a man of independent means, who should be moved by the native kindness of his heart to advance money to the needy, who should begin by doing this without asking anything in return, and who should finally be persuaded by his friends into a more prudent as well as, on the whole, more humane course. For it is evident that it would be more really humane to require interest than not to do so, inasmuch as the necessity of paying the market value would strengthen the beneficiary's character, educate his endurance and power of resolution, and prevent the humiliation which might ensue upon his assuming the position of one in need of gratuities. This theory furnished a not absolutely impossible explanation, but then the Custom-House! There is the most mysterious corner of the mystery, and there, also, must be its key. We continued our conversation, but nothing further was elicited, except stories of my friend's various financial ventures—stories which always led to one invariable conclusion, that he never lost money, because he never lent except to young men, who were invariably honorable in their dealings.

But I have discovered the explanation. In a late number of the *Times*, in an account of the present condition of the Civil Service—the same account from which you have recently made a pertinent extract or two—is to be found the following paragraph:

"SHYLOCKS IN THE CAMP.

"The natural result of this state of things, among several thousand employees drawing monthly pay, is the encouragement to anticipate payments at a ruinous discount. Of course there are many among them who have laid up ready money, and while orders for salary were transferable, a safe and profitable business was done. But the custom increased so alarmingly that the pay department was burdened with extra business, and the thing was evidently promotive of ruinous practices. Orders were issued forbidding the whole thing. The result was to check it to a considerable degree among those who were simply careless, but among the really necessitous, who could not at once rise above it, the risk was increased, and they were compelled to submit to ten and twenty per cent. in lieu of five and ten per cent. per month! An occasional loss could very well be borne by the Shylocks, whose principal risk is the threatened dismissal in case of discovery, but as this class usually have 'influence' with their money, they do not hesitate to take the chances, as their income is very large while they do remain. A shrewd young man, from the Eastern States, was provided with a position through parties who furnish considerable sums to be used in this way. Indeed, outside political influence is a most important adjunct, for if the victim threatens to expose the cormorant who grinds him down, he may be quieted by the assurance of 'pressure' enough to ensure his dismissal if he does not keep quiet and make good his obligations. If the oppressor can claim special influence with the official heads, his vantage-ground is complete. Such facts are too well known to require special instances to be given in their support."

My friend was a Custom-House Jew, without the disadvantage, the nature of which the above paragraph indicates, of being an office-holder.

A. P. M.

Correspondence.

OUR DIPLOMATIC SERVICE IN THE LEVANT.

To the Editor of the Nation:

Sir: If there be a still lingering impression on the part of our public or any small portion of it that the present shameful condition of our diplomatic and consular service is due to an economic motive on the part of either legislative or executive authorities, a brief statement of the condition of affairs in the Levant will explode the fallacy.

The consulates in Turkey are particularly expensive, as the "expenses" amount, on an average, in the smaller consulates to about as much as the salary. The invariable custom of the country demands a dragoman and guard; the postage and incidental expenses and loss by exchange are always greater in a half-civilized country, so that the $1,000 which is supposed to be the sum of the bills to be paid for a consulate like that of Canea, for instance, is as far from it as an inexperienced voyager's estimate of expenses is from the footed bill.

The salary of Canea is $1,000; salary of dragoman and cavasses, $468; rent, $100 (ten per cent. of salary); postage and incidental expenses not much less if any than $200; total, $1,768. To this add loss by exchange on the whole (averaging for Levant ports 12 per cent.) $202, making the bill $1,970. I suppose that this represents with tolerable exactitude the cost of the consulates at Cyprus and Jerusalem (the latter having a salary, however, of $1,500). And, while on this subject, I may say that if the Government would only deposit the quarter's salary of each consulate at Baring's, subject to the consul's draft at sight, all loss by exchange would be avoided, as drafts on London are always at par or better, while drafts on the United States are in some places not negotiable, and any correction of accounts might be made on the subsequent quarter—the officer's bonds assuring the Government against all loss.

We may then take the united cost of the three consulates of Canea, Cyprus, and Jerusalem at $6,000 in gold, and neither consulate is or has been in ten years of the least earthly use to the United States. For the last three years, I have not ceased to urge the abolition of the consulate in Crete as soon as it could be done without any political significance.

Each consulate in Turkish territory is a possible source of misunderstanding with the Turkish Government—the pretensions of American protégés and the insolence of Turkish employees being pretty much on a par—and the cause of no end of official rows, any one of which may cause a collision between the two governments.

For two good reasons, every useless consulate in Turkish territory should be abolished; and if the excellent and deserving military officers who hold the three above-mentioned ones must be cared for by the public purse, by all means let them have a pension of $1,000 each and stay at home, where they may be of some use to themselves and the country.

At Constantinople, we have a minister, a consul-general, a secretary of legation, marshal, jail-keeper, consular dragoman, and *élève*-dragoman of the legation. (I have just returned from a three weeks' visit to Constantinople, where I have made it my business to book myself on our local civil service.) With regard to the minister, I do not believe that any reasonable man can find any fault. If his position during the Cretan war was anomalous, he had his justification for all he did in the orders of his chief of department and the resolutions of Congress, not to speak of public opinion in the United States, to which any man who intends to return to political life at home must defer his own ideas.* He is incorruptible, a gentleman, a scholar, and in all ways one of the most creditable representatives we have abroad, and not *overpaid*.

The secretary of legation, acting as dragoman, is an extravagance in the point of view of expenditure. There is no more need of a secretary of legation for this legation than for others of its class, and a better dragoman can be got on the spot for $1,500 a year, or even $1,000, for Mr. Brown by universal testimony is not a first-rate Turkish scholar, a very bad French one, and understands no other language except his own. The offices of secretary and dragoman should be separated if the former is to be maintained—the absence of the secretary at present leaving the minister without assistance, and the irresponsibility of the dragoman to the minister leaving the latter without resource against the misconduct or insubordination of his employee. The charges brought by the minister against his

* The responsibility to the people alluded to by the Congressman in your No. 212, was probably this sort. A man who is in the civil service for life or good behavior is in no necessity to contribute to election expenses, sign party tests, or sacrifice his ideas of right and wrong to the exigencies of a campaign—he is not responsible to the hacks.

secretary would, in any other service in the world, have secured the latter's dismissal, but in ours are unnoticed. I will give two illustrations. The police having, one night, occasion to repress a row in a house of ill-fame, were silenced and turned out of the premises by the exhibition of a "protection" signed by J. P. Brown, secretary of legation of the United States of America. An Italian subject, named Trotta, an employee of the Porte, being unable to get his pay, the Hon. J. P. Brown drew up a demand in the name of the United States legation (Mr. Morris being in Constantinople at the time), declaring the said Trotta to be an American citizen, and demanding his arrearages as such, and sealed this with the official seal of the legation—which he had no right to use in any case as long as the minister was at hand—on which he recovered the wages, receiving a percentage. It does not seem to me that secretaries of legation of this class are likely to be economical.

The *élève*-dragoman is an adopted son of Mr. Brown, and receives $600 a year to enable him to fit himself for a dragoman, and has done nothing towards *the education* for which he is paid his salary. This is the concurrent testimony of many foreigners of diverse nationalities whom I have questioned with regard to the young gentleman's career. This particular appointment, then, is unwise, and any such appointment is unwise, as the dragoman should always be appointed by the minister and be dismissable by him.

The expediency of having a consulate-general, at $3,000 per annum, at the same place where we have a minister, I much question. We have a consulate-general at Beirut, and it seems to me that one in a country is sufficient. A consulate, at $2,000 a year, should be enough for Constantinople if our present scale of compensation is to be kept up, for that sum will keep a single man from debt or starvation.

The marshal, at $1,000 a year, has had but one act to perform in the term of the present consul-general, which was the serving of a notice on a debtor. The jailor has $800 a year, and the rent of the jail is $600—no imprisonment having taken place in modern times.

We have, then, items to the amount of $5,500 which might be retrenched without any loss to the service—viz., $1,500 on secretary of legation, $1,000 on consul, $1,000 on marshal, $1,400 on jail, and $600 on the aspirant to future diplomatic honors, which, with $600 loss by exchange, makes a total of $12,000 wasted in the Turkish empire. $3,000 of this added to the salary of the minister would enable him to maintain a respectable position without personal pecuniary loss, and leave $9,000 to be carried to the relief of under-paid and necessary officers in other countries; or, supposing no increase of any salary, a sum of about $16,000 greenbacks cut off from the taxes.

At Piræus we have a perfectly useless consulate at $1,000 a year and expenses; while the most efficient and valuable consular officer we have in Greece is M. Sapunzachi, unpaid consular agent at Syra, the only point in Greece where any consular officer is likely to be of use to us. Abolish the Piræus consulate, and establish an unpaid one at Syra, and we can have as good service as we now have.

All of these reductions—or nearly all—have been repeatedly advised by the persons competent, and that they have not been made proves the sheer hypocrisy of all talk of economy as a reason for not reforming the consular service. Yours truly, W. J. Stillman.

Athens, September 1, 1869.

UNIVERSALISM.

To the Editor of the Nation:

Sir: Your issue of September 9 contains a notice of a book soon to appear in England, in the course of which notice occurs the following:

"In Mr. Robert Baxter's 'God's Purpose in Judgment,' it is contended that the theory of the annihilation of the wicked, and the Universalist theory of final eternal happiness for all men, are both untrue. Odder, we dare say, than anything in Mr. Baxter's book is the fact that a citizen of the religious world should think that within that world either of these theories exists in sufficient strength to make it worth while to attack it. Among men who are not to be classed as religious, there is plenty of Universalism in a sense, and there is also plenty of Annihilationism; *but as sectarian beliefs neither of these aberrations from orthodoxy is now of any importance at all.*"

I notice the words here quoted only so far as they concern Universalism. Of the strength of the other "sectarian belief" alluded to, I am not informed.

In a journal which does not promise neutrality but which asserts independence, the general statement in the above extract gives no occasion for complaint, except on the supposition that it is based on a misapprehension of the facts, and so "operates" as misrepresentation, in a sensitive point, of a not very small body of nominal Christians. It cannot take much space to show that the writer quoted is not accurately informed in regard to the present strength and prospects of Universalism. The statement that Universalism is not "*now* of any importance at all," sounds oddly in the ears of a people who feel very sure that, as a denomination, their strength (not their numbers) has doubled within the last ten years. Twenty years ago, the Universalist denomination did not have, all told, ten thousand dollars in school endowments, and it had neither a college nor a theological school. To-day, it has three colleges, two divinity schools, five academies endowed, and three more in rapid progress, with an aggregate endowment of not much less than two million dollars. Very near half a million was raised for other denominational purposes than the current expenses of Sunday worship and church building within the year ending with October, 1868. Other facts to the same general effect could be given. Possibly, at the very hour in which the paragraph I am noticing was written, one of America's ablest theologians and most accomplished scholars—the Rev. T. J. Sawyer, D.D.—was installed as the head of a new Universalist Divinity School, handsomely endowed, in connection with Tufts College, in Massachusetts. Is it just, therefore, to imply that, however it may have been, Universalism is not *now* "of any importance at all?"

It is conceded that the numerical progress of Universalism has not been very great. The hostility it at first awakened, and the heroism with which its first preachers defended it, very naturally won the sympathies of the coarser elements of the community—a misfortune which happens to every sect which has to "fight its way." The occasion no longer existing, this accidental adherence has ceased to annoy with well-meant co-operation. The visible effect in some communities is a numerical falling off; the intrinsic result is progress in quality.

Universalists have no wish to suppress the fact that in communities where the common-school has not prepared the way, and particularly in the States long under the blight of slavery, their faith gains no foothold. But in New England—particularly Maine, Massachusetts, and Rhode Island; in New York, save the southern half of the State; in Northern Illinois (certainly not in Egypt); in Wisconsin; and in other communities where the social and mental antecedents are similar, Universalism as a "sectarian belief" has great perceptible strength, and is *now* of more "importance" than at any former date.

As to the influence of Universalism as a "sectarian belief," just a word: Let a man live awhile in Gloucester or Salem, Mass.; in Woonsocket or Providence, R. I.; in Watertown, Rochester, or Auburn, N. Y.; in Galesburg, Ill., or in any community where Universalism has firmly established itself, and then live awhile in a town or city where Universalism has gained no position—let him do this, and I am confident he will not be long in doubt as to the agency which has taken the sting out of the Calvinistic pulpits, and made orthodoxy so "liberal" that if its friends buried twenty-five years ago could revisit earth, they would not know their own churches or the ones having the old names. G. H. E.

New York City, September 15, 1869.

[There was a time within the memory of men still young when the distinctive tenets of the Universalists were discussed in almost all Northern communities, and not only provoked a great deal of curiosity, and some able controversy, and very much controversy that was not able, but also were accepted by thousands who found in them a means of reconciliation with the Bible, from which they had been repelled by certain portions of the Calvinistic creed then almost everywhere asserted. Universalist doctrine was eagerly offered and accepted, and everywhere in the Northeast Universalist meeting-houses were built in considerable numbers. We suppose "G. H. E." would not deny that there are fewer such meeting-houses to-day than there were then—certainly fewer relatively to the number of other meeting-houses, and probably fewer even absolutely. Universalism, then, at the beginning possessed an importance, as criticism of Calvinism, which it cannot lay claim to possess now that it has crystallized and is merely the "religious views" of a certain comparatively small number of religious people—a certain one among a great many sects of small size. For good or for evil, the main battle between the church and the world is now joined on quite other points than the interpretation of certain texts of Scripture; and sects founded on such interpretations are now of very much less importance relatively than they were say thirty years ago.—Ed. Nation.]

RELIGION AMONG THE AMERICANIZED GERMANS.

To the Editor of the Nation:

Sir: Your issue of the 23d inst., in the article on the "State of Religion in Germany," contains the following: "By-the-by, we wish more was known of the religious condition of Americanized Germans. Who ever hears of religion amongst them at all?" As a single ray of light, in answer to this question, allow me to offer an outline of their relation to but one of the churches of America—the Methodist Episcopal.

Connected with the M. E. Church there are—organized into societies—27,664 Germans. They are further organized into "German Conferences," which are divided into "districts," each of which is under the care of an elder, called from his position "Presiding Elder." "The German work" of this Church, as now arranged, comprises 17 presiding elders' districts and 271 pastoral charges. These are under the care of 303 missionaries, who have the aid of 316 lay preachers. The number of church edifices owned by them is 423, valued at $2,203,061. They paid last year, for missionary purposes alone, $14,405. They have a Church paper and a Sunday-school paper, published at the M. E. Book Concern in Cincinnati, which also supplies them with an abundant literature—like the papers, in their own vernacular. Their Sunday-schools number 480, with 5,113 officers and teachers, and 23,196 scholars, with 608 "conversions" in the last year. While "religious statistics are," in some sense, "always untrustworthy or misleading," yet there is in statistics even that which, the faith being stated, shows how sincerely that faith is received and acted upon. The statistics of labor or sacrifice, or both, in behalf of one's faith, therefore, are generally relied on to show the status of religious life. Now, reaching back, aided by the Church, to the Fatherland, these Americanized Germans have planted in their old homes 37 missionaries, who, having raised up a few lay preachers, are filling 277 preaching-places, and at the close of '67 reported a membership of 5,883, in spite of a loss of 400 the same year by emigration to America. Their Sunday-schools contain 5,868 scholars. They own but 23 chapels, and, for the rest, they preach in the homes of the peasantry, or such halls as can be had. They have a "book concern" in Bremen, which supplies them with, and exports considerably to this country, books, tracts, etc. They also have a Mission Institute, at Frankfort-on-the-Main, for the education of men for the ministry. The number of students in '67 was ten.

So much for the "Americanized Germans" by this Church. Hoping to hear from others, I remain, etc., B.

September 27, 1869.

WHO IS RESPONSIBLE FOR THE INCONVERTIBLE CURRENCY?

To the Editor of the Nation:

Sir: In your last week's paper is a sentence which I wish to recall to your readers, because it seems to me to come nearer the point than any other I have seen: "As regards these gold corners, there is absolutely no safeguard against them but a return to specie payments; and of this there is at present no hope, because the country will not submit to contraction, though probably the loss sustained by the corner is treble the cost of going back to the ancient ways."

It is true that there is no remedy but in specie payments, and that these can only be reached through contraction; but is it equally so that the country will not submit to it? I am inclined to believe that the country—excepting, perhaps, Wall Street and the banks—is ready for anything necessary to that end, but that the great want is of a leader. The defect seems to lie in our financial organization, which separates entirely the power and the responsibility. The financial plans are elaborated, and mostly in secret, by the Committee of Ways and Means. This body is composed of members of Congress, under obligations to those who have aided in electing them, and their plans are likely to be so arranged as to secure the support of other members—their work being much facilitated by the fact that they have no immediate responsibility for, and nothing whatever to do with, carrying out the schemes which they propose. Congress has little choice but to pass their measures, because there is no one in the House strong enough to stand alone against the committee.

The plan comes ready-made to the hands of the Secretary of the Treasury, and he must carry it out whether he likes it or not. He may make suggestions in his annual report, but they have no more necessary influence with the committee than a letter from an ordinary citizen. He may, if he pleases, "lobby" during the session, but that is not a pleasant business in the face of private interests. But even in carrying out the plan, he has not the benefit of a communication with Congress. When that body meets, they will discuss his action as they would an affair in the courts of Europe.

Will you allow me to ask for information whether there is any objection to the Secretary of the Treasury being *ex officio* a member of the Committee of Ways and Means? or to his being present in the House when that body makes its report, and supporting or opposing the latter as he may think best? or to his being present there subsequently once a week during the session to report progress, answer enquiries, or to ask for further powers? It may be replied that this is contrary to the usages of Congress. But if these usages stand in the way of the proper management of the finances, it seems to me they were "better honored in the breach than in the observance."

It may be said, again, that such an arrangement cannot be easily brought about. It is not to be expected that Congress or Mr. Boutwell will propose it. But if we ever have the fortune to get a secretary with a definite plan in his head, and a resolute will to carry it out, he can easily get some friends among the members to propose a resolution to the above effect which Congress could hardly reject. And then if he should propose a clear and practicable scheme, should demonstrate his ability and willingness to carry it out, and Congress should still reject it, we should then shortly find out whether or not the country refuses to submit to contraction. G. B.

Boston, October 2, 1869.

[The above hits the nail on the head; but even if the Secretary had a seat in the House, as he ought to have, the members would not heed him any more than they now heed the chairman of the Committee of Ways and Means—the nearest approach to a minister of finance, properly so-called, that we have—unless there were a stronger conviction in the public mind than there now is that there is such a thing as science in finance, and that men who have studied it are authorities in it and ought to be listened to. As matters stand, the committee may produce the most carefully elaborated tax-bill after three months' labor, and any ignoramus in the House who chooses to start up with an axe to grind, or some sensational, half-baked theory to ventilate, has a fair chance of upsetting it all in five minutes. This actually happened last session—General Schenck, the chairman, having been bowled over in a very short debate by some peculiar "views" from General Butler. What we want above all things is a deeper appreciation on the part of the people that study is of importance in politics, and that a man may mean well and yet be a very mischievous person.—Ed. Nation.]

MR. WAINWRIGHT'S PAMPHLET ON JULIUS CÆSAR.

To the Editor of the Nation:

Sir: Through the kindness of a friend, my attention has been directed to your criticism, published in the *Nation* of the 19th of August, 1869, on a small work bearing the title, "Julius Cæsar: Did he Cross the Channel? Reviewed by John Wainwright." The pamphlets reviewed were, as you are aware, written by the Rev. S. F. Surtees, and would seem to have been intended to correct the real or presumed errors of Napoleon III. in his "Life of Cæsar," and all others who hold, or may have held, that Cæsar, in his invasions of Britain, landed on the shore of Kent. The first pamphlet was published in 1866 by J. R. Smith, Soho Square. The second—a reprint from the Doncaster *Gazette*—appeared in 1868, in reply to the animadversions which were published in that paper. This reprint is entitled, "Julius Cæsar: Showing, beyond a Reasonable Doubt, that he never Crossed the Channel, but sailed from Zeeland and landed in Norfolk." In the last of these two pamphlets, the reverend gentleman endeavors to support his heresy by repeating the theory promulgated in the first, adding therein further evidence in aid of his blunders.

The "Review," as you gratuitously affirm, was not printed in England, but at the establishment of King & Baird, Philadelphia, which is reckoned a good and reliable concern, and is well patronized. The "proof-reading," in this instance, is not satisfactory. Afraid of this defect, I communicated with a house of the former place; but the work being small, together with the cost of postage, trouble, and delay, I was induced to put the MS. into the hands of King & Baird, who had previously done well for me in like capacity.

But there is yet a more extraordinary item demanding attention. To palliate your misconceptions, you charge me with not giving the ideas of Mr. Surtees in his own language: "for he"—*the reviewer*—"nowhere

takes the pains to give it in the language of the writer whom he answers." Now, sir, what are the facts of the case?" In page 13 of the "Review," I remark: "But you, sir"—Mr. S.—"gravely assert that 'Cæsar never set foot at Boulogne or Calais, never crossed the Channel, or set eyes on Deal or Dover, but that he sailed from some place in front of the mouths of the Rhine or Schelde, most probably from a peninsula, formerly the fore-shore of Walcheren, and that he made the coast of Britain in his expedition off Cromer.' Again, p. 52, you"—Mr. S.—"write, 'It was here, at the mouths of the Rhine, on the shores of the ocean, that he, Caligula, gathered up shells as spoils of Britain; then Claudius, no doubt, followed the same course, and sailed from the same port as Plautius, his pioneer, and, as we have already noted, he sailed from east to west'" (Pamph., p. 9). These two citations, like most others, are marked as such by inverted commas, and on the last, and others, the page is also given. For instances, see pp. 14, 33, 47, 56, 65, 69, 108, 109, 110, 111, 112, where the very words are, I believe, honestly given. Certainly, you cannot have read the "Review," or, if you have read it, your mental vision must be very obtuse, or some bewildering *ignis fatuus* has misled your judgment or diverted your attention from the subject under your consideration.

Yours, sir, respectfully, JOHN WAINWRIGHT.

[If Mr. Wainwright will look again at our remarks, he will see that the word *language* was used in a special connection, and is to be explained by the context. We said: "What real arguments Mr. Surtees advances it is hard to make out from Mr. Wainwright's rambling and many-worded refutation, for he nowhere takes pains to give us the language of the author whom he is reviewing." Supply "of the arguments" after "the language," and our meaning is clear, as we intended to state it; but we confess it was not stated as it should have been. So far as any arguments of Mr. Surtees are brought forward, we gave Mr. Wainwright the full credit, which he deserves, of reviewing them satisfactorily, if in too prolix and desultory a manner. We are sorry to learn from Mr. Wainwright's note that an American printing-office is responsible for the astonishingly bad proof-reading; we had hoped, from the book being published in London, that it was also printed there.—ED. NATION.]

"MANUAL LABOR."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In the *Nation* of the 16th September, there is an article entitled "Manual Labor." In it you say, "It must be admitted there is nothing which everybody in the community—we do not believe this too sweeping an assertion—more carefully avoids, if he can, than manual labor."

Now, I believe and know that "this is too sweeping an assertion;" personally, I do not bear it out, and I know many others who do not. I believe that what you speak of as dislike to "manual labor" is not that, but a dislike to an excessive amount of ill-paid labor; and there is, I fancy, no shadow of doubt that the day "manual labor" shall be fairly proportioned to muscular strength—by this is meant, shall not be so improperly exhausting to the body as to "exercise a deadening influence on the mental perceptions," and shall be better paid than shop-keeping, etc.—we should see "nobody remaining one minute longer than he could help" in those pursuits (without a very strong "vocation" understood).

When I speak of labor properly proportioned to strength, I would say that therein is probably the solution of the "social problem," and that society will perhaps never be at rest or ever work harmoniously until that is done—and done it will be some day, at whatever cost, of "ten hours' pay for eight hours' work," or other thing dreadful to supply and demand and the science of political economy, as far as it has yet got.

Of the "sapient movement to have manual labor made compulsory in our colleges," there is this to be said. Taken as an idea, without entering into detail, has any man lived to maturity, even in this absorbent country, without having said to himself, as he contemplated young men unable to find those coveted "clerkships," and begging, borrowing, and sponging meanwhile, "What a pity this, that, or the other young man or men (the plural would frequently occur) never learned to do anything but keep accounts, spell indifferently, or smile imbecilely over a yard of calico!"

For my part, I do have sincere doubts, in common with "some of the English radicals," whoever they may be, whether there can be such a thing as real culture without manual labor—that is, if real culture be (as I take it) the last polish of a complete and balanced *man*. I hold none such who has not the sound body to contain the sound mind—indeed, the sound mind can no more exist in the unsound body than good wine can be kept in cracked bottles.

I would also challenge a part of another of your propositions. You say "it is preposterous to pretend that manual laborers are juster, truer, etc., than clerks, lawyers, and shop-keepers." Now, the experience of thirty years' mixing with most classes of my fellow-creatures has fixed the belief in my head that a large class of manual laborers—namely, the skilled mechanics—are actually and measurably "juster, truer, more humane and upright" than certainly clerks or shop-keepers as a class (the lawyers I won't swear to either way); and for this "sweeping assertion" I have this reason: the life of a mechanic (in the same, though a more elementary manner, as that of the man of exact sciences) brings him continually face to face with facts and realities, iron and wood, and to deal with these he has to find out a certain amount of truth and abide by it—little will it avail him, having measured a two-inch hole, to go and vaguely make an inch-and-a-half pin for it; nothing but two inches will do.

Of course, no one pretends that all mechanics are angels, or that there are no failings among the best, or consummate rascals among the worst; but the claim set up is simply that mechanics generally are superior in moral qualities to traders (which is of course a mere assertion), and that there is a reason why this should be so (which is a fact).

Those who speak of labor as a thing naturally repulsive to human nature only express (the commonest form of error) a half-truth. Turning a weighted crank or a tread-mill in a state prison, is undoubtedly (or at least probably) repulsive; but the labor of the mechanic constructing a machine, the carpenter or mason building a house, and many others, has an interest as great in its way (*experto crede*) as the higher labor of the painter at his easel or the sculptor at his model; and this, in degree, pervades almost all work.

Those who hold this idea of the purely repulsive nature of labor can know nothing of the pride, interest, and pleasure a good mechanic takes in his *work—not* in the strain on his muscles, but in the growth and completion of the thing he *creates*. They know nothing of what is meant by the "workman's conscience" (not the theologic article), the satisfaction of which is a recompense for and an inducement to his labor.

L. H.

BARABOO, Sauk Co., Wis.

[Those "who speak of labor as a thing naturally repulsive to human nature" undoubtedly do "only express a form of half-truth;" but this discussion is not about labor in general, but about "manual labor," and the pleasure a mechanic takes in constructing a machine, or a carpenter in building a house, as described by "L. H.," does not flow from the labor of the hands but of the head, and could be and is obtained in a far higher degree than mechanics ever know it by mathematicians, astronomers, and various other brain workers. In fact, manual labor loses its repulsiveness just in proportion to the degree to which it becomes a means of expressing thought.—ED. NATION.]

TWO BLUNDERS BY A. DIEZ.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I have been waiting from week to week till your correspondent Carl Benson (whose hand is well able to keep his head) should defend himself from the criticism upon him in the *Nation* of September 16. As he has not thought it worth his while, will you spare me a corner of your journal that I may correct Mr. A. Diez, lest he in turn "do harm to the reading world at large, as well as grieve the soul of the sympathetic scholar?"

I do not know what Mr. A. Diez means when he talks of "*que* denoting the subjunctive," but if he means that *que* does not mean "*that*" (in the sense of "who"), he is abundantly wrong. *Que* has almost as great a variety of meanings in Spanish as the verb *echar*. It answers to the Latin *quis, qui, quod, quum, cui, in quo,* and *quia,* not to go further. Its use as a relative pronoun, however, alone concerns us here. Friedrich Diez (the highest authority) would be somewhat astonished at the sweeping assertion of his namesake. He says, "Eine Annäherung dieser Conjunction an die Bedeutung des Relativpronomens, aus dem sie hervorgegangen, ist oben berührt worden. Es giebt überdies verschiedene Fügungen worin sie so

entschieden in den Wirkungskreis des Relativs eingreift dass sie überall mit demselben vertauscht werden dürfte" (Gramm. der Roman. Sprachen, B. iii., 362). In English, also, it is indifferent whether we say "he who" or "he that," and formerly "he which" was used—precisely as *que* is in Spanish. I open a volume of Cervantes at random and find "la desgracia que . . . me sucedió"—"the accident which happened to me." How would Mr. A. Diez translate

"*Que* el rey *que* esta casa abriere
A España tiene quemar?"

He is as badly off with his *oyera*. Everybody who knows anything of the Spanish language knows that this form of the verb was originally a pluperfect, but that it was commonly used as a simple perfect. For example, in another stanza of the same *romance* which Byron undertook to translate,

"Las cartas echó en el fuego,
Y al mensajero *matara*."

Perhaps Mr. A. Diez will say that this means "should have slain," but he will hardly make a conditional of

"Allí *hablara* una doncella
Que fortuna se decia."

I should say that Mr. Benson's critic knew as much Spanish as Byron, but not so much English, if I may judge by his rendering *vierte* by "turns." I give him his choice of two French proverbs, thereby showing myself twice as liberal as he was to Mr. Benson—*Ne mets ton doigt en anneau trop étroit*; or, *Ne reprends ce que n'entends*. FULANO.

HARVARD COLLEGE, October 1, 1869.

P. S.—I approach a more awful topic. The editor of the *Nation* is, of course, omniscient. Does he then *really* think it would make any difference in the *asonante* whether the word was *hablava* or *hablara*?

[It is to be observed Carl Benson reads *matava*, which agrees with the Spanish text before us. As to the question raised in the postscript, we can only reply, We do. The rule of assonance in Spanish poetry is, that the vowels correspond, while the consonants should be different. The poem observes this rule throughout, except in the *asonantes* to the proper name Granada.—ED. NATION.]

A MISEMENDATION BY MR. DIEZ.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Is not *que* a relative—masculine nominative relative—as well as a conjunction? And if the conditional (or perfect subjunctive) never has an indicative force, why does Mr. Diez wish to read *hablara* for *hablava*? I ask these questions not for the purpose of defending my translation of *que esto oyera*, which I freely admit to have been wrong, but only to show that his correction of me is quite as slipshod as mine of Byron. Again, it is hardly a fair statement of the case to say that I correct one mistake of the poet and make two of my own. *The whole stanza* is misinterpreted by Byron. First, the subject of the first line changed; secondly, a full stop at the end of the first line where there is no stop at all; thirdly, the third line connected in sense with the second instead of with the fourth. Finally, in his proposed substitution of *hablara* it looks as if Mr. Diez was making *the very same mistake which he detected in me*. *Hablara* could only be a future or a conditional; and accent, metre, and sense all forbid its being the former.

Is his objection to *hablava* that it is an imperfect while the sense requires a preterite of some kind? The perfect use of the imperfect is not unusual in the Spanish ballads. In the second stanza of this very one we find:

"Las cartas *echó* en el fuego,
Y al mensajero *matava*"—

the two stanzas having precisely the same force.

The phrase *que lo oyera, que esto oyera*, is common enough in the ballads, and sometimes appear in very deceptive positions—*e. g.*:

"Sayavedra que lo oyera
Al moro volvió la cara."

"Sayavedra, *on hearing this* (such I take to be the exact idiomatic equivalent of the Spanish), looked round at the Moor."

CARL BENSON.

[The publication of the above has been delayed by an oversight. —ED. NATION.]

Notes.

LITERARY.

MR. J. W. BOUTON, of this city, announces that, in connection with Messrs. Trübner & Co., of London, he will publish next month an octavo volume by Mr. Edward Edwards, entitled "Lives of the Founders, Augmentors, and other Benefactors of the British Museum—1570–1870." This work is said to be based on new researches at the Rolls House, the Department of MSS. of the Museum itself, and in many other places. It will be divided into three books and fifteen chapters, with a postscript on "Reconstructors and Projectors," with lithographic illustrations. Sir Robert Cotton; Thomas Howard, Earl of Arundel; Robert Harley, Earl of Oxford; Lord Elgin; Richard Payne Knight; Dr. Charles Burney; Francis Hargrave; Sir Joseph Banks; Thomas Grenville; Mr. Layard, etc., are some of the personages who will figure in its pages. Sixty copies only of the "Lives" will be printed on large and thick paper.——A circular from Prof. F. J. Child, Harvard College, is designed to awaken fresh interest in the objects and achievements of the Chaucer Society of London. We would gladly, if space permitted, reprint this circular entire, but as Prof. Child, who is Honorary Secretary of the Society in this country, offers to furnish full information to whoever applies for it, we will content ourselves with a brief summary of his statements. The Society aims to furnish material "for the construction of a correct text" by publishing parallel texts on the one hand, and on the other "the originals of works which Chaucer translated or imitated, and literary, philological, and other essays pertaining to Chaucer." This divides its work into two branches. In the first, it has actually published Part I. of a six-text edition of the "Canterbury Tales," to wit: the Prologue and Knight's Tale (the six together and also separately); and in the second, a temporary preface to the Tales, by Mr. F. J. Furnivall, a couple of the essays referred to, and Parts I. and II. of "English Pronunciation, with Especial Reference to Shakespeare and Chaucer," by Mr. Alex. J. Ellis. The publication is going forward as rapidly as may be. For two guineas a year, from Jan., 1868, and three shillings for postage yearly, the books will be sent by mail to subscribers in this country. The six-text edition—a large quarto—will have to come in through the Custom-House, but Prof. Child will distribute all copies ordered to his address, charging subscribers merely the duty and cost of transmission. Drafts should be sent to the Society's publishers, Messrs. Trübner & Co., 60 Paternoster Row, or Mr. Furnivall, at 3 Old Square, Lincoln's Inn, London. "For additional security," says Prof. Child, "American members are invited to inform me of their having joined the Society. The attention of the directors of public libraries is especially called to this important enterprise. An immediate increase in the subscription list will greatly expedite the execution of the Society's projects, and equally lessen the expense."——Messrs. A. S. Hale & Co., Hartford, Conn., announce as in press a work by Mr. Augustus Maverick, of the *Evening Post*: "Henry J. Raymond, and the New York Press for Thirty Years." Mr. Maverick was formerly upon the staff of the *Times*, and should be able to communicate some interesting reminiscences in both branches of his subject. The volume will contain a portrait of Mr. Raymond, and will be sold by subscription only.

— Massachusetts is about to have a new sort of popular literature, and at the risk of increasing the envy with which she is already regarded, we shall proceed to state what it is. The last Legislature established a State Board of Health, with broad aims and ample powers, which the Governor has recently filled with the most praiseworthy appointments. Drs. Henry I. Bowditch and George Derby have been chosen chairman and secretary respectively, and from an address made by the former at the first meeting of the board we learn the specific duties imposed upon it. These are (we quote Dr. Bowditch): "To take cognizance of everything tending to public health," and, consequently, "to endeavor to eradicate everything tending to public disease and death;" secondly, "to diffuse among the people a knowledge of the means of obtaining individual and public health and of preventing disease;" lastly, "to investigate the effects of the use of intoxicating liquors upon the industry, prosperity, happiness, health, and lives of the people," and to suggest legislation on any or all of the subjects submitted for enquiry to the board. Dr. Bowditch proposes for the diffusion of knowledge the use of the lyceum, "the publication in a compact form and the wide circulation of the pith, so to speak, of our general knowledge on public hygiene," and by brief, business-like, unrhetorical reports annually to the Legislature, "so thoroughly indexed that even the busiest man on 'Change can in three minutes get at the

essentials and be prepared to study the details of any part or parts he may wish further to examine." From the known character of the gentlemen composing this board, and the liberty of action accorded them, we venture to predict that their reports will be the most valuable documents which the State has produced since Horace Mann was made Secretary of the Board of Education.

—We have a fresh proof of woman's progress towards self-support and equality as a worker in the tasteful heading of a new German paper, published in this city—another of the *New Eras* (*Die neue Zeit*) of which we have already had several in the same language. Miss Alice Donlevy designed, and Miss Laura E. Bower engraved, the heading in a manner very creditable to them, and which ought to serve them as a good advertisement. This incident is the straw which shows which way the paper will set—in the direction of "Equal Rights for all;" and on reading the prospectus we find that the conductors agree with those Radicals who admit no shades in political opinion; that they are opposed to having a President, would make suffrage equal and based on intelligence, including women, that they have peculiar notions on the subject of labor, etc., etc. The first two numbers contain a fair variety of articles on social and political topics and on art, and the beginning of a translation of Ivan Turgeneff's "Assja."

—It is with good reason that, as we have remarked elsewhere, the novelists have begun to afflict their characters with cerebro-spinal disorders. The recent excitement in Wall Street has, we are informed, robbed so many brokers of sleep and thrown so many others off their nervous balance as to demand all the attention one of our most eminent practitioners, noted for his skill in the treatment of these derangements, can give them. We have always thought too little use was made of the medical *deus ex machina*. In these days of promiscuous travelling in close, unventilated cars and ferry-boats, the small-pox, for instance, is too seldom employed to thwart the crowning of the villain's schemes, or to add another to the true lover's obstacles. Paralysis, again, is an ill-appreciated instrument in the hands of retributive justice, being in fact one of the most dramatic of all, and too common now to excite the charge of improbability. One form of it, too—hemiplegia—affords scope for much subtlety in the management of the plot and for some very startling effects. Thus, we might have the hapless heroine dragged to the very altar and about to be sacrificed to the monster she abhors. Will the mercenary parents not relent? Will the python not relax his coils? Alas! are the gods deaf to the maiden's prayer? The old-fashioned novelist would have stood aghast and said yes! or would have lugged in a policeman in search of the forger; or the missing rival, whose temple was only grazed by the pistol-shot, and who, after being tumbled into the stream, had sense enough, etc., etc. Nowadays, we need merely make the brigand stoop to tie his shoe—apoplexy, paralysis—it is all one—ensues. But it is only partial. It was the right shoe that was loose; it is the right side that is affected. Now, though doctors disagree, it is enough that Broca holds that the organ of speech is located in the posterior part of the third frontal convolution of the left anterior lobe of the brain. Our villain recovers his erect position, but not the control of his tongue. The clergyman asks him if he will take this woman, etc., and he either answers nothing or stammers nonsense. A gleam of hope lights up the face of the despairing bride. They summon a physician: "the ceremony cannot go on." "Thank Heaven!" . . . . . .

— Mr. Dickens did well to allude, at the Oxford-Harvard dinner, to the "Harvard Memorial Biographies" and the test which rebellion applied to the manhood of our colleges—a test beside which the Thames trial was as nothing. Perhaps his appreciative remarks induced a correspondent of the Boston *Advertiser* to compile from the Harvard "Triennial" of 1869 the war statistics of twenty-five classes, or more properly twenty-one (1845–1865). The members of these numbered in all 1,722, and but two classes exceeded 100. Of these there had died, up to July, 1869, 251—90 having fallen in the service of the United States. Of 527 who had entered it (547, counting the classes 1866–'69), 1845 lost one man in the war to fifteen otherwise; 1848, three men in the war to fifteen otherwise, etc. The war loss creeps up to six in 1852, seven in 1858, and eight in 1859, and then jumps to twelve in 1860. But the percentage tells. 1859 sent 58 men into the service, 1860 sent 58, 1861 sent 54—or, 41.30, 54.20, 68.35 per cent. of their whole numbers; and there fell respectively 8, 12, and 10 men—or, 8.70, 11.21, 12.65 per cent. Let any one consider the character of those who thus sacrificed themselves, and then judge of the loss the country sustained in them. The correspondent adds the following estimates:

Percentage of whole number of graduates for 25 years (1845-69) in the U. S. service during the rebellion	21.22
Percentage of deaths to whole number in the service	16.45
Average number of each class in the service	21.88
Average percentage of each class in the service to the whole number in the class	25.97

The extremes have already been given. The date of the outbreak of the war accounts for the proportion of enlistments from the two classes 1860, 1861. The peace was threatened, if not already broken, before the graduates of 1860 had found their places in life, while the graduates of 1861 had Sumter and the Baltimore mob to fire them, with a still greater uncertainty as to future careers. They were free to choose, and more than two-thirds of the latter took up arms for the Union; and not a few, in both classes—indeed, in all the classes—fought on the other side.

—We have been struck, since the opening of the fall term, with the number and appearance of the college papers which come to us in exchange. Before us at this moment are lying copies of the *Harvard Advocate*, *Trinity Tablet*, (Michigan) *Chronicle*, and *Cornell Era*; together with the newly started *College Review*, and the *College Courant*, which are edited for the sake of all, rather than as organs of any one, of the colleges. The papers first-named may be said to refer to the *Harvard Advocate* as their ancestor, though the *Tablet* alone repeats its size. They may all be described as fairly printed on tinted paper, of sixteen pages each, and appearing weekly, fortnightly, or monthly, as the case may be. We believe we have found something worth reading in all of them—perhaps most in the *Era* and *Chronicle*, because they admit older contributors or copy articles from outside sources. But the *Advocate* seems to us the most pleasing reflection of student life and opinion, and in its poetry and *jeux d'esprit* shows a higher average culture than do the other papers. They all, however, mark a new epoch in college literature, and must eventually drive out of existence the unreal, inflated magazines that ten years ago were alone in vogue. The *Review* and *Courant* occupy nearly a common field, or may do so; for it is too early to predict what development the former will take on. As yet but one number has been issued, and that contains comparatively little of the news which probably makes the *Courant* quite as acceptable in other colleges as at Yale, and of which it gives a great deal from week to week. The September *Review* has one or two readable essays, more sound, however, than original, and in other respects bears the marks of an inchoate undertaking. Its paper and typography are considerably behind those of the local college papers, which may also be said of the *Courant*.

—Not only, as it appears, was Mrs. Stowe too hasty in seeking to turn ingenuous youth from the corrupting influence of Lord Byron's writings, and singularly unpractical in striving to do this by means of the most thorough advertising the poet ever got, but her self-appointed defender, Mr. Parton, was quite as much the victim of an *à priori* judgment. "W. G." (whom we take to be the veteran William Gowans) writes to the *Tribune* of the 28th that Mr. Parton erred most egregiously in declaring that, except Shakespeare, no poet not living sells per annum in this country so largely as Byron and Scott: "they are chief among the 'staples' of the book trade." In the first place, says "W. G.," there are two copies of Burns sold for every one of Byron; in proof of which he cites his own experience as a bookseller in New York for twenty-five years. He adds that as many as ten editions of Burns, published in America, are now in the market, to only six of Byron; while in importations from abroad Burns is vastly in excess. As for Scott, he sells worse than any modern poet except Wordsworth, and to one copy of his works there are forty sold of Burns's. It being notorious that in some points of character, and those not their best, Byron and Burns bore an unfortunate resemblance to each other, we ought presently to hear of a movement to deprive the latter also of his popularity. As it is, Mrs. Stowe has simply inaugurated a Byronic revival.

—The most interesting by far of English announcements by the last mail was that of a new monthly review, to be called the *Academy*, of which Mr. John Murray will be the publisher. The first number appears day after to-morrow (9th), the second Saturday in every month being fixed for the regular day of publication. According to the advertisement, the *Academy* may be defined "a monthly record of literature, learning, science, and art," the second department being introduced less because it really is a department co-ordinate with and not included in the others, than, we suppose, in order to vary the formula which the first-class weeklies have long since appropriated. The London *Publishers' Circular* says of it that it "promises to fill a gap in the literature of this country; *for* we hear that it is to be critical without personality, judicious yet not ill-natured, learned and still *not* pedantic." We italicize the *for*, inasmuch

as we had supposed these conditions to be pretty well met in existing periodicals, as we are sure they were in the too short-lived *Chronicle*. How much the *Academy* will resemble or differ from the *Fortnightly Review* we cannot now determine.

—The memoirs of Mme. d'Épinay have been denied the epithet "historical," for the reason that "they satisfy none of the conditions required to establish the truth, and because they contain demonstrated falsehoods." The inedited works of this equally unprepossessing and unchaste personage have just been published, in two volumes, in Paris. Rousseau, whom she so much befriended before she joined his enemies, and to whom she gave the retreat of the Hermitage to which we owe both other important writings and especially the "Émile," speaks of her dabbling in literature, and of her boring him with recitations of what she had written—"novels, letters, comedies, narratives, and other fiddle-faddle of that sort." Very likely he heard more or less of the contents of volume one, and indirectly inspired them, as they consist of writings composed in a highly moral vein for the education of her son, the young scapegrace who at fifteen would have poisoned his father. This crime has been absurdly laid at the door of Rousseau as if a legitimate result of his tutorship, whereas he had no part whatever in educating the boy, further than by chance to have been present at one of his examinations. Volume two contains Mme. d'Épinay's correspondence, and a series of philosophical reflections, styled "Mes moments heureux," and probably forming part of the "d'autres fadaises comme cela" with which she annoyed Jean Jacques.

—Some person who, perhaps, could not sleep because of the 20,000 francs with which M. Henri Martin has just been decked by the French Academy, has pointed out three errors committed by the historian in two lines of the second volume of his "Histoire de France." It is stated in the passage in question that "Raymond III., Count of Toulouse, received also the oath of Loup Asinaire (Lope Aznar), Duke of Gascony, an aged chieftain, more than a hundred years old, as Richer relates." It was not, however, to Raymond but to King Robert that Loup took the oath, and he is styled by Richer *Lupus acinarius*, or, as his editor has translated it, Loup Acinaire. M. Martin, not content with his being a wolf, has also, with the aid of a single letter, made an ass of him. And finally, it was the *horse* of Lupus that was a centenarian: "qui *equum* ferebatur habere annorum plus quam centum et adhuc toto corpore validissimum." This last is an odd if pardonable mistake, and recalls a similar one committed by Carlyle in his "French Revolution." It will be remembered how frequently he banters Marat with having been the horse-leech of Prince d'Artois, whereas he was merely doctor of the Artois stables, as some other was the doctor of the household. Thiers expressly says of him that "his studies and experiments upon men must have accustomed him to resist the spectacle of suffering." In the next fifty pages, Carlyle also represents the last mistress of Philippe-Égalité to have been "Madame de Buffon—*light wife* of a great Naturalist much too old for her," whereas she was Buffon's daughter-in law, a young lady of some seventeen summers.

—Something more than a year ago (Vol. VI., p. 287, of the *Nation*), in a letter on Italian libraries, mention was made of their number and enormous collections of books and manuscripts, and also of the fact, not creditable to the regenerate kingdom, that their resources had fallen off lamentably since the grand-ducal supremacy, and their increase been correspondingly crippled. The feeling to which this state of things naturally gave rise resulted in the appointment of a commission, with Count Cibrario at its head, to devise a scientific reorganization and regulation of the various libraries throughout the peninsula. This commission has just made its report to the Government, and some of its conclusions are as follows:—That the time for a grand universal library such as is maintained in other European countries has not yet come, but that of existing libraries the more important ones should increase their stock from every branch of knowledge, while the minor ones, and especially those in university towns, should expand with special reference to the use of students. In Florence, for example, the Commission recommends that to the National Library (formed in 1862 by the junction of the Magliabechiana and Palatina) be sent the third copy of every publication in the kingdom, instead of being deposited in the general archives, as the law now directs (another copy being due to the royal procurator, and a second to the local library). This already magnificent library the Commission would have still further enriched—but here in common with all other libraries—with copies of all official documents, legislative and statistical. It would unite, while still keeping them distinct, the Riccardiana and Laurenziana, in the same city, and would develop the Marucelliana in the interest of students in the secondary classical and technical schools. All libraries must prepare three catalogues—one alphabetical, one of subjects, and one of current acquisitions. Books may be taken home, with sufficient guaranties for their return, and by order of the minister even manuscripts may be removed, but with extraordinary precautions. When sent abroad, they will pass through the diplomatic channels. Employees are to be selected by competitive examinations, and librarians of the first class will give lectures for practical instruction in the duties of their place, so that persons can more easily train for assistants. Promotion is to be by merit alone, and the pay of librarians increased to what it should be. Such, in general, is the Committee's scheme; but if the Government is to carry it out by compulsion, it will assume a responsibility for the support of the libraries which now rests with the municipal authorities. We cannot undertake to say whether this is a result to be desired or not. No objection, we presume, would be made to an authoritative solution of the difficulties which will beset the making of the catalogues proposed, and which the Commission wisely declined to meddle with.

RANKE'S WALLENSTEIN.*

If there is a historian whom a perfect familiarity with the entire field covered by the struggles of Protestantism with Rome, a most thorough-going study of the diplomatic endeavors and secrets of the houses of Austria and France and of the Holy See in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, and an unbiassed judgment combined with critical acumen, have specially qualified to write on the career of Wallenstein, it is undoubtedly Ranke, the author of so many masterpieces on the history, in those ages, of North and South Germany, Southern Europe, France, and the Popes. His new work, though issued in the seventy-fourth year of its author's life, betrays no diminution of the powers which have placed him in the very foremost rank of German historians. In reading it, we admire the depth of research, the wide grasp, the sharp delineation, the classical chasteness of diction, and, above all, the perfect objectiveness which mark the best of his former productions. We find in it, also, his wonted indifference towards minor details, and rigid exclusion of everything sensational. As in his other writings, he addresses himself exclusively to our historical understanding, desirous to augment our stock of knowledge, but not at all to strike our imagination, to move our feelings, or to win our sympathies—be it for a cause or a man—though there is, in the theme before us, a grand cause on one side and a tragic fate on the other. And, indeed, many a reader who expects to find in this history striking sketches of battles and sieges, or elaborate tableaux of generals and statesmen, will be disappointed. Everything not closely belonging to the main task is either excluded or just hinted at; and the task, as the author understands it, is neither a history of that portion of the Thirty Years' War in which Wallenstein acts so prominent a part, nor a psychological biography of that hero. His subject is Wallenstein, as he rises, acts, leads, schemes, diplomatizes, conspires, and falls, in the midst of the grand political and religious complications and conflicts of Europe in the early part of the seventeenth century—an extraordinary man and a most extraordinary historical situation in their action upon each other. This scheme, though thus narrowly limited, is grandly conceived, however, and as powerfully worked up. The situation embraces a continent; the hero mightily grapples with it, and succumbs only to destiny—the historian, almost entirely lifting the curtain that veils the past, shows us both the field and the conflict in their full grandeur.

That great master of the heavenly sciences, Kepler, who, in 1609, calculated the nativity of Wallenstein—then twenty-six years of age—well deciphered the meaning of destiny when he found the stars of September 14, 1583, and traits of character already developed, to indicate gloomy, fermenting thoughts; disregard of laws human and divine; want of love; pitilessness; an impetuous, warlike, and undaunted spirit; a thirst for honor and power; stubbornness and daring, such as form leaders of malcontents; a disposition to make enemies, and aptness to conquer them. Waywardness and military inclinations had characterized his earlier years—a number of which were spent alternately in Protestant and Catholic high schools. Jesuitical influences and the blandishments of Italian culture had divested him—an early orphan—of the Protestant principles and Cechic national spirit which then animated the nobility of Bohemia, to which his parents belonged. Devoid of attachment alike to the faith he now professed and the faith he had abandoned, he fought, under Rudolf, against the Protestants of Hungary, then joined their pro-

* "Geschichte Wallensteins. Von Leopold von Ranke." Leipzig. 1869.

tector Matthias—the brother of that emperor—and finally followed Ferdinand of Styria, in whom the Jesuits moulded the future extirpator of all anti-Popish heresies. Ambitious, able, and discreet, he everywhere evinced ardor and activity, but, while following others, served only himself. Having inherited the rich Moravian estates of his first wife, he displayed at court the pomp and pride of a magnate, without neglecting, however, carefully to augment his wealth. His services at the rescue of Gradisca, in 1617, placed him in high favor; his star—in which he believed—was rising when, in the following year, the great religious war was opened by the Protestant outbreak in Prague.

The conflagration had spread over Bohemia, Moravia, and Austria when Ferdinand succeeded Matthias on the Imperial throne. Wallenstein hastened to the rescue of his protector, carrying with him the military chest of the Moravian Estates. Abandoned by his warriors, he enlisted fresh troops at his own expense. His Flemish cuirassiers routed Mansfeld's renowned Bohemian cavalry. His own bravery shone bright in the fight, at the Vienna bridge, with Bethlen of Transylvania. He was not personally present, but his regiment did excellent service, in the battle of Prague, which cost Frederic of the Palatinate his electoral as well as his new royal crown, and Bohemia both her liberties and her Protestantism. Gorged with rewards, the fruits of merciless confiscation, he became Duke of Friedland and the richest proprietor in his native country. The principal glory of these first victories over the insurgents and the Protestant Union, however, belonged to Maximilian of Bavaria, the head of the Catholic League, and to his general, Tilly. It was chiefly with the object of counterbalancing their growing prestige that Wallenstein offered and received full powers to raise an army with means advanced by himself. The army sprang up as if by magic, and, after a short co-operation with Tilly in the campaign of 1625 against Christian IV. of Denmark, he defeated Mansfeld on the Elbe, pursued him into Hungary, where he lost a part of his army, however, and soon reappeared in North Germany, carrying the banners of his emperor to the shores of the Baltic and the North Sea, enriching his soldiers and his friends with spoils, eclipsing the fame of his rival, Tilly, driving the King of Denmark to his islands, and occupying Mecklenburg for himself. Stralsund alone resisted heroically. His magnificence was at its zenith; but political intrigues were already working at his overthrow. He was too much hated and feared. His overbearing was revolting, his power and schemes seemed threatening.

The outcry against his way of making war support war was general. Both ally and foe, Catholic and Protestant, called it atrocious. Neither had the purely Catholic element any reason to be satisfied with his successes. He achieved them all in the dynastic, not in the religious interest. His army consisted of a motley crowd of men of all nations and creeds. Protestants served in its highest ranks. The proud generalissimo did not conceal his anti-Popish and anti-Jesuitical feelings. He believed neither in the Virgin—the "Generalissima" of his emperor—nor in her Son, nor in his Vicar; only in the stars, and even this was doubted. He was believed to have said it was time Rome should be sacked once more. He negotiated with Protestant Gustavus Adolphus of Sweden, and was as ready to negotiate with the neutral Protestant electors of Saxony and Brandenburg. More than that, he hated the Catholic electors, and, most of all, their leader, Maximilian. He had, though in vain, opposed the issue, so much urged by them, of the Edict of Restitution, by which the Protestants were finally to be crushed. He planned the reconciliation of the Emperor with his religious opponents, the extension of his power to almost absolute sway, the restitution of the banished princes, and the exchange of Mecklenburg for the Palatinate, the electoral crown of which had been given to Maximilian. He had made his cousin heir to possessions not rightly belonging to himself. He urged the continuation of the war in Italy against France, in the interests of the all-overshadowing power of the double House of Austria. He also meditated, for it or for himself, the conquest of Constantinople by an adventurous war by sea and land. He diplomatized, negotiated, rewarded, and punished, as if he were an independent prince. All this—and there was hardly an exaggeration in all of it—was urged against Wallenstein by the Catholic electors and the agents of the Pope with persistency, and not without worldly and clerical threats. The former even began intriguing with Richelieu—who had just taken La Rochelle and made peace with England—and, what is stranger, with the Protestant electors, against the Catholic head of the Empire. Ferdinand yielded reluctantly, and against the advice of Spain. The aspect of affairs seemed reassuring. Denmark had been compelled to make peace, the Protestant Union was broken, the mighty Prince of Transylvania was dead. Wallenstein was then deprived of his command, which was given to Tilly. Sullenly he retired to his estates in Bohemia, where he lived in regal, almost fabulous splendor, brooding over schemes of revenge.

Revenge came sooner than he expected. Gustavus Adolphus had just landed—it was in the summer of 1630—on the German shores of the Baltic. Richelieu was his ally. As Wallenstein anticipated, the whole North of Germany, inflamed by the Edict of Restitution, was soon in full blaze of revolt. The Swedish banners seemed to wave everywhere. Tilly was unable to check their advance, but he wreaked his revenge on Magdeburg, which fell before Gustavus approached. But now Saxony, too, joined the liberator; and at Breitenfeld the new generalissimo of the empire suffered his first defeat—a crushing one. The South of Germany lay open to the Swedes, and thither they advanced. Wallenstein alone could save. He alone could stamp a new army out of the ground. But Wallenstein—there is "no doubt about it"—was then hatching treason, and treason on a grand scale. His Bohemian negotiators were in the enemy's camps. He offered to join Gustavus, and with him to settle all the great issues, ignoring both France and the emperor. The task was to drive Ferdinand to Italy, totally to ruin the house of Spain-and-Austria, to uproot "the foes" in Germany, and make Maximilian feel the worst of it. As Mecklenburg was to be restored to its dukes, Wallenstein demanded Bohemia for himself and as his base of operations, in which twelve thousand Swedes were to join him. The scheme was vast, as all of Wallenstein's schemes were—for his boldness and ambition were as boundless as his selfishness and unscrupulousness. But Gustavus hesitated, proposed half-measures, and by so doing repelled the haughty traitor.

To go over at once to the other side was to Wallenstein an equally easy step. He was still in favor with Ferdinand. Spain saw in his removal the frustration of her plans in Italy against France and against the Dutch. Bavaria was under the heel of the Swede. Tilly's sword was broken. Wallenstein could dictate his terms, and he meant to do so. The hand he offered was that of a savior. He meant to command for the emperor and for himself, but no longer to serve. He was determined to make himself master of the situation. And, indeed, Ferdinand easily acceded to all his stipulations. The duke was reappointed Capo d'Armada, with almost dictatorial powers. The emperor vanished behind the general. And with wonderful energy Wallenstein resumed his activity in spite of the gout, which had tormented him for years. With the ready aid of his former officers, he created an army. He opened negotiations all around. Richelieu was to be neutralized by a civil war in France and by the Spaniards on the Rhine. Saxony was to be won over, and all Protestant Germany conciliated by a liberal policy. But the Saxons were first to be driven from Bohemia, which they had invaded, not without secret aid from Wallenstein himself. This was brilliantly achieved, and by it the old prestige regained. Gustavus, however, was long left unmolested, while Tilly vainly perished in Maximilian's defense. The first encounter of Wallenstein with Gustavus before Nuremberg was indecisive. They met again, September 6, 1632, at Lützen, near the field where Tilly had succumbed to the Swede a year before. The shock was terrific, though the armies were small. Gustavus fell, but Wallenstein declared himself vanquished by retreating into Bohemia.

All his thoughts and intrigues were now directed towards the bringing about of a peace, in which he would still play the arbiter, and which would leave him in possession of an almost independent state. To conclude such a peace, the emperor and his Jesuits, whom Wallenstein detested, were to be forced. Secret overtures were made to Oxenstiern and others. Negotiators were not wanting; but Wallenstein was distrusted by both foes and friends. Oxenstiern demanded more decided advances, an overt act, which would serve him as a guaranty. In the meanwhile, the plottings remained no secret. The agents of Spain and Rome were mainly active in tracing and unveiling them. Wallenstein felt the ground to tremble under him. He was gradually pushed down the declivity which led to open treason, and hardly a retreat was left. Nor was there much time to be lost. He was too well watched, snares were laid, and but a signal from Vienna was wanting to destroy him. The spirit of the army was doubtful. After all, it was the emperor's army. He sounded his officers; represented to them that his deposition was again plotted by their enemies, which would ruin the army, the prospects of peace, and the best hopes of the country; and adroitly made them sign a declaration by which they bound themselves to stand by him against all his enemies. This promise, however, did not explicitly imply defection, in case of emergency, from the emperor himself; nor was it given by all in good faith. It was too little for safety, yet too threatening not to provoke the

court to extreme measures. Secret orders for Wallenstein's arrest by all possible means were issued. He was to be tried. He learned too late that he had miscalculated his hold on the army. When resorting to open defection, he met with the same. He fled to Eger to surrender that fortress and himself to the Swedes. The fidelity to the emperor of a few Scotch Protestant and Irish Catholic officers, however, prevented this consummation. Acting for themselves, they had him assassinated in the night after his arrival (February 25, 1634). Standing, with outstretched arms, and silent, he received the deadly thrust. The heroic part of the Thirty Years' War was over.

A CLERGYMAN ON PLANCHETTE.*

This book is an attempt to explain spiritualistic phenomena by a supposed peculiar mode of action of nervous force. Dr. Samson brings to the subject the learning of a doctor of divinity, but not the mental discipline which is requisite in scientific research. But the great public do not much respect the opinion of scientific men concerning spiritualism, mesmerism, and other questionable matters. The great public believe that special education so much increases the force of prejudices as more than to outweigh all its advantages. They respect the judgment of a mind which comes fresh to the subject. They desire to see politicians in the place of generals, merchants in the place of statesmen, flatboatmen in the pulpit, and prosperous butchers as chairmen of school committees. Upon a question of international law they attach great value to the views of a clergyman; but a physiologist's ideas of medicine they regard with contempt. Of scientific men, they hold that "repudiating every new suggestion not in consonance with the arbitrary theory in which they have been educated, they superciliously reject all new truths until demonstrated without their assistance by the rough common-sense of the, to them, uneducated world." In point of fact, this is not a truthful epitome of the history of science. The great discoveries of modern physics—the theories of gravitation, combustion, polarization, electricity, and the correlation of forces—belong, without exception, to professional scientists, and their acceptance, if delayed by severe scrutiny, was in no way due to public opinion. Galileo, the last discoverer who was persecuted, was persecuted not by the *scientific* men, but by that same "rough" common-sense and by the religious timidity of those whose business lay with books and not with nature. It is a mistaken opinion that a special education fosters prejudice concerning the objects to which the education specially relates. It has been said that the clergy have appeared in history as prejudiced upon matters of religion. If this is true, it should be attributed rather to the fact that the faith with which they set out is of the nature of a prejudice—as the theological phrase is, *un préjugé légitime*—than to their having pursued their studies so far. On the contrary, the frequent occurrence of new and heretical doctrines among theologians shows that this study, like all others, tends to free the mind from the rule of passion. Of course we do not say that heresies are the ultimate result of theological enquiries. If all investigation did not tend to produce at last a settled conclusion and a catholic consent, the human mind would be a worthless instrument. This final conclusion, when it is reached, is mistaken by the unlearned for a prejudice, because they have themselves no fixed opinions of which they can give any rational account. There is some excuse for such a feeling on the part of mere idlers, but there is none for those who really have a special training in one department and who overlook its necessity in another. With what reason can a banker, for example, who would think a man of science excessively rash who should invest his money upon the strength of such observations and inferences as he could make for himself,—with what reason can he think himself more competent to enquire into the causes of a natural phenomenon than those who devote their whole lives to fitting themselves for such investigations?

In order to illustrate the folly of the attitude which ignorance assumes towards science, it will be useful to repeat the history of Hedgcock's quadrant. This instrument is not now in use, but in 1857 it made much noise in Boston. The peculiar merit claimed for the invention was that the navigator could sit comfortably in his cabin, and, by simply observing with it upon a candle instead of a heavenly body, could at once read off from one arm the sum of his latitude and longitude, and from another his latitude, which, subtracted from that sum, would give his longitude. It would not be easy to invent a pretension quite parallel to this, in respect to the immense mass of exact observation already in our possession which goes directly to refute it. It would, for example, be less absurd to maintain that lead is ten per cent. heavier in winter than in summer. However, the instrument was exhibited to the American Academy of Arts and Sciences, and a committee was appointed by them to report upon its merits. This committee examined it, and reported that it was directly contrary to a vast experience; but they declined to travel with the instrument in order to test it. This declination at once raised a storm in the newspapers, which forgot that if scientific men are to be regarded as competent to conduct an investigation into a quadrant at all, they must be allowed to be the judges of what should and what should not form a part of such investigation. But for some weeks the papers were filled with denunciations of scientific obstinacy, and several high naval officers and other gentlemen well known in the community came out in support of the quadrant with letters over their own proper signatures, which do not read very wise twelve years after. For example, the scientific committee having said that the changes of direction of a ray of light by refraction and reflection were the same for polarized as for unpolarized light, Commander John A. Winslow, in the Boston *Courier* of April 20, 1857, said, "Let me tell them that Fresnel would blush to hear a committee termed scientific make such assertions, which a few experiments by him would falsify." Another writer announced that "the practicability of this new quadrant has been established beyond a cavil." Another: "We do not doubt that the whole Academy will get a lesson from this quadrant worth remembering." The scientific men did not retort. It was curious how committees not scientific reported in favor of the new invention. Commander French and Mr. Spear obtained the differences of latitude and longitude between Boston, Albany, New York, and Springfield "with a remarkable degree of exactness," according to one gentleman; "to a very nice degree of accuracy," according to the other. A committee of shipmasters obtained the sum of the differences of latitude and longitude between Boston and Salem as 21′, which is very nearly correct. Messrs. R. B. Forbes, French, and Hedgcock, with two instruments, got the sum of the differences of latitude and longitude between Annapolis and Boston as 9° 10′ and 8° 55′, the truth being 8° 47′, according to Mr. Forbes. Other instances were reported, but not so well attested. A little over a month from the beginning of the great excitement on the subject it suddenly died out, and this great invention, which was to be one more illustration of the opposition of scientific men to all new discoveries, was lost sight of for ever.

Spiritualists and men of science are fully agreed upon one point in opposition to Dr. Samson—namely, that spiritualistic experiments betoken an intelligence which must be attributed to some mind, and that they differ *toto cœlo* from every effect of a purely physical or nervous force.* This mind belongs either to the persons in the room or to disembodied spirits. The latter hypothesis is consonant with the religious belief of some persons; but it is out of harmony with all the most accurate experience of nature. The former hypothesis requires the supposition of such errors of observation as few persons can believe possible except those whose profession has required them to make a thorough study of such errors. This hypothesis also requires the supposition of cheating. In the case of professional mediums, this is not a violent supposition; especially as the jugglers tell us how these persons perform their experiments, and the electricians have for sale the apparatus which they say they supply them with, and as they have been repeatedly exposed. But it is a harsh supposition when it comes to be applied, as it must be, to ladies of the highest respectability, who are warmly esteemed by their friends, and who have great tenderness of feeling. A considerable degree of success upon the planchette can no doubt be explained upon physiological principles, without the necessity of supposing lies. But not all. And there is reason to fear that many girls are insensibly betrayed, by the planchette and "responding tables," into a crime whose magnitude their slight intellectual development does not enable them to estimate rightly.

MY DAUGHTER ELINOR.†

"My Daughter Elinor" deserves the credit of being an ambitious, and in some measure successful, effort to delineate a kind of social life which American novelists have seldom undertaken, and in which they have still seldomer achieved any appreciable successes. The American novel has generally wrecked itself—we are speaking of it now simply

* "Physical Media in Spiritual Manifestations. The Phenomena of Responding Tables and the Planchette, and their Physical Cause in the Nervous Organism, illustrated from Ancient and Modern Testimonies. By G. W. Samson, D.D., President of Columbian College, Washington, D.C." Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1869.

* We have known a young lady to be so impressed with a planchette's divulging her secrets that she thought it *must be*—electricity. What was needed for such a mind was not an argument, but an education.

† "My Daughter Elinor: A Novel." New York: Harper & Brothers. 1869.

from the artistic point of view—on the rock of great moral ideas, and subordinated the study of character and the delineation of life as it lies before one's eyes to the expression of "views" on this, that, or the other religious or humanitarian theory of life; or else, having no views to advance and few ideas to express, it became a thin, vapid, colorless rehash of the ordinary English novel of society. With the exception of Mr. Henry James, jr.'s half-dozen social sketches, we do not recollect until now any very successful effort to study American life simply for its own sake. We do not, of course, intend to place "My Daughter Elinor" on a level with Mr. James's work—which, slight as it is, always shows a command of materials, a conscientious workmanship, and a subtle perception of character and motives which this novel, although elaborated with a rather too perceptible effort, never exhibits. Still, it is an attempt in the right direction—the direction, we suppose, in which the "great American novel," when it comes, will also have to follow. That is to say, the telling of its story for its own sake, and the development—or, rather, in this case, the display—of its characters, form its only and sufficient motive. Then, too, it has eschewed, though not with too evident an omission, the particular types of American life which have been most often insisted upon by our own and foreign novelists and playwrights. The Yankee is not brought into prominence—neither the mean, close-fisted Yankee, nor that other, whom we all know so well, who landed on Plymouth Rock, built Boston, and civilized the Great West. It has no place, either, for the Southerner of the chivalrous or unchivalrous description; nor for the Bostonian, metaphysical, philosophical, and also a trifle provincial. It does not touch the Woman Question, either to praise or blame; it spends no time in speculating on the influence of race on moral and mental peculiarities; and is only slightly troubled by Calvinism. Its rather strongly High-Church tendency is merely the right thing in the right place, as far as the object of the book is concerned, and gives, we suppose, another touch of verisimilitude to the picture.

These are all negative merits, it is true; but then one had begun to believe either that the American mind was so subtle and far-reaching that, like "Sordello," it could not touch one thing without stirring everything that had even the remotest connection with it; or else that, having seen a certain method tried with some success, it was never likely to occur to it that there could be any other productive of good results. It is something to have perceived that, for the purposes of a society novel, the life of the wealthier classes of New York and Washington, as being less provincial and less given to notions and "isms" than New England life, either in city or village, offered some promising material, and that political and financial crises afforded a newer and more suggestive field for lively writing than theological dogmas, the burden of which is no longer very severely felt, or than social questions which are rapidly settling themselves without attracting overmuch attention from "society."

Passing, however, from the negative to the positive merits of the novel, the author seems to have a better than ordinary knowledge (we are still comparing him with native workmen) of what one may call the mechanical part of his craft. He makes the necessary changes of scenes and characters without awkwardness, his puppets do not creak audibly, and he knows how to make small-talk which is often lively and effective. One or two of his characters, also—notably the heroine—are well conceived and well sustained, the story is well enough contrived for his purpose, and the moral tone of the book is not open to objections. It suffers, however, in some degree from its excessive length, and to a much greater one from the author's desire to be always lively, effective, and brilliant in his style. Brilliant, however, he never is, but, on the contrary, often slipshod, always self-conscious, and sometimes even boisterously loud. His funny characters have, too, the great disadvantage of suggesting Dickens, to their own loss, and of depending for their amusing qualities upon exaggerations and mistakes, and not at all upon wit. They are, in fact—Mrs. Piffitt, the Idol, Tad, and all—only somewhat course caricatures which seldom have the merit of suggesting actual types. Some of Mrs. Hackett's earlier blunders are nevertheless to be called amusing; they grow too frequent and too much alike as the book goes on. The author has, too, a bad habit of emphasizing his jokes and bright sayings by putting them in capital letters and by harping on them. The worst of it is that the jokes are not really very good ones in the first place, being apter than not to consist in rather obvious nicknames—thus, for instance, he has a trick of calling his pair of married lovers "the Doves;" his broker is always "the Bull," and when at home "goes lowing about the home pasture;" and Mrs. Hackett, having once been compared, on account of her gorgeous dress, to an Indian idol in good repute among its worshippers, is ever after "the Idol." But these, after all, are minor matters; and, on the whole, we are disposed to be grateful for an honest and painstaking, even if not altogether successful, attempt to delineate American society.

By the way, what the doctors are telling us about the changes which are occurring in the types of disease at the present day, and the increasing prevalence of nervous and brain diseases, seems to have been seized upon by the novelists as affording some fresh material. This is the third novel of the season—the other two were foreign; the one German, the other English—in which we have found the gradual approach of paralysis and the notation of its symptoms to be rather effectively used. The hectic cheek and the hacking cough which used to heighten a heroine's beauty and deepen a reader's sympathy begin to give place in interest to a numbness in the cerebellar region, a stinging pain along the spine, and certain accompanying mental aberrations. The average novel-reader, who must in his time have wept over more interesting consumptives than he will care to remember, will probably rejoice in the change. The medical journals do the thing with a more scientific accuracy, no doubt, but they can seldom lay claim to much dramatic interest, and are not apt to concern themselves about scenic effects.

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The Week.

ON a comparatively light vote, but, so far as now appears, by majorities not proportionally light, the Republicans seem to have carried both Ohio and Pennsylvania. This removes Pendleton and Packer from the field of possible candidates for the Presidency, and is good for Hoffman—a politician worse and more dangerous, as we believe, than either. Also, it finally disposes of repudiation, and, doubtless, ensures Ohio's renewed ratification of the Fifteenth Amendment.

Mr. G. W. Curtis, General Robinson, and another, having declined to hold their places on the Republican ticket in this State, it had to be remodelled. General Sigel now appears on it for Secretary of State, and Mr. Horace Greeley as Comptroller. Both have accepted. Mr. Greeley, in a leading article in the *Tribune*, in which he testifies to his own devotion to the cause of equal rights, points out that as long as the Fifteenth Amendment is not adopted, the struggle is not over; and expresses his fears that, this being an "off-year" in politics, the Republican vote in the State may not be as strong as it ought to be. Whatever want of zeal there may be amongst the Republicans, however—and it must be confessed they do not seem particularly zealous—is due partly to the feeling of doubt which prevails whether any successful head can be made hereafter against the Democratic frauds in this city. The plan the leaders hit on last year of having the number of votes *required* telegraphed from the country districts to the city before the canvass was over, worked to perfection. The necessary majority was produced to order; and now as large a one of course could, and probably will be, manufactured again if necessary. The men and machinery for the job still exist, and are now more audacious and dexterous than they were last year. Moreover, the danger of any legal punishment diminishes every year, as the bench passes more and more under the control of Tammany. The Union League appointed a committee to investigate the frauds, and it was composed of very respectable gentlemen; but putting them in pursuit of Tweed, Sweeny, and Co. was very like sending a mastiff to catch hares. Of course nothing came of the enquiry; and the question what is to be done remains for discussion the same as ever.

In Tennessee, just now, the Radical Republicans are affording us a spectacle that has been on the bills for a long time—the reaping of the whirlwind after the sowing of the wind. The Legislature which Governor Senter said he believed would meet at once and ratify the Fifteenth Amendment, has met, and shows just as much intention to do that, or anything like it, as the Governor probably expected it to show. It has behaved with rather less than the degree of dignity and sense that Tennessee legislators and statesmen have been in the habit of displaying to us. On the first day, a bill was introduced abolishing all the courts. This was to get out of office an obnoxious Radical judge. Other bills were for the repeal of every act passed during the last four years, for the repeal of the statutes concerning education, for the convening of a new constitutional convention, and, generally, for a thorough sweeping and garnishing of the political house, and apparently for its repossession.

Meantime, outside of the Houses, the members are even busier than inside, Mr. Andrew Johnson being in a state of high activity, canvassing with great ardor, and with all the skill of a veteran honey-fugler and inveigler. It would be a great pleasure to observe him closely between now and next Tuesday. He reports himself confident of success, and the most that his antagonist, Etheridge, can say to the contrary, is that he thinks he can make the fight so hot for the venerable Ex-President that that gentleman's friends will have to drop him and take up a third man. So we may see Senter slipping in after all, and getting the reward of his treachery—a worse thing than having Johnson. Further South, the only political activity is in Mississippi, where Judge Dent and General Alcorn are "stumping" in company, which looks a hazardous thing for Dent to do, as Alcorn is understood to be a good speaker of the stentorian and fluent Southern type, while the judge is not an impressive person in manner or appearance. The latter declares, however, that he is certain to be elected. In this opinion, however, he is probably mistaken. The regular Republican platform is as liberal as his, and his success would be a Democratic success obtained under false pretences, or else it would be merely the success of the President's relative.

It is, by the way, not a little curious that the Southern gentry, who used to vaunt their independence and pride, are so ready to truckle to men in authority. It was very noticeable in 1865, and later, when what "the President" said and did had more weight with the Southern leaders of opinion than the action of Congress, and when their blind obedience to Mr. Johnson led them to take without flinching the bitterest and strongest pills, such as the repudiation of the rebel war debts, and also to indulge in futile opposition to such comparatively mild medicines as Congress proposed. So, too, every military officer in authority in the Southern country could tell dozens of stories in illustration of this rather unexpected trait. The selection of Dent by the Mississippians was an illustration of it. And in Virginia it has been very plainly exhibited during the last political campaign. Indeed, the sullenness of the Virginians since Appomattox, as well as that of Southerners generally, is, as we have said, not to be attributed so much to their traditional pride as to the fact that they took Mr. Johnson's orders with regard to what they were to do. It was a pride that did not ape humility, but was humility, or servility. The Wells men in Virginia are not to be called conservatives or aristocrats, to be sure, but they also, just recently, have been displaying their respect for rulers. General White, who is one of their favorite candidates for the Senate, is to be dropped, it is said, because if he should be sent up to Washington Butler would be offended, the latter general having once been challenged by the former and having declined to fight, but probably not therefore meaning to say that he had the best of good-will towards his challenger. The Virginian Legislature has without delay ratified the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments, and talks of pledg-

ing itself to ratify them over again after all doubts of its right to do so shall have been removed by the Congressional admission that Virginia is once more a State in the Union. The Wells men have petitioned General Canby, but he will not exact the iron-clad oath; and they make various threats, as of appealing to Congress; but they act with the Walker men, and the latter feel perfectly secure, as no doubt they may, the "Southern Radical" and the "Impeachment Radical" being practically things of the past.

Ex-President Pierce died last Friday at his home in Concord, New Hampshire, at almost the end of his sixty-fifth year. His death is not a public calamity or loss, nor will it much touch the popular heart, for of late years more than the usual obscurity that is the lot of Presidents out of place had fallen on him, and he was never widely beloved outside of New Hampshire, nor there so much beloved of late years as formerly. There has, however, been very little of the harshness shown in judging him which would certainly have been dealt out in heaped measure had he died ten or twelve years ago. He was then thoroughly hated or despised in the North; and the South, without hating him, despised him as a worn-out tool. No one now would say that either the hatred or the contempt was wholly deserved. An unlucky President he certainly was; but neither so ill-meaning nor so weak as he seemed when Cushing, Davis, Marcy, Guthrie, and Douglas were around him, and he was doing not so much what any of these prompted as what his father Benjamin—a worshipper of "the Union," "first, last, and all the time"—had taught him on the Hillsborough farm. Personally, the Ex-President was very kind-hearted and possessed of much tact. All New Hampshire, it is said, used to call him "Frank," and it is averred that nearly every able-bodied male of that State went on to Washington when he became President, assured that so good a fellow would not refuse any of them an office. His personal popularity rather declined afterwards, but he still was well liked, as he deserved to be. Perhaps to this quality he will owe his longest remembrance, and, as the roll of Presidents increases in length and surpasses the powers of human memory, the "most available" of them all may be recollected only as the one of them who attached Hawthorne to himself as a warm and life-long friend.

Mr. Greeley and Professor Perry have had an oral discussion on free trade and protection before a "fair audience" in Boston, Professor Perry opening. The antagonists were very courteous, not to say complimentary, to each other, and appear to have said many good things; but, in the absence of a full report, general criticism is, of course, out of the question. It may be observed, however, that, useful as such debates may be in exciting interest in a subject, they are not, we think, on the whole of much value in the formation of public opinion, because—and in saying this we make no reflection on the powers of either Mr. Greeley or Mr. Perry—the cause, on one side or other, is sure to suffer from the want of rhetorical skill or readiness of its advocate. A man can make up for his natural defects by careful preparation, if he has only to make a statement or general argument, but if he has to reply to an opponent on the spur of the moment, he may have the better case, and yet make the worse figure. In the present instance, some of Mr. Greeley's positions, if he is at all correctly reported, would surely be revised if taken up in his closet. When he says that "an advocate of the slave-trade was never known who was not a free-trader at heart," he must mean, in order to make the observation of any value, that there is something in free-trade views which disposes the men who hold them to look favorably on slave-trading, which, if true, is literally a horrible revelation, for some of the most eminent philanthropists and reformers of all civilized countries are free-traders. If they really secretly favor the "man traffic," it is safe to say there is no hope for mankind, and the wholesale appropriation of the species by that arch-free-trader, Satan, is but a question of time. Nothing is more certain than that, if he is obliged to carry off economists of his own school, like John Bright, for instance, or Michel Chevalier, he will be so irritated that he will not be very particular about picking up protectionists also on his way home, and, once in his clutches, there will be very little use in any one's citing Henry Clay or Henry C. Carey to him.

The discussion about the connection of the President with the Gold Corner has made no progress of any interest. The *Sun* is still, as far as our knowledge goes, the only paper which has made the charge, or given any countenance to it, and that paper makes it in a style which deprives it of all weight, and the controversy has now, in its hands, sunk into a discharge of rather silly billingsgate at the city papers, Democratic as well as Republican. It has, however, succeeded in fastening some very damaging imputations on Mr. Corbin, both with regard to his career as Clerk of a Congressional Committee, and to his connection with the Gold Ring, to which as yet Mr. Corbin, being, we believe, ill, has made no reply. There were, as we have said, some features in the gold crisis which pointed to the connection with it of some Government official. These ought to have been investigated, but the affair having been converted into a wild, rancorous, personal attack on Grant, all decent men are by this time so disgusted with it, that it will probably die out in a few days, to everybody's joy, without leaving anything behind but a few worn-out epithets, a few handsful of editorial hair, and a bad smell.

It may be said without exaggeration that any large employer of labor who makes an honest attempt to give his workpeople an interest in the results of their labor contingent on the success of the business, or, in other words, admits them to modified partnership, does more for the elevation of the working-classes, and the settlement of the labor problem, than all the talkers and writers on the subject put together. Professor Beesly and other Comtists hold, we know, that the army is the type on which labor must be organized; but to organize an army you have to have a power outside to enforce discipline. Labor is at present organized on this model, but for want of a "mutiny act" the result is simply a body of disorderly and mutinous militia. We have more than once spoken of the great success which has attended the experiment made by the Messrs. Briggs at their colliery in Yorkshire. Other firms have tried it, but it has been found in practice that it works well or ill according as the value of the labor in the enterprise bears a small or a large proportion to machinery and raw material. It is now about to be tried by the Messrs. Brewster, the carriage manufacturers, in this city; and if in a business of this kind it can be made to work, it is hard to see why it may not be indefinitely extended. One of the great advantages which these "industrial partnerships" possess over ordinary co-operative associations is that they secure the services of a skilled and interested capitalist as superintendent; and they at the same time supply—what is one of the most valuable features of the co-operative associations—the admission of the workmen to a knowledge of the relations of labor and capital to profits, and of the various conditions on which the success of industrial enterprises depends.

The news from Spain seems to be about as bad as possible. There are partial risings of the Republicans in every direction, and these are suppressed by the Government with sanguinary energy, but apparently without restoring order. The constitution is suspended, and there are now fears of an outbreak at Madrid, where the great body of the volunteers, who secured arms from the arsenals in the first days of the rising against the Queen, are either hostile to the Government or suspicious of it, and could, if fairly roused, precipitate a bloody struggle in the capital, which would, however it might end, leave behind few traces of the constitutional régime. The one chance for the establishment of a popular government in Spain on a truly liberal basis lay in breaking up the association of violence and bloodshed with political changes which has for so long been the curse of Spain. The accomplishment of measures of reform without fighting or rioting would probably have enabled Spanish liberty to reach the dry land, but the Republicans seem to be determined to render this impossible by resorting to fighting on every possible opportunity. Even if they triumph in this way, which is not likely, their rule will last just long enough to enable some "chief of their choice" to get hold of the army, and cut the throats of his colleagues, or send them to the Canary Islands. If they do not triumph, they will probably be treated

to martial law for an indefinite period, and then good-by to the republic and even constitutional monarchy.

The Spanish Government, it is said, seriously talk of the Duke of Genoa, a nephew of Victor Emanuel, who is now at school at Harrow (England), and lives in Matthew Arnold's house and under his care, for the vacant throne, and as nobody else offers, his chances may be said to be as good as anybody's, and better. The English papers make the mention of his name an occasion for pointing out that we may soon have a chance of witnessing the effect of "sweetness and light" on a reigning monarch. If the young man obtains the crown, however, he will probably display the effects of the training of an English public school more prominently than anything else, and whatever its faults may be for ordinary people, better training for a prince could hardly be imagined.

A correspondent of the New York *Tribune* describes the malady with which the French Emperor is afflicted, as well as the expedient, resorted to by the Emperor to conceal the knowledge of it even from his medical attendants and servants in its earlier stages, with a minuteness which suggests the supposition either that the writer has "interviewed" him on the subject of his bodily infirmities, or, what is far more probable, was under the bed when the deluded monarch was, as he foolishly imagined, privately doctoring himself. But then a good deal of the *Tribune's* foreign intelligence is startling. It has had, within the last two years, private, exclusive, and early information of the near outbreak of one great war between Russia and Turkey, which it assured us would end in a general European conflagration; and also still more private, more exclusive, and excruciatingly early intelligence of a "triple alliance" against the United States on the part of France, England, and Spain. It now informs us "authoritatively" that the Emperor is afflicted with a painful disease of the bladder, and describes with great power the effect of such diseases on the nervous system. This, however, has been for some time no secret; what was a secret, however, but which the *Tribune* has revealed, is that in the earlier stages of the malady the Emperor burnt his back along the line of the spine with a lighted candle, by way of counter-irritation. As this, as we have said, was done for the express purpose of concealing his symptoms even from trusted friends, it shows the power of the press in these days that even a mighty monarch cannot cauterize his own back without the reporters knowing it.

Still, it is certain that Napoleon's symptoms are grave, that his complete recovery is out of the question, that his death may occur at any moment, and that it is more and more evident that he has not succeeded in rooting his dynasty in French soil. The knowledge of this, which must become clearer to him every day, of course not only aggravates his disease, but probably unsettles his counsels and infuses into his policy toward the Liberals that vacillation and irresolution which have for some months back been both encouraging and irritating them. The abuse heaped on him and his surroundings by the newspapers is perfectly ferocious, and something the like of which has not been witnessed in France since the Restoration, their long repression and the splendid success of Rochefort having apparently either relieved the journalists of all scruples, or else destroyed such traditions of decency and self-restraint as they were once ruled by. The Liberal members of the Corps Législatif are in the meantime growing restless and defiant under the failure of the Government to convene the Lower Chamber; and M. de Kératry, who is not a Red by any means, declares that if the Emperor delays calling the Corps Législatif together longer than October 25, he will violate the constitution and relieve the members from their allegiance. Others talk in the same way, but there is a division of sentiment amongst them as to the policy to be pursued. Some are willing to wait for the Emperor's death to put an end to the empire; but others, and amongst these are many of the ablest and wisest men, believe that to have him die on the throne would be a terrible misfortune for France, as it would, to all intents and purposes, put the seal of success on his usurpation, and thus afford an example to other traitors and pretenders which, as long as the standing army lasts, and the political education of the people is as backward as it is now, would keep any government that might succeed him in constant peril.

It having been frequently made a reproach to the Empire that it drove the literary class into hostility to it, the *Pall Mall Gazette* calls attention to the fact that the literary class has been opposed to every government which has existed in France since the days of the Encyclopœdists. Louis Philippe disarmed them for a while by putting their chiefs in office, but they went at him again as vigorously as ever towards the close of his reign, when the novelty had worn off; but no government has encountered fiercer hostility from it than the present one. The literary men have for some weeks past made a feint of fearing another *coup d'état*; and some of the papers profess to be greatly relieved by the despatch of General Fleury to St. Petersburg as ambassador. This incident admits of two constructions, both favorable to the Emperor. Fleury was a soldier of fortune, of bad reputation, as all readers of Kinglake know, and figured largely in the *coup d'état*, doing some of its most desperate work—having, according to one report, held a pistol to Marshal (General) Magnan's head—and has since been the Emperor's confidential man; therefore he would not have been sent away if anything audacious or dreadful were in contemplation. On the other hand, Fleury is said also to have been a warm supporter of the concessions of January 19 and July 11; and, therefore, his elevation to a first-class foreign mission from the comparatively humble one of superintendent of the government *haras*, may be taken to indicate imperial approval of his recent political position. The fact seems to be that the rapidity and magnitude of the recent reforms is due in great part to the desire of the old adherents of the Empire to provide for their future while it is yet time. It is evident the Emperor cannot last long, and that his system will not survive him; and, accordingly, the swarm of his creatures who now fill fat offices are beginning to look after their own safety by making peace with the democracy.

Probably the happiest man in Europe to-day is the Pope. He believes in himself with a fervor and confidence which the rest of the higher clergy can hardly be supposed to feel; and this, and his ignorance of the world and its ways—or, in other words, of the condition of European society—prevent him from seeing any of the difficulties and dangers to the Church by which other minds are troubled. The pantheists, and materialists, and rationalists, who are alarming ecclesiastics of less simplicity, are to him so many *corpora vilia* on which the Church is to exhibit its power; and with them, as with the renegade governments, he is said to believe the Council completely sufficient to deal. He has, in the plenitude of his good humor, even replied to Dr. Cumming, the great Protestant bore, and graciously informs him that the heretics will be allowed to come in and submit themselves at the Council, but not to argue; and the Doctor is apparently nearly as much pleased by being answered at all as if he were in the fourth hour of his refutation of Popish doctrine before the Council itself. In the meantime, the heavens look dark everywhere out of Rome. The address of the German Bishops at Fulda, Montalembert's letter, and Father Hyacinthe's revolt, are evidently producing a profound impression all over the Continent. The Bishop of Orleans has tried on Father Hyacinthe a loving letter of rebuke, but has received a haughty reply; and the Father is said to be on his way to this country—possibly to study the working of "a free church in a free state," now the ideal arrangement of the religious democrats of Europe. What is deceiving the Ultramontane party and lulling them into a false security, is the non-appearance of any tendency to formal secession from the Church. But we shall probably, no matter what changes occur in religious opinion in our time, never witness anything of this kind on a great scale again. Men do not now give up a religious belief and go out of their church to the sound of the drum, and slam the door behind them with a bang, and set to work to found another, as they did in Luther's day. They simply go home disgusted, and quietly stay there.

"THE MAIN QUESTION."

Over three hundred citizens of Philadelphia, probably as good a representation of the intelligence, virtue, and patriotism of the city as could be produced, the venerable Horace Binney heading the list, have signed an address to the members of Congress for the city, calling their attention to the Jenckes bill for the reform of the Civil Service, and asking for it, or something similar, their zealous support. We have not yet seen a more powerful summing of arguments in favor of this reform, and shall therefore depart from our usual custom, and quote it nearly entire:

"It will be seen that the effect of this measure would be to assimilate the civil service of the country to its military service, requiring evidence of competency before appointment, assuring continuance of office during good behavior, and stimulating efficiency with the prospect of promotion. Its result would speedily be to create an *esprit de corps* and a sentiment of honor, which experience has shown to be among the strongest securities for fidelity; while liability to dismissal for inefficiency, neglect of duty, or dishonesty would ensure the best exertions of every officer.

"We do not say that this particular bill is the best that could be devised for the purpose. Possibly the wisdom of Congress may improve it in many particulars, but we believe that we speak the sentiment of the community at large when we declare that some such measure is the imperative necessity of the time. It is now more than thirty years since the demoralizing doctrine was promulgated that the public offices were spoils to be divided among the victors of a political contest, and so thoroughly have our political soldiers of fortune adopted the idea that they have had the boldness to declare rotation in office to be one of the essentials of a democratic republic. It should seem that the mere statement of such a principle ought to be sufficient refutation of its wasteful and criminal absurdity, and yet the public has tamely submitted while the evil has yearly grown greater, until its gigantic proportions now threaten to reduce our public service to chaos and to subvert our institutions at no distant period.

"It may safely be affirmed that no civilized community has a public service so costly and so incompetent as our own. Appointments, made solely with a view to political advantage, place in office men notoriously unfit for their positions or unworthy of trust; and these men, knowing that their retention of place is in nowise dependent upon the faithful discharge of duty, devote themselves to electioneering and wire-pulling, to the neglect of their proper functions. In many cases, knowing the uncertainty of tenure, they eagerly abuse their positions to plunder the public and the Government. Thence arises not only the multiplication of offices beyond all proportion to the work to be done, but the abuse of those offices to illicit gain, until the fearful aggregate of unnecessary salaries is the smallest part of the pecuniary loss to the taxpayer. There may be exaggeration in the statement that from one-fourth to one-third of all the revenues paid by the community fails to reach the treasury; but the mere fact that such a statement can be made, with even an appearance of truth, reveals the demoralization of the service.

"Yet the country is prosperous and thriving, and can afford to support a host of wasteful and dishonest officials, if it could thereby get its work efficiently and satisfactorily accomplished. It is, however, notorious that almost all branches of the civil service are managed incompetently, and however energetic and faithful a portion of the public servants may be, their efforts are neutralized by the inattention and negligence natural to others who regard their positions as simply political preferment, and who know that no zeal in the discharge of duty will enable them to retain their offices after an adverse election. Under such circumstances, slovenly management must be the rule and not the exception.

"This costly, cumbrous, and inefficient machinery necessarily entails another evil of equal magnitude, in that it renders economy in the public expenditure almost impossible. With political intrigue interpenetrating almost every fibre of the Government, retrenchment may be promised but can never be performed. Too many influences are at work to stimulate extravagance, and the more wasteful a scheme, the more numerous and powerful are its advocates. A thorough and efficient reform in our civil service means the diminution of our current expenditures, the increase of our revenues, the payment of our debt, the reduction of taxation, and the transaction of our business with promptitude and accuracy.

"All these, however, are but material and economical reasons in favor of the measure, and, powerful as they are, yet are they the least important. A young and vigorous community can afford to waste its strength and to indulge in extravagance, but it cannot afford to debase its morality and to stimulate corruption, or to make its political life a mere degrading scramble for place. It is notorious that almost all political movements are controlled by aspirants for office, that nominations are secured by corruption and elections are carried by fraud, and that which should be the dignified spectacle of a great free community exercising its highest right, becomes a matter of bargain and sale, in which the people are treated as the property of a small class who devote their lives to the trickery and knavishness which rule. Politics are no longer a science, and statesmanship is lost sight of, when 'claims' for office depend not on experience, intelligence, and honesty, but on the cunning management of local conventions and skill in manipulating the ballot-box. Our present system tends inevitably to reward corruption and to depress merit. Not only are the public interests confided to incompetent or unfaithful hands, but the public sense of morality is rapidly dulled, the standard of political virtue is constantly lowered, and the reverence of the people for their institutions is correspondingly weakened. Nor is this all, for the present system exercises a most unfortunate influence on a large proportion of citizens as they reach manhood. Enticed from ordinary avocations by the allurements of the race for office, they deliberately embrace a political career as a means of living without labor, and are not only lost to the community as useful and respectable citizens, but are depraved by vile and corrupting associations. Thus the ranks of dangerous and unscrupulous men are constantly swelled by new recruits, who become as dead to the appeal of industry and honor as if they had abandoned themselves to the temptations of the gaming-table.

"No institutions less strong than our own could have endured so long this systematic maladministration and pervading corruption, and even our institutions cannot resist for ever the disintegrating forces thus at work. If democratic republicanism be not a mistake, the people must show themselves as competent to enforce the performance of the routine functions of government as a despotism can be. It is not in great crises that public virtue is most severely tested, but in resisting the insidious corruption of prosperity. The one we have shown ourselves able to meet in the noblest spirit; to the other we are succumbing; and unless our fatal progress can be checked, the hopes of rational liberty for mankind will be arrested for centuries."

There are one or two considerations, not touched on in this paper, which we may be permitted to add to it. If we ask any man (not a regular politician) engaged in the work of reform in any part of the country what he finds to be the greatest obstacle in his path, he will tell you unhesitatingly it is the *apathy* of the public. Say what he will about the condition of the prisons and of the administration of criminal justice, about the frauds in the collection of the revenue, about the corruption in the legislatures, or about the growing power of great moneyed corporations, he finds his warnings and exposures fall on leaden ears. Even if people listen, they shrug their shoulders and go their way. Occasionally, enough excitement is created to get up an "independent" or "people's ticket" of some kind, but it is badly beaten and its supporters dissolve.

Now, what is the cause of this apathy? It certainly is not that the virtue of the community is declining. The community is made up of individuals, and each of us has only to look over his list of friends and acquaintances to satisfy himself that men's patriotism was never stronger than it is now; that promises are as faithfully kept, the various social and domestic duties as faithfully fulfilled, as ever. Neighbors are as neighborly, fathers as fatherly, as ever. There never was so much active humanity; never so much sympathy for the poor and weak; debtors were never more loyal; creditors never more forbearing and generous. What causes the apathy, therefore, about all reforms which are dependent on legislation—for it is only about these that there is apathy—is the widespread and deep-seated feeling that as long as the class engaged in the actual work of politics is not changed, there is not the slightest use in agitating about existing evils, or in getting the laws changed *on paper*. The public has had sorrowful experience that no matter to what party the politician belongs, his character remains the same, and that no matter how eager he may be to satisfy popular demands by the speeches he makes or the resolutions he passes, in the actual working of the machinery of the government he is sure to play them false; and he cannot help it. He is driven into it by the very conditions of his career; for even if he be not a knave himself, he has to owe his election to knaves, and has to reward them with places in the public service. The necessity is a horrible one, but the best men succumb to it. The number of men in the House or Senate who do not do dirty work is every year diminishing. They are being steadily driven out of public life by the clamors of those whom they will not satisfy—clamors, too—and this is the worst of it—whose real nature is disguised by a disgusting pretence of zeal for some "cause" which happens to stand high in popular esteem.

If, therefore, we wish to rouse the people to active and hopeful participation in the work of refitting the republic, we must offer them a reasonable expectation of new agents as well as new measures. Way must be made in politics for decent and intelligent men, and this can only be done by depriving politics of all the attractions it now offers as a trade to the lewd fellows of the baser sort who live by it.

MORE LIGHT ON THE CHINESE QUESTION.

We have been hoping for the last fortnight to see Mr. Robert Hart's notes on the Chinese question, which have recently been made public, make their appearance in some of the papers in this part of the country which inflicted such awful chastisement a few weeks ago on Mr. Ross Browne and the degraded American and British merchants who "drew him out" on the China question. The New York *Tribune* prudently selected one short extract from it which seemed to favor, though in an infinitesimally small degree, the lucid conclusions about the Burlingame treaty propounded in its columns by that distinguished publicist, "Mark Twain." But then the whole document is undoubtedly due to the public. It is the most important contribution to the controversy yet made, and we regret greatly that we ourselves cannot give it to our readers entire. Mr. Hart is an Irishman, Inspector-General of Imperial Maritime Customs—a man universally acknowledged to possess extraordinary ability. He has made the Chinese customs service, as a distinguished American traveller assured us the other day, "the most perfect in the world." He is in constant communication with the Chinese court; is confidentially consulted by them on all matters relating to intercourse with foreigners; speaks the language fluently; and was mainly instrumental both in originating the idea of an embassy to foreign powers and in having that idea embodied in the Burlingame mission. No foreigner, it is safe to say, is so competent as he to speak with authority about Chinese policy and aims. He has drawn up a series of "notes" on Chinese affairs, *apropos* of the meaning of the Burlingame embassy, which are of the utmost importance, but which, as we have said, the papers which were so ready to heap abuse on Mr. Ross Browne have shown no signs of publishing.

Now, what does Mr. Hart say as to the object of the mission? Does he say that it was to announce to the Western world that China was ready and willing to enter at once into the family of civilized nations; to accept "progress" in the sense in which we understand it; to throw the country open to Christian missionaries; and, in short, to become in all respects, and as rapidly as possible, such as we are? Nothing of the kind. He says its object was, "as he understood it at the time, to cultivate and conserve friendly relations by explaining to each of the treaty powers the many difficulties that China cannot fail to experience in attempting to change existing conditions and to introduce novelties; to bespeak forbearance, and prevent, in so far as possible, any resort to hostile pressure to wring from China concessions for which the Government did not as yet feel itself ready." He then declares that the objects of the mission have been misinterpreted by the press, "inasmuch as they gave out that it promised on the part of China the immediate performance of the very things *which China sent the mission to explain to the West are so difficult of performance;*" and adds that "nothing but complete ignorance of China" could have led the public to delude itself by assuming "that the vast changes now looked for are regarded as necessary and longed for by China herself." Mr. Burlingame's speeches, and in particular the one delivered at the New York dinner, appear to have excited great astonishment in China. This speech Mr. Hart deals with by claiming for it the latitude due to after-dinner speeches in general; and while allowing that "its language sounded strangely when read alongside of contemporaneous occurrences in China," or when various passages in it are examined separately, he yet holds that "it was in the main defensible," as the burden of it, addressed to a sympathetic audience, was: "Leave China alone, and all that you wish for will in its own good time follow."

As regards the actual state of feeling in China about progress, Mr. Hart says that "to the mass of Chinese officials the word improvement would convey no idea corresponding to that which it has in the Western mind," and that "some *forty* officials in the provinces, and perhaps *ten* in Peking, have a glimmering notion of what it is that the foreigner means when he speaks in general terms of progress;" but of these fifty, "not one is prepared to enter boldly on a career of progress, and take the consequence of even a feeble initiative." In other words, of the whole official class in China, not one man has the least notion of doing what people here have been believing, since the arrival of the Burlingame mission, they were prepared to do at once.

Of the treaty itself, Mr. Hart speaks somewhat slightingly. He says the new articles may be of use to the Chinese in California; but suggests whether they may not hinder, rather than further, "progress," by letting the Chinese at home know that citizens of the United States do not treat the Chinese in America fairly. He adds that it is altogether a mistake to suppose that "China feels more kindly to the United States than to other powers;" and he asserts that, as we pointed out in the *Nation* some weeks ago, the treaty has "nothing in it that did not exist before in the shape of generally acknowledged principles of international intercourse." He says, too, that he had heard it remarked that the treaty by implication put China in a position of inferiority to the United States, inasmuch as the latter solemnly covenants and agrees to let the former manage her affairs as she pleases, and even engages not to force her to make telegraphs and railroads against her will. This is not the kind of compact into which two equal powers voluntarily enter. In fact, it sounds a little like a formal agreement on the part of A not to kick B every time he meets him in the street—from which it would be deduced either that A had been in the habit of doing so, or believed that he was entitled to do so if he pleased; and either inference might fairly be considered humiliating by the friends of B.

With regard to the future, all Mr. Hart finds himself able to say is that China "has made a start" in the march of improvement, inasmuch as she has begun to feel her material weakness; and this feeling, he thinks, will undoubtedly stimulate her in the end into availing herself of the results of Western science, but how soon he is unable to say, and evidently thinks it will not be for a long while. But he confesses that even this hopeful feeling, as well as all other concessions she has as yet made to Western diplomacy, has been due to outside pressure and he condemns any agreement or promise of complete abstinence from pressure or interference on the part of the West, as this would, he believes, cause a return to the old stagnation, and would indefinitely postpone all improvement whatever.

Now, if this be a correct account of the state of things—and one more likely to be correct we are never likely to get—it is quite plain that the public here has been laboring under a great delusion, and that the sooner it gets rid of it the better. In the paroxysm of enthusiasm inspired by the Burlingame mission, a great many people went as far in overrating Chinese civilization as they had previously gone in underrating it. Some papers, indeed, talked of China as if it were a place to which we outside barbarians would do well to send our children to be educated. The truth seems to be that it is in many ways both a wonderful and admirable civilization; that it has performed one of the greatest of exploits, inasmuch as it has raised a people out of barbarism without outside help; but it was arrested by some cause, which has never been explained, a couple of thousand years ago, and the usual consequence of a long continuance in a simply conservative position has followed—a consequence witnessed both in Rome and Constantinople—in that the soul has left it. That mysterious something without which the greatest armies are weak, the greatest navies despicable, the largest population little better than a prey for the spoiler, which gives nationality its vigor, its self-reliance, and without which the finest body of philosophy in existence has but little more influence on national life than the sighing of the idle wind, China appears to have lost. The best way of bringing it back without killing the patient is now the problem which occupies the doctors who surround her bed. It is useless to say we must not exercise any pressure on her. We do exercise pressure on her every day. The presence of our merchants and vessels in her ports, of our ambassador at Peking, the exemption of American citizens from the jurisdiction of her judges, are all the results of pressure. If we really allowed her to do as she pleased, not a foreigner would be found on her soil within three months. So that of pressure we must be guilty. But how much should we hereafter exercise, and in what manner should it be exercised, are the questions now to be answered. To the first it is safe to reply: as little as is consistent with the exact and faithful fulfilment of obligations already entered into by the Chinese Government; to the second: by the constant exhibition in all our intercourse, but with every possible regard for the susceptibilities of a susceptible people, of our firm and undoubted faith that our civilization is a

better one and our morality a higher one than theirs, and that the preservation of the empire depends on their adoption of it. To pretend or appear to believe anything else would be a lie, and no good comes of lying.

But we cannot be too careful in all our intercourse with them of doing anything to weaken their political framework, or to lessen the dignity or authority of their Government in the eyes of the people. It would be easy enough for the Western powers to overthrow the Chinese Government; but the whole of them put together could not substitute in a hundred years one that would answer the needs of the people of China one-tenth part as well. In fact, the inevitable result of violent outside interference in Chinese affairs must be anarchy; and established governments are bound by the laws of political morality, just as firmly as revolutionists are, not to do anything to overthrow an established political system unless they are sure they put something better in its place.

NICHOLS VS. NICHOLS.

On the 8th of May, in the year 1866, at Newtown, Connecticut, Alexander R. T. Nichols was married to Charlotte Beers. In the spring of this year, Mrs. Nichols obtained a divorce for her husband's adultery, and a decree was granted making it lawful for her to marry again. She did marry again, her second husband being John D. Gebhard, of Schoharie. Notwithstanding the apparent regularity of these proceedings, the following order has recently been entered by Judge Clerke: "That the judgment in this action, made on the 12th day of July, 1869, be and the same is hereby set aside and vacated; and it is further ordered that all the proceedings in this action, as the same are contained in said judgment-roll, be and the same are hereby set aside and vacated, with costs, for fraud and imposition upon the court." The facts connected with the fraud and imposition referred to in this second decree furnish materials for an interesting chapter in the history of the administration of justice in this city.

Without going into every repulsive detail afforded by the case, it is enough, to begin with, to say that, if adultery was committed, the party guilty of it was certainly not the husband; that, most probably, Gebhard was the wife's paramour, though this she strenuously denies; and that the decree of divorce was obtained as a convenient screen for their criminality. Shortly after her marriage, Mrs. Nichols became acquainted with Gebhard, and the acquaintance ripened into an intimacy which subsequently resulted in a departure of the pair to Europe. Returning to this country last winter, Mrs. Nichols, now Mrs. Gebhard, set about procuring a divorce in the following manner: The first step is for one Northrop, the plaintiff's attorney—who only appears in the case, it seems, out of good nature, that his name may be used by Orson A. House, Gebhard's lawyer—to make complaint charging Nichols with adultery; and Mrs. Nichols, who, like a more celebrated character, never moves "without tacking on five or six affidavits," makes oath that she believes the charge to be true. Now, as most of our readers probably know, when a complaint is made against any one, the first thing done is to summon the defendant to appear and answer. The officials charged with the duty of summoning defendants are sheriffs, deputy-sheriffs, and constables. When, however, it is made to appear to the court that the defendant is out of the jurisdiction, he is summoned by advertisement. Two new affidavits accordingly make their appearance; one by Mrs. Nichols, and the other by Oscar W. Smith—another good-natured man who "allowed his name to be used" in the case—who both depose that the defendant is not to be found in New York—not alleging the reason, however, which was that they had not looked for him. Not being found, he must be advertised for; and to obtain the necessary order application must be made to some judge. Does the reader feel any doubt as to what magistrate the plaintiff will enlist in her service? Having the advice of counsel learned in the law, she actually appears before Mr. Justice Cardozo, who immediately makes an order that summons shall be served on the defendant by publication in the *Weekly News* and the *Jewish Messenger*, and that a copy of the summons and complaint be forthwith directed to him at Greenfield in the State of Connecticut. Mr. Nichols, not being a reader of the *Weekly News* or the *Jewish Messenger*, and probably, like most other people, having never heard of them, does not see the advertisement, nor does the letter addressed to Greenfield reach him. The reason of this is probably that it was never deposited in the post-office.

And now everything goes smoothly. Mr. Nichols fails to appear, and the case is handed over by Judge Barnard to William H. Tracy as referee. Mr. Tracy is satisfied with the affidavit of Henry B. Harrison as to the fact of the adultery, and recommends a decree of divorce, which Judge Barnard—why is it always either Barnard or Cardozo?—at once grants. But it now turns out that no such person as Henry B. Harrison exists. And it further appears that the complaint, the affidavit of Charlotte B. Nichols, the affidavit of Oscar W. Smith, and the testimony of Henry B. Harrison are all in the handwriting of Orson A. House, Gebhard's lawyer; that House was in the habit of using at his office, in the preparation of papers and signatures, three different shades of ink, and that three different shades appear in the judgment-roll in the case of Nichols *vs.* Nichols. The latest affidavit in the suit runs as follows:

City and County of New York, ss.: Charles Conkling being sworn, says that he does not know Alexander R. T. Nichols, the defendant in this action, or any one of that name, and never saw him to his knowledge; that on the 6th day of July, 1869, he signed the name of Henry B. Harrison to an affidavit in this action, and went before William H. Tracy, the referee in this action, and swore to the same; that deponent did not know the contents of said deposition; that the same was not read to him, nor was he informed of what it contained; that he was employed by Orson A. House, Esq.; that said House requested deponent to sign the name of Harrison to said deposition, and went with deponent to the office of said Tracy, and was present when he made oath to said deposition; deponent does not know any one named Henry B. Harrison; said name was given to him by said House; and deponent further saith he does not know the plaintiff above-named, or any one in the transaction except House.

Sworn to, etc., September 28, 1869. CHARLES CONKLING.

In short, the whole affair was an enormous fraud from beginning to end. But it is not on this account that we mention it. Fraud is a common enough thing all over the world, and the case of Nichols *vs.* Nichols is not the first in which imposition has been practised upon a court of justice. The significance of the case lies in the ease and rapidity with which the fraud was perpetrated, and the amazing negligence of the officials concerned. Of course, in all legal proceedings, courts must rely greatly on the honor of the members of the bar. It being impossible for judges to examine into every fact in a case, matters peculiarly within the knowledge of attorneys are taken to be true on the attorney's word. In such matters, for instance, as that of a summons, the statement of the plaintiff's lawyer that the defendant was not within the sheriff's reach would generally be received as reliable, and summons by advertisement would be ordered. And in such a case, the court would most likely enquire of the plaintiff's attorney what journals would be most likely to find the defendant. For it is in the nature of things impossible for a court to inform itself upon such points judicially, and so it has to resort to informal means. And where an upright bar exists, the practice works well. But cases of application for divorce furnish an exception to these rules, for many reasons. In the first place, the law does not, in theory, favor divorce, and is said to look with a suspicious eye on all such suits; in the second place, every one knows, as a matter of fact, that they are a kind of suit in which collusion is eminently likely; and, in the third place, the divorce lawyer is proverbially one of the most rascally scoundrels in existence. There are, of course, some lawyers who take charge of divorce cases who are an honor to their profession, but the rule is the other way. A graphic description has been recently given of this sort of practitioner in the *World*:

"The lawyers of the 'ring' are the pariahs of their profession; men who have been disbarred in other States (sometimes in other countries) for detected malpractice; men who began life fairly, but sank to ignominy through dissipation, political failure, or natural vicious tendencies; men, even, who never opened a law-book before entering upon their present avocation, but gleaned a practical knowledge of the legal alternative of 'wedded woe' by a course of training in the private detective's trade. These latter worthies often hire the use of practising lawyers' names. Occasionally they hire the said lawyers themselves to go through the mummeries of the courts for them; and we could name one of our most eloquent and respectable criminal pleaders who, on a certain occasion at least, permitted himself to be nominally associated with one of the boldest operators of the 'ring.' These sinister traders in domestic infamy, secret libel, and suborned perjury announce their business and addresses by

means of advertisements which, on their faces, give proof of deliberate fraud. In public print they inform their would-be patrons that 'success is guaranteed;' that 'no fee is required until the decree of divorce is secured;' that intemperance, desertion, etc., 'is a sufficient cause;' that there shall be 'no publicity;' and that the decree procured shall be 'good in every State.' No particular knowledge of any law is requisite to teach that a practice thus announced is rife with iniquity; nor do those who answer the bait believe that any honest or legitimate process is intended."

It is easy to see that under these circumstances a court cannot, in divorce cases, rely with implicit confidence on the attorneys practising before it. And in the Nichols case everything wore a suspicious look. The non-appearance of the husband and the suggestion to the court of newspapers whose only recommendation could have been their obscurity—these things alone were sufficient to arouse the suspicions of any but an exceptionally confiding nature, and we have never heard this trait attributed to either Barnard or Cardozo, while the facts already stated, in addition to that of the extremely sparse attendance of witnesses at the final hearing before the referee, might fairly have raised a doubt in the mind of that officer. But Mr. Tracy is as child-like as his superiors. We should like to know something more about this reference. We should like to know how long the hearing occupied; why Charles Conkling, who personated Henry B. Harrison, was allowed to swear to written statements prepared for him by some one else, and the contents of which he now says he did not at the time know, and why he was not examined by the referee; where the referee sat during the hearing; whether he went out to take lunch during the proceedings, and how long he staid, and how the case was managed in his absence; whether he heard the case separately or at the same time with two or three others. Our readers may not be aware that this last method is a possible one; but we assure them that an enterprising referee will hear three cases at once just as easily as an ordinary judge will hear one. The persons interested in the various suits are placed in various positions about the room, while the referee goes on quietly with his own business. If any question arises in any of the suits which the attorneys cannot arrange, he is called in, settles it, and goes back to his work. Of course, if there is but one side present, as in the Nichols case, there seems no reason why the referee should appear on the scene at all. He may as well go home to his wife and children and sign the papers next morning when they have been made ready by the plaintiff's attorney.

It is said that House and Northrop and Edward Gebhard are to be disbarred. But who shall disbar Tracy, and who shall eject Barnard and Cardozo? Disbarring is a very good thing when you have a respectable judiciary, but when you see a judge turning a lawyer out of court for the same practices which won the former his seat on the bench, the spectacle is neither edifying nor useful. So, also, theoretically, a reform in the referee system, an exposure of its abuses, would be no bad thing, but most of the referees are blood-relations of the judges who refer cases to them. The system is rotten to the core, and the core is the judiciary. For our own part, we do not believe that either House or Northrop or Gebhard will be disbarred. And if they are, our readers may rely upon it that they will continue to carry on an extensive divorce business through the kindness of friendly members of the bar who will allow them the "use of their names."

EDUCATION FOR JOURNALISTS.

M. Gaston Boissier closes an elaborate article on the higher education in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* for August 15, by an argument in favor of the study of science which will probably impress forcibly the great body of thoughtful readers in all countries, and that is, that the increasing influence of journalism on the thought and life of the age needs to be met, or counterbalanced, by some training for youth which will implant in them "a love of serious knowledge, a taste for minute exactness, a hatred of sounding generalities, which will make them feel the need of going to the bottom of things, and of holding their tongues about what they do not understand." He says that "incurable levity" is one of the conditions of journalistic literature, and he moralizes sadly on the tendency of even the best journalists "to discuss things they do not understand, to affirm stoutly what is very doubtful and will probably be denied the day after, to get out of bad scrapes under cover of a witticism, and to cover up ignorance under a cloud of rhetoric."

Every word he says on the subject is true, and he might have said more, for he might have said that not only have journalists these defects, but that there are signs that they are ceasing to be ashamed of them, and have begun even to glory in them. There is growing amongst them an ideal of their profession, in which all the more ignorant, unscrupulous, slapdash, "lively" members figure as leaders, in which pop and fizz pass under the name of "sparkle," and in which a man's indifference to the literal facts of a matter in discussing it or describing it is looked on as one of the signs of peculiar fitness for his calling. In this ideal, too, professional "training" consists simply in acquiring readiness with the pen, first by paragraphing "items," then by reporting, and then by dashing off "reflections" on all sorts of subjects that happen to present themselves, combined with familiarity with the work of the composing-room. There is in fact no class of the community from which the notion that a journalist needs a thorough education receives at this moment less encouragement than from journalists themselves. The young man who thinks of choosing it for a profession hears of nothing so much praised by his confrères as the capacity for tickling the public, nothing so much belittled and laughed at as a desire to instruct it, nothing held up to him so constantly as the goal of his striving as the extension of "sales;" and judged by "sales," of course the really great journalist is he who can best adapt his wares, not to the intellectual or moral needs, but to the tastes of the greatest number—that is, to the least instructed portion of every community, and their strongest tastes are apt to be their lowest. In short, it may be considered the only intellectual calling, at the present day, in which professional pride can be hardly said to exist, in which the members, as a body, make no pretence to anything better than the supply of a certain commercial demand on the part of the public. There is hardly a lawyer who would not blush to own that he cared for nothing but rolling up his bank-account; no clergyman would avow that the filling of his pews was the one object of his concern; and a doctor would think it foul scorn to be told that in his practice the interests of science were nothing to him. There is a demand, nevertheless, and an enormous and insatiable demand, for thoroughly unscrupulous advocates, for charlatanic ministers, and for medical quacks, which, to the honor of the race, these three professions have in all countries and all ages steadily refused to supply, feeling amply compensated for the loss in money their self-abnegation might cause them by the addition it made to their self-respect and to "the honor of their cloth"—a phrase in which there is more glory for human nature than appears on the surface. When a similar spirit shall have been infused into journalism, it is no exaggeration to say, considering the influence which journalism is acquiring over men and manners, that true civilization will have made one of the greatest gains it has ever made, or is likely to make.

There is nothing particularly novel in this view of the matter. It does not appear in newspapers, naturally enough, but it is what people are constantly thinking or saying in private; and the possibility of making a change for the better, of infusing into journalists a higher sense of moral and intellectual responsibility, and rooting out the idea that the possession of a ready pen and familiarity with the mode of "making up" a paper are the principal or only requisites for the successful practice of the profession, are just now occupying a great number of good minds. In most addresses to colleges and other learned bodies, and in most of the treatises on higher education, one finds more or less extended mention of it, as one of the gravest subjects of the day, and we see that there is talk of an attempt to deal with it directly at General Lee's college in Virginia by the establishment of a chair, or other machinery, for the special cultivation of the journalist's art. But the idea that a man needs to be specially prepared for it at college we hold to be nearly as erroneous as the idea that he can be prepared for it in a newspaper office, though the first is a much more excusable error than the last, if, indeed, it needs any excuse at all. The purely mechanical work of a newspaper—the arrangement of the contents—is something for which, of course, more or less practice is necessary, but it is something to which the feeblest powers are equal. It bears about the same relation to the work of editing that battalion drill bears to strategy, and the proportion of really good editors it would produce to the number of those engaged in it would be about that borne by great generals to drill-sergeants. Yet this is the only approach to special education that journalists need or can receive. Special education is required by men whose calling forces them to deal with a certain class of facts; a journalist's business is to reason on all the facts of life, of every class, or at least, if he does not reason on them all himself, to know whether other persons

can reason on them or not. There is no recipe that will enable a man to do this. Good natural powers, strengthened by general cultivation, will, but nothing else. The more a man knows of everything, and the better he can make deductions from what he knows, the better journalist he will be, if he possesses also the art of expressing himself in a taking way, and possesses the orator's power of perceiving when he has said as much on any one theme as his audience will stand. The art of journalism lies in the expression; the science of it may be said to include all sciences, inasmuch as what it now undertakes to do is to help the public at large to think correctly on every subject of human interest. When we say this, we say enough to show the absurdity of establishing a special chair or opening a special class of journalism in colleges. As regards the expression or rhetoric of journalism, it is, or ought to be, taught to everybody. It is neither more nor less than the art of saying clearly and attractively whatever you have to say in as few words as possible—in other words, the art of being perspicuous and concise. There are certain rules which will help a man to do this, but they are taught in all the colleges. The teaching of them will enable anybody to speak and write better than he would without them, but can never teach a man to speak and write well in default of natural ability. In natural qualifications for journalism, as for other callings, men vary infinitely.

There are three fields of study, certainly, which are perhaps more likely to be useful to a journalist, as such, than to a man of other callings: history, legislative science—meaning by that the knowledge of the limits and powers of legislation—and political economy, or the knowledge of the working of the laws of human nature which regulate the production and distribution of weath; but then these are fields which every man pretending to be educated ought to cultivate, no matter to what special pursuit he intends to devote himself. There is, however, nothing on which journals comment so much, or which they influence so much, as politics, and nobody can discuss politics properly who is not familiar with what has been done in that department of activity—who does not know what can be done in it and what had better be let alone, and who does not passably understand the nature of the vast and complicated machinery of trade, now so large a part of the world's work. In short, no man can say he is qualified to be an editor, in default of actual trial of his powers, who has not received as good a general education as can be obtained. If indeed intellectual training be of any value whatever, it is of more value to the journalist than to men of any other calling, for various reasons. One is, that his work is one which is not, like the lawyer's or doctor's or scientific man's, submitted to any test by which its soundness or accuracy can be ascertained; his own judgment has, after all, in most cases to decide finally on the value of what he has done. "Sales" gauge the popular demand for his wares; but they tell nothing about the quality of his wares—the greatest ass often having the greatest number of readers. Another is, that his temptations to disregard intellectual standards and discard high ideals are greater than those of most men. He practises his profession in the market-place, and is exposed alternately to the hootings or applause of a great and ill-informed multitude, and his judgment needs to be extraordinarily strong to resist influences of this nature. Lastly, deliberation and revision are almost completely forbidden to him by the very nature of his calling. Like the Irish witness who inadvertently swore the horse was fifteen feet high, and afterwards refused to substitute "hands" for "feet," whatever he has once said he has to stick to, and the importance to him, therefore, of his saying the right thing the first time is enormous.

A good illustration of the way in which people are led astray in our day by the growing demand for "special education"—or, in other words, for short-cuts to all the trades and professions—is afforded by those eminently deluding institutions, "business colleges." They have been called into existence by the growing desire on the part of young men to dispense with the long apprenticeship without which it was difficult in old times to obtain a recognized and respected place in the commercial world. So a crowd of raw boys are collected in a large room, and employed in playing at the mechanical operations of trade, running from one end of it to the other, making sham deposits in imaginary banks, drawing sham checks, and making sham purchases—or, in other words, familiarizing themselves laboriously with the *forms* of business. Now there would be little objection to this in itself if they were not at the same time kept under the hallucination that they were learning to be "business men." It would be just as sensible to tell them that, in learning the manual of arms, they were qualifying themselves to command armies. To become a good business man requires a certain training of the *judgment* and *character*—the acquisition of certain habits of mind which can only be acquired by long exposure to certain powerful influences, such as those to which a boy is exposed who is taken young into a real mercantile house, and employed in real transactions involving real responsibility, and familiarized day by day with the spectacle of men whom he looks up to, and who are masters of their work, engaged in the solution of the various problems of trade. His whole moral and mental constitution is in this way moulded to suit the exigencies of his calling. He learns when to be bold and when to be cautious, and he learns above all things the enormous difference between facts and fancies. This training is no longer very common, we admit; but neither is the type of merchants which this training created. The modern type approaches more nearly to the gambler than the trader. The "graduate" of the business college rushes into the market with his check-book and his invoices and his accounts-current, and feeling himself utterly incapable of working for distant results, or following the thread of complicated combinations, tries to make his fortune and "go to Europe" by a happy throw or two in some speculative commodity, and furnishes, after a few years, one of the innumerable wrecks which now warn men away from "business," and give the great money markets of the world such a close resemblance to Baden-Baden and Homburg.

ENGLAND.

LONDON, September 14, 1869.

LONDON is at its deadest and dreariest. Mile after mile of houses in the more comfortable quarters of the town exhibit nothing but closed shutters. Shop-keepers yawn over their counters; clubs are abandoned by all but the inevitable bore; and newspaper editors pray, I fear, for terrible accidents, grievous scandals, or any relief to the monotony of the season. Two or three topics have been started with very fair success. The boat-race was a useful bit of excitement; the Byron scandal has been discussed till it is a trifle threadbare; and the illness of the Emperor has been a perfect godsend. Your correspondent must humbly confess that he has been taking a holiday, and has avoided as much as might be the very sight of an English newspaper. He must therefore beg for pardon if he diverges for once into a topic of not strictly domestic interest The British tourist abroad would furnish matter for a longer essay than can find space in your columns. There is something at once melancholy and ludicrous in the increasing crowd which struggles and jostles along all the main lines of Continental travel. The intelligent traveller, who enjoys what he sees, is almost lost in a crowd of utterly ignorant sight-seers. I do not know whether the name of Cook's tourist is yet familiar to you. Mr. Cook is a man of mark in his way. He knows, as I have been informed, not a single word of any language but his own. He does not affect to be a philosophical or scientific or artistic traveller, but he has a talent for organization of which he has made the most. The utterly ignorant and helpless tourist, whose knowledge of foreigners is confined to a passing glimpse of uncouth refugees in Leicester Square, saves himself all trouble in devising a route by buying a ticket from Mr. Cook. This ticket takes him along a certain indicated list of places, allowing him to stop at certain points, and points out the hotels he is to visit. He may go alone; but if mistrustful of his powers, he may join a party headed by the great Mr. Cook, or some of his assistants, in person. Such parties form barbarian hordes, which are to be encountered in all show places on the Continent. In the better-known parts of the Alps, along the Rhine, in Paris or Florence, and even so far as the Nile and Jerusalem, they come down like the wolf on the fold, although it cannot precisely be said that their cohorts are gleaming in purple and gold. On the contrary, they carry with them that unmistakable air of Oxford Street or the Strand which points out the genuine Cockney all over the world. Strange stories are told of them; how they astonish the wor shippers in Eastern shrines and Continental churches; how sublimely ignorant they show themselves of the manners and customs of every country but their own; and how they bore the unfortunate compatriot who falls into their clutches. Not long ago, a friend of mine was in a steamboat on the Lake of Geneva. He saw a tourist walk up to a gentleman standing innocently on the deck and ask him, "Are you Lord so-and-so?" mentioning the name of an English minister. The gentleman confessed his identity, whereupon the tourist returned to his companions with the information, and each of them came up in turn to gaze critically at an English peer on his travels. They apparently considered him to be one of the sights provided by the energy of their great master. And now, I will venture to add that, conversing with a foreign gentleman whom I lately met in a railway abroad, he told me that he was unable to distinguish between Englishmen and Americans. Neither people would,

I fear, take the remark as a compliment; but in spite of the wide differences of national character, I must confess that there is one strong point of resemblance. Between us, we furnish by far the largest proportion of that noisy, pushing, and ignorant class of tourists which is really an offence to persons of any refinement. I will not attempt to compare the merits of the Cockney of London and his cousin from New York. They have many qualities in common; the same sublime ignorance of foreign languages and contempt for foreigners; the same facility of doing a picture-gallery at the rate of one thousand pictures in an hour; and the same faculty for treading, literally and metaphorically, on the toes of all less pushing and audacious persons. Perhaps there is more excuse for the American—who, it may be, has only three months in his life to see the whole of Europe—than for the Briton, who always has the Continent at his doors. But for whatever reason, it is my candid opinion that, if united, we might beat the world in a show of the most offensive variety of tourists.

Perhaps these sentiments are not precisely democratic; I ought not, it may be, to grudge ignorant and vulgar people the opportunity of rubbing off a little of their vulgarity and ignorance in a visit to the most remarkable parts of the Old World. And, to say the truth, I believe that even Cook's tourists profit to some extent by their travel; they learn the truth, still so little appreciated, that there are some other habitable regions in the world outside the postal district of London. Yet it is impossible not to wish that they would take the trouble to qualify themselves a little better for their travelling, and, further, that till they have done so they could be kept confined within certain districts. This last condition, indeed (and this is a practical moral of my remarks), is tolerably fulfilled by a spontaneous process. Tourists of the class described are not an adventurous race; they follow each other's steps like a flock of sheep; and a knowledge of their instincts will enable a judicious traveller to keep pretty clear of their intrusion. They swarm at the big hotels in Paris; they crowd such places as Homburg and Baden, and Americans especially astonish the customary visitors by the boldness of their play; on the Righi they are multitudinous; and at Interlaken or Chamouni, like the sands of the sea for number. I visited St. Moritz, on the Engadine, this summer, which till lately was one of the least-known districts in the Alps. Unluckily, fashionable doctors in London and elsewhere have taken it up, and now every hotel is crammed from roof to cellar with crowds of English and Americans, and more hotels are springing up like mushrooms. Yet nothing is easier than to get outside of the current. Courmayeur is at least as beautiful as Chamouni—to my mind far finer, and it is perfectly easy of access; yet Courmayeur is as primitive as Chamouni is sophisticated. In every part of the Alps, it is only necessary to cross a single ridge to be out of the way of the crowd; and I was more than a month this summer in one of the loveliest of Alpine districts (that which borders on Venetia) without hearing a word of English spoken from any but our own party. Of course, the hackneyed points of view are probably the most beautiful, and there one must be content to suffer; but I think people hardly know how easy it is by a very slight detour to enjoy the primitive country, where hotels are still moderate and the people still civil. A bill for three people for a day, in very comfortable quarters, often cost us less than twenty francs; and cheapness is generally in proportion to friendliness. The same truth applies, with the necessary modifications, even to such places as Paris or the Rhine. The vulgar tourist has to pay for his ignorance both in hard cash and discomfort, and a wiser man may easily make good use of his knowledge. The mountain enthusiasm has perhaps a little declined, owing to the successful ascents of all the highest peaks. A fatal accident took place on the Shreckhorn, owing to the neglect of one of the most essential precautions. Yet to men who rate themselves as good average walkers, I would say that if they take proper precautions, the real way to enjoy the Alps is to take a knapsack and a really good guide, and to penetrate for a few weeks into the remoter valleys and over some of the high peaks and glaciers. There is no other mode in which so much may be seen of the unsophisticated part of the population as well as of the grandest scenery, and the ordinary tourist be so completely avoided.

Here I am reminded of an article, which I have just read in the *Nation*, *apropos* of the boat-race. I am recommending a practice which savors of muscular Christianity, and I observe that you look, and not unreasonably, with very doubtful approval upon that popular sect. The modern English love of athletic exercises is undoubtedly excessive, and both at schools and universities excellence in such pursuits is esteemed quite out of proportion to the value set upon intellectual merit. It is also, I believe, true that this mania is closely connected with the predominance in the English ideal of character of those qualities which go to make up the model aristocrat, the manly and truth-telling but rather arrogant and full-blooded, and decidedly ignorant and narrow-minded, type of human being. Yet, if you will permit me to say so, I think that the tendency has something more in it than this. As one who has taken very great interest in sundry athletic pursuits, I cannot quite give up my admiration for our oarsmen and cricketers. They supply a real want of modern times, and that is why their pursuits flourish. We are living more and more in towns, and constantly making greater calls upon our nervous energies. Field sports in England are every day becoming more artificial; partridge-shooting resembles the slaughter in a poulterer's yard; and even fox-hunting—the manliest of our sports—has many difficulties to struggle against as cultivation improves. Under such circumstances, the middle classes, who are the great supporters of athletic exercise, really value any pursuit which enables them to forget for a little the counting-house or the office, and to brace their muscles and give tone to their digestions. They are glad to see their boys acquire athletic tastes, and encourage as much as possible such amusements as cricket, rowing, gymnastics, or mountaineering, which provide a thorough relaxation and a good physical exercise for the body. In America, I should fancy, the same need must be felt as strongly. My own feeling is that we require in England not the discouragement of such pursuits so much as the encouragement of others which they have too much ousted from their place. I don't wish to see our lads less fond of boating, though I do most earnestly desire to see them with a higher standard of intellectual excellence. The cultivation of athletic exercise may safely be left to the spontaneous energy of schoolboys and young men; but it requires not to be put down, but to be kept under certain prudential restraints.

One word as to the boat-race. It resembled exactly the recent races between Oxford and our English Cambridge; and the defeat of the Americans was due, I should fancy, to the same cause which has injured the rowing of the mother university. Their style was suited to a short burst rather than a four-mile course. I do not see how the hostile sympathies of their spectators could have had any adverse influence; for certainly they had fair play, and even a very large amount of popular enthusiasm. Every one admired their pluck, and wished for a close contest. But at the next race, they must try to improve their style if they wish to give Oxford crews a satisfactory lesson. Perhaps, however, I am diverging too far towards the language of sporting newspapers. I will only conclude by expressing a wish for more contests carried on with equally good feeling and equal determination on both sides.

THE INTERNATIONAL CONGRESS OF PEACE AND LIBERTY.

VEVAY, September 17, 1869.

DURING the present week, the so-called "Congress of Peace and Liberty" has been holding its third annual session at Lausanne. The proclaimed objects of the Congress are such that Switzerland is the only country in Europe in which it can be allowed to hold its meetings. Two years ago it met at Geneva, last year at Berne, and next year it will probably meet at Bâle or Neuchatel. The Congress this year had a special interest from the fact that Victor Hugo had been chosen for its honorary president, and had promised to be present at its deliberations. But even without this personal attraction, it would have had interest as bringing together a number of the leading democrats and enthusiastic liberals of France and Germany, eager to give expression to their doctrines, and whose discussions consequently could not fail to indicate the direction and force of some of the currents of revolutionary opinion. The object of the Congress, or rather of the league of which it is the voice, is, as the circular of its central committee declares, the formation of a republican federation of the peoples of Europe. Its means of action are the press, speech, public meetings, popular assemblies. It aims at the substitution for standing armies of national militias, the separation of church and state, the establishment of the rights of women, the solution of social questions by the development of the principle of property resting upon individual or co-operative labor, by the diffusion of instruction and education, by liberty of association, and, "in a word, by whatever can with justice promote a constantly increasing equality among citizens."

The programme is intentionally broad enough, and in parts vague enough, to cover many differences of opinion as to methods of action, and to conciliate to its support republicans of every color and temper. The chance is so small at present of carrying the flag of European republi-

canism from the field of discussion to that of action, that it is doubtless well enough to leave the former open on all sides, and, if possible, to prevent the erection of any dividing walls of opinion on matters of detail.

The central committee, composed of six members from different countries, presented for discussion at the present meeting the following questions:

1. The determination of the basis of a federal organization of Europe.
2. The solution of the Eastern question, including that of Poland.
3. The means of removing all economical and social antagonisms among citizens. These questions were to be discussed in the given order.

The first session was held on Tuesday afternoon. Lausanne has no large public hall, and the Congress had to content itself with a sort of concert-hall, in the building known as the Casino—a little Doric edifice, of no merit or beauty, which stands just at the entrance of the old town, as you go up the hill from the railroad station. The hall will not hold, at the utmost, more than 500 or 600 persons, and, in order to prevent its being overcrowded, numbered tickets were issued for the floor to all persons willing to enroll themselves as "adherents" to the programme, and to pay a franc and a half; while cheaper tickets admitted, for a single session, non-adherents to a place in a temporary gallery which had been erected across the end of the room, opposite the platform.

The most interesting incident of the opening session was a brief and characteristic speech by Victor Hugo, whose entrance upon the platform was greeted with prolonged and tumultuous applause. Ten days earlier, he had addressed a letter from Brussels to the members of the Congress, which had been printed and distributed. It was in his most ecstatic vein of rhapsody. He had said, "The first need of man, his first right, his first duty is liberty. . . . The first of servitudes is the frontier. Who says frontier says ligature. Cut the ligature, efface the frontier, away with the custom-house officer, away with the soldier; in other terms, be free: peace follows. Peace henceforward profound. Peace made once for all. Peace inviolable. . . . For whose interest do frontiers exist? For kings. Divide to reign. A frontier implies a sentry-box; a sentry-box implies a soldier. *No passing.* Word of all privileges, of all prohibitions, of all censures, of all tyrannies. From this frontier, from this sentry-box, from this soldier, proceeds every human calamity. The king, being the exception, needs the soldier for his defence, who in his turn must murder in order to live. . . . Wars have all sorts of pretexts, but only one cause, *the army.* How suppress the army? By the suppression of despotism."

There is a good deal more of this sort in the letter. The speech had no such lyric flights, and the audience was a little disappointed not only by its brevity, but by the comparative tameness of its rhetoric, if not also by its emptiness.

"Citizens," said he, "you were right to choose for the place of your deliberations this noble country of the Alps. First, it is free; then, it is sublime. Yes, it is here; yes, it is in presence of this magnificent nature that it is becoming to make the great declarations of humanity, among others this: no more wars. You make it; be felicitated. One question dominates this Congress. We—all who are here—what is it that we desire? Peace. We desire peace; we desire it ardently; we desire it absolutely; we desire it between man and man, between people and people, between race and race, between brother and brother, between Abel and Cain; we desire the immense appeasing of hate. But this peace, how do we desire it? Do we desire it at any cost; do we desire it on every condition? No. We desire not peace with back bowed and forehead lowered. We desire not peace under despotism; we desire not peace under the truncheon; we desire not peace under the sceptre. The first condition of peace is deliverance. For this deliverance there must surely be a revolution, which shall be the supreme one, and, perhaps, alas! a war, which shall be the last. Then all will be accomplished. Peace being inviolable, will be eternal. Then, no more armies, no more kings. Vanishing away of the past! This is what we desire. We desire that the people should live, labor, buy, sell, work, speak, love, and think freely; that there should be schools making citizens, and that there should no longer be princes making cannoneers. We desire the great continental republic; we desire the United States of Europe: and I close with this word: liberty is the aim, peace is the result."

The next revolution will not be the supreme one unless it does away with such talk as this.

It was not till the third day of meeting that I was able to be present at a session of the Congress. Entering an antechamber which gave admittance to the platform, I found myself at once among familiars. Had I not been acquainted with these faces from the days of the old Abolition conventions? Had I not seen them at the later Women's Rights meetings? There were slight individual differences, to be sure, but the type was the same, and one classification would answer for the specimens. *Genus:* Enthusiasts. *Species:* Political Radical. *Characteristics:* Long hair; much beard; ill-fitting clothes; eager manner; hollow cheeks; gleaming eyes; sallow complexion; a look of mildness which might cover cruelty. These were the men selling the tickets and ordering the general arrangements, but on the platform this sort of character was less conspicuous than in American conventions. Here were more of the worldly sort of men, and yet very few of the highest social type. They looked the advocates, journalists, and the like that, for the most part, they were. The hall itself was American, like a hall in some country town that has not yet built its lyceum. A little more ornamented, to be sure, with stucco adornments than our native hall would be, but as cheaply finished on the whole, and the general bareness of its effect relieved in the same way that we should adopt, namely, by pine boughs employed to cover the front and the supports of the gallery, and to decorate the desk or tribune on the front of the platform from which the speeches were made. Behind the desk the wall was tapestried with two breadths of a striped window-curtain stuff, relieved on either side by old and rather dirty flags. On the front of the tribune, on the pine boughs, was hung a cheap placard, bearing in big letters the words *Paix et Liberté.* The look of the room, the smell of the pine, were enough to touch the heart of a New Englander. The audience was not on its part less fitted to awaken emotions of sympathy in his bosom. It was composed in good part of women—young women who had come to see the author of "Notre Dame de Paris" and "Les Misérables," and other women who had come as genuine "adherents" to the league. The men were also of many sorts; but men and women alike bore a greater resemblance to a New England audience than such an assembly elsewhere in Europe would be likely to present. It was not an elegant assembly, but it looked thoroughly respectable. It was a highly intelligent audience, if its air was a little provincial.

On the platform sat two women, and one of them I was told was an American, who had arrived at Lausanne that day, and had at once made her way to the President of the Congress and claimed the right to speak. The session had scarcely opened before the acting President, M. Eytel, with the utmost politeness led the lady forward and presented her to the audience as "Madame Raws, de l'Amérique." It was indeed the Mrs. Rose who has figured in American conventions for the last twenty years. I confess to wishing she had confined her reformatory energies to a single continent when she began, in a language of which she was but partially mistress: "Je suis contre le guerre, le guerre c'est le mort; le paix c'est le vie; aussi l'oppression c'est le mort, et le liberté c'est le vie." The polite audience smiled, and applauded when she went on in English to assert, according to the *Compte Rendu Analytique*, "que la condition première du succès de l'œuvre poursuivie par la Ligue repose sur le concours éclairé de la femme." In the course of her speech, Mrs. Rose informed us that she was "a Pole by birth, an American by residence, a cosmopolite by heart."

For the rest, there was nothing American about the Congress. The most striking figure in the hall was that of Victor Hugo, as he sat at the right hand of the acting President, just behind the tribune. His face is well represented by the common photograph. He is a man of sixty-seven, in perfect vigor, and looks as if he might well live and write for twenty or thirty years longer. There is nothing in his aspect that suggests the poet, nothing that indicates any peculiar sensibility or sensitiveness, any profound experience or emotion. The correspondent of the *Journal de Genève* goes so far as to call him "simple, bon enfant," and this is true so far that he is much less of a "poseur," and has much less affectation in manner, than one who knew him only through his writings might expect. His hair and beard are gray and short, his forehead high and ample, his eyes small, sharp, and ineffective, his nose heavy and masculine, his mouth thin and hidden under his moustache, his chin strong and deep, and his head vigorously set on a thick neck on broad shoulders. He looks like a solid banker or politician rather than a poet. He was in a full-dress suit of black, with a loose white cravat. His dress set loosely on his thickset figure, and he gave one altogether the impression of a prosperous and comfortable man of the world, and not at all that of a lean, hungry, dangerous exile. The contrast between his looks and his works is greater than one often sees in an author of such standing. It is only his forehead, and the general build of his head, which represent his special power. He has the air of being master of his own genius; as if he did not let it wear him out in its service, as if he could turn on his emo-

tion, could become hysterical at will, and recover himself as he chose. His looks are not fitted to convert one who may have doubted the sincerity of his passions as expressed in his later books. I was reminded in seeing him of Sainte-Beuve's comparison of him and Lamartine—"Mais, charlatan pour charlatan, je préfère Lamartine."

His manner off the platform has all the politeness which is becoming in so conspicuous a man, and there was something touching in the ardor with which certain French exiles pressed around him, each eager to express gratitude and devotion to him, and in the genial, responsive way in which he received their emotional salutations and confidences.

The debate, which was still engaged on the first question, was full of animation and of talent. The ardor, the fluency, the natural eager gesticulation of the various speakers were quite beyond the range of English or American oratory. The temper of speakers and of audience was warm, the manner of the speakers often vehement and unparliamentary in personalities. It was not the manner of men accustomed to free speech. The talk was that of republicans who had not yet learned republican ways. I leave the substance of the debate for another time.

The next day, Friday the 17th, there was a morning session for the discussion of the second question, that of the East. I was not present, but I happened to be in the ante-chamber just as the debate ended and the session broke up. Almost all the members of the Congress had passed out, when loud words began between M. Eytel, the acting President, and one or two of the French members, which very soon passed into a hot dispute between M. Eytel and M. Longuet, a young French disciple of Proudhon, with whom the President had had a sharp passage during the preceding debate. In a moment the altercation grew extreme, face was thrust up to face. "Imbécile!" said one; "Insolent!" retorted the other. "Si vous étiez à Paris," shouted M. Longuet, with a flood of insulting words; "Je vous apprendrai ici," was all one could catch of M. Eytel's reply, and the two disputants seemed about to close with each other, when the bystanders interfered and put an end to the discreditable scene,—the first scene in that "immense apaisement des haines" which, according to M. Victor Hugo, was the object of the Congress.

Correspondence.

THE SPANISH ASONANTE.

To the Editor of the Nation:

Sir: Agreeing with you so cordially as I do on most points, I am sorry we cannot be at one about the *asonante*. As my only wish is to be set right if I am wrong, we may manage at least an assonance, if not quite a rhyme between us. Perhaps I did not make myself clear enough. What I meant was that the Spanish poets so often allow rhyme to impinge upon the *asonante* (I mean, of course, accidental rhyme) that your argument against *hablara* would not hold water. This is especially true of the *Romances*. But I prefer later (because stronger) authority. I open at random two volumes—one of Calderon, the other of Tirso de Molina—both of them, you will allow, pretty good witnesses. In the former I hit upon:

"Corrì la campaña
Por ver si hallaba en el campo
Al hombre que le esperaba,
Y solo junto á la puente
Fabio su criado estaba." (*El Secreto á Voces*, jorn. iii.)

And in the latter:

"Que á interceder ha venido
Por no sé quién con Iusepa;
Y segun lo precedido."
(*Por el Sutano y el Torno*, *acto* ii., *esc.* 17.)

But perhaps you will say these are rhymes, not *asonantes?* Very well; I will try my *sortes* again. Tirso on a single page gives me:

"Obligaron los cohechos
Del oro, que con dos caras,
Tantas traiciones ha hecho"

(a pretty fancy, by the way); and a little further on:

"Que dado que los barberos
No la usen en su ejercicio,
Soy sangrador caballero." (*Ubi supra*, *acto* i., *esc.* 15).

In Calderon's "Dicha y Desdicha del Nombre" (jorn. iii., esc. 1-2), I find *ama* and *damas*, *adquiere* and *eres*, *fácilmente* and *inconvenientes*, *tiene* and *desdenes*—enough to show, I think, that "the rule of assonance in Spanish poetry" has exceptions enough for my purpose. I am glad to find that my memory, in which I trusted when writing my postscript, has not played me false. In the *romances* it is often hard to say whether the author is making rhymes or *asonantes*, or a kind of hybrid of the two, but in an unrhymed one I at once find *ama* and *damas* ("Wolf y Hofmann," i. 80).

Meanwhile, my opinion of your omniscience is not in the least shaken; and I dare say you will make me out to be wrong after all. I have no doubt that we shall both agree with Duchesse de la Ferté: "*Tiens, mon enfant, je ne vois que moi qui aie toujours raison!*"

Fulano.

Harvard College, Oct. 9, 1869.

[What we said (*Nation*, Sept. 16) was that *hablara* would "not so well conform" as *hablava* "to the principle of versification observed in the poem." "Fulano" then asked us whether we "*really* thought it would make any difference in the asonante whether the word was *hablava* or *hablara*;" to which we replied that we did, "the rule of assonance in Spanish poetry being that the vowels correspond, while the consonants should be different. "Fulano" now shows that there are many infringements of this rule, which is no doubt true, but does not, it seems to us, weaken our position—in fact, may be said to strengthen it. His light way of speaking of our "omniscience" led us to fear not only that he doubted it himself, but was disposed to lessen the popular confidence in it, and thus diminish the popular reverence for our office. We therefore receive his disavowal with pleasure; and hope all parents, teachers, and pastors will take note of it. Few persistent attempts have been made to dispute our authority the perpetrators of which have not come to a bad end.—Ed. Nation.]

Notes.

LITERARY.

Messrs. Harper & Brothers, alleging that they were the first to publish George Eliot's novels in this country, and that for the early sheets of them they have from time to time paid five thousand dollars in gold, state that the edition which they are now publishing to compete with that of Messrs. Fields, Osgood & Co.—similar in style, but cheaper in price—is from their old plates, and calls for no particular sympathy on behalf of the Boston publishers. The question, we need not remind our readers, is the same which two or three years ago entered into the Dickens controversy between the Harpers and the Petersons on one side and Messrs. Ticknor & Fields on the other, and consists in the extent to which property vests in works of which *the advance sheets* have been purchased.——Messrs. Fields, Osgood & Co. are to reprint in pamphlet form the luminous paper, "A Chapter on Erie," by Mr. Chas. Francis Adams, jr., which appeared in the July *North American Review*. The demand for it was so great as speedily to sell out the edition of the quarterly; and there are still better reasons why the article should be issued by itself. If ever public opinion is to help repress the Fisks, and Goulds, and Barnards, it must be thoroughly alive to what may be expected from these men in case they go unrestrained. Now, the original Erie war, though quite eclipsed by later operations, exhibits all the resources and possibilities of these adventurers, and can leave no reasonable person in doubt as to their character and their influence on the public morals.——Messrs. Wood & Holbrook have in press a work entitled "Physical, Intellectual, and Moral Culture; or, The True Art of Living," by Prof. F. G. Welch, Superintendent of Physical Culture in Yale College. The contents will range from heavy and musical gymnastics to essays on marriage, religion, culture, etc., and "a very large collection of the wisest sayings of great and good men of all ages and times." The same house announces "A Winter in Florida," by Ledyard Bill, with illustrations, making the third book relating to Florida that has appeared this year. The *Herald of Health* for 1870 will be enlivened by "an appropriate and charming story" by Mrs. Elizabeth Oakes Smith.——Back in the country districts, among the farm-houses and the small villages, there is still flourishing a sort of literature the existence of which is almost forgotten by the average urban reader. Such are the works of Mrs. Ann S. Stephens, Mrs. Southworth, and several others, women, most of them, whose novels, sold by thousands and tens of thousands, have undoubtedly done much harm, and perhaps have done some good. Probably the best of all these writers was the author of "Queechy," who was a wonder of "unexceptionable moral tone;" and one of the worst of

this better sort of them—the sort that produces moral and sentimental twaddle of various degrees of milk-and-wateriness—was Mrs. Caroline Lee Hentz. Her books—twelve in all—after having been out of print for years—are going to be published again by Messrs. T. B. Peterson & Brothers. The first volume of the series, "Linda, or the Young Pilot of the Belle Creole"—who eventually married the proud planter's daughter, if we remember—is to contain a biography of the author.——Messrs. J. B. Lippincott & Co. announce as in press "A Metrical Pocket-book," which is a book of reference for the use of all kinds of people who need to know weights, measures, coins, etc. Clerks, jewellers, and other merchants, physicians, chemists, mechanics, and others, are promised a valuable manual. "The Great Empress; a Portrait," by Professor Schele De Vere, is another work announced by Lippincott; and still others, which we have not previously mentioned, are: "The Trial of Job," by Silas H. Durand, of which we cannot give any description; "Vital Philosophy," by J. S. McDonald, which is "a survey of substance and an exposition of natural religion;" and an "Analysis of American Law," by T. W. Powell.——Messrs. Leypoldt & Holt say that additional matter for Professor Whitney's German text-books—the "Reader" and the "Grammar"—will be supplied at a low price to purchasers who have already bought copies of the early issue, which was not quite complete. The same firm inform the large public that has bought the Tauchnitz "Thackeray" that they have received three volumes which perfect that edition—namely, one containing "Denis Duval," and two containing "The Roundabout Papers." But the Tauchnitz edition is not, strictly speaking, perfect, in the sense of including all the author's works. The Fields & Osgood edition is better for that; or, rather, is to be better. But the public that bought the pretty little Tauchnitz "Thackeray" is a large one, and will be glad to add to the number of its volumes.——"Hymns, Ancient and Modern," is announced by Messrs. Pott & Amery, who state that they will sell the volume with or without the appendix, and with or without tunes, or will sell the appendix only, and that also with or without tunes, in various bindings, and at various prices. This is the book of which more than four millions of copies have already been sold in England, besides parts of English editions and the American editions which have been sold in this country. Messrs. Pott & Amery speak of the sanctioning of the collection by the last General Convention of the Episcopal Church. The Convention, which, no doubt, might have "authorized" it, did, we believe, say that any bishop might, if he liked, authorize its use in his own diocese. Some Church reading-books, in series, some secular, some scriptural, and a book by the late Dr. Hawks—"Elementary Instruction in the English Language"—are also announced by the same firm.

—We cheerfully reproduce the following card from the Hartford *Courant*. No one, we presume, has imagined that Mrs. Stowe told all she knew in her *Atlantic* article, or that she would consent to let her case rest where public criticism has left it:

"Mrs. Stowe desires the friends of justice and fair dealing to publish for her this announcement:

"That she has kept silence hitherto in regard to the criticisms on her article on Lady Byron for two reasons. First, because she regarded the public mind as in too excited a state to consider the matter dispassionately; and, secondly, because she has expected the developments of additional proofs in England, some of which of great importance have already come to hand. Mrs. Stowe is preparing a review of the whole matter, with further facts and more documents, including several letters of Lady Byron to her, attesting the vigor and soundness of her mind at the period referred to, and also Mrs. Stowe's own letters to Lady Byron at the same time, which were returned to her by the executors soon after that lady's death. She will also give the public a full account of the circumstances and reasons which led her to feel it to be her duty to make this disclosure as an obligation alike of justice, gratitude, and personal friendship."

—We have received from Mr. H. Gaidoz, the editor of the *Revue Celtique* announced in our issue of September 16, a copy of the circular in which he invites support to his undertaking, and which enables us to add to what we have already said on this subject. The first thing to be noticed is that the contributions to this quarterly will be printed in the vernacular in which they are written, if this be English, French, or German; or in Latin; but should a certain number of subscribers desire it the German papers will be translated into French. The field contemplated by the *Revue* embraces Celtic studies in the widest sense—"mythology, history, literary history, and archæology, as far as archæology immediately illustrates history and mythology." What we may call the editorial purpose is to publish "inedited Irish, Scotch-Gaelic, Manx, Welsh, Cornish, and Breton texts, with translations," these being selected for their bearing on philology, literary history, or mythology; "philological essays on the Celtic languages, and on their relationship with the other Indo-European languages; researches on the religion of the ancient Celts and on Celtic folklore;" a bibliography of all the works published in Europe concerning Celtic studies in the course of the year, etc., etc. A part of the scheme consists also in reprinting "interesting and scarce texts or tracts, such as O'Clerigh's "Irish Glossary," Griffith Roberts's "Welsh Grammar," and the like. The first number of the *Revue* is already provided for, and reckons amongst its contributors French, German, and English scholars, who touch on nearly all the topics enumerated above. Max Müller and Ernest Renan have written in hearty approval of the project, and the *Revue* is certain not only to fill a gap in the literature of learning, but also, we trust, to be liberally sustained. In this country subscriptions will be received by Messrs. E. Steiger, John Wiley & Son, and E. P. Dutton & Co., of this city, or by Messrs. J. B. Lippincott & Co., of Philadelphia. According to the style of issue, the price will be one pound or (on laid paper with the names of subscribers) two pounds per annum, postage included. Single numbers will not be sold. The editor's address is care of Mr. F. Vieweg, 67 rue Richelieu, Paris.

—A writer in the September *Blackwood* discourses in a pleasant and instructive way of some lost preterites in our English speech, and of others, like *ate, bade bidden, durst,* which are in process of perishing. The article will be found good reading for its incidental comments on passages in Milton and Shakspeare, and for several fresh and unexpected derivations. Of the former we may cite (Macbeth, act iii., scene ii.) the passage—

> "Light thickens, and the crow
> Makes wing to the *rooky* wood."

The word italicized seems to fit the context so well as almost to pass unchallenged; but it should read *roaky*—from the preterite *roke*, or *roak*, of *reek*, to emit smoke or vapor—and be interpreted "dark" or "obscure." *Doughty* the writer derives immediately from *dow*, to be able, to thrive; *dought*, was able. "This verb," he continues, "is utterly lost from English literature, but, like many others of its sturdy class, exists in the speech of the English peasantry, and in the speech as well as the literature of Scotland . . . . . 'I do as well as I *dow*'—*i. e.*, 'I do as well as I can'—is a common phrase in the North," and "How do you do?" is only "How do you *dow*?" in ungrammatical disguise. The writer is particularly strong in his acquaintance with the Scotch; and that this is not the erudition of a stranger to the heather is shown by his misuse of *will* in these sentences: "An Englishman," he says, "must resort to the periphrase of 'I *will* be able' to express power in futurity;" and "'I *will* be obliged to do such and such a thing hereafter." To stay the abandonment of the old forms—many of which would render good service in the rhymester's vocabulary—the writer invokes the aid of the poets especially. These have to some extent made the endeavor—Tennyson for one—and have sought at least to save the monosyllabic form for the monosyllabic participle—as *spilt* in place of *spilled, burnt* for *burned, slipt* for *slipped*, etc. But the proof-readers are too strong for the influence of any single author to make head against them, and besides, the poets must have their license too. Emerson needed the two syllables when he wrote:

> "He *builded* better than he knew;"

and indeed we may say that it was not as mere metrical syllables that he needed them, but that the slow progress of the action to which the verse refers is more forcibly presented by the word chosen than by the monosyllabic preterite. We do not know, however, that we do not condemn him for passing by "shone" in his lines where he says:

> "Thine eyes still *shined* for me though far
> I lonely roved the land or sea."

What more of force is got from the oddness of the verb does not, we should say, pay for the slight disagreeableness of the identity of the vowel sound in the word we complain of and the first word of the line.

—*The Gaiety Journal* is a periodical which is soon to be started in London, and which will be devoted, its conductors say, to literature, science, and art. Judging from the contributors, however, we should say that the literature, science, and art will not be of the higher kind. Mr. John Oxenford, a well-known dramatic critic, is one of them; so is Mr. G. A. Sala; Mr. Dutton Cook, Mr. John Hollingshead, and Mr. Dion Boucicault are others; and the theatrical world will be more interested in the literary matter of the new journal than the general public is likely to be. But the general public may very likely take an interest in seeing the paper for the sake of a series of satirical caricatures which it is to contain,

and which it will be worth while to have if they shall really be as good as those in *Vanity Fair*—which promise is made. These latter, by the way, now have for their subjects the European crowned heads—crowned and discrowned. The first is of Napoleon III. in his uncle's great-coat and cocked hat, walking with a cane over which he stoops, while with his right hand he leans heavily on a blooming French girl, with rather a British-American look than a typical French one, who does duty as an allegorical Constitutional France. It can hardly be said, however, that Napoleon is caricatured. On the contrary, this picture is flattery in comparison with some of the unfortunate photographs he has had taken, which vulgarize him very much. In the work of the satirist "the situation" may be said to be slightly caricatured, but Napoleon has a face which corresponds with the good character his friends give him rather than with what Louis Blanc would say, or Mr. Kinglake has written; and the Emperor's prostration, which is successfully represented by the artist, gives quite a pathetic interest to the picture. Queen Isabella, who is the subject of the second of the new series of cartoons, is not dealt with very severely either, severely enough, however, to make her appear as incapable and sensual as it is necessary to believe her. On the whole, the readers of *Vanity Fair* will be glad, we think, that the "Statesmen" series is not to be abandoned wholly; and it is hard to see why the managers of the paper have not before this pre-empted, as we over here say, the field in which they will now most likely have to meet the *Gaiety Journal*—the field, namely, which the authors, actors, and social celebrities of Britain offer to a satirist.

— Much has been said and written about the credulity—the almost more than human incapacity of weighing evidence—which is charged upon mathematicians; but M. Michel Chasles, probably the greatest living mathematician of the continent of Europe, will go down to posterity in volumes of anecdotes of the learned with as high a reputation for simplicity as any mathematical poor body has earned since Sir Isaac Newton cut a little hole in the door for the kitten to use, although already there was in the same door a larger hole which our famous reasoner had made for the use of the cat. Sir William Hamilton was, perhaps, not so far wrong in his belief that the pursuit of high mathematical studies was not only no good means of cultivating the reasoning powers, but was even, as he boldly used to say, prejudicial to the intellect generally. Certainly, a man may be a skilful reasoner when his premises are given him and a mathematical truth is to be demonstrated, while he may in the region of the contingent, when premises are to be found by himself and probabilities are to be weighed, be no better than a child. M. Chasles, as our readers know, has on more than one occasion recently come before the French Academy of Sciences, of which he is so great a pillar and ornament, and offered for inspection letters purporting to have been written by Pascal, by Milton, by Newton, Newton's mother, and dozens of other distinguished people, and which were so palpably forgeries of a very impudent and clumsy kind, that they were only inspected to be at once condemned. The Pascal letters made some little stir, to be sure, for they engaged Englishmen in a discussion as to whether Newton had or had not pilfered from the great Frenchman his discovery of the law of gravitation. But the discussion went all one way, for each new contribution to it brought from some new quarter pieces of evidence which alone were enough to make the forger's position ridiculously untenable. When, for a second and a third time, M. Chasles came forward with new treasures-trove, he had only himself for a believer, though the civility of examining his stores was done him. He, however, did persist in his belief till very recently. "How," he said to the Academy, "*could* I believe the manuscripts to be ungenuine when they included numerous letters from Julius Cæsar himself?" And if Julius Cæsar was not of himself sufficient, were there not the Apostles also, who wrote some of the letters—for which unfortunate M. Chasles paid out six thousand pounds sterling—and several of "the Roman Emperors and the Fathers of the Church?" Now, however, in spite of this weight of evidence, he is convinced that he went wrong—though not so very wrong either, for, as he still vehemently insists, there, after all, *was* Julius Cæsar, with the Apostles themselves at his back. No one now doubts the poor gentleman's perfect honesty, though we confess to having been a little suspicious for a little while. It is better, however, as the case has turned out, to adopt the opinion of Dugald Stewart. He says: "In the course of my experience, I have never met with a mere mathematician who was not credulous to a fault; credulous not only with respect to human testimony, but credulous also in matters of opinion, and prone on all subjects which he had not carefully studied to repose too much faith in illustrious and consecrated names."

WALLACE'S MALAY ARCHIPELAGO.*

Though nominally a book of travel, Mr. Wallace's crowded chapters are arranged with reference to a scientific thesis, viz., that in the East Indian Archipelago there meet, and have only recently begun to mingle, two quite distinct races of men—the Malays and the Papuans—and that these islands are really the fragments of two continental systems, between which it is possible to draw accurately the dividing line. The author's observations, therefore, on the fauna and inhabitants of each island which he visited are directly used as an argument in establishing first its relation to the mainland, and then to its sister islands; the probable order of its dismemberment, through volcanic activity producing subsidence of the adjoining parts; and some of the vicissitudes of elevation it may have undergone in reaching its present state. He attempts, as he says, to bring zoölogy to the rescue of the geologists, who are thrown off the scent when they come to water; and, by means of "an accurate knowledge of the distribution of birds and insects, to map out lands and continents which disappeared beneath the ocean long before the earliest traditions of the human race." For this purpose, his plan is probably the best that could have been adopted. He disregards chronological sequence, and skips now backwards now forwards in the eight years of his tropical wanderings, but observes a geographical succession, and finishes as he goes along, although he may have visited a given island a number of times. Each of the five groups which he distinguishes has a separate chapter discussing its natural history, and the support it lends to the thesis first-mentioned. The reader, thus escaping the fatigue of unbroken narration, readily consents to do at intervals a little necessary thinking, and is more easily persuaded by the argument taken in detail.

This method is different from Prof. Bickmore's, who has chosen the commoner form of the diary, and who had no theory to maintain. We have re-read his work in comparison with Mr. Wallace's, and have been gratified to find them complementary of each other in an eminent degree. For instance, the latter is chiefly a zoölogist, the former a geologist and conchologist. Hence the general outline and prominent physical characteristics of each island, as seen on approach to it, are carefully noted by Bickmore; while, with one or two exceptions, Wallace makes no account of his voyages, but begins his descriptions on *terra-firma*. Then, their explorations were not coextensive, and when they coincided the one has much to tell which the other overlooks, and generally they do not seem to have been entertained by the same persons. Thus they often saw nature and society very differently, as was remarkably the case with the island of Bouru, which formed the subject of one of Bickmore's pleasantest chapters—he visiting it in the dry season—and one of Wallace's least agreeable, since he found everything wet and miserable. There is, however, too much of the guide-book in Bickmore, and he may without shame yield in attractiveness of style and in extent of knowledge to his senior. The search after shells, too, competes at a disadvantage with the hunting and taming of orang-utans and the discovery of birds of paradise—two specialties which alone would render the English naturalist's work more interesting; and that Mr. Wallace can tell a story very well merely for the sake of telling it is evident from Chapter XII.—a delightful episode, in which the Rajah of Lombock figures as a census-taker.

It is difficult to choose from the wealth of observations collected by Mr. Wallace such as shall best represent him. As a disciple of Darwin, to whom he dedicates his book, he offers fresh evidence to confirm his views of the origin of species. Sharing the scepticism as to final causes which distinguishes modern science, he writes thus of the durion, which he calls the king of fruit, and which is "about the size of a large cocoa-nut, and covered all over with short, stout spines:"

"Poets and moralists, judging from our English trees and fruits, have thought that small fruits always grew on lofty trees, so that their fall should be harmless to man, while the large ones trailed on the ground. Two of the largest and heaviest fruits known, however, the Brazil-nut fruit and durion, grow on lofty forest trees, from which they fall as soon as they are ripe, and often wound or kill the native inhabitants. From this we may learn two things: first, not to draw general conclusions from a very partial view of nature; and secondly, that trees and fruits, no less than the varied productions of the animal kingdom, do not appear to be organized with exclusive reference to the use and convenience of man."

In the same spirit, he remarks of the birds of paradise:

"It seems sad that on the one hand such exquisite creatures should live out their lives and exhibit their charms only in these wild inhospitable regions, doomed for ages yet to come to hopeless barbarism; while, on the

* "The Malay Archipelago: The Land of the Orang-utan and the Bird of Paradise. A Narrative of Travel, with Studies of Man and Nature." By Alfred Russel Wallace." New York: Harper & Brothers. 1869.

other hand, should civilized man ever reach these distant lands, and bring moral, intellectual, and physical light into the recesses of these virgin forests, we may be sure that he will so disturb the nicely balanced relations of organic and inorganic nature as to cause the disappearance, and finally the extinction, of these very beings whose wonderful structure and beauty he alone is fitted to appreciate and enjoy. This consideration must surely tell us that all living things were *not* made for man. Many of them have no relation to him. The cycle of their existence has gone on independently of his, and is disturbed or broken by every advance in man's intellectual development; and their happiness and enjoyments, their loves and hates, their struggles for existence, their vigorous life and early death, would seem to be immediately related to their own well-being and perpetuation alone, limited only by the equal well-being and perpetuation of the numberless other organisms with which each is more or less intimately connected."

There is still, of course, a sense in which every created thing visible to man, and capable of stimulating his curiosity or satisfying his intelligence, may be said to have been made for him; and this has been abused by the theologians to exaggerate man's importance in the universe, whereas it is not his order or end in creation, but his perfectibility, that is in question, and which might subordinate to itself even higher organizations than man's own. In this sense, races and generations of men exist and have existed for the benefit of mankind—the inhabitant of the "lake-dwellings" lately revealed in Switzerland not more than the Papuan pile-dweller whom Mr. Wallace encountered in New Guinea, alive and actually accumulating his "kitchen-midden." The study, indeed, of savage and barbarous tribes in the Archipelago lends half its worth to Mr. Wallace's narrative, and he derives from the native society of the islands valuable lessons for all civilized communities.

His narrative closes with a contrast, by no means favorable to his country, between English civilization and the natural state of the savage peoples whom he had visited in the East and previously in South America, and among whom, though without laws or courts, individual rights were scrupulously regarded and seldom infringed, a nearly perfect equality prevailed, and, the incitement to great crimes being wanting, petty crimes were "repressed partly by the influence of public opinion, but chiefly by that natural sense of justice and of his neighbor's right which seems to be, in some degree, inherent in every race of man." We get the other side of this picture when we examine, not the harmony of any given tribe or population within itself, but inter-tribal relations, and find in the "head-hunters" and pirates of the Archipelago the analogue of our Indian scalpers and something worse; and when we learn of the abrogation of many of these savage practices since the advent of Europeans. We are still further enlightened when pointed to the increase of the native population in Java as the best evidence of good government—at least, of a much better government than the Dutch supplanted: the grinding tyranny of the native princes. Java Mr. Wallace calls the best-governed tropical island in the world, and it doubles its population in about twenty-six years. In Celebes, however, or at least in the region called Minahasa, where the Dutch system has produced even more striking results in the manners, peaceableness, and industry of the natives, the increased population is not, according to our author, what it should be, and he adds: "I can only impute this to one cause—infant mortality, produced by neglect while the mothers are working in the plantations, and by general ignorance of the conditions of health in infants." On the other hand, in accounting for the stationary population of the Hill Dyaks of Borneo under Sir James Brooke's régime, he attributes it to the infertility of the women, and this in turn to their "hard labor and the heavy weights they constantly carry." Mr. Wallace's remedy in both instances is to withdraw the women from the field to the house, and to confine them to domestic occupations—"a change which has already to a great extent taken place in the allied Malay, Javanese, and Bugis tribes." This appears to be sound advice in a tropical country, but in our sub-tropical South we are witnessing such a withdrawal of female laborers from agriculture without notable increase in the population, owing, it is said, to the nefarious practice of fœticide.

Scattered through many pages of Mr. Wallace's work, we find rather an elaborate defence of the Dutch colonial system in the Archipelago, partly as an offset to the representations contained in the story of "Max Havelaar." So far as the actual rule is concerned, and the general welfare of the governed populations, we allow great weight to Mr. Wallace's testimony. Had he stopped there, it seems to us, he would have furnished the best of arguments—"by their fruits." But he must go on and maintain not only that the Dutch policy has been a prudent one in all respects—elevating the natives while strengthening the European dominion, and earning vast revenues for the mother country—but also peculiarly a moral one. In taking this extreme and uncalled-for position, he has neglected to set clearly before his readers the historical progress of the Dutch rule in Malaysia, without a knowledge of which the discussion is calculated rather to deceive than to enlighten. For instance, because the Dutch East India Company supplanted with a milder sway the Portuguese, while still intent on exploiting the natives for its own benefit, Mr. Wallace allows himself to speak of these traders as "repaying themselves" by getting a monopoly of the spice traffic, as if what they had done were a laborious act of Christian charity and not the product of the purest selfishness. We are not told that this Company governed in the East for two centuries, and that the present system owes nothing to it but the extent of territory in which it is applied: an expansion fatal to the Company, to which it was led by the spirit of commercial greed in as naked and unscrupulous a form as was ever witnessed, and which involved the wholesale destruction of spice-trees in all but one or two islands so small as to be easily guarded by the Company. It is this "abolition of the spice trade in the Moluccas" which Mr. Wallace calls "actually beneficial to the inhabitants," and "an act both wise in itself and morally and politically justifiable." And his language will not appear as strong as it is unless we consider the immense amount of bloodshed which was the price of this policy before it could be established, or when we compare it with the following passage from Bickmore, in his account of the Banda isles:

"During this long contest the natives are said to have lost three thousand killed and a thousand prisoners, or more than a fourth part of what has been stated as their whole number when the Dutch arrived. All who were left alive fled to the neighboring islands, and not a vestige of their language or peculiar customs is known to exist at the present time. The Dutch were thus left sole possessors of the coveted prize, but there were no natives to cultivate the nutmeg trees, and they were therefore obliged to import slaves to do their labor. When slavery was abolished [1859] in the Dutch possessions, convicts were sent from Java to make up the deficiency, and at this time there are about three thousand of them in all these islands. They are a most villanous-looking set, and have nearly all been guilty of the bloodiest crimes. They are obliged to wear around the neck a large iron ring, weighing a pound or a pound and a half."

Mr. Wallace, however, regrets to have learned that "since leaving the country, this monopoly [of the nutmeg trade] has been partially or wholly discontinued, a proceeding which appears exceedingly injudicious and quite unnecessary." He rather naïvely remarks, as a reason, that "a small country like Holland cannot afford to keep distant and expensive colonies at a loss"—and he seems actually to suppose that the monopoly might have been abandoned while it still paid, and because of a mistaken sentiment against it! It is notorious that the monopoly had practically ceased to exist, and that the revenues of the Spice Islands had long been falling short of their expenses, owing to competition that could not be overcome, when the Government decided to abolish the monopoly inherited from the East India Company.

While we fail to share our author's views of a monopoly begun in violence and confirmed by despotism, and ending appropriately in bankruptcy, neither can we wholly accept his reasoning in favor of the Dutch *corvée*, however admirable its workings and however adapted to the genius of the Malays. He says that the latter are merely undergoing one of the stages which every civilized people has passed through, though not always under such favorable auspices. Ten years ago, however, the same thing could have been said as truly in defence of slavery, not only the mild sort tolerated in the Archipelago, but the infinitely brutal and cruel slavery (of a less vindictive race) of the Trans-Vaal and Guiana. We think, therefore, that Mr. Wallace would have done better to put aside *à priori* arguments, in favor of those drawn from experience of the latter days of the Dutch rule—such, for example, as those already referred to, furnished by the astonishing improvements in Java and the Minahasa. These he should have sought in the history of the Dutch Colonies during the past fifty years—the period of such great administrators as Van der Capellen, Van den Bosch, and Rochussen, who respectively invented the existing official subordination, substituted the *corvée* for direct taxes, and firmly settled the hold of Holland upon the smaller islands in her East Indian domain. Over the period occupied by the East India Company it is most convenient to draw a veil, and worse than useless to make it seem respectable by proving England's Indian history even more disreputable and tyrannical. Let the dead past bury its dead, and let us start afresh with only one datum: *The Dutch are here.* The superior is in contact, as master, with the inferior. For such a state of things is liberty or a modified despotism, is protection or free trade, the wiser and humaner policy? Is political economy the science of mixed, or only of co-ordinate, civilizations? Here the author is upon solid ground, and his conclusions we believe to be in the main correct. We shall not dwell upon this topic,

but shall simply remark that it is worth all the attention which his readers can give it.

ANOTHER POPULAR ROMAN HISTORY.*

Dr. Wilhelm Ihne, already distinguished for his researches in the field of Roman antiquities, has published the first volume of a Roman History, designed, like Mommsen's, "not for scholars and investigators, but for the entire educated public;" but differing from Mommsen's in giving arguments and authorities, and thus aiming "to place the reader in a position to take part himself in the investigation." To a certain extent this is practicable and desirable, and is a valuable feature of the book; but when it comes to the great disputed questions of early Roman history, it is out of the question to present the arguments satisfactorily in the space which can be given to this; or, indeed, to present them at all, to those who are not already familiar with the points at issue. He continually finds it necessary to refer to Schwegler's great work, or to his own "Forschungen," for the detailed proofs of propositions advanced; and the brief answers that he gives to Mommsen's new views are in the highest degree unsatisfactory. So that, after all, his readers, no less than Mommsen's, have to take for granted his reasons, and accept his views on faith.

But even the limited space which can be given to special discussions is not always used to the best advantage. For instance, far too much space is given to the work of demonstrating the incredibility of the old traditions. Surely this is a thing that we have a right to take for granted, as nobody nowadays holds to the old traditions except Mr. Dyer and Gerlach and Bachofen. It is very well to point out a few of the inconsistencies and improbabilities of these traditions, but, after all, they are rejected rather on the ground of general principles of historical evidence than by reason of the incredibility of individual statements; for most of these it is easy to explain away, as Mr. Dyer does. For instance, it is usually declared impossible that the seven kings of Rome should have reigned an average of thirty-four years each. But the seven first Kings of France, of the Capetian House (commencing with the accession of Hugh Capét to the ducal throne), averaged *thirty-eight* years. So that it is not wise to push the argument *ab incredibili* too far.

We must say, moreover, that Dr. Ihne manifests an excessive degree of scepticism in regard to these traditions, even surpassing Schwegler in this. For Schwegler admits the historical character of some of the kings, while Ihne rejects them all indiscriminately; and of the treaty of Servius Tullius with the Latins, which Schwegler says "no judicious investigator will question," our author says that the evidence is "throughout untrustworthy." So in numerous other cases. The insufficiency of method in his treatment of these old legends is illustrated in the story of Coriolanus, to which he will not admit even a nucleus of historical fact, while Mommsen, with genuine historical insight, adds after relating the story: "How much in this is true cannot now be determined; but the narration opens to us a view into the deep moral and political infamy of these contests of the orders." This excessive scepticism is indeed only the exaggeration of a correct sentiment as to the uselessness of trying to reconcile much of the testimony in regard to the early period; only we regret that he spends so much time in proving this. A good illustration of this sound reasoning is found on page 57, in regard to the utter untrustworthiness of the *numbers* in the organization of centuries ascribed to Servius Tullius. These numbers he shows (from Schwegler) must have been derived from a much later period. Another point of cardinal importance is made on page 93: "For us the entire period of the monarchy is only the assumed point of departure for the development of the republic." We should be glad to see these fabulous times wholly relegated to the domains of fable, except in so far as we can draw from them solid facts as a basis for later and authentic history.

So far as Dr. Ihne advances peculiar theories of his own, they have been already promulgated in every case, if we are not mistaken, in his "Forschungen," published in 1847. These views are: that the relation of clientship was derived from conquest; that the Sabines formed a much larger element in Latium than is usually assumed (including, for instance, the Albans); that the Tarquinian period was one of Etruscan supremacy; that the overthrow of the monarchy was followed by a transition period of dictators before the definite establishment of the consular government; that the right of *provocatio* did not belong to the plebeians until the time of the decemvirs. The second of these is unimportant; the last rests upon very weak arguments, and has found, we believe, no supporters. The first, on the other hand, has probably a considerable degree of truth; *a part* of the clients, at least, may well have belonged to a conquered people, although undoubtedly one of cognate race. The relation in which they stood to their patrons was almost precisely what it might be expected to be after a conquest in which the vanquished were not reduced to slavery, if any such there was.

The Etruscan theory advanced by our author is not the utterly groundless one of an *Etruscan element* in the Roman state (the tribe of the *Luceres*), but of a conquest and dynastic rule directly connected with a general extension of Etruscan power toward the south at this epoch. This hypothesis we do not consider by any means an improbable one. We know that in the sixth century before Christ the Etruscans were at the height of their power and activity, having even got a foothold in Campania. The strange traditions of Cælius Vibenna and Mastarna, the conquest of Porsena, and the unanimous testimony of the ancients that the royal insignia were of Etruscan origin, all point in this direction. But, granting this, it cannot have been anything but a *dynastic* rule. The Etruscans hardly left their impress upon the Roman institutions and nationality in any perceptible degree. If they ruled Latium at all, it was as the Hyksos ruled Egypt—a mere interruption of the national continuity. And, however this may be, we think our author, in his eagerness to sustain his Etruscan theory, very much underrates the influence of Greece upon Rome, which he thinks hardly existed at all until about the time of Pyrrhus.

Our author's most original and ingenious theory is "that after the overthrow of the monarchy a period of the government of dictators followed, which we find last in the hands of Valerius [Publicola]" (p. 107). This is only a doubtful inference from a variety of independent facts and allusions, and our author does well to do no more than hint at it in the present volume: in the "Forschungen" he develops it in some detail, and makes indeed a very interesting bit of constructive history out of it. What is certain is that this period just after the overthrow of Tarquin is one of great confusion and uncertainty, and that it would appear certain that the events of a number of years are here crowded into two or three; so that this theory may serve as well as any to fill up the gap. And, at any rate, one is thankful in these dry chronicles for the vivid portraiture he gives us of so great a man as he makes out Valerius Publicola to have been—the real founder of the Roman Republic.

We cannot quite make out Dr. Ihne's meaning where he denies that the causes usually assigned for the secession of the Plebs—the harsh laws of debt, the iniquitous occupation of the public lands, etc.—were adequate ones, and says that we must seek its occasion rather "in the general political situation of the Plebs" than in special grievances. Surely all history teaches us that it is not a general condition of despotism, but specific acts of tyranny that cause the insurrection of a community; although, of course, it was those general evils that gave rise to the special abuses.

Dr. Ihne, who has resided in England, gives us another illustration—like Niebuhr and Mommsen—how a German student must constantly turn to English institutions when he wishes to find analogies for the free constitutions of the ancient world. An interesting example of this is in a note on p. 70, in speaking of the uniform tradition, referred to above, that the royal insignia were of Etruscan origin: "This can be explained," he goes on, "only on the assumption that Etruscan princes ruled in Rome; somewhat as the employment of French formularies in the Parliamentary language in England points to the Norman Conquest."

When the perilous ground of the early ages is passed, in discussing the constitutional changes and the external history after the time of the Decemvirs, we have little but praise for the book before us, except where a paragraph is occasionally vitiated by a false theory; as, for instance, that concerning the right of appeal for plebeians. So, in a note to p. 173, he takes exception to Mommsen's proposition "that there were two quite distinct kinds of tribe-assemblies—to wit, pure plebeian, in which only plebeians had the right to vote, under the presidency of tribunes of the people, or ædiles; and patrician-plebeian, which embraced the whole body of citizens." But this distinction, which Rubino called attention to in 1839, we consider not only as fully proved, but as solving some of the most difficult problems in Roman antiquities. Our author himself admits that patrician magistrates presided at the *comitia tributa*, and it is hard to see

* "Römische Geschichte von Wilhelm Ihne. Erster Band. Von der Gründung Roms bis zum ersten punischen Kriege." Leipzig: Verlag von Wilhelm Engelmann. 1868. 8vo, pp. 483.

how this fact can be reconciled with the assumed exclusion of patricians from these *comitia*.

We are glad to see that an English edition of this work, prepared by the author himself, is about to appear in London.

Her Majesty's Tower. By William Hepworth Dixon, editor of the *Athenæum*, and author of "New America," "Spiritual Wives," etc.—(Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.: New York; Harper & Brothers. 1869.)—Mr. Hepworth Dixon certainly has a genius for title-pages. He believes as firmly as did Mr. Shandy in the virtue of names. And whether or not as much of the success in life of young Christians depends upon a good selection as the sage of Shandy Hall maintained, there can be no doubt that it has much to do with the success of new books. A taking title is as much of a letter of recommendation to a book as Lord Chesterfield said a handsome face is to a man. Mr. Dixon, being a born book-maker, knew this by instinct, and has accordingly baptized his bantlings with appellations that at once attracted attention to them, and then sent them into the world to make their way with less regard to their moral character than to their pecuniary success. "*Rem, quocunque modo, rem,*" has been the maxim he impressed upon them, and we have reason to believe that they have performed their mission and brought back to their author a good store of coined money. Mr. Dixon is emphatically one of those who have their good things in this life, which probably suits him entirely. The character of his works is not such as will secure for him much credit in the next age or in the next world. Like the razors of Peter Pindar's "Razor-Seller," they are "made to sell," and as long as they do sell, what does the maker care?

Mr. Dixon's books on this country were good specimens of his wares. Good, we mean, as showing the methods of his manufacture. In making up his "New America" and "Spiritual Wives," he was happily able to dispense with authenticity in collecting his materials, and with honesty in putting them together, while he had hit upon excellent names, sure of attracting the attention of the curious public. A less ingenious man, with such a field before him, with an imagination to draw upon for his facts, or to distort and color such as were really existent, might well make a book that would sell in a market that was greedy of such merchandise. In "Spiritual Wives," however, he overdid his market, which was not ready for such strong meat so highly spiced. It put money in his purse, but it damaged his literary and, we believe, his social status, by the mingled disgust, disbelief, and ridicule which it excited in the best quarters. We were a little surprised, therefore, to see that he had received "express permission" to dedicate his last work, "Her Majesty's Tower," to the Queen, as we believe that the royal permission is not granted in such cases as a matter of course.

Not that there is anything to object to in the book itself, excepting that it has no particular *raison d'être*. It is made up according to Mr. Dixon's infallible receipt. "The Tower of London" was too common a name for a book about it, and so he adopted the old-fashioned style which was in use when the public property of the nation was more specifically that of the sovereign than it is now. In a sense, the Tower is her Majesty's, as the courts of justice, the army and navy, and her loyal Commons are hers. Having the name, he was in no lack of materials for the making of the book. Indeed, they are abundant for a dozen such. There would, indeed, be no end of making books if state prisons may be made the text for the history of all the prisoners confined in them. Mr. Dixon certainly has the literary knack of putting his materials in a readable shape. There is little, if anything, that is new about them; but they are managed in a workmanlike manner, worthy of so experienced a book-maker. And, separately, they are of course deeply and enduringly interesting; but there is something that borders on the revolting in the collecting together of so many of the bloody businesses of which the Tower was the scene. It is supping too full of horrors. One rises from the book sickened with blood. On the whole, it is not a dainty dish to set before a Queen. Her Tower has been, indeed, "with many a foul and midnight murder fed," as well as with the many more committed in the face of the sun. Gray was not far wrong when he branded it as "London's Lasting Shame!"

If we might be allowed to suggest a topic to Mr. Dixon for his next book, we would propose his taking one of her Majesty's palaces as his text—say St. James's or Windsor Castle. Great numbers of interesting people have passed through them, and they have been the scene of much history, public and secret, which it will not be hard to hunt up, and easy to serve up. And it will have the advantage of affording a variety of savory dishes of various flavors, substantial history and light biography, not unspiced with the *sauce piquante* of scandal. This will make an agreeable change after the feast of blood with which he has surfeited us, and there is quite as much reason for providing the one as the other.

Essays on Political Economy of the late Frederic Bastiat. Translated from the Paris edition of 1863. (Chicago: Western News Co. 1869.)—Mr. Horace White, of the Chicago *Tribune*, has here presented the American public with a selection from the essays of M. Bastiat, including the first and second series of the "Sophisms of Protection," and the essays entitled "Spoliation and Law" and "Capital and Interest." In the first series of the "Sophisms," Mr. White has followed the translation of Mrs. McCord, published in New York in 1848, by Mr. Putnam. The rest is, we believe, his own. It is worth mention that another very good translation of the first series, by G. R. Porter, author of "The Progress of the Nation," was published in London in 1849, with some useful notes, containing illustrations drawn from the history of the Anti-Corn-law League in England. The conflict being then over in England, it had comparatively a small circulation, but still enough to confirm thousands permanently in the free-trade faith. We have partially compared this with the first twenty-two chapters of the book before us, which is as far as the first series goes; and think Mrs. McCord's is, on the whole, the better—certainly the most thoroughly Englished. In one or two places, however, which Mr. White has perhaps overlooked, we think he might judiciously have made corrections. The title of Chapter II., "Obstacle—Cause," is slightly misleading. Its proper rendering would be, as it is in Porter's edition, "Obstacle—Object." The fallacy the chapter exposes is that of considering scarcity an *object* to be aimed at instead of an *obstacle* to be removed. Generally, however, the volume leaves little to be desired, and Mr. White's part of the work is exceedingly well done, and not the least valuable portion of it is his preface, which is a very useful introduction to Bastiat. Of Bastiat, it need only be said that he has never been answered, and that he is unanswerable, and that he has produced one of the clearest and most telling statements in existence of the free-trade theory, or, to put it more correctly, of the laws of human nature which regulate the interchange of human services—a statement in the presence of which protectionists are as helpless as savage spearmen opposed to a civilized army bearing breech-loaders. The discussion, as he conducts it, is hardly exciting. It is not a combat, but slaughter; and anybody who wants to know what free-trade doctrines are, stripped of all excrescences in the shape of figures, and set out in a style so sparkling that it reads almost like a vaudeville, cannot do better than study the "Sophisms." Mr. White, by the way, expresses in his preface his wonder how the protective system ever came to be called "the American system." The explanation is simple enough. The New York *Tribune* has persuaded hundreds of thousands that it was invented by Henry C. Carey, and is now being taught by him to benighted foreigners, and that Henry Clay first embodied it in legislation; so that people have got up a kind of patriotic attachment to it as a native product. The fact is, as Mr. White points out, that it is a piece of old European machinery, in use there, in one form or another, for four or five centuries, and nearly as much opposed to every idea which can fairly be called American as the doctrine of the divine right of kings, or the *patria potestas* of the Roman law.

The Internal Struggles of the North American Union down to the Presidential Election of 1868 (Die inneren Kämpfe der Nordamerikanischen Union bis zur Präsidentenwahl von 1868). By H. Blankenburg. (Leipzig: F. A. Brockhaus. 1869.)—German scholars are generally held in high esteem for the conscientiousness and thoroughness with which they examine the minutest details ere they venture to lay their opinions and the results of their investigation before the public. Every author considers this good repute of German scholarship as a kind of personal property, and, therefore, does his best to avoid endangering it. There is but one exception to this. Everybody thinks himself entitled to write about America as if the United States were still the wondrous island of some half-forgotton fairy-tales, so that it is the task of fiction, but not of knowledge and calm reason, to draw the picture of the semi-fabulous Western representatives of the human race. We regret to say that Mr. Blankenburg has also fallen into this only too common mistake. His work on the late German war (see the *Nation*, February 25, 1869) was well received, and proved him to be an author of ability, extensive knowledge, and sound judgment. He, therefore, ought to have been doubly careful not to blight his promising prospects by venturing upon a field of which he seems totally ignorant. Prudence alone ought to have sufficed to

prevent him from taking this step; for a man of his culture *must* be perfectly aware that the interest Europe, and especially Germany, is taking in the United States is increasing at a rapid rate, and that, in consequence, those golden days are nearly gone when a European work on the United States could pass unnoticed by American scholars. The book abounds to such a degree in the most shocking blunders that it would not deserve any criticism at all if it could not count upon an extensive circulation, thanks to the name of the author and of the publishing house. A few specimens, picked out quite at random, will sufficiently characterize this strange hodge-podge of ignorance and self-conceit, to say nothing worse. The history of the United States is so completely a closed book to Mr. Blankenburg that even the changes of the party names are unknown to him; p. 247, Washington and Madison are presented as "*Whigs*" in opposition to the "Democrats" Jefferson and Jackson. And such errors could be counted by the dozen. At p. 30, the removal of the Bank deposits is effected "by application of *the veto power*." So our historian does not know that the veto can be applied only to bills; nor does he know that the famous veto of President Jackson related to the rechartering of the Bank; nor that the removal of the deposits took place a long time after the veto; nor that the right to remove the deposits was vested by the charter in the Secretary of the Treasury and not in the President; nor that, in consequence of that, Duane had to be replaced by the more subservient Taney —in short, about this once all-important "internal struggle" he does not know anything. And about many of the most important events of the last two decades he knows just as little. At p. 49, the sixteen white and five colored partisans of John Brown at Harper's Ferry are increased to "several hundreds." But this trifling mistake hardly deserves to be mentioned; for Mr. Blankenburg evidently does not even know the year in which the Brown rising occurred, since a few lines further below the Presidential election of 1856 is spoken of as the "*next*," and on the following page the Kansas-Nebraska bill is mentioned for the first time. But the author amply indemnifies us for every minute he has been behind time in this instance; for on p. 145 and 197 we are informed that the *Alabama* question has been happily solved. All the numberless blunders of this kind will, however, be deemed insignificant, since proof upon proof might be offered that Mr. Blankenburg has never taken the trouble to read the Constitution, though he has had every facility for doing so, since it happens—by some fortunate accident which it is difficult to account for —to be appended to the work. A little pamphlet, published during the war by Mr. Theodore S. Fay, to secure the sympathies of Germany for the Union party, is the only authority the historian of "the internal struggles of the United States" has consulted upon the Constitution. We shall, therefore, hardly be surprised to find (p. 236) a provision of the Constitution relating solely to the *States* misrepresented and applied to the Territories; or to see (p. 270) "*treason*" and "*impeachment*" confounded, and then some provisions invented which apply neither to impeachment nor treason. After these specimens of the author's ignorance it is hardly worth while to mention such a trifle as that the national debt at the beginning of the war is estimated, on p. 137, at sixty to seventy millions, and, on p. 200, at "not three hundred millions." But, to do justice to the author, we cannot help acknowledging that some of his remarks hit the nail on the head. It would be utterly impossible to account for these oases in the vast desert if he did not inform us that this book is based upon an essay published by him in "Unsere Zeit," and if *we* did not know that this essay in "Unsere Zeit" is based upon a treatise written by the late Dr. Reinhold Solger for Mr. Blankenburg, to be read by him, as his, before a company of Prussian officers. The treatise of Dr. Solger, the pamphlet of Mr. Fay, a long-ago-antiquated work of Fr. Raumer, some newspaper clippings, and the messages of Andrew Johnson, are—the rough outlines of the history of the war excepted—the materials which have served to fill these 349 pages purporting to be an historical work.

The Swiss Family Robinson, in Words of one Syllable. By Mary Godolphin, author of "Robinson Crusoe, in Words of one Syllable," "Evenings at Home, in Words of one Syllable." (New York: George Routledge & Sons. 1869.)—There can be no need to recommend the volumes of this series to such parents as have already provided one or more of them for their children. Thus far, the stories selected by Miss Godolphin for rewriting have all been good ones, and her monosyllabic system has doubtless put them within easy reach of some very small readers. They may also have superseded, where used, the ordinary uninteresting primer, and so made the first effort at learning to read less of a toil and more of a pleasure than it usually is; and we can also imagine these little books to be useful in educating the freedmen and other illiterate adults. The present volume, however, we find to be seriously marred in the abridgment, and, it seems to us, unnecessarily so. We should never recognize the philosophic Ernest, who made most of the discoveries which made life endurable on the desert island, in the selfish "Ned" into whom he is transformed by one monosyllabic necessity—why not have called him Ernst?—while, by another, almost his sole good deed consists in his discovery of the great "boon" of a "cask of lard," which is monosyllabic for butter. Her rule of adhering strictly to words of one syllable often leads Miss Godolphin into amazing straits, as in the sentence: "I see some toil lies in our path this day"—which might well need explaining to little children even more than ordinarily well-versed in the meaning of words; or else into awkward phrases like these: "just hark at what we saw," "when our first burst of joy had gone off," or "vague things which I took for wild beasts"—an expression which is monosyllabic in form at the expense of being trisyllabic in intelligibility.

Some allowance must be made for the difficulties presented by the original work in this case, as compared with the older and simpler style of "Robinson Crusoe," or with that of "Evenings at Home," which last, as Miss Godolphin has treated it, is comparatively free from stiffness and obscurity, though showing in occasional passages a certain bondage to the text under reduction, and contentment with synonyms, which indeed fit the monosyllabic measure, but need to be translated in turn. Much greater capacity for this kind of editing has been shown, we think, by Mrs. E. A. Walker in the two books, "Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress" and "From the Crib to the Cross," in Words of one Syllable (New York: George A. Leavitt). The former was announced and in type last spring, but has only now been published—almost simultaneously with Miss Godolphin's version of the same work. We do not wish to prejudge the latter, but should nevertheless expect Mrs. Walker's to surpass it in fluency and perhaps also in *proportion*. That, after all, is most troublesome in condensing Bunyan. He often supplies long sentences, as if made to order, of monosyllables, and the editor has merely to copy them bodily. "From the Crib to the Cross"—a somewhat sensational, if monosyllabic, title for a life of Christ—has a double advantage in the language of Scripture and in the latitude of an original narrative. Here, as in the Bunyan, Mrs. Walker has been more wise than Miss Godolphin, in not attempting to curtail or in any way meddle with the proper names, which are easily explained to refer to persons or places, and should cause no more trouble to children than "mamma" or "New York" in actual conversation.

Phocylidis Poema Admonitorium. Recognovit brevibusque notis instruxit J. B. Feuling, Ph.D., A.O.S.S., Professor Philologiæ Compar. in Univer. Wisconsinensi. (Andover: W. F. Draper. 1869.)—It was a good omen for the Philological Association, formed at Poughkeepsie, that its birth should be celebrated by a dedicatory publication worthy of its high aims. The brief poem ascribed to Phocylides, and at any rate declared to be worthy in its lofty morality of a Christian author, has been edited by Prof. Feuling with learning and judgment, and published in a style well adapted to the use of college classes. We trust that it will meet with a fitting welcome, and that future meetings of the Association will call out special pieces of philological work equally honorable to American scholarship.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Authors.—Titles.	*Publishers.—Prices.*
Allen (L. F.), American Cattle	(Taintor Bros. & Co.) $2 50
Alsop (G.), A Character of the Province of Maryland (1666)	(W. Gowans)
Büchner (Dr. L.), Die Stellung des Menschen in der Natur, Part I., swd	(B. Westermann & Co.)
Bill (L.), A Winter in Florida	(Wood & Holbrook) 1 25
Brooks (N. C.), Scripture Manual	(Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger) 0 75
Sabbath-School Manual	" " " 0 75
De Ségur (Mme.) and Carraud (Mme. Z.), Les Petites Filles Modèles, et Les Goûters de la Grand'mère	(S. R. Urbino)
Eliot (G.), Silas Marner, and Scenes of Clerical Life	(Fields, Osgood & Co.) 1 00
Felix Holt	(Harper & Bros.) 0 75
Fallet (C.), Les Princes de l'Art	(S. R. Urbino)
Hatton (J.), Christopher Kenrick: a Tale	(G. P. Putnam & Son) 1 75
Jenkins (J.), Handy Lexicon	(Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger) 1 00
James (H.), The Secret of Swedenborg	(Fields, Osgood & Co.)
Lorimer (Mary), Among the Trees	(Hurd & Houghton) 2 25
Littell's Living Age, Vol. XIV., July—Sept., 1869	(Littell & Gay)
Lützow (Dr. C. von), Zeitschrift der Bildende Kunst, Vol. IV., Part 12	(L. W. Schmidt)
Regester (S.), The Dead Letter: a Tale	(Beadle & Co.)
Figure Eight " swd	" " 0 50
Raub (A. N.), Plain Educational Talks	(Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger) 1 50
Sikes (W.), One Poor Girl: a Tale	(J. B. Lippincott & Co.)
The Gabled House; or, Self-Sacrifice	(Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger) 1 55
Thackeray (W. M.), Miscellanies, I	(Fields, Osgood & Co.) 1 25
Catherine, swd	" " 0 35
The History of Pendennis, swd	(Harper & Bros.) 0 70

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The Week.

THE Pennsylvania and Ohio elections, on Tuesday the 12th, turned out fully as well as we stated last week, and better, considerably, than we had been expecting for a fortnight or so beforehand. Republicans generally, throughout the country, were prepared for a defeat in Pennsylvania, at least; and some shrewd Republican observers conceded the success of Pendleton in Ohio. The latter State is always to be called uncertain—or, rather, it is always pretty safe to count on some sort of a surprise from her. Nobody therefore felt perfectly sure that a wild mistake had been made when a majority of 40,000 for Hayes was prophesied; and nobody felt sure, either, that the telegrams were wrong which announced on the day of the election that the State had actually been carried for Pendleton. In fact, it gave Governor Hayes a majority of about 8,000—thus disposing, finally, of Mr. Pendleton, who, as "Young Greenbacks," is by all odds the most conspicuous and most popular of the advocates of repudiation—and, what is of as much consequence, or more, this majority gives us a Senate and House of Representatives which, on joint ballot, can, and probably will, give a majority of four in favor of the Fifteenth Amendment. That the Amendment will be ratified is not, however, absolutely beyond question, we believe. Should it be ratified, the Democrats will have themselves to thank. In Hamilton County, in which Cincinnati is situated, they bargained with a certain set of Republicans, under the lead of Mr. Hassaurek—a flaming Radical once, as, not long ago, accomplished politicians were apt to be—and a "Fusion" ticket was voted for and was elected. As it happened, a "straight" Democratic ticket might just as well have been put in nomination and the Legislature might thus have been saved to the Democrats. That it was not, and that the Amendment is now pretty sure to be incorporated in the Constitution, is to be attributed to the extreme anxiety of Mr. Pendleton's friends to keep him safe for the next Presidential contest. It was with what seems to us about equal wisdom that that gentleman's managers engaged the services of General Samuel F. Cary, whom surely almost all mankind in Ohio must by this time have found out. The Prohibitionist candidate seems to have been opposed by the Temperance leagues and lodges, and figures not at all in the returns.

The result in Pennsylvania would seem to show that General Geary is stronger with the voters than he is with the politicians. He runs a good deal behind his ticket, however, and was a weak candidate. It may be doubted if he would have been nominated at all had it not been for a prevailing impression that the Democrats would carry the State. The Republican success seems to be due to the facts that the steady-going Pennsylvanians are, on the whole, satisfied with Grant's administration; that the miners look on any coal-mine owners, especially if worth twenty millions of dollars, as oppressors and tyrants; and that an efficient registry law, well executed, prevented fraudulent voting in the city of Philadelphia. Then the Federal patronage was on the Republican side, and that counted for a good deal in a State where the postmaster is a not unimportant centre of intelligence and moulder of opinion, and which has within its limits a great navy yard. But Governor Geary's scant majority may not improperly set the managers to thinking about the character of their candidates. We should hope, at least, that the widespread belief that he has been in league with the corruptionists who have made the last Pennsylvania Legislature a by-word, was what put him at the polls so far behind Judge Williams. But they say that the real reason was that Mr. A. G. Curtin's friends thought Geary had jockeyed that gentleman, and prevented his getting a position in Grant's cabinet. It is too true that not unlikely this may have been the real reason. Nevertheless, it is true too that some of the best Republicans in the State had a very bad opinion of the Governor, and we are safe in saying that some votes were withheld from him for strictly moral reasons.

In this State there is no general confidence among the Republicans that the Democrats will not sweep everything before them; but certainly there is now a more cheerful tone of feeling than there has been at any previous time during the fall. Doubtless, too much is made of the fact that, on the first and second days of registry in this city and Brooklyn, the number of voters who put their names on the rolls was only about half as great as the number entered at the last election. There yet remain two days for registering, and the Tammany candidates being now at last settled upon, and some opposition Democrats being also in the field, we may expect to see the voters, real and false, brought out in much greater strength. Moreover, the falling-off in the registry probably affects the Republicans much more in proportion to their total strength than it does the Democrats. There is, however, a considerable chance that the State may go against the Democrats. We should set down the Legislature as secure in any event; and it will not greatly surprise any one, we suppose, if General Sigel should be elected Secretary of State. He will, at least, be sure to run ahead of his ticket, his name still being strong among Germans of all kinds of politics, and a good deal of work being done for him individually. As to the probable fate of the new constitution nothing seems to be known; but the conjecture on all hands is that it is to be defeated. One thing at any rate the Republicans can say—that almost to a man the corruptionists of the last Legislature have been sloughed off the ticket, and there is hardly a district where an honest man need blush next month to be seen at the polls.

The Virginia Legislature has chosen for senators to represent the State in Congress the actual Lieutenant-Governor Lewis and Judge John W. Johnston, they receiving a pretty nearly strict party vote. The record of both these men is good, as original opponents of seces-

MALDEN Mass

sion, and as Union men throughout the war. In Tennessee the message of Gov. Senter has quite disappointed those who found his short inaugural cold and heartless. If words were everything, he would, in fact, be as sound as possible in Republican doctrine and policy; but even if he were as sincere as we are ready to believe him, he is powerless with the faction whom he has raised up and seated in the Legislature. The Senate, however, has adopted, unanimously, resolutions scouting repudiation, and so far followed the Governor's lead; and on the first ballot for Senator—which is all we can report as we go to press—it was fairly divided against that eminent repudiator, Andrew Johnson, whose strength was greater in the House, though not sufficiently great.

President Grant has seen fit to write a letter to Mr. Robert Bonner, which Mr. Bonner, we need not say, has seen fit to publish, to the effect that he had no knowledge of the "disreputable proceedings" of the Gold Ring. Such is the penalty of having an enterprising editor among one's personal friends. Nobody, unless we except Mr. Bonner, thought the letter necessary, and we hope the thing is not going to be considered a precedent. How unscrupulous and rascally the dealers in the raid on Wall Street were may be inferred from the fact which is stated on what seems like good authority, and which at any rate is perfectly consistent with all that is known of the characters of the Erie men, that one of them, when he was "interviewed," showed the reporter a telegram which read: "Delivered letter. All right!" from which—such was the nature of the circumstances, which are too long to detail here—the inference was that Grant had an understanding with Fisk and Gould. This was when the Ring was trying to avert odium, and dissipate the personal danger that threatened it, by making it believed that high officials were at the bottom of its nefarious scheme. In fact, however, the telegram read: "Letter delivered all right"—according to orders, that is. From lying to a newspaper reporter, and tapping a telegraph wire, up to wholesale piracy on the commerce of the continent, there is no sort of commercial villany that the engineers of the Ring seem to have been incapable of committing.

Another of the sort of appointments for which Grant has become noted, and which we are inclined to think has done about as much as anything else to satisfy the average voter with him—little as the average politician could be made to believe it or to believe anything but the reverse—he has made this week, in giving the place of Secretary of War to General Belknap, of Iowa, who is no "statesman," or politician, or "favorite son." Little is known of him, except that he is a native of New York, thirty-eight years of age, educated for the law and by the army, and praised as a very capable soldier and honest man, who had the confidence of Grant and Sherman throughout the whole rebellion, in which he served from 1861 till after Appomattox. One thing, however, is known of him which makes the appointment particularly likable. General Belknap is the man whom, as Collector of Internal Revenue in one of the Iowa Districts, Mr. Hudson, a relative of Grant's, approached, on the subject of disposing of the patronage which was in Belknap's gift, and who, in short terms, told Mr. Hudson to go about his business.

One of the most striking points in Mr. Jenckes's strong array of arguments in favor of his projected reform of the civil service, was the adhesion to the principle of his bill of a vast majority of the Government officials who were applied to for an expression of their opinions about it. These were all, however, above the grade of clerks, whose views were not, for obvious reasons, solicited, and who of course have not been forward to make them public. A certain proportion of them, of long experience, we all know to hold their positions almost as securely as if the reform were already inaugurated; without them the machinery of government could not go on, and they have been hitherto the sole obstacles to an absolutely thorough displacement by each new Administration of the servants of the preceding one. In them Mr. Jenckes would naturally find firm supporters, but how far they would be sustained by the rest of the clerical force has only been conjectural. A recent Washington dispatch seems to indicate some approach to unanimity in the whole body. It states that a committee of fifteen appointed by them to consider an appeal to Congress for the bettering of their condition, have concluded not to ask for a direct increase of salary, but a reorganization of the service on Mr. Jenckes's plan. That this is the more sensible procedure will be evident to any one who reflects that the clerk's misery arises much less from the smallness of his wages than from the uncertainty of his tenure, and that his salary, even if enlarged by one Congress, will be subject to reduction at the hands of the next, so long as we have not definitively established the practice of treating the nation's employees as men of business are expected to treat theirs—paying all that they are worth, and keeping them as long as they do what is required of them.

The *Hornet* has been libelled, and its commander, Higgins, has surrendered stiffly to a United States naval officer. The part taken in this Cuban business by ex-Confederates is not a little exasperating, desirable as it might be in the abstract to rid the country of them; and it is, if possible, still more trying to see the applause which certain Republican and Radical papers bestow on their efforts to embroil us with foreign powers, and to enlarge that national indebtedness with which they have already favored us. But it is fairly amusing to witness the easy promotion to saintship which lies in espousing the cause of the Cubans. During the war, Commodore Higgins, for example, could have been for the *Tribune* only an unmitigated traitor and villain, but in his present command he appears to it "an upright gentleman," who should be protected from the "calumnious insinuation" of having sold himself to the Spaniards and put into Wilmington on false pretences, in order to be nabbed.

Our readers may remember—and if not, they could have predicted it—that Mr. Seward, when he was in Sitka, made a very contented little speech to the inhabitants, in which he pitied them for only one thing—that the weather was so warm as to make the supply of ice for drinking purposes a very uncertain one. The people were healthy, the coast-line was 26,000 miles long, the climate had been criticised "in outside circles" as wet and cold, but on the contrary it was one in which, while the eagle soared, the humming-bird fluttered, fish were most abundant and most excellent, and the moonshine surpassed any other in the world. But if the papers do not misrepresent him, General George H. Thomas, who is a careful man, takes a view of affairs there which is not so rosy. There is not business enough transacted, he says, to do anything like pay the salaries of the revenue officers who have been sent up there; grain will not grow, and the small vegetables that can be raised will keep but a very little time; the territory was always a burden to Russia, who was glad to get rid of it; timber, fur, and fish are to be had in plenty a great deal nearer the States than Alaska; no mines have been discovered which it would pay to work; stock-raising is impossible; and, in brief, the place is of no value. But then, on the other hand, Mr. W. H. Dall, who probably knows more about the country than Mr. Seward or General Thomas, says that Alaska was by no means a burden to Russia, but paid into the imperial treasury between 1841 and 1862 about two millions of our paper dollars in taxes; that vegetables do not rot in a little time, for that he has eaten turnips in March which had been gathered the September previous; that there is no such timber for ship-building anywhere else on all the Pacific coast as the abundant yellow cedar of Alaska; that the mines of marble and coal are also the very best on that coast, and so on. In brief, says Mr. Dall, the place is of great value. When, we wonder, since the days when one explorer found an El Dorado up some southern river and cities walled with solid silver, and another explorer the next season found only ague and naked savages on the same shore, has a civilized government bought a pig in a poke more decidedly than we seem to have done in the case of this purchase? The only thing that seems certain about it is that there is good shooting after you get there. As to St. Thomas, meantime, we

are still where we were—in a position that the Senate Committee of Foreign Affairs ought to find embarrassing, and that certainly is sufficiently humiliating to the rest of us.

Father Hyacinthe having arrived, and, as appears, for the simple purpose of observing the working of our political and religious institutions; and not having abjured his Catholic faith, or given any signs of abjuring it, and being just now placed in very delicate relations with his ecclesiastical superiors, and being tired and agitated, the best thing that his admirers can do for him is to offer up fervent prayers that all ministers of all denominations, including the "Evangelical clergy of Boston," and all proprietors and publishers of newspapers, and all politicians, "prominent citizens," and "advanced thinkers," may be filled with sufficient grace to let the gentleman alone; to refrain from giving him, or causing or procuring to be given him, public "receptions," including brass-bands and refreshments; to refrain from pressing him to deliver lectures, discourses, or sermons, for the purpose of widening the breach between him and his Church, and from hanging round his bedroom door, or looking in at the key-hole, or soliciting his autograph. And the reason is this—that if Father Hyacinthe gave himself up to these injudicious worthies, and did their bidding, his influence, which is now great, would vanish like a mist; all the *mind* of the world—and the world is still governed by mind—would desert and repudiate him as a blatherskite, a voice and nothing more; and there would be an end of him.

A committee of Congress has been sitting in this city during the past week, for the purpose of enquiring into the cause of the decline of the American shipping interest, and has now gone on to Boston for the same purpose. A large number of ship-owners and ship-builders were examined, and all agreed that the American commercial marine was on its last legs, and would, if something was not speedily done, totally disappear, as least as far as the foreign trade was concerned. The foreign steamship lines are now getting such fast hold of the trade that it will, it is feared, be impossible to oust them, if something is not done to relieve the American shipping from its burdens. About the remedy there was of course considerable difference of opinion. Most of the shipbuilders ask for admission of ship-building materials duty free. Ship-owners ask to be allowed to buy their ships where they please, or, in other words, to have the navigation act repealed; and against both of them appear a small band of old protectionists, who want to have the matter mended by giving subsidies to great steamship lines. The solution of the difficulty that has the best chance of being tried is the admission of materials duty free, as this would be a sort of compromise between protectionists and free-traders. But the solution which would promise in the end the largest amount of employment to American labor and capital would be the admission of foreign-built ships duty free. Some of the stories told before the committee of the low condition to which the American commercial marine, once the envy and admiration of the world, has been reduced, by emotional legislation, were melancholy enough.

If Mr. Roebuck could see his "dumfounded Spaniard" as he appears on this side of the water, he might properly doubt whether his own genius for calling people names is as great as it has been thought. The "full Spaniards" in Cuba and the Spanish natives of the island have recently prepared an address, which is certainly fluent enough. They declare, to the number of two thousand, who speak for two hundred thousand more, that the thought of selling Cuba to the United States, as has been proposed by some traitorous wretches, and notably by Señor Mañé y Flaquer, of the city of Barcelona, is a foul, dishonoring, humiliating outrage on Spanish pride. And, further, they inform the world that if any government of Spain should be so far abandoned by the hand of God as to think of committing the infamous baseness of selling the Queen of the Antilles to any other government, "the purchasing nation" would find it had reckoned without its host, for "the one hundred thousand Spaniards who already have arms in their hands, together with as many more," who will not bear the affront of being sold as cattle, would be sufficient to resist all the armies of the invader, "to annihilate them, or to add a fresh page of glory to that of Sagunto and Numancia, Zaragoza and Gerona. Not one of us should survive; and the foreigner that would seek to penetrate here would find, instead of the fertile fields of Cuba, arid deserts, bathed with our blood and whitened with our bones. Instead of its populous cities, he would find heaps of ashes and ruins; and, floating over this frightful picture of desolation and ruin, presiding over its defeat, but not its humiliation, that glorious flag of gold and scarlet which is the idol of our proud hearts." Making due allowance for the eloquence peculiar to the Latin races, this may be taken, we suppose, to express with sufficient exactness the feelings which are entertained on the subject of annexation by a good-sized majority of the white inhabitants of Cuba; and we imagine that the Junta in this city contains men who, if once the island were released from Spanish rule, would express their feelings on the same subject in much the same manner; which is a point for our American Friends of Cuba to consider.

The Republican rising in Spain turns out to have been a considerably smaller affair than it was made to appear by sensational reports from various quarters. Valencia, which seemed anxious to become a second Saragossa, has surrendered, but there has since been a renewal of resistance, if the last despatches may be credited. The loss of the besieged is as yet unknown. Their leaders have disappeared. So have almost entirely the armed bands in Catalonia and Andalusia, the number of which but a few days ago was stated to be twenty thousand. The threatened outbreaks in and around Madrid have not taken place, though friends of the Government continue to show great alarm—which may be real or may be feigned. This alarm, the general consternation caused by repeated attempts at a new revolution, and the overt acts of some members of the Republican opposition, are the best weapons Prim can make use of for the restriction of the public liberties, whether in his own interest or in that of the state. Numerous arrests of prominent Republicans have taken place, and the sittings of the Cortes have been suspended. Whether Prim has, as some assert, concerted his measures with the sick Emperor of the French, whom he has just visited, or not, is perhaps indifferent, as his policy is one clearly indicated by the circumstances. What his ultimate objects are would, of course, be more interesting to know, but he has as yet not betrayed them. It is very likely that the extraordinary exaggeration of the importance of the Republican movements is the result of the eagerness of both radical and reactionary reporters on both sides of the Pyrenees to represent the actual government of Spain as in a condition of speedy dissolution.

While everything of late has shown a relaxation of the Imperial régime, and symptoms of insubordination and resistance have been unprecedentedly rife in public meetings, and in the almost unmuzzled press, the French Opposition have made a grand movement in favor of peaceful revolution by meeting and solemnly declaring that they would not risk provoking disorder and violence by assembling on the 26th, but would, when convened in November, exercise their constitutional right of enquiring why the session was postponed. They announce their intention also of pushing the democratic programme without abatement, part of which, according to a speech at Rouen by M. Pouyer-Quertier, will consist in abrogating the commercial treaties, as incompatible with the government of the country by the country. The Opposition occupy now a position of great dignity and effectiveness, and we can be only too glad that the effort of a small wing of the Left, headed by M. Simon, to determine on the policy which has been rejected, failed miserably. It is one of the discouraging features of the present agitation that men of such calibre as Simon and Favre are found consorting with radicals like Gambetta, suddenly thrown up into place and notoriety, rather than with the wiser heads that have fortunately carried the day. They could not have chosen a better means of confusing the popular judgment. Sainte-Beuve died on Wednesday week, and by so much diminishes whatever of Liberalism exists in the Senate.

THE RESULTS OF THE ELECTIONS.

The late elections have owed nearly all their importance to the effect they were likely to have on the Fifteenth Amendment and on the public credit. As far as the Amendment is concerned, the result is, if not all that could be desired, all that could reasonably be expected. The ratification of Ohio is sure, though barely sure, and Governor Hayes has been re-elected by a majority which, considering the general apathy, may fairly be called respectable. In Pennsylvania, the total vote is larger than it was last year, and so is the Republican majority, showing that the lassitude which usually follows the Presidential election has not reached that State. The Democrats are, on the whole, to be thanked for having made repudiation, in one form or another, a prominent plank in their platform, because it has elicited from the voters a renewed expression of opinion as to the expediency of paying off the public debt in anything but the current money of the civilized world. This is now the third time that the principal States of the North have passed upon this proposition, and each time the answer has been increasingly clear. When the movement against the public credit was first begun in 1867, by Pendleton and Thurman amongst the Democrats, and Butler and Sherman amongst the Republicans, the Republican conventions, with a want of courage and confidence in the popular honesty which did not do them much credit, refrained carefully for a good while from fairly joining issue with the repudiators. The repudiators said the debt ought to be paid in paper; that this was all the Government was pledged to do; that "money that was good enough for the soldier and laborer was good enough for the bondholder;" and to make this proposal somewhat more palatable to people with tender consciences, a curious attempt was made to blacken the character of the bondholders. They were denounced throughout the country as a mean, grasping set of persons, living in idleness on other men's labor, while others, Andrew Johnson for one, went still further, and accused them of designing the "establishment of caste in America," of converting the Government into an oligarchy, and so forth.

The discourses delivered by Senator Sherman and General Butler on this subject, and the studious silence of other Republican politicians, created some doubt as to the condition of the party mind, and the conventions—nay, even the Chicago Convention—handled it somewhat tenderly. They spoke out boldly about the duty of "preserving the public faith inviolate;" but this was not joining issue; for the question, What *is* the public faith, and to what is it pledged in regard to the payment of the public debt? still remained unanswered. All that was needed to answer it was to make use of the little word, "gold;" but it was not till the spring of this year, and after Butler, followed by a large body of Republican representatives, had made a determined effort in the House to reduce the interest on the bonds, that the party was roused into a solemn and formal renewal of the promises made during the raising of the Government loans, both by party leaders and by the Government officers, that the Government obligations should be met in specie. This and Mr. Boutwell's resolute fulfilment of the Sinking Fund Act have had a decided effect on the public credit; the price of Government securities has risen both at home and abroad; and the credit of the United States will now bear, as it has not done since 1860, comparison with that of other civilized powers.

So far, all is well; but it must be borne in mind that the Government has thus far made no substantial gain by the improvement in its credit. It profits the United States nothing that its bonds now sell at 80, where they formerly sold at 70, unless it has bonds to sell. At present it has not; on the contrary, it is buying its own bonds, and in doing this is actually losing by the improvement in its credit. But the intention, and we believe the desire, of the Government and people is that the present outstanding loans, on which the country is paying a heavy interest—nine or ten per cent.—owing to the fact that, when they were contracted, capitalists doubted seriously whether it would ever be able to pay its debts or not, should, through the aid of this improvement in its credit, be converted into another at a lower rate of interest, say four or four and a half per cent. It is at this Mr. Boutwell is said to be aiming, and this he ought to be able to attain. But here comes a difficulty, and a serious one. We believe it to be very unlikely that the Government can ever get any very large amount in this country at this rate. Active capitalists will certainly not lend money on any security whatever at any such rate. They can always make more on unexceptionable security; can make nearly three times as much without difficulty by devoting a little time and attention to the management of their investments. We have no large body of timid annuitants here as they have in England and France, without either business knowledge themselves or friends competent to invest their money for them, who will accept any interest, however low, for the sake of safety. The country swarms with securities yielding at least six or seven per cent. without any appreciable risk; and owing to the rapid change in our habits of life, persons of fixed incomes are more eager than ever to add to their means. Contrast the style in which people live even in country towns with the style in which they lived before the war, and we shall easily see that, even if we were back to specie payments, a dollar would not go as far in supplying the needs of an average family as it did in 1859. No trustee now, acting for persons of mod te means, would feel justified in taking four and a half per cent. from the Government for the mere sake of the security it offers, in the presence of the innumerable other ways which offer themselves of getting double that sum.

Our conclusion is therefore that the four and a half per cent. loan, or even the five per cent. loan—and it must be remembered that to get money at four or five per cent. the Treasury must sell its bonds at par—will, to be successful, have to be largely taken abroad; and that it will be taken abroad we have no doubt, when there are no United States bonds to be had on any better terms. At present, a couple of thousand millions, paying seven or eight per cent. in gold, can be had by any one who wants them. When these are out of the way, or the interest on them reduced by their still greater appreciation, the time for the new loan will have come, and the place for it will be the English and German markets. But in order to hasten the loan and ensure its success, the Republican party must constantly and emphatically repeat the expression of its determination to uphold the public credit. Every presentation of the repudiation issue by the Democratic party injures the public credit, and we have no doubt the party will present it every year as long as the party or the debt exists, if for no other reason, for the simple one that it is the only thing in the least degree attractive it has to offer. There is in all its other doctrines something too shadowy and impalpable for popular appreciation; the net gain of repudiation can, on the other hand, be set down in dollars and cents. Now, we must bear in mind that even the best-informed foreigners only understand American politics very imperfectly. They attach great importance to utterances at which Americans only laugh. They are unable to see the working of a large number of the influences by which public opinion is moulded, and the public policy finally determined, and yet American credit is largely, and must continue to be largely, dependent on the correctness of their judgment on our affairs. There is only one indication of the drift of public sentiment which they thoroughly understand, and that is majorities. If repudiation be the principal issue in a campaign, and the Republican party meets it by a large majority, American credit will rise. If they meet it by small majorities in a large vote, American credit will fall, because the impression will gain ground that the repudiators are after all gaining in strength. Until, therefore, the national finances are placed on a sure and lasting foundation, there should be no "off-years" in politics. It is not enough for us to know here that repudiation has no chance; the world has to be made to know it. The Treasury is dependent now for the success of its plan of reducing the public burdens on steady Republican support. It is not enough to elect our candidates; we have to elect them in such force as to show that republican principles are losing none of their hold on the popular mind.

THE GERMANS IN POLITICS.

The nomination of General Sigel for the Secretaryship of State in this State, and the recent entrance of Carl Schurz to the United States Senate, and the present enthusiasm amongst the New York Germans

for the former of these gentlemen, are amongst the numerous indications now visible that the German element in our population will hereafter, *as such*, exercise a more marked influence on politics than it has hitherto done. In fact, there are few features of the political life of the country more singular than the small amount of perceptible and direct influence on legislation and electioneering hitherto enjoyed by the German voters. For some years past, they have, we believe, surpassed the Irish in numbers; they now far surpass the Irish in the amount of the annual reinforcements they receive from the Old World; and yet, politically speaking, if it were not for the temperance question, one would hardly know of their existence as a class. Individuals amongst them make very valuable contributions to American thought, in various fields of literature and science, and the country is under immense obligations to them, as a whole, for the extent to which they cultivate some of the arts, and particularly music. Moreover, American society in general owes them more than can be put down on paper, and more than most Americans understand or appreciate, for the solid additions they have made, and are every year making, to the national love of order, of industry, of frugality, of simple tastes and pleasures, and of quiet domestic life. But in spite of their numbers, their wealth, their intelligence, we have yet to hear of a blatherskite politician, a party newspaper, paying assiduous court to them, or being thrown into indignation by the spectacle of their "wrongs." Of late, it is true, there has been more or less fury infused into the party platforms by the contemplation of the doctrines held by various foreign governments on the question of naturalization and allegiance. These doctrines weighed, for many years, with peculiar weight upon the Germans, owing to the existence of military conscription and other burdens of the same nature in most of the countries they have left; they weighed with very little, and indeed hardly perceptible, weight on the Irish, who were exposed to no conscription, and whose allegiance no foreign government had the slightest hankering after; but it was not till the Fenians wanted to use their American citizenship as an aid in the military operations against Great Britain that the party trumpets began to blow loud blasts about the rights of our foreign-born citizens. The woes of a hundred Germans, thrust into Prussian or Austrian ranks as privates, with their American naturalization papers in their pockets, and houses, homes, business, family, and fortune left behind them in this country, passed almost without notice; while the imprisonment of one Fenian voter in "a British dungeon," for having ripped up a police constable, or taken arms out of a gentleman's bedroom in the middle of the night, sent dozens of politicians madly to the stump.

The causes of this difference are various. Some are German, and some are American, and some are Irish. The Germans, first of all, are kept from anything like a thorough social blending with the American population by difference of language—an obstacle which, except in the case of persons of cultivation, may be said to be insurmountable. In addition to this, they have, what the Irish have not, strongly developed and tenaciously held social tastes, which Americans do not share, and which the Germans are now in sufficient force to maintain and cultivate, without caring whether Americans share them or not. This of itself does much to separate them from their native neighbors. One has only to visit one of the Liederkranz balls, in this city, to get a glimpse of a world, and a world in every way admirable, in which there is not the slightest perceptible trace of American manners, ideas, or influence, or even neighborhood. With this social separation it must be said, also, that the difference between the position of women among the Germans and among Americans has a good deal to do. The position of the German woman may be said, in a rough way, to embody the older ideas as to woman's proper place in society; that of the American woman, the very newest and latest. The sphere of the one—and it is a sphere with which she has thus far shown no discontent—is the household, and of all the arts that pertain to the material comfort of the household she is perfect mistress, and she practises them with but little care for abstract notions of woman's dignity or final cause. The American woman, on the other hand, tends to treat the household as simply a means of affecting the world without, or playing a figure in it, or as a retreat from care and toil, or as a simple burden or drag, and is profoundly impressed by the ills of family life and very restless under them—ills which the older or German type of woman treats as ultimate facts, like the changes of the weather, or death, to be borne with as best one can. Considering the part women play in forming and cementing social relations, this difference of views on some of the most important social problems is, of course, in itself a powerful cause of social separation, and social separation means, to a greater or less extent, political separation.

In addition to this, however, it must be said of the German men that they do not bring with them here the habit of political activity. They have very settled, and for the most part very sound, ideas as to the nature and functions of government, but they show here, as indeed they have shown at home, but little skill in the working of the machinery, and even less taste for it. The educated men, too, having been familiar from boyhood with the more accurate and well-adjusted administrative systems of European countries, are repelled by the makeshift and clumsy character of a large number of the expedients of popular governments, and the uneducated are so accustomed to having governmental work done for them, that it takes a long time, and some strong personal stimulus, to bring home to them the fact that they are in this country expected to take part in it. Their political ideas, or what may be called their political growth, is nevertheless far more advanced than that of the Irish. The Irish, from having been long *used*, either by priest or landlord, in turning the cranks of a constitutional system, have acquired the political activity and interest in politics in which the Germans are wanting, but the political ideas of the Irish are little beyond those of clansmen. In fact, it is looked on as rather discreditable amongst the Germans for a man to busy himself in politics, while amongst the Irish it is looked on as almost his chief end.

There are numerous signs, however, that the German apathy is passing away. Large communities of them already exist in various parts of the country who, though they have hitherto not said much on politics, have kept up a great deal of thinking, and then the Germans all over the country begin, as was sure to happen sooner or later, to feel their strength—to feel that they can on election day strike a heavier blow than any other *class* of men in the community. Feeling this power, they would be more than human if they did not use it, and they *are* using it. What will be the immediate effects of their using it, it would be hard as yet to say. There is an immense mass of ignorance amongst them, as well as a very high order of cultivation; their press at the East is but a sorry instructor, and apparently pays as close attention to "sales" as its most enterprising American contemporaries. But then, in the long run, German culture is pretty sure, we feel satisfied, to tell on German politics abroad as well as at home. The universities, it has been well said, conquered at Sadowa, and, unless we are greatly mistaken, they will yet make themselves felt, and felt for good, in the American legislation.

THE ORIGIN OF PROTECTION.

Professor Perry said, if correctly reported, in his recent discussion with Horace Greeley in Boston, that protection was only two centuries old. If he had said six centuries, however, he would have been rather nearer the mark. It is true that the practice of levying import duties on foreign commodities at the frontier, solely with the view of giving home products an advantage in the home market, may be said not to be older than the seventeenth century; but then the idea on which our modern protection is based, of the bestowal of monopolies by governments for one purpose or another, is nearly as old as modern civilization. The first traces of it are to be found in the feudal practice of forcing the peasant to grind his corn at the lord's mill, and bake his bread at the lord's oven; to sell his produce in the lord's market, and press his grapes in the lord's wine-press—all, of course, for a consideration. All these exactions were insisted on as of common law on the continent of Europe for centuries. Originally, there is little doubt the lord set up these various conveniences as the only man who could afford to do it—or, in other words, from motives of humanity; but he made the use of them imperative on true protectionist principles. The seigneur in France had, too, by the common or customary law, a mode, known as the *banvin*, of getting rid of his year's wine

every fall, which was in every respect conformable to them also. After the vintage, "he published his ban," as it was called by the public crier—that is, announced that on a certain date, and for a month thereafter, he would sell his wine at a certain rate, and during "the ban" all taverns and houses of entertainment on his estate were forbidden to sell wines, and all persons desiring it had to purchase it of his agents. These usages were in full force as early as the eleventh century. At the same period, markets furnished many lords with a most profitable source of revenue—all persons being forbidden to buy or sell except in certain specified places, or on certain days, when the lord levied market duties on all present. There is on record an excommunication pronounced by a French monastery in the tenth century against certain persons for infringing on a market privilege granted to the monks by a neighboring seigneur for "the salvation of his soul, and that of his father and mother."

The practice of granting to manufacturers the exclusive privilege of selling certain commodities in certain places is of later date, and naturally only took its rise with the rise of industry. Prior to the eleventh century, there can hardly be said to have been any class in Northern Europe to whom a monopoly would have been of any value except the land-owners, for no other class had anything to sell except the rude toil of their rude hands. But as soon as industry began to revive, and free artisans, with their guilds and corporations, to come into existence, the bestowal of monopolies by the government on certain trades as a reward for services rendered, or as marks of special favor, or the creation of them by the burghers, was seen in every direction. But these monopolies never extended beyond a single town or small district, for the simple reason that there existed no machinery for anything like an extended system of protection, even if the idea of wholesale national protection against foreigners had yet been conceived. As it was, town dealers protected themselves against country dealers; the trade guilds against outsiders in their own neighborhood. Every district, after a while, came to have its own custom-houses and duties; and Colbert's fame in the seventeenth century was due to his efforts to nationalize the system, and reduce it to order and method, and not to his having originated it. We draw our illustrations from France, simply because nowhere else has the protectionist idea had such fast hold of people's minds, or been so faithfully worked out through many centuries.

Anybody who wants to know to what lengths the French carried it, and what firm hold it secured on the national mind, can hardly do better than study the various royal edicts drawn by Turgot, during his brief tenure of power, in his efforts to evoke order from the awful social and political chaos of the old régime. Take the system of protection for the wine interest, for example, as he describes it. The city of Bordeaux, the centre of a very rich wine district, and the principal port of Southwestern France, enjoyed from the earliest times the privilege of protecting the wines produced in what was called the *Sénéchaussée*, or manorial district, round the city, which was formally confirmed by Louis XI. so long ago as 1461. The regulations adopted for this purpose were thorough. No wine from any of the adjacent provinces watered by the Garonne or its confluents was allowed to be sold in the city to any of the inhabitants, or even to be sold and shipped there to foreigners, before the 1st of December in each year, by which time, of course, the Bordeaux people would have disposed of their own crop of the season. The wines of Languedoc were, indeed, not allowed to come down the Garonne at all before the end of September, and those of Périgord and other more distant districts not before Christmas. More than this, after the strange wines were allowed to enter the city, the proprietors were forbidden to tranship them at once for foreign parts. They had to lodge them in a store in a particular part of the city, and in barrels of a particular shape and of inferior construction. If they did not manage to dispose of them before the 1st of September of the following year, they had either to make brandy of them or take them back again up the river. The surrounding provinces protested and petitioned the king against these privileges for centuries, but in vain. Their want of success, however, was not wonderful, and hardly regrettable, considering that they did the same thing themselves. The greater number of the large towns of Périgord, Querci, and Guyenne had precisely the same kind of regulations as the Bordelais. In fact, every city protected its own commodities against all the rest of the kingdom. One town, Bergerac, tried to forbid the navigation of the Dordogne to the people along its banks.

The Marseillais, however, far outdid the Bordelais. From time immemorial, they prohibited the introduction of strange wines—that is, wines produced in other French districts—within their walls. When they put themselves under the jurisdiction of the Counts of Provence in 1257, they expressly stipulated in their bill of rights—known as the *Chapitres de Paix*—that the Counts should never permit the importation of foreign grapes or wines except for the use of the court. As early as 1294, a municipal ordinance provided that the carts in which foreign wines or grapes were brought in, or the buildings in which they were found, should be burnt; and another of 1610, in addition to these penalties, directed that the teamsters should be flogged. But it was not till 1717 that the restrictive system reached its climax. In that year, an ordinance was passed providing that no ship leaving that port should receive a clean bill of health unless it had a stock of Marseilles wine on board. So that every vessel had to purchase Marseilles wine in order to avoid quarantine—and quarantine in those days was no joke—at the place of her destination. The crews of ships entering the port were forbidden by the same ordinance from drinking the wine or beer they had on board during their stay—or, rather, obliging them to purchase in the city such quantity of the city wine as the municipal authorities thought they ought to consume, provided they had no other. The city even went so far as to refuse to allow the inhabitants of other parts of Provence to ship wine from the port for foreign countries; but this rule, after a long contest, it was compelled to abrogate in 1740.

It would take a volume to describe the various forms of local protection in use in other places. Every city and province had its own custom-house for the promotion of some pet industry. Cities on the great rivers claimed and exercised the right of deciding what commodities the population higher up above them should send to market by water, and in some cases particular towns claimed a complete monopoly of a particular species of industry. Lyons, however, surpassed them all in its exactions. In early times, Piedmont was the great rival of Lyons in the silk manufacture; and as all Piedmontese goods passing into France went naturally, and indeed inevitably, through Lyons, the Lyonnais clapped a heavy transit duty on them, no matter what their destination. After a while, silk goods began to come in from other places—Flanders, for instance—and then Lyons claimed duty on *all* silk goods entering the kingdom, and, in order to facilitate the collection of the tax, all silk goods, no matter from what quarter, were compelled to pass through the city. Other cities—Valence, for one—protected themselves in precisely the same way. Colbert tried to change this state of things by his tariff of 1664; but all he aimed at was to have the duty levied at the frontier instead of forcing importers to pass through certain places in the interior, but still agreed not to interfere with the final disposition of the receipts; but even in this moderate compromise he was only partially successful. The opposition offered by several provinces was so violent that the tariff was never fully carried into effect, and most of the internal custom-houses survived him.

It may be said, therefore, that the protective system is as old as feudalism. It showed itself almost contemporaneously with the revival of industry. As soon as it became apparent that money was to be made by either forcing people to sell their goods, or prohibiting them from selling their goods, in certain places, the feudal aristocracy began to avail themselves of the expedient, and, as the manufacturing towns grew up, and became strong enough to make their own laws or exact concessions from the king, they followed the example of the seigneurs, and, as states became consolidated, and the administrative machinery became more efficient, the general government undertook to do on a great scale, by means of its frontier custom-houses, what each district or trade had previously done for itself.

ENGLAND.—THE LAND QUESTION—PROTECTION—EMIGRATION.

LONDON, October 1, 1869.

IF no business is being actually transacted at the present moment, it cannot be said that we are having a dull time. The French are providing us with a ghastly murder, with a most important theological event, and with plenty of rumors of coming changes. If there are no events here of an equally exciting character, there are yet indications of approaching controversies of which it is difficult to overrate the importance. Thus, for example, the Irish people—now that they have once gained the ear of Parliament—are obviously not going to drop their advantage. Mr. Bright once proposed that a session should be held in Dublin, that the whole attention of the legislature should be devoted to Irish questions, and one great dead-lift effort be made to start some sort of reform. Parliament won't sit in Dublin, because, amongst other reasons, gentlemen who have spent many millions in building a gigantic palace rather like to occupy it. Like private persons, they find a big house to be not merely an accommodation, but sometimes also a heavy weight about their necks. The remaining part of Mr. Bright's proposal seems to have a better chance of adoption. We shall have to listen to debates about Irish land-laws which, if present symptoms be true, will be far more exciting than the perfunctory and languid debates about the Irish Church. They will touch our most sensitive parts—our pockets as well as our prejudices—and English landlords will feel that the precedent is uncomfortably applicable to themselves. The difficulty of the position is exceedingly great on all sides. The cry from Ireland, which is constantly becoming louder, is for fixity of tenure, and the cry is emphasized by occasional hints conveyed from blunderbusses. That expression is, of course, susceptible of various meanings, from something like wholesale confiscation to a moderate confirmation of tenant-right. At a little meeting held the other day, certain peasants gave their interpretation of the words, and quietly proposed that Government should provide every family in Ireland with a slice of freehold land sufficient to support them. They would cut very short all difficulties about vested interests and respect for private rights. The ultra radicals, though scarcely prepared for such a summary proceeding, would work towards the same ultimate end, and propose to start some system of legislation which would have for its result the establishment of peasant-proprietors throughout the country. A kind of society has been formed for this purpose, with such members as Mr. Mill, Mr. Fawcett, and others like-minded. Mr. Bright, again, whose dislike of Government interference amounts to a superstition, would only set to work with the voluntary consent of everybody concerned. Mr. Lowe swears by the strictest doctrines of political economy, and would leave things to the supervision of his great idols—the laws of supply and demand. On the other side, we have the dogged Conservatives, who would rather go backwards than forwards, dread the thin end of the wedge, and shrink from anything tainted in the slightest degree by the odor of revolution. Never was there so wide a discord of opinion, and so many issues not only between rival parties, but between different factions of the same party. Every one has his own nostrum, and denounces all his rivals as quacks, impostors, and cheats. The Government will have to steer a course through a stormy sea, beset on every side by all kinds of rocks and shoals. Whether they will agree on some ingenious compromise or fall asunder, whether they will command the support of their own followers or conciliate some fragment of their opponents, is a matter of doubtful speculation. Hitherto no certain opinion can be formed, and though a few of them have treated the country to solemn utterances, the oracles have been so doubtful and confused that it is in vain to examine them. All we can say is that, in their own opinion, they will somehow reconcile justice to Ireland with a due consideration of all private interests; but to translate that "somehow" into plainer language passes all powers of derivation. The *Times* of this morning devotes a long article to a speech of Mr. Cardwell's; but can only say that Mr. Cardwell has very properly kept to pompous commonplace, and Lord Hartington did not throw much more light upon the subject.

Of this, however, I shall have enough to say hereafter. Meanwhile, there has been a curious manifestation of opinion, which deserves a few words, as its real significance may be easily misunderstood. The ghost of a dead superstition has suddenly been stalking abroad, and refusing to listen to the voice of exorcism. If one doctrine more than another had been considered as finally slain, dead, and buried, it was the doctrine of protection. One article of faith to which everybody was prepared to swear unhesitating allegiance was the benefit of free trade. Heretics—if some few might linger in out-of-the-way places—were mere wandering outcasts; poor relics of a bygone era, to be regarded rather with curiosity than dislike. Yet protection has once more raised its head, and, horrible to report, in the very headquarters of the true believers—the manufacturing districts. It is true that it has sought to disguise itself under a new name, and, without venturing in so many words to dispute the general truth of our holy principle, calls itself reciprocity. The French treaty, negotiated by Mr. Cobden, has been condemned as unfair, and as delivering up our trade to French competitors for no due compensation. I need hardly add that, in the eyes of the orthodox, a cry for reciprocity really differs in no essential particular from a cry for protection. A protective tariff is an evil in itself, which is not the less an evil because it is a retort to a tariff in another country. To impose it would be to cut off our nose to spite our face—according to the significant proverb. The leaders of the orthodox school have not been silent, and have, on the whole, held their own satisfactorily.

Are we, then, really coming back to our old system, or doubting of the policy of our course? I will say at once that I don't believe it for a moment. I think that the direct importance of the present agitation, though it is made much of by the Tory press, is really trifling; and that it will probably die away before bearing any fruit even in election contests. But the sentiment which it indicates is a more serious matter. It shows how deeply the depressed state of trade, especially in the cotton districts, is beginning to make itself felt. The difficulties of the last three years have produced a widespread discontent; pauperism has increased in a distressing ratio; and there is everywhere a lamentable want of confidence and of the old elasticity of resources. Much discussion has taken place as to the causes of the depression, especially in the cotton trade. The production has increased, but the increase has brought with it no increase of profits; the prices, as the manufacturers tell us, are not remunerative; and till we get cheaper cotton, the injury inflicted by the stoppage of American supplies will not be repaired. I will not, however, plunge into the enquiry thus suggested. The depression complained of is not confined to us nor to Europe, and depends upon deeper causes than the French treaty. Nor is there the slightest prospect that any protective measure would remove it, or the remotest chance that such measures will be adopted. My moral is very different. I read in the last number received of the *Nation* the remark that you would not be better off in the United States until you had returned to more economical and prudent habits. Of that I am no judge; but a very similar statement applies with equal force to ourselves. The cry for protection is an indication that there is something unsound in the state of our commerce. The revelations of Overend & Gurney gave some measure of the morality of some of our leading men of business. The recklessness with which their credit had been employed, the way in which they had been victimized by unscrupulous rogues, and the desperate means by which they had struggled on till the final smash, were unpleasant indications of a widespread system. Another shock of a similar kind has been given by the collapse of two or three life insurance companies. Though a full revelation has not yet been made, they give an amazing proof of the ease with which most respectable names may be used to cover something like reckless swindling; and I need not add that there is nothing more cruel than the deception thus practised upon poor people, whose savings for their families are thus remorselessly swept away. Such cases as these have naturally produced a widespread distrust, which is combined with an impression among much of the industrial population that our commercial supremacy has received fatal wounds. In short, there is an ominous sense of a general want of confidence, from which we are emerging very slowly, and, for a time at least, are considerably crippled.

At the same time, the accession of a lower class to political power has a considerable significance. The *Times* is engaged in a dispute with Mr. Odger—probably the ablest representative of our workingmen—as to the alleged desire for protection amongst the working-classes. Mr. Odger denies its existence, though with some qualifications. He is undoubtedly an excellent authority, yet there are many symptoms that his class are by no means unqualified believers in free-trade doctrines. I do not suppose that they will exercise their new-found power towards restoring a protective system, nor indeed could they, under present conditions, do so if they would. The wealth of the country is too great and too unanimously arrayed against them. But, on the other hand, the agitation of which I speak proves that the general want of confidence is felt even in an exaggerated degree by them. It is curious to remark how rapidly the idea of emigration seems to be spreading. A meeting, for example, was held last night amongst the working-classes in this quarter of London, to start an emigration society, and the word is pronounced more frequently and emphatically every day, as indicating the most promising remedy. For more

reasons than I can hint at here, I hesitate to accept the more sanguine anticipations of the advocates of a systematic emigration; but it is a curious fact that the working-classes seem to be more and more looking for improvement in their condition not to any revival of home trade, but to the abandonment of their country altogether. If trade speedily revives, this sentiment may die away as speedily; but it is a significant phenomenon, which deserves to be noted.

In a powerful paper in the *North American Review*, Mr. C. E. Norton lately drew a very dark picture of the state of the English poor, and expresses certain anticipations of a possible revolution. I do not share all his opinions, though the facts he mentioned are curious and lamentable. I will only speak, however, as an observer of present indications, not as a prophet—to which office I have a rooted objection. It is, to my mind, remarkable that the discussions about Ireland have, as yet at least, produced a very faint echo here. However much discontent there may be below the surface, it has not taken any open form. There is no warmth of agitation about the English Church—to which, to say the truth, the working-classes are very indifferent—nor even about English land-laws. The very notion of becoming landed proprietors has scarcely as yet entered the heads of our agricultural laborers, though they are vaguely discontented with their position. So far as one can see at present, the prevailing opinion is not in favor of reforming matters at home so much as of giving up home altogether, and seeking better fortunes at the antipodes or in America. What other forms may be taken by the discontent are of course uncertain, and there is little use in enquiring at present. Meanwhile, I will only say that, as the best remedy for commercial distress lies not in protection, but in an improved tone of morality and increased intelligence in commercial affairs, so the best remedy for the distress of the poor lies not in transporting them bodily elsewhere, but in the education and general civilization which will render them more prudent, self-denying, and self-helping. Legislation cannot, it may be, do very much in that direction; but I hope that in all the cloud of coming controversies we shall not lose sight of the various ways in which schools and other agencies to such reforms may be multiplied and rendered effective.

I am, however, straying into generalities, which can be of little interest to any one. I have sought to indicate what seem to me to be the main currents of our political opinion at present; before long I shall be having to enter into more detail as to the agitations to which they are giving rise

THE CONGRESS OF PEACE AND LIBERTY AT LAUSANNE.

II.

VEVAY, September 23, 1869.

THE Congress held its final session on the 18th. It was closed by a speech from M. Victor Hugo of a spasmodic character, but of interest as an attempt to reconcile the two parties in the camp of the European liberals—that of the republicans pure and simple, and that of the socialists—the one aiming at political revolution alone, the other at social revolution as of first necessity. The dissentiment between these two parties had made itself obvious in the meetings of the Congress, and there was need of Victor Hugo's appeal: "Citizens, let us be enemies of the enemy, and friends to one another. Let us have one single soul for fighting it, one single heart for loving each other. Ah! citizens, let us utter the grand cry of fraternity."

The vagueness of his phrases, and his good faith in them, formed the appropriate close to the four days' speeches of a congress devoted to the discussion of objects for the attainment of which no practical means could be suggested. Peace and liberty are eminently desirable, and the present political and social system of Europe affords no guarantee for either. Unquestionably, a federative relation between the various European states and a change from monarchical to republican institutions, might promote freedom and diminish war. But as to the means for bringing about a federal union, and for establishing the desired republics, the members of the Congress are not only at discord among themselves, but, indeed, have no course of action to propose.

The Congress has been, in truth, no deliberative body consulting as to measures to be approved and steps to be taken to bring about the results its members coincided in desiring, but a mere assembly for the utterance of wishes, hopes, and aspirations; of schemes, theories, and speculations. "During these days," said one of the speakers, "we have been living not in the nineteenth, but in the twentieth century." But unless the course of history be profoundly different in the future from what it has been in the past, the next century will hardly see the fulfilment of the anticipations of these ardent and convinced men. For neither a political nor a social revolution would much advance the cause they have at heart. It is a moral revolution that is needed—in other words, a miracle. These reformers, like so many others, seem to forget that peace, liberty, and justice depend not upon forms and institutions of government, but upon the moral dispositions of the individuals who compose a nation; and that these dispositions cannot be evoked or altered at will, but are the result of slow historic processes. The way to peace and liberty leads through a long series of struggles and disappointments. It is the path of the education of mankind. The distance between the actual condition of society and that ideal social state which shall be the realization of men's hopes and aspirations is too wide to be traversed in a short time. The period of revolutions is not drawing to its close.

But the Congress which the *Journal des Débats* with an obvious sneer calls "the Congress of Perpetual War," transfers the fulfilment of its aspirations from a distant future to the near present. For it the day of regeneration is "*un jour prochain*"—is to-morrow. Substitute new institutions for the old, republic for monarchy, militia for standing army, and the end is achieved. It was curious and instructive to listen, day after day, to the various expressions of this doctrinaire faith in forms and institutions, not as the evidences but as the sources of human progress, and to hear the virtues of the people exalted, as if the establishment of a democratic form of government, based on universal suffrage, were synonymous with the abolition of selfishness and all evil passions—as if men and women were bad because of imperialism and the government of kings, and nothing were needed for the millennium but popular liberties.

In one view, all this is natural enough. The selfish and repressive forces embodied in the governments of Europe, and the injustice and cruelty involved in the actual conditions of society, are so great that it is not to be wondered at that men who suffer under them should regard the destruction of the present political and social order, and the substitution for it of an order in which human rights should receive fuller recognition, as likely to produce more beneficial results on society than can justly be anticipated from any such revolution. Their error is in supposing a step toward the goal to be the accomplishment of the greater part of the course, if not, indeed, the arrival at the goal itself.

The debates in the Congress derived a great part of their interest from their wide scope, which gave opportunity to the different speakers to express in the freest manner their various creeds and sentiments. The conclusions which were adopted by vote after a three days' discussion of the first question that had been proposed by the committee, namely, that of ths basis of a federal organization of Europe, did not formulate in any exact manner the opinions of the various speakers as they had been expressed in the previous debate, but were accepted as a sort of manifesto of the general sentiment. They were as follows:

"1. That the sole means of establishing peace in Europe is the formation of a federation of peoples, under the name of *The United States of Europe*.

"2. That the government of this union must be republican and federative.

"3. That the constitution of this government must be perfectible.

"4. That the European federation must guarantee to each of the peoples composing it:

"Sovereignty and autonomy;
"The liberty of the individual;
"Freedom of suffrage;
"Liberty of the press;
"Liberty of meeting and association;
"Liberty of conscience;
"Liberty of work for individual profit (*sans* exploitation);
"Direct individual responsibility of all the officers of the executive order.

"5. That no people can enter into the European confederation if it have not already the full exercise:

"Of universal suffrage;
"Of the right of agreeing to and refusing taxation;
"Of the right of peace and war;
"Of the right of concluding or of ratifying political alliances and commercial treaties;
"Of the right of perfecting its own constitution."

These conclusions were plainly not drawn up by a very skilful hand, and in adopting them the Congress hardly felt that they were binding themselves to any definite scheme. So, too, on the question of "the means by which economical and social antagonism between citizens may be made to disappear," the Congress, after an animated but desultory discussion, which occupied its two final sessions, voted to refer the whole subject to a committee to report at the next annual meeting.

Such proceedings are not dangerous; and such a meeting is not an assembly from which a new republican crusade is likely to date its origin.

It simply indicates the temper of a section of the advanced radical party in Europe, and affords a vent to their sentiments.

In contrast with the previous meetings at Berne and Geneva, the course of the public proceedings of the Congress at Lausanne was orderly, and the debate was maintained at a high level of talent. There were but few dull speakers, and these few were listened to with commendable patience. For the most part, the speakers showed rare natural qualifications for oratory. In ease and fluency of speech, in neat turn of phrase, in precision of statement, in variety of illustration, in force and propriety of action, they far surpassed the average orator of an American convention. The rapidity and animation of elocution, the perfect form of the hurried, impromptu sentences were in some instances amazing to one accustomed to American awkwardness of expression and to the English drawl. There were no speeches against time. Many of them were hot, fervid, passionate bursts of native eloquence that would have been extremely effective with a more popular audience than that which crowded the little hall of the Casino. The applause was always ready, often general, but rarely vehement. As usual at such a meeting, two different orders of thought or sentiment seemed to excite nearly equal approval. A bit of good sense, of satirical humor, or a sound practical suggestion clearly put, met with applause as quick and warm as that which greeted the enunciation of an extreme doctrine or some piece of fiery declamation.

In comparison with other assemblies of professed reformers, there was not much extravagance in the speeches. The doctrines of pure communism found little voice; the idea of the equalization of properties, "economical equalization," as it was termed by one of the orators of the new "collectivist" school, did not meet with much favor, while, on the contrary, that of "the destruction of the monopoly of capital" was vague enough to receive a pretty general approval. During the final sessions, the long-standing quarrel between the *bourgeoisie* and the *ouvriers* showed itself not indistinctly, and gave point to the words of M. Hugo at the close of the Congress, which were directed to that "*immense apaisement des haines*" which he had announced at the beginning as one of the chief objects of its efforts.

Besides the Polish-American-Cosmopolite, Mrs. Rose, but one woman took part in the proceedings. This was a Madame Goegg, who is perhaps as well fitted as Mrs. Rose herself, and certainly not much better, to promote effectively the emancipation of her sex. She and her husband are types of the "irreconcilable" German radical—not the wisest or most charming of human beings.

The only person present of great distinction, besides Victor Hugo, was M. Edgar Quinet. He is now between sixty and seventy years old, and does not bear his years as well as M. Hugo. At the opening of the afternoon of the 17th he took his place at the tribune, amidst hearty applause, and read in a dull way a brief discourse, which possessed little interest except as coming from a man of such note, a man once of genuine literary power, if not genius, and who had given proof of devotion to principle at the cost of poverty and exile. There was in what he said a *naïveté* of self-conceit almost touching in its childishness, and strongly in contrast with the vigorous, theatrical display of M. Hugo's gigantic self-confidence. "Two years ago," he said, "at your first meeting at Geneva, I addressed, from the depth of the moral death in which everything seemed sunk, an appeal to the human conscience, and I conjured it to rise from the night, and to come to the aid of those who still persisted in the combat for justice and for right. To-day I salute the reawakening of this conscience." This gives the key-note of his short address. Thirty years and more ago, Sainte-Beuve said of Quinet that he belonged "to a generous and pure generation, avid of hope, insatiable of fine desires," and he applied to him and his fellows the lines of a contemporary poet, now forgotten, describing him as one—

> "Qui pâlit de travail, et les larmes aux yeux,
> Cherchant son avenir, au plus profond des cieux
> Suit l'étoile mysterieuse."

The old Quinet is what the young was. In his thin voice one heard, in his trembling hand, in his pale, amiable face, one saw the man worn with disappointment, but still avid of hope, insatiable of fine desires, and still following the mysterious star in search of the future. He has a large, round head, a heavy face, and a kind expression; his hair is white, but his broad figure is still erect. But what hope is there for the future while such rhetoricians as Quinet and Victor Hugo are accepted as pioneers and guides through the dark road?

The Congress did not do much toward founding the true Commonwealth.

C. E. N.

Correspondence.

A MANUAL LABORER ON MANUAL LABOR.

To the Editor of the Nation:

Sir: Permit me to express the peculiar interest that I felt in your article on "Manual Labor" in the *Nation* of Sept. 16, and in the subsequent discussion of the subject, under the head of "Correspondence" (Sept. 30 and Oct. 7). Being employed at manual labor in one of the largest steam-engine shops in the country, and daily practically associated with the class referred to, I agree with you that it *is* "high time that this most important social problem of the day were discussed in the language of soberness and truth." Now that you have taken up the subject, give it full and free discussion, until it is stripped of its glamor and the fallacious sentiments through which we are now required to look at it. Let "Greek meet Greek;" rub brain against brain, and give us the benefit of the heat and sparks produced, since it is a fact that "for all progress in the best sense of the word we are indebted to brain labor." In the ancient world, "robbery, either wholesale or retail, was the favorite mode of making provision for one's old age. . . . Labor was openly and unblushingly spoken of as disgusting and degrading. Under this theory, however, the world went rapidly to the dogs," etc. History repeats itself, for in the present time "there is nothing which every person in the community more carefully or strenuously avoids, if he can, than manual labor." Verily, we are not so different from those ancients; no, not even in the matter of robbery—wholesale at that—in some of the municipal "rings" that we occasionally read of in the *Nation*, and if they are not going "rapidly to the dogs," they ought to be quickly sent there. Apparently, however, we are not sufficiently courageous openly to acknowledge that muscular toil is emphatically naturally repulsive; but that is a fact which admits of ready proof.

This, as I understand it, is your point, to which "W. S.," Sept. 30, assents, but cannot recognize the preference for mental labor as "a sign of the progress of society." Say "the *increasing* preference," etc., and I can. "W. S." would "rather endeavor to show how weak, unmanly, selfish and mean such a disposition often is." So it may be, when it is permitted to get the mastery of the mind and prevent the performance of what one "knows to be his duty."

Statements stand for what they are worth, but they are never so unanswerable as facts practically demonstrated. One man states that muscular toil is elevating, dignifying, ennobling. Another, that it is wholly disgusting, "necessarily degrading." Supposing we admit, for the moment, that any and all toil is elevating, dignifying; the next question is, to what does it elevate? Or, if he is not down, degraded, how can a man be elevated or dignified? If he is "a man for a' that;" or if, as an inebriate once said, "One man is just as good as another, and a ——— sight better," what is meant by elevating or dignifying him? Is it not pure fallacy to state that he is just as elevated and noble who toils daily perpetually with his muscle for mere existence, as he who possesses a master-mind and gives to the world the benefit of its power? Does "W. S." recognize "any divine Providence in the affairs of men" when he understandingly reads the parable of the man with five talents and the man with one? The latter brought back just what was given him—an unused life—but it was not enough. He had existed—call it *lived*, if you will—but had in no way increased or *elevated* himself. Take for your basis muscle, and for your altitude the highest mental perfection ever attained by mortal, and I will build you a pyramid whose base shall be immeasurable, but which shall quickly terminate in a sharp *point* with the minds of men.

Manual labor may be the means of elevating a man, if he brings together in his character industry, skill, frugality, and a long-continued, persevering, patient effort. But to what does it elevate him? To manual labor more arduous? No, sir! to brain labor, as his constant, highest, natural aspiration. But let me witness that it is "a hard road to travel." Did any one ever hear of a man with mental culture and occupation trying muscular toil as a means of elevating and ennobling himself? If you ask, is a man more degraded by doing honest muscular labor in order to support life than he would be by leaving it undone, depending upon charity? I say, no! a hundred times no! But imagine Mr. Blank going into the furnace-room to feed the fires, leaving his present position of owner and manager of this large shop. Is he degraded? I say, yes! a hundred times yes! What, by the smut on his hands and his heretofore clean linen? No; for this will wash off and leave him, "to all intents and pur-

poses" just as he was before. Or, again, will "W. S." try to imagine the editor of the *Nation* taking his seat upon the box and driving through his city, crying "charcoal! charcoal!" and then say is he elevated or degraded—is he below or above his sphere of usefulness? Every human being feels "in the marrow of his bones that the respectability of any kind of labor depends upon the amount of mind it calls for."

We lost our foreman last month by death. Does any man doubt the preference of men for mental labor? Let him come here and witness the evident aspiration, among manual laborers, for the honor of filling the vacancies that are sure to be created by promotions, and where mental not muscular capacity is required. May not these three or four hundred men be cited as a fair representation of human nature among their class?

How much more does the community approve a man who chooses to make labor "elevating," at least in his own case, than one who plods on in the same beaten track, like a blind horse grinding bark! Of how much more value to his employer is a man capable of using his mind in the control and direction of any amount of muscle applied to labor, than one who is only capable of managing his own small supply! Does any man compare the muscular toil involved in making the first model of a new and valuable machine with the mind that conceives and directs? No, indeed! The labor of all the men that ever worked on steam-engines is not to be compared in benefit to the world with the mental labor of Watt and the other pioneer steam-engine builders, because the brain worked first and required and controlled the muscles, which seem in no way superior to the machine itself except as they are affected by the mind. God made mind superior to matter, and so it must ever remain. Hence, the more mind, the higher the elevation; and the less mind, the lower the degradation—there is no need to use a sugared word to express it. Therefore, I conclude that it is as natural for men to desire to elevate themselves to mental labor as to draw the breath of life. Really, it seems superfluous to make these propositions, since every well-balanced mind ought to feel them for itself; but from them we see that men not only *do*, but why they should, prefer mental labor to physical. And this view, so far from "justifying the existence of a servile class," is, on the contrary, their only salvation, giving to them encouragement to rise, to elevate and dignify themselves. How? by seeking more arduous muscular exertion? No; but by taking the shortest practical honorable road to a position of *mental* labor and usefulness. But why should "W. S." so flatly contradict himself, by inferring that there is anything obnoxious in a position in such a class, since he finds any such "tone" in your article "so very objectionable?"

And is it indeed "notorious that all muscular toil exercises a more or less deadening influence upon the mental perceptions?" Is there any one who doubts it? Is this question asked for information's sake, or because the writer could not deny the truth of the statement? Look at the degraded class of manual laborers lately slaves in our midst. There is an example of labor with the least possible exercise of mind. They had not so much as to care for the ordinary necessaries of life. Were they degraded? How? by the colored skin and soiled hands, and by the character of the work they performed? No, but by the want of or non-employment of mind. Can he look at these poor beings and doubt that constant disuse deteriorates the active power of mind or keeps it smouldering under the ashes of its own consumption? The poor day-laborer here is not owned as property, but he sells his labor for nothing more than a "living." He is a slave to circumstances, compelled to work at muscular toil to the almost entire neglect of his mental faculties, and its elevating influences upon him in the development of the purer qualities of human nature are not as yet perceptible to the naked eye. "The deadening influence" upon his "mental perceptions" is less than upon that of the late slave in the ratio of his greater use of mind in maintaining life.

If any man thinks that a weary laborer can improve his mind and increase his knowledge equally as well as a clerk or some one in mental occupation, let him try it for one week with my hammer and chisel. First, the means and opportunity are not his; second, his associations are no assistance nor stimulus; third, the "deadening influence upon the mental perceptions" and the body render it almost impossible to receive the necessary impressions.

God Almighty deemed it sufficient—shall I say punishment or degradation?—to Adam and his family to doom them and their race to perpetual toil, from which no mortal can escape who eats what must be bought with money. But I hold that the further one removes himself from manual labor by the improvement of his mind, keeping honor bright, he is just so far to be commended over one who does not elevate himself at all; that a man who acknowledges that he can be of more service with his muscle than brain, acknowledges what a good-natured ass would if he could speak. Even one ass is superior to another by being more serviceable, but an ass is an ass "for a' that," and we don't need a poet to tell it. The highest order of beings are those with minds, not muscle. There is no enjoyment from muscle that is not indulged in by the brute, and I agree with "L. H." (Oct. 7) that when muscle gets to be better paid (I suppose he means paid more, for it is proportionally better paid now) than mind, men will forsake their callings and work at manual labor—love of money however, not of labor, being the incentive. But *when* this happens, the skies will immediately darken. I can also agree that "the pleasure a mechanic takes in his work is not in the strain on his muscle, but in the growth and completion of the thing which he creates." That is, the eye conveys to the mind the growing and completed beauties of his work, the "strain on the muscles" being forgotten—compensated by the mind's pleasure in the contemplation, not of the labor expended, but of the growing or completed work. The contemplation of the toil would invariably cause a deep-drawn sigh—because there was not more work? No; but a sigh of relief that it was all done. E. R.

PROVIDENCE, Oct. 11, 1869.

THE SECRETARY OF THE TREASURY AND THE CHAIRMAN OF THE "WAYS AND MEANS."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The importance of the subject leads me to intrude upon you once more. The country is flooded with financial schemes and criticisms, which are like shots fired in the air, almost without the possibility of any real effect. Concentration of effort is absolutely indispensable to any practical result. Only on the floor of Congress can this be brought about, and thus far the progress there is but little greater. Almost all of our present legislators have, as you well point out, risen to their places upon one single question. For a quarter of a century, all other interests of the country have been subordinated to one issue, that of slavery. Of course it was well it should be so; and, when one looks at the result, one can hardly regret the sacrifice. It is to be hoped, however, that time will now settle what is left of this question, and there are others pressing so hard that they can no longer be placed in the second rank. In the cases of slavery and the war, the issues were so simple that the popular will and intelligence could be brought directly to bear; but the subject of finance, and especially currency, is so largely technical that it is not to be expected the people will ever understand it. What is wanted is a leader who, with courage and self-possession, shall have an *apparent* understanding of the subject, and such definiteness and consistency of views as shall enable him with entire frankness to state the method of their operation, to explain them as he goes along, and to defend them against all comers. I believe the people would be only too eager to bestow their confidence on such a man, and to lend him an irresistible support.

In the speeches of the members of Congress, including Mr. Schenck, it has seemed to me that with very little knowledge of the technical history of the subject, they have attempted to reason it out *à priori*, and proceeding, as it were, *à tâtons*, they have stood upon very uncertain ground. Had Mr. Schenck been very certain of his position and of the arguments in its defence, he would not have been bowled over by General Butler or anybody else, but would have been ready with a Roland for the latter's Oliver.

But what I would here especially urge is this; that the position of the Chairman of the Committee of Ways and Means in the House is not at all such as that of the Secretary of the Treasury would be. In the first place, he has little or nothing to do with carrying out the financial scheme. It is no object—indeed, it is almost impossible—for him to do battle in its favor on the ground of its practicability and necessity for successful operation, because he cannot be sure of the co-operation or as to the course in any respect of the official who is to conduct that operation. If the plan proves a success, he gets but little of the credit; if it fails, little of the obloquy. Probably not one person in ten in the country understands the function of the Chairman, and I doubt if a much larger proportion know who he is. All eyes are turned on the Secretary of the Treasury, who is really little more than a chief clerk, to carry out the plans of others. This want of direct interest in the result of the plan cannot but affect the action of the Chairman also in its preparation. He is much more interested in getting a bill through the House than about its fate afterwards. Suppose there is a question of a large railroad grant. He is much more likely to yield, for the sake of support, than to hold out in opposition for the sake of the financial administration. The success of this administration is, however,

the main object of the Secretary, and he would be much more likely to stand up firmly on points essential to it.

Again, there are sad reports as to the state of the Treasury Department. It is said—I know not with what truth—that there have been many persons drawing pay without any service, appointed by Mr. McCulloch at the request of Mr. Johnson. On the other hand, it is said that Mr. Boutwell is effecting a reform in this respect. But as the case now stands, the public cannot learn the truth of either report. There is a rumor that Assistant-Treasurer Butterfield has had some connection with the recent gold corner. There is now no possibility of getting at the truth short of the cumbrous method of a Congressional Committee. But if the Secretary were in the House, a few well-directed enquiries would settle the matter. I am inclined to think that such an arrangement would be a first step also in the reform of the Civil Service.

The main objection to such a measure would be that if Congress should refuse to support a plan advocated by the Secretary, the latter must resign, or fail in his administration, and that such a control by Congress of the Executive is contrary to our system. But there is no other way to secure efficiency. What would be thought of the general of an army who should be forced to receive his plan of campaign from the War Department? His only protection is in resignation.

In England, the failure of any important measure involves the resignation of the whole Cabinet, and a total change in the policy of the Government. But if the resignation were confined to the head of a single department, it would be much more limited in its effect, and might thus be not inconsistent with our theory of government. G. B.

Boston, October 9, 1869.

Notes.

LITERARY.

Mr. Henry Carey Baird, of Philadelphia, announces "Civil Architecture: a Complete Theoretical and Practical System of Building," by Mr. Edward Shaw, with an added "Treatise on Gothic Architecture," by Mr. Thomas Silloway and Mr. George H. Harding.——Mr. G. W. Carleton has in press a new poem—"Bothwell," we suppose—by Mr. A. C. Swinburne; a new novel by "Orpheus C. Kerr;" and "Josh Billings's" "Farmers' Almanac."——Messrs. Harper & Brothers have in press two new books by Mr. J. S. C. Abbott, the one entitled "Joseph Bonaparte," the other "The Romance of Spanish History." The same house continue the publication of their editions of George Eliot's and Charles Reade's works, and announce a reprint of the revised edition of Haydn's "Dictionary of Dates." It is a pity that they did not keep on with their "Thackeray" till they reached "Catherine," which Messrs. Fields, Osgood & Co. have recently published in a mutilated form, their reason being that the catastrophe—which consists of the burning of the criminal heroine—is too shocking for publication. There is nothing like delicacy in such matters.——Messrs. J. B. Lippincott & Co. will publish "In Both Worlds," which is by Dr. W. H. Holcombe; "Madame Louise of France," a translated novel; "Helen Erskine," a novel of native manufacture, the author being Mrs. M. H. Robinson; and the second volume of the "Memoirs of Alexander Campbell."——"The Prince of Darkness," by Mrs. E. D. E. N. Southworth, is "A Romance of the Blue Ridge," as we have not heretofore mentioned. It will be issued by the Messrs. Peterson.——Messrs. Porter & Coates, of Philadelphia, announce a translation, by Mrs. Coleman and her daughter, of the Countess de Ségur's "Fairy Tales;" a new edition of "Popular Tales and Household Stories," by the Brothers Grimm; and several other "juveniles."——"Sanctum Sanctorum" is the title of a new book by Mr. Theodore Tilton, which will be published by Sheldon: "Leaves from an Editor's Table" is the second title. The same firm will publish an illustrated history of the United States, which has been prepared for the use of grammar schools by Mr. B. J. Lossing, and a work announced as by "Professor Upham," and called "The Wise Men of the East: Who were They?"——Mrs. J. H. Thomas, of Philadelphia, has in press a pocket edition of "The Imitation of Christ," a book of stories that illustrate the Church of England Catechism, and a story called "Janet's Two Homes," which is the work of a clergyman's widow.

—It was rather interesting to notice, when the decision of the Court in the Lawrence-Dana copyright suit was announced, the various views of the judgment taken by different sections of the press. Republican papers with one accord held that the decision was of no importance whatever as having a bearing upon the character of the contestants, while Democratic sheets all over the country declared that here was new evidence of the inborn rascality of that party of which the defendant was a member. There was a very funny article in the *World*, the gist of which was that the public might now see how genuine were the professions of the party of "moral ideas" in public matters when one of its most prominent members had been branded in open court as a thief. The suit was treated by the Democratic papers as if it had been an indictment for larceny. How the Butler organs of the Fifth Massachusetts District dealt with the subject we regret to say we do not know. On one side, their duty as Republican journals would have required abuse of Lawrence as a Democratic editor; on the other side, the recollections of the campaign of '68 would certainly have predisposed them to look with a suspicious eye on the proceedings of Dana. If we remember right, one of Butler's most telling thrusts at his adversary during that contest was in a speech in which he intimated, or, perhaps we should say, stated broadly—for the General rarely intimates—that, waiving all questions of "irregularity," considerable indecency was shown by any gentleman who came down into another gentleman's district, and opposed him on moral grounds, when he himself was at the time laboring under the grave suspicion of having purloined private property. Under these circumstances, we should much like to know what the Ipswich *Light* and the Marblehead *Palladium* did think about the decision of Judge Clifford. No doubt their native sagacity guided them right at last. However, important as the case is in its political aspect, it has also a legal side, which is not without interest to the non-political classes of the population, and indeed may be said to affect the interests of the literary classes very closely. We have already given our readers an abstract of the decision, so far as it concerns the parties to the suit; but besides this, a novel point of law was settled, which seems to have escaped notice in the discussion to which the case has given rise. The whole decision has not been published anywhere; and we speak as laymen, so that we may well go wrong, but as we understand the ruling of the Court, it is this: The first question, of course, was whether Mr. Lawrence had the right to bring any action at all—whether he was a proper plaintiff; and the doubt on this head arose from the fact that he held no legal copyright. The copyright of Wheaton's International Law stood in the name of Miss Wheaton; and the first question for the Court was whether a plaintiff who had no recorded copyright could avail himself of the copyright held by another. In other words, could it be shown that Miss Wheaton was trustee for Mr. Lawrence—that the latter was really entitled to the beneficial use of the copyright, while the legal title to it remained in the former? And the Court held that this could be done. The point is new, we believe, in the jurisprudence of this country; whether the English courts have passed upon it we do not know. The practical effect of the decision, so far as publishers are concerned, would seem to be that they must be careful with whom they deal; that if any facts are brought to their knowledge which lead them to suspect the existence of an equitable as well as a legal copyright, they must take care not to infringe either the one or the other. It will not do for them to protect themselves against the legal holder simply; they must beware also of the equitable holder. It is just like the case of a landed estate held by A. in trust for B. Those who deal with A. must see that he does not exceed his powers as trustee.

—Among the cloud of new periodicals that are coming out in England, the most noticeable are Messrs. Macmillan & Co.'s *Nature* and Mr. Murray's *Academy*. The title of the former is not very specifically descriptive; we suppose, however, that the "nature" of the new paper will partake of the "Macmillanism" of which some people have complained, for it is to be given up to science in its various branches. It will be published weekly, will be illustrated, and is to have for editor Mr. J. Norman Lockyer. The *Academy* we have mentioned before. A distinctive feature of it is to be its signed reviews. Very few people will expect this to be a good feature. Impartiality and completeness become impossible under the system of signatures. The critic must often be dishonest and thus injure the public, or else he hurts the feelings of authors and soon is surrounded by enemies. The anonymous system is but very seldom used as a cover for malice, while the other, even in its best estate, in France, constantly ministers to vanity and induces falsehood. The objection is made sometimes that even where the anonymous system is nominally in vogue, it practically is not maintained. Everybody knew, it is said, what articles in the *Edinburgh* were written by Macaulay and Carlyle, and what in the *Quarterly* by Southey. This is partly so, and so in the case of a few men. They, however, were not the men who can be said to have carried on the critical business of the reviews named, and

others like them, their criticism of contemporaries being no great portion of their work. And where, as in the case of Jeffrey and Wilson, criticism of contemporaries was a regular occupation, what did it often result in? Jeffrey found there was an occasional duel to fight, and the number of men who would have liked to shoot Wilson on sight was probably just about half the whole number of men whose books he had had in hand.

—Parallel with the expensive reprints from rare copies issued by the Rev. Mr. Grosart in the Fuller Worthies' Library, appears another series of English reprints excellently edited by Edward Arber, Associate, King's College, London. His object is not, like Grosart or Collier, to serve the rich book-lover by furnishing him exclusively with works which had become so rare that even a rich man could with difficulty obtain them. Mr. Arber wishes to diffuse as widely as possible the best specimens of English style and the richest treasures of English thought. Accordingly, instead of limiting his reprints to 156 copies, he courts a large sale by issuing, at prices which a poor student can afford to give, works which every student of English literature would wish to possess. Some, therefore, of the pieces selected are common enough. Latimer's "Sermon of the Ploughers" had already been published once separately, and fifteen times conjointly with other works; of Sir Philip Sidney's "Apologie for Poetrie" there had been three separate and twenty-one conjoint editions; of Selden's "Table-Talk," thirteen separate and one conjoint editions; of Ascham's "Toxophilus," five separate and five conjoint; of Addison's "Criticism on Milton's Paradise Lost," one separate and thirteen conjoint, to say nothing of the innumerable editions of the *Spectator;* of More's "Utopia," six editions of Robinson's translation, ten of Bishop Burnet's, one of Arthur Cayley's; of the Duke of Buckingham's "Rehearsal," eleven separate and eight conjoint; of Earle's "Micro-Cosmographie," six separate and two conjoint, one translation and one adaptation; of Whetstone's "Remembraunce of the wel imployed life of George Gaskoigne," of Gascoigne's "Certayne Notes of Instruction," and of his "Steele Glas and the Complaynte of Philomene," four or five editions each. On the other hand, of Webbe's "Trauailes" there have been only three editions, all in 1590; of Puttenham's "Arte of English Poesie" only the original issue of 1589, lately priced by Lily at £4 14s. 6d., and a reprint in the first volume of Haslewood's "Ancient Critical Essays," London, 1811–16, 2 vols. 4to, of which the greater part were destroyed by fire; and, though Lyly's "Euphues" passed through twelve editions in fifty-six years, it has only appeared once (in 1718) since 1636, and the "Euphues and his England" has not appeared at all since that date; and similarly, although there were four editions in all of Gosson's "Schoole of Abuse"—which occasioned the writing of Sidney's "Apologie for Poetrie"—the "Short Apologie of the Schoole of Abuse," in reply to Sidney, had not been published since 1586. The list we have given shows what interesting works have been selected. The style of editing, too, is very satisfactory. Each piece is preceded by a brief "chronicle of some of the principal events in the life" of its author, which, so far as it goes beyond a mere statement of events, with dates conveniently set at the side of the page, is usually quoted from contemporary or slightly subsequent sketches, so as to correspond in quaintness to the quaint language of the book; an introduction furnishes the literary history and any necessary remarks on the scope and contents of the work; a bibliography gives in short space a list of the various editions; and occasionally brief notes at the end explain difficult passages. Mr. Arber knows how to use types to make things clear—one of the qualities which distinguish an editor who understands his craft from the general run of editors, who do not. All this good work is furnished at very low prices, averaging about 9d. per hundred pages of the issue in stiff covers, with about twenty-five per cent. addition for cloth binding. The success of these English reprints is a gratifying evidence of the renewed interest taken in the best writings of the Tudor and Stuart age, and would be more gratifying if one could be sure that the volumes enthusiastically bought with the best intentions did not often lie unread on the table or in the book-case, like the works of "standard" authors; yet if anything could tempt one unaccustomed to such reading to attack old-fashioned thoughts, further veiled by strange orthography, it would be the convenient form and clear type of these editions.

—Col. Sir Henry James, the inventor of the art of photozincography, encouraged by the success of the fac-similes of the Domesday Book, recommended to the English Government the publication of a series of fac-similes of national manuscripts which should illustrate the change in language and writing from the time of the Conquest to the reign of Queen Anne. The plan was approved, and the work has appeared in four large quarto volumes (London: 1865–68). A set has just been received at the Boston Athenæum Library, and proves to be of high interest. The reproduction is very well done, although Col. James complains that many of the documents were defaced by age or faintly written. A sort of calendar of the MSS., by W. B. Sanders, with such explanations, biographical and other, as were necessary, is prefixed to each volume. A translation of foreign documents and a transcript of those written in English is printed on the page opposite each fac-simile, and is, to all but students of palæography, an absolutely indispensable help to reading the crabbed handwriting of the earlier parts. In the fourth volume the character of course approaches much more nearly to our own, and the writers generally appear to have taken more pains, or at least to have had more skill, in handling the pen. The selection of documents has been admirably made by Thomas Duffus Hardy. The series not only contains autographs of all the sovereigns, beginning with Richard II.—the first English king whose signature we possess—of many princes, prelates, famous nobles, and of a few men of letters, but some of the most interesting passages in English history are illustrated by their contents. A long description of Flodden Field; an account of the execution of Queen Catherine Howard; reports of foreign ambassadors; letters from Mary, Queen of Scots, to Queen Elizabeth; a letter of Knox covertly advising the execution of Mary; records relating to the Gunpowder Plot; the early colonization of the West Indies, Virginia, and Newfoundland; the murder of Overbury; the fall of Bacon; all the chief events in the reigns of the Stuarts—these are but a part of the contents. Among the letters of less public concern are one in Greek to Lady Jane Grey; the extraordinary letters of Sir Christopher Hatton to Queen Elizabeth; two letters to her from the Earl of Leicester, one of them endorsed in her hand "his last letter;" Sir Philip Sidney's urgent death-bed appeal to his surgeon to come with all speed. The royal license to Shakespeare and his companions to act at the Globe and elsewhere is also given. A more interesting collection of autographs has perhaps never appeared. The volumes need only an index; but that they do need greatly. The work is sold for four guineas. The first volume of a similar series of Scottish national manuscripts is published, two others are preparing, and a list of manuscripts relating to Ireland has been recommended for publication.

—Probably the very latest pasquinade that has been produced is this epigram, written a day or two since by a poet and artist who had just heard of the Pope's new carpet, presented him by the King of Prussia:

> "The Hohenzollern arms enwoven there
> With Mastaï-Feretti's." Outs and ins
> Of heretic-Papal stitches! tell us where
> The Arms of Nazareth. How St. Satan grins!

So there are still some good haters of the Holy Father who are outside of all the churches.

—M. Michel Chasles has given up the name of the forger who sold him the hundreds of autograph letters from Julius Cæsar, Charlemagne and several of his successors, Shakespeare, Montaigne, Gregory of Tours, Agnes Sorel, Petrarch, Mary, Queen of Scots, Rabelais, Raphael, Philip Augustus, Newton, Pascal, Michael Angelo—in short, everybody who ever figured in history. The man who made M. Chasles so great a dupe is a M. Lucas, about whose history little is known previous to his connection with this extraordinary affair. For some years he got his living, it is supposed, by making genealogies for persons afflicted with a desire to display coat-armor. How he found out M. Chasles is not stated, but when he did find him he used him remorselessly, and, as it turns out, with a stupid greediness, as a banker, to supply him with the means of paying for his little suppers with members of the demi-monde and of the class below it. The mathematician's credulity made him an easy prey, and Lucas must have got from him, first and last, twenty-five or thirty thousand dollars in gold. The Academy is said to have listened with evident hostility and contempt while M. Chasles half-inaudibly read his almost incredible explanation and confession.

MR. EDWARD POLLARD'S SECRET HISTORY OF THE CONFEDERACY.*

THE author of this book probably needs an introduction to but few of our readers; and as he himself in a preface introduces his book to the public, perhaps we may as well repeat the announcement briefly. Mr. Pollard says that although there was ostensibly a republican form of government at Richmond under Mr. Davis, yet really the government there

* "Life of Jefferson Davis, with a Secret History of the Southern Confederacy. By E. A. Pollard, author of 'The Lost Cause,' etc." Philadelphia: National Publishing Co.

was as secret and recluse as the most absolute and arrogant despotism. A curtain veiled its operations; and to the region behind this curtain Mr. Pollard hints he had access. He has until now rigorously curbed his desire to publish what he saw in secret. He says that he was moved by a fear of creating a prejudice against Mr. Davis whilst the Ex-President was in danger of being brought to trial. But he should have taken advice on this head, and he would have learned that to show up the Ex-President as an incompetent soldier, a stupid counsellor, a chief so arrogant as to disgust all his subordinates, an utterly impracticable man, a promoter of dissension—as, in short, a main cause, in fact, *the* cause of the ruin of the Confederacy—would have been an excellent way of disarming Northern indignation, and would have indefinitely increased Davis's chances of being let off easily. As it is, Mr. Pollard sees of course that so far as his book will have any effect, the effect will certainly not be of making anybody, South or North, think "the passenger by the *Java*"—as a Boston paper called him the other day—a man to be held in fear or respect, either for his powers or his character. Things being as they now are with Mr. Davis, Mr. Pollard says it "would be unreasonable that he should longer weigh a calculation so tender and remote against a debt severely due to history." Moreover—and here is a curious reason, for we suppose it does duty as a reason—has not Mr. Davis "condescended to trade," in Liverpool, England? Mr. Pollard feels "conscious of attempting a high and difficult task—an extraordinary work. He comes to it not only with ample literary preparation, but with an unusual animation." He repels the accusation of any prejudice, though he says that he "has been accused of personal hostility to Mr. Davis, and is to-day, perhaps, in all his literary capacities, most widely known to the country as censor of the Confederate chief." He promises to disappoint those who suppose that they will find in his work "a declamation against Mr. Davis—a mere amplitude of rhetoric or an excess of passion." He proposes to ask, "Who were responsible for the failure of the Southern Confederacy?" and will assert the rule that those who assume power are responsible for its discharge, and may not squander their responsibility through subordinates. "To do this, indeed," says Mr. Pollard, "would be to scatter and enfeeble all the lessons of history; to render impossible its unity of narrative, and to nullify its philosophy. Responsibility must rest somewhere in history; it naturally and inevitably ascends."

If, as reported, Mr. Davis has determined to reply to this work, he will have, it appears, what our Irish friends call a heavy handful: "he is welcomed to the task, and is challenged to the combat. He shall have facts to oppose; and in such conspicuous, stern, and unrelenting contest, the world will decide who falls, who retreats, or who covers himself with defeat." Finally, our author is convinced that "he attempts no mean and evanescent commentary on the late war. In betaking himself to a literary task excelling all his former ones, and in which he is fired by various desires, he proudly ventures to produce a work that will not only interest these present times, but that 'will live' permanently and assuredly, if even among the humbler monuments of the historical literature of America."

We feel that in one sense we have hurt this preface by curtailing it; yet we believe we have given the spirit of it with exactness. It ushers in a book of which we have but little to say, and nothing that is favorable. If any one wants to know Mr. Pollard's opinion of Mr. Davis, and of other men and things, it may be got from the contents of this work. If any one is fond of "declamation, mere amplitude of rhetoric, or an excess of passion," he will find that his favorite style has not been left wholly out in the cold, in spite of the author's promise not to entertain it. If any one hates Mr. Davis, and would like to know what hitherto unknown blackness may possibly be painted on him, and in what, as Mr. Pollard calls them, "various conspiracies and vengeful plots" he was perhaps engaged, a hearty hatred may find in these pages some gratification. But we cannot say that the book has one of the qualities which go to make a history. So many legends and traditions have latterly been blown into the air when historical truth, like a slow fire, has at last crept up to them, that nowadays people like before believing to be sure there is no train laid which will by-and-by explode and demolish our belief. The prevailing sceptical feeling attacks us not only in reference to Mr. Pollard's charges against Mr. Davis, but also and chiefly—for Mr. Davis we do not find so interesting a figure as some others—in reference to some military anecdotes which come along here and there to relieve the pitchy darkness of Davis's maladministration. It would, for example, make a difference in our estimate of Stonewall Jackson's character if we were led to believe the story Mr. Pollard relates of him, that he advised at a war-council at Fredericksburg a night attack by the men of his corps, stripped to the waist to produce a horrible effect on the minds of our troops. What Mr. Pollard declares of D. H. Hill is really interesting, if true; that he threw down on the ground in a pet Lee's order of march at Frederick City, which fell into McClellan's hands at a critical moment in the Antietam campaign. If it can be relied on, there is some value in the denial of the story we have heard that during a raid of our troops on Richmond the Union prisoners were undermined. Mr. Pollard asserts that they were only *told* they were undermined to keep them quiet—a great plot of theirs to get out and murder everybody having become known to the Richmond officials. But as not the slightest evidence is offered to sustain any of these accounts—and as the Stonewall Jackson bugaboo story has been disproved, if we do not remember incorrectly—we do not set much store by any of them. There are in the book two or three disquisitions or essays which would be effective if they were anything more than expressions of opinion; but premises and argument have one common source in the author's unsupported pen. Richmond, if accurately described, must have been a bad place during the war, and Mr. Pollard lights up its wickedness by thrusting a torch into its dark spots now and then. Also, he reads some lectures to the people of the South on their provincialism, and he is very wroth with them for their moral weakness in surrendering their cause.

But his own provincialism is so very pronounced—he is, indeed, so typical a provincial—that, as may be imagined, his advice can hardly by any possibility have any good effect—the manner of it being bad and irritating, of course, and the matter of it being not good. As for the moral weakness of the Southerners in acknowledging themselves defeated—on which our author expends some fearful eloquence—it is difficult to see what the Southerners could have done more than they had done. Mr. Pollard, however, is in the position of some of his British brethren of the quill, who, having all along predicted bloody war in every bush throughout the whole South for forty years, more or less, after Richmond should fall—admitting that fall it could—were immensely disgusted when they found that the men who had done the fighting in the field, and the men who had paid for it out of their property, were not at all of the same opinion as the warriors who had done the fighting on paper and made money by their extreme valor.

But for one thing, we should say nothing about this work, for it is undeserving of serious attention, being essentially no more than Mr. Edward A. Pollard's not too lively abuse of a man he does not like, and never, or almost never, possessing higher interest than that which attaches to gossip about people of importance. Not that it might not have greater merit than this had the author only remembered that readers of history, such readers as he hopes for, want proofs as to all matters of importance. As it is, we can take Mr. Pollard's word only when very clearly not the faintest prejudice can be in his mind as to the matter in hand; and, for that to be the case, we suspect the matter would have to be a trivial one. But, slightly as we value the book before us, we have thought fit to point out a few of its peculiarities for the sake of illustrating an important matter. What is wanted for the purposes of history at the South is more collecting of materials and less writing of books. If we are ever to have a history of the war on the Southern side, it is high time now that facts should be verified and set in order, and that fiction should be discarded. So, too, we may profitably dispense for a time with philosophizing and declamation. It now is too soon for the one, and already it is far too late for the other. "Richemont la Pucelle" is gone now, we should all remember, and gone with her—"afay in de ewigkeit," for ever and for ever—is all the bravery of the leaded editorial which used once to be so terrible by the banks of the James. Mr. Pollard will not remember this; but every intending writer of Southern history will assuredly find it so much the worse for him according as he forgets it. But documents of all kinds should be gathered together; each State should devote some of its revenues to the purpose of collecting information; new documents in the shape of memoirs should be written by soldiers, of high or low rank, conversant with the movements of particular bodies of men in action or on the march. A history of his campaigns by General Johnston or General Lee might be made a permanent addition to the literature of war, and could at all events hardly fail to have great interest for a long time as a book in general literature. But stilted, unsupported tirades like this of Mr. Pollard's are bad in all ways, and worse than worthless. "The future historian of the war," when he comes—if ever he does come—will come with candor at least, and simplicity let us hope, and with coolness, too, we may be pretty sure, and without hatreds and revenges.

TEN ESSAYS ON THE WOMAN QUESTION.*

To one who has made it a business to be acquainted with the literature of women's rights and wrongs, it is a pleasure to take up this new volume—which has its faults certainly; but faults so few, so incidental, and so trifling, that they may be passed by in consideration of its solid merits. The book consists of ten essays and a long introduction. The introduction is by the editress. Of the essays, five are written by men and five by women. Each discusses one particular topic in the main subject, and all together they present the whole case in its general aspects; the men dealing with the legal-scientific and historical phases of the problem, the women undertaking the philosophical, or, as it may perhaps be more properly termed, the abstract argument. Yet this is not a fair account of it either, for the discussion throughout is conducted on the sober level of the practical intelligence, and hardly ever soars away into the regions of pure speculation. The editress ventures on theological ground, but for a moment only, and in a manner so serious and so modest that to find fault with it would be cavilling; and Jessie Boucherett, conjecturing how to provide for superfluous women, betrays an innocent trust in the right-mindedness of men-kind, that shows her at least to be utterly unperverted by her zeal in the cause of her sex, and gives us a delicious assurance that the feminine nature is as yet unspoiled. But with these qualifications, the essays are remarkable for reasonableness and dignity. The temper in which they are written is beyond all praise. "To redeem the cause advocated, as much as may be, from the flippant and heartless treatment, and from the exaggerated and too passionate advocacy, to which it may have been subjected on the one hand and on the other," is the avowed purpose of the volume. There is absolutely no bitterness; there is no heat. Neither the men of the present generation, nor the men of past generations, are held accountable for the deplorable state of social arrangements; nor is any living being charged with wilful and conscious participation in any existing social wrong. The austere judgment of Mill, that men have deliberately put the whole sex in a state of subjection and kept it there, is dismissed quietly along with the intemperate declarations of less eminent people to the same effect. The present distress is ascribed not to masculine malignity or meanness, but to the rapid advances in discovery, invention, expeditive processes, and productive implements, which have outstripped the accepted customs, theories of life, and ideals of character.

To this key all the discussions are arranged. The moderation in the tone of reasoning would seriously displease the American advocates, and earn for the English authors the title of "spooneys," if not of traitors. The very able writer on family life and marriage declares that he looks forward with the greatest dread to any further relaxation of the marriage tie, as playing into the hands of wealthy voluptuaries, and tending to increase the number alike of injudicious marriages and of hasty divorces. The writer on female suffrage—a woman, and a remarkable woman, Julia Wedgwood—pronounces no one qualified to say whether women ought to have the suffrage who has not weighed all the large changes which it is likely to introduce into public and domestic life, one against another, and solved an intricate problem of profit and loss. For such a task few know enough, and many feel too much. She refuses to consider the strong-voiced and strong-mannered partisans whom the preliminary battle for rights has roughened and toughened as samples of the women that will be produced by the new order when fairly inaugurated. A share in the government of the nation does not appear to her a matter of natural right for either man or woman. She has no hesitation in admitting that in all joint action between men and women, the apparent predominance on the part of men is not likely to have resulted simply from human arrangements. She will not be committed to the advocacy of woman's independence. She fears that some of the noblest of her sex enlisted in this cause have not awakened to the knowledge that truth demands their undivided allegiance; that the love of light as light—a love rarer among human beings than any other virtue—is rarest among women. And she believes that woman's natural shrinking from the collision may be fairly trusted to hold her back from any profession or office in which, as in the bar or the senate, she must meet men as opponents. Admissions like these, and there are many such, would be considered at one of our woman's rights conventions so grave as to be fatal to the very principles of the reform. And yet these writers abate no jot of the full claim on the part of women to have, hold, do, become, enjoy whatever their feminine nature craves or is competent to. They are for taking possession of all that belongs to them in the labor market, in the professional field, in art, literature, education, society. In a word, they desire equality before the law, and freedom from purely conventional restraint. But there is such a difference in the modes of reasoning! The tone of the argument is half the argument. These women will hurl a dart with force as great and aim as unerring as Anna Dickinson or Elizabeth Stanton; but the dart hits the enemy, not the friend, and it kills by its weight, not by the venom on its point. They contend for mixed schools, but their appeal is made to observation, experience, economy, and general good sense. They deny that the wife's full title to her own personal property will affect injuriously the peace of the marriage relation; but the reasons they give are drawn from the history of property tenure in marriage among different nations, and from the actual condition of women under different codes, proving that the recognition of the wife's right to property has coincided with a stricter rule as to the indissolubility of the conjugal bond than prevails in England. They protest against the idea that culture and occupation will deprive women of their feminine charm; but their protest is quiet, and is made under reservations that might anger the strong-minded. They charge men with having deprived women of their former occupations, but they show how inevitable this transfer became on the invention of steam-working machinery.

That these essays add materially to the stock of principles or ideas involved in the "woman question" cannot perhaps be affirmed, but they add immensely to the stock of considerations that support them, especially of incidental and accessory considerations. Miss Cobbe's clever paper on the "Final Cause of Woman" discourses brightly and suggestively on the two classes of theory: that based on the idea that women were created to render service to men, either as mothers of their children, as mistresses of their households, or as presiding geniuses in their social world, and that based on the idea that women were created for ends proper to themselves. The pages are crowded with wit and wisdom, but contain no original ideas. An attenuated but, as far as it goes, fair account of the position assigned to woman by Auguste Comte is interesting, but ought not by this time to be new. Jessie Boucherett's notion that young men ought to emigrate voluntarily in order that women may have room for work is original, no doubt, but is scarcely to be regarded in the light of a contribution to social science. Sophia Jex-Blake gives a capital summary of facts proving that medicine is a suitable profession for women. Mr. Charles H. Pearson throws the light of history on the problem of woman's right to the use of her property. Mr. John Boyd-Kinnear throws out searching and clear thoughts on the social position of women in the present age; and Julia Wedgwood places the suffrage question in an unusual aspect, as proposing one way among others of enlarging the range of women's intellectual and social interests, and so making their minds more vigorous, their lives richer, their hearts more sympathetic, and their homes more sure against vacancy, ennui, and frivolity. But in all these cases, the contribution is made to the general sum of intelligence on the whole class of problems, rather than to the number or the weight of principles. This is not said in disparagement of the essays, but cordially in their praise. The principles involved in this discussion have been stated over and over again. They are few in number and they are clear to apprehension. The great need is of temperate, honest, wise, competent discussion, and in several of these essays we have something that approaches to that. These papers are written by trained pens governed by cultivated minds. Indeed, if there is any one respect in which the English mind shows its superiority to the American in this field of reasoning, we find it here. The sore need and the manifest injustice that oppress women in England have made its cry heard by the best heads and hearts, and its wrong felt by the finest characters that English society produces; thus the ripe maturity of feminine power in its highest state of discipline is enlisted in the cause of the sex. Moreover, a heavy weight of law, custom, and conventional prejudice keep the intellect and feeling of the English women down to the sober, earnest business of their cause, allows them no room for sentimental rhapsodies or imaginative flights. Their range of endeavor is limited; their work is cut out for them; their method of work is prescribed. They must examine their grounds and fortify their positions with the utmost care. They have learned that society is a very delicate and complicated structure, an organized thing, deeply rooted in the past, closely affiliated with every kind of interest, and very slow of growth. They are obliged to consult the actual constitution of things and the law of historical progress. Hence their power and their success. Hence their ability to draw to their side such men as F. W. Newman, John Stuart Mill, P. A.

* "Woman's Work and Woman's Culture: A Series of Essays. Edited by Josephine E. Butler." London: Macmillan & Co. 1 vol. 8vo.

Taylor, Professor Fawcett, Lord Houghton, John Morley, and Professor Masson.

The American women who espouse the cause of their sex necessarily lack these peculiar qualifications. The cause they advocate, urgent enough, heaven knows, in some of its aspects, is not *so* urgent. They themselves do not speak from so rich a store of social experience or with the same weight of inherited or acquired dignity. They are not kept in position and held closely down to their work by an accumulated burden of law, custom, usage, and prejudice, that compels them to be moderate in desire and reasonable in demand. Elated by the American idea of complete individual independence, animated by the love of freedom, their temptation is to soar away on the wings of the eagle to heights of abstract theory and speculation from which the constitution of terrestrial society, regulated by the ordinary laws of reason, looks mean. They must reach the loftiest peak of attainment, above all the earthly atmospheres of history, tradition, usage, precedent, by one bold flight. Hence their impatience of criticism, their audacity of generalization, their recklessness of statement, their disdain of sober argument, their generous assumptions of feminine nobleness, their liberal assumptions of masculine meanness, their utopian fancies, and their faith in rhetoric. Hence, too, their failure to carry with them the assent of the masculine reason, or even to win the approval of the most cultivated of their own sex. This volume of essays should be read carefully by those—and they are many—who judge the cause of woman's rights and wrongs by the unfortunate attitude and unregulated speech of its leading champions in America. The perusal will teach them that the holding of very decided and very radical opinions on the subject of woman's present and future condition is wholly consistent with the wisdom, the dignity, and the sweetness which constitute the finest womanly charm.

THE ANTI-SLAVERY CONFLICT.*

The true history of the United States—that history which shall trace outward events to the changes wrought in men's minds from which they sprang—has received from Mr. May an acceptable contribution to its materials in the little work mentioned below. He was one of the earliest disciples that gathered around Mr. Garrison when he first rallied the movement which marched forward during thirty years through an unbelieving and resisting world to its final triumph. At the time Mr. May's attention was first called to the condition of the slaves and the duties it created by the voice of a poor and unknown mechanic, the Northern people had succeeded in forgetting, to all outward appearances, that such an anomaly as slavery made a part of their institutions, or that it could ever prove an occasion of fatal disturbance to the working of their machine of government. The energies of the North seemed to have expended themselves in the good fight made against the permission of slavery in Missouri, twelve years before, and a fatal reaction of torpid indifference to have set in. The North was busy with its ships and its looms, and the South with its cotton-raising and sugar-growing, and all was peace and good feeling. But the general conscience, though seared as with a hot iron, was not dead, as was shown by the sympathetic response of a few congenial souls to the demands of the pioneer, and by the blind rage and frantic folly which his words stirred up, not only in lewd fellows of the baser sort, but in honorable and reverend men, governors, judges, doctors in divinity, senators, and representatives. A more unequal fight has seldom been seen since the early days of Christianity, nor one that better shows the power of a true idea to prevail mightily to the pulling down of strongholds, and also the method of its prevailing.

The ferocity of the pro-slavery papers of thirty years since can hardly be conceived of by the generation that has grown up since then. Even the mob-spirit which was abroad and so rampant just before the rebellion broke out, evoked and directed by its master-spirits, as the late President Pierce declared, to fight the battles of slavery in the streets of the Northern cities and villages, did not precisely reproduce those former times, because of the antagonistic spirit of resistance which had been called into existence by the struggles of those thirty years. *Then*, there was no Republican party controlling States and electing a President. To the general looker-on there was substantially but one party, and that was the whole community engaged with laudable unanimity in suppressing a handful of pestilent disturbers of the peace of society, scarcely enough to be discerned by the naked eye, by every means of sectarian compulsion, of social ostracism, of business persecution, and, in the last resort, of mob violence. Mr. May was spectator and part of all this passage of history, and we think his tale of what he witnessed and underwent while a minister in Connecticut and as General Agent of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society will seem hardly credible to the present generation. And yet it is but a plain unvarnished tale of unexaggerated facts.

Mr. May does not profess to write a history of the anti-slavery movement, but merely to relate his own experiences in connection with it. One unacquainted with its beginnings and progress, however, may obtain a good general notion of its course as far as it touched public affairs. And his sketches of the men and women who took part in it, especially in its early days, are generally good, though perhaps a little undiscriminating in point of praise. Although always an ardent and active Abolitionist in whatever sphere of other duty he might find himself, he was not directly connected with the operations of the movement after he ceased to be the agent of the Massachusetts Society, after the Gem of Mobs. As a settled minister in Massachusetts and later at Syracuse in this State, and as the head of a Normal School in the interval, he was withdrawn from active participation in the direction of anti-slavery affairs, which may account for his passing over some of the most important passages in their internal history in silence. Therefore, an accurate idea of all the experiences and of the method of the entire movement would not be received from his narrative. There was much about these things that was painful and especially distasteful to a man of Mr. May's gentle and kindly nature, and he was doubtless glad to think himself excused from relating them as he was to be removed from immediate participation in them.

The anti-slavery test was one which tried men's souls to the quick. Slavery had so interwoven itself with American politics and religion, that to attack it was to attack the great political parties and the great religious sects. Many who had joined themselves to the cause, unknowing what they did, were swift to find excuse to separate themselves from it as soon as party growled out its interdict and sect fulminated its excommunication. Such walked with it no more, and not a few who had run well in the days before their own particular temptation had encountered them, lifted their hand against it and its true friends. Mr. May, in his characterization of the earlier Abolitionists, makes no distinction in his dispensation of praise between such and those that endured unto the end. By successive fallings away, the Abolitionists were reduced to a very compact body, which did not much increase specifically to the end. But they kept on their way, advanced from point to point of doctrine and of action as it was given to them to discern the same, never ceased from their testimony against the guilt of the people, nor from their continual claim for the rights of the slaves. They held their meetings regularly, which were sure of crowds from the outside; such "a drug," as Emerson said of them, was "eloquence" there. They maintained their journals, circulated their tracts, sent out their agents, and kept up their agitation as they had means and opportunity. And, gradually, by the laws which govern all reforms, the idea which was the vital principle of their movement forced itself on the minds and consciences of the world without, and showed itself in various shapes in the domains of the church and state. The little leaven spread more and more, and great was the fermentation of the mass. It rent asunder the great Presbyterian body, and cleft in twain the Tract Society, disturbed the peace of the A. B. C. F. M. itself, and intruded into Methodist conferences and Congregational conventions. Then, in politics the Liberty Party, the Conscience Whigs, the Freesoilers, culminated in the great Republican party which elected Lincoln, conquered the rebellion, and abolished slavery.

The Abolitionists proper remained all this time, and up to the firing upon Sumter, as distinct a body as they had ever been. Those that stood nearest to them were most careful to make it clear that they were not of them. And in the closing days of the movement, as in the opening, they were pursued by a mob-spirit as malignant and far better organized than ever before. The attacks upon Mr. Phillips, Sunday morning after Sunday morning, on his way to speak in the Music Hall in Boston, requiring the protection of the police and, we think, sometimes of the military, showed an organized conspiracy to suppress the agitation of the slavery question. And the mob which, with the countenance of Mayor Wightman, broke up the annual meeting of the Massachusetts A. S. Society, in January, 1861, was the most dangerous one the Abolitionists had had to encounter. Had not the mayor closed the Tremont Temple against the evening meeting, bloodshed would inevitably have ensued, as the mob were resolute to seek the blood of Garrison and Phillips, and there were as resolute men, well armed, determined to defend them. But the first gun fired on Sumter

* "Some Recollections of our Anti-Slavery Conflict." By Samuel J. May. Boston: Fields, Osgood & Co. 1869.

cleared away these foul vaporings, and the true relation of slavery to the life of the nation stood out in clear relief. Doubtless, many of the fiercest and most clamorous of that mob afterwards laid down their own lives for their country on Southern battle-fields. The anti-slavery conflict was virtually ended by that first cannon-ball aimed at Sumter, for it struck slavery full in the heart. The movement necessarily fell into the background: a small army of observation watching events until the death of slavery was formally and officially recognized and announced by the adoption of the Fourteenth Amendment, when it necessarily ceased to exist, by the happiest of euthanasias. The younger generation, to whom the greatest part of what we have glanced at is as ancient history, will find much to interest and instruct them in Mr. May's volume, and perhaps to make them desirous of learning more fully the details of that most remarkable passage of history; while they whose memories do run back to those stirring and pregnant times will find in his recollections a lively help to their own.

Service Manual for the Instruction of Newly-appointed Commissioned Officers, and the Rank and File of the Army, as compiled from Army Regulations, the Articles of War, and the Customs of the Service. By Henry D. Wallen, Bvt. Brig.-General U. S. A., and Commander of the General Service Depot, Fort Columbus, New York Harbor. (New York: D. Van Nostrand. 1869.)—Since the time when our armies folded their tents and silently stole away, we have had but little to remind us how important a thing it is in troublous times to have good soldiers within call. But our war experience has taught us, once for all, that if there are to be soldiers, few or many, it is best to have them good. It is a hopeful thing for an army that officers think it worth their while to write such works as General Wallen's, for they prove that the *esprit* and discipline of the army are still deemed by its members to be worthy of care. The author of the "Service Manual" has taken less credit to himself than he deserves; for although it is true, as he says, that his book is in part a compilation from the army regulations, the articles of war, and the customs of the service, yet he has imparted a new meaning to those respectable authorities. He has added an appeal to reason to what was mainly an appeal to memory.

His book deserves commendation especially for this—and it is not too slight a thing for the notice of civilians—that there should be addressed to the small communities of the army posts such healthy advice as this little work contains. No officer is too high in rank to profit by it, and no non-commissioned officer or soldier could follow better teaching. The duties of officers and men are well defined, and such a line of conduct is urged that, were the rules and recommendations alike observed, the result would be a life in barracks and camps of a propriety not now attained.

What is expected of officers and men, in a great variety of circumstances, is fully explained in a way to illustrate the phrase in some of the volunteer commissions issued during the war, which ran that John Jones was hereby appointed to the office of captain, and was enjoined to do and perform "all manner of things" thereunto belonging. There is a quaint simplicity in some of the author's rules which enlivens the record of mere routine. "Non-commissioned officers who appear to be in liquor should be carefully inspected—if corporals, by three senior non-commissioned officers of the company; if sergeants, by the three senior sergeants in barracks—and this inspection ought to be made as far apart as practicable from private soldiers." . . . . . "Soldiers should never appear out of their quarters except clean and properly dressed; and they are expected never to present a slovenly appearance, nor to carry umbrellas." . . . . . "The non-commissioned officers' wives who wish it, the musicians' and soldiers' wives, are all to have a portion of the washing, according to their behavior. The allotment of the washing vests in the commanding officers of companies. In the first instance, a general and equal distribution is to be made; after this, officers will diminish the portions of individual laundresses in every instance of their misbehavior, giving the well-behaved that which is taken from the bad." The best of all this is that an officer in charge of a military community can see to it that no principle inculcated by this book is grossly violated within the limits of his command. What a comment it is on our civilization that only a man-at-arms can enforce such golden rules; and what a pity it is that only in garrisons is the domestic discipline so complete that even the washerwomen are under its control!

Scènes et Récits des Guerres de l'Indépendance—Grèce Moderne. Par Eugène Yemeniz." (Paris: 1869.)—In vivid, though not particularly sharp traits, M. Yemeniz reproduces before our mind characters, scenes, and events the familiarity with which formed one of the delights of the liberty-loving generation that witnessed Navarino, the Three Days of Paris, and Ostrolenka, but which to those who saw the revolutionary storms of 1848 and 1849 sweep over their horizon begin to be dim recollections of a remote past. Such, however, are the peculiar features of the men and things he depicts, and such is still the interest felt in the people who, in our century, have fought for freedom at Thermopylæ and framed constitutions in the language of Solon, that in perusing these sketches we feel as if we were revisiting highly attractive persons and spots, whose remembrance, though dimmed by more recent impressions, we have never ceased to cherish. The strong sensation we are apt to experience when reading of the tragic fate of Alexander Ypsilanti, his "sacred band," and his Olympian friend; of his nobler brother's more successful, but almost equally tragic career; of that most amiable of modern Spartans, the Mainote chief Mavromichalis, who, if he knew nought of the first of all Spartan virtues—obedience to law—yet carried, without hesitation, scores of relatives, as ready victims, to the altar of his country: of Odysseus, who, if he possessed not a particle of his namesake's, the ancient Ithacan's, wisdom, nor a particle of the virtue of the Lacedæmonian, whose fame he rivalled by the defence of the Pass of Thermopylæ, can at least not be denied the distinction of being a Greek hero; of the deeds in the field or services in council of Colocotronis, Mavrocordatos, and so many others who worked at the regeneration of Hellas—that sensation is little impaired by the thought that, after all, ancient Hellas has not been revived; that the war with the Turk, so bravely carried through by clephts, palicars, and pirates, was not followed by an age of Hellenic culture like that which followed the wars with the Persians; that Arcadia is still a desert; that Parnassus and Cithæron are haunted by robbers instead of by the muses; that savagery only is exhibited on the plain of Olympia; that lawlessness dwells where Lycurgus framed his laws; and that the city of Pericles is a poor, uncomfortable borough.

It is the great merit of the book before us that, in sketching modern Greece, it not only shows the bright scenes of the heroic struggle to which she owes her existence, but also the unattractive features of her everyday life after the victory; that, while breathing Hellenic patriotism, it is entirely free of that spirit of Hellenic pride and prejudice which is the bane of the restless, always turbulent, and never happy little kingdom. With the best of the foreign friends it still has—their number is unfortunately decreasing from day to day—the author sees the salvation and future growth of Greece in the development of her inner resources and powers, in the culture of the soil and of the mind, in a firm and sound administration, in the curbing of the spirit of lawlessness and party strife that constantly distracts her, and in the taming, also, of that senseless patriotic exaltation which, heated with "the grand idea" of Panhellenic freedom and glory, constantly boasts of the past and dreams of the future, but entirely forgets the demands, the difficulties, and the powerlessness of the present. In Mavrocordatos he sketches the wisest statesman of modern Greece; in Odysseus he shows the opposite type of Greek leaders. In the antagonism of tendencies and passions they represent, he sees a struggle as old as the days of the Hellenic republics—a struggle in which the mind is destined to conquer the sword. Not without considerable historical license, he says:

"At the bottom of these strifes, bloody at first but subsequently assuming the shape of political wranglings, accompanied by perpetual changes in the cabinet, we perceive the ancient rivality of Sparta and Athens, of barbarism and civilization, which reappear in a thousand forms in all the ages and at every epoch of Grecian history. The Hellenes call now this antagonism the struggle of the politicians and soldiers; the former working at the regeneration of Greece by promoting internal reforms and intellectual, moral, and material progress; the latter dreaming the extension of the frontiers by mere force of arms, keeping the country in constant agitation, and, when unable to display their heroism against the Turks, carrying on a small warfare in the mountains against the laws, against society, and more often still against inoffensive travellers. And just as Athens has conquered her sombre rival, whose seat can now hardly be discovered by the passer-by, so will the progress of civilization slowly destroy from the face of Greece the vestiges of barbarism that still stain and agitate her. Only when the ancient spirit of Lacedæmon shall be entirely crushed on the soil of modern Hellas, will this country be entitled to call herself truly regenerated, and to expect the day that shall crown her legitimate national aspirations."

In spite, however, of this aversion to the spirit of ancient Sparta, M. Yemeniz devotes his most interesting pages to pictures of the life of the Mainotes, the most genuine descendants and representatives of the Lacedæmonians of old. And those pictures are far from abounding in repulsive features. The most attractive ones, perhaps, are grouped in the dialogue quoted from Stephanopolis, which gives the primitive formulas of Mainote morality:

"Who art thou?" the young Mainote is asked.
"A free man."
"On what is thy freedom based?"
"On the remembrance of my ancestors."
"Who were they?"
"Spartans."
"What are the duties of a Mainote?"
"To honor the aged and the women, to aid one's father and mother, to be slow in promising and faithful in doing, to revenge insults, to cherish liberty—the greatest of boons—unto death."

Altogether, M. Yemeniz is more successful in delineating the national life and manners of the modern Greeks than in writing the history of their revolutionary leaders. What he states in his biographical sketches is generally correct, but he omits a great deal of what is unavoidably necessary to make them complete. The most defective is the life of Alexander Ypsilanti, which is eulogistic to the exclusion of almost all critical judgment. None of the pieces contained in the book—most of them originally written for the French reviews—shows a careful and exhaustive elaboration; collectively, however, they offer a pleasant and instructive tableau, the merits of which are but slightly marred by evidences of haste in execution. To the latter belong, *e. g.*, the speaking (p. 69) of a Czar at a period when there was only a Czarina—Catharine II.—and the contradictory statements concerning the base surrender of Rhigas, the martyr bard, to the Turks, which under "Odysseus" is charged to the Venetian Government, and under "Ypsilanti"—correctly—to the Austrian.

Jenkins's Handy Lexicon, on the basis of the Vest-pocket Lexicon. By Jabez Jenkins. (Philadelphia: Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger. 1869.)—Save the preface, this work is identical, word for word, and page for page, in its contents with the tiny lexicon by the same compiler on which it is somewhat oddly said to be "based." The type is larger and clearer, the page fitted for the coat-pocket, but otherwise there is no change. We are only criticising the title: the design and execution of the dictionary itself are almost beyond criticism, are very nearly perfect. We have tested it, and speak from experience. The words a fairly cultivated man ought to know will seldom be found in it; but the vocabulary of science and technology, and all words whose meaning does not lie on the surface, or which have derived or secondary meanings of importance, and "the common Latin and French phrases of two or three words, and also many of the names of classical mythology," together with those which represent "foreign moneys, weights, and measures," will almost infallibly reward the search for them. The definitions are admirably concise and clear, and the labor of understanding or of reference is reduced to a minimum. In short, no one who has used this lexicon can have anything but praise for it. By way of sample, we annex a few consecutive definitions selected at random:

Fleer, *v.* to mock; to grin with a civil air. Flemen, *n.* a tumor, or chaps on the hands or feet. Flench, Flense, *v.* to cut out a whale's blubber. Flesh, *v.* to initiate; to harden; to glut. Fleshment, *n.* eagerness from a successful initiation. Fletch, *v.* to feather an arrow. Fletiferous, *a.* causing tears. *Fleur de lis*, F. an ornament like a lily. Fleuron, *n.* sculptured foliage. Flew, Flough, *n.* waste flying fibres. Flew, *n.* the large chaps of a deep-mouthed hound. Flex, *v.* to bend or curve. Flexanimous, *a.* having power to change the mind. Flexicostate, *a.* the ribs curved. Flexile, *a.* easily bent or managed.

A Latin Reader: Consisting of Selections from Phædrus, Cæsar, etc., with copious notes and vocabulary. Prepared by William F. Allen, A.M., Professor of Ancient Languages and History in the University of Wisconsin, and Joseph H. Allen, Cambridge, Mass. (Boston: Edwin Ginn. 1869.)—It is difficult to appreciate the gulf that separates this Reader, in every respect, from those which have hitherto been tolerated in our classical schools. In saying this, we put aside the question as to what is the best mode of teaching the young to read Latin and Greek authors, and indeed any authors whose language is foreign to our own. We compare the work of the Messrs. Allen with those of other book-makers who agree with them in giving the second and not the first place to translation, the first and not the second place to theory and rules; and, thus comparing it, we can speak positively of its unusual merit. There is great freshness in the selections, which range from Plautus to Pliny and Tacitus—omitting, we may remark, besides Horace and Livy—whom students will be sure to meet further on in their course—at least one "first-class name in Roman literature." That name cannot be denied to Lucretius. Besides the merits of variety and freshness, the selections have another marked advantage over those of most "Readers;" they are effectively employed in conveying instruction in ancient history, as well as a rational conception of the private and everyday character of the cultivated Romans. "Nor will it be held void of interest," say the editors, "that we have given from Tacitus, Pliny, and Suetonius every notice to be found in classical antiquity of the early Christians; while, in Virgil's 'Pollio,' and Cicero's correspondence with his friend Sulpicius, is afforded some hint of the level which the most cultivated Pagan thought had attained on religious themes." In the notes, which abound in idiomatic renderings of much originality and aptness, is given a slight but serviceable sketch, semi-critical, of each author. To crown all, there is a condensed vocabulary prepared for general reading, and not for this compilation alone, which might well be issued separately for convenient use. These are the features which commend the Reader to all sub-collegiate students, and lend additional value to the series of text-books prepared by the Messrs. Allen. The typography and paper are almost of holiday fineness, and we trust will be imitated by other publishers.

Outlines of Composition. By H. J. Lander and T. E. Howard, A.M. (Boston: R. S. Davis & Co. 1869.)—This book is to the art of English composition what decalcomania is to the art of painting. Ninety-nine subjects, ranging in dignity from "The Frog" to "The Egyptian Custom of Judging the Dead," are skilfully cut into patterns and spread out on a flat surface, leaving it for the artist only to lay on the colors. Indeed, we do not see that there is much laying on of colors to be done, as the pupil is not only provided with ideas and arrangement, but with a most elegant and artificial diction, all sorts of appropriate moral reflections, and charming poetical quotations. It would be the despair of the teacher of a large school if his scholars were to expand their models much. If, after working through them faithfully, a boy should fail to be master of an artificial and pedantic style of expressing other people's thoughts, then Mr. Lander and Mr. Howard will have labored in vain. We predict for their book a large sale among the members of the lower half of college classes.

Rhetoric: A Text-book designed for use in Schools and Colleges and for Private Study. By E. O. Haven, D.D., LL.D., President of the University of Michigan. (New York: Harper & Brothers. 1869.)—We can very well believe Dr. Haven that the method presented in this book has proved with him more successful in practice than any other. It is his own, and that is enough. But it does not by any means follow that a successful oral method will be equally successful when turned into a text-book. Indeed, the contrary would very likely be the case, for an oral method will be completely imbued with the personality of the instructor, and this in proportion to its excellence; take this away, and the life of the method is gone. Now, the book before us strikes us as, above all things, *commonplace;* and perhaps it is not discreditable to the head of a great university that he cannot compete in a particular branch of study with those who have made it a specialty. But, commonplace as it is, it did not seem so when springing fresh from the mind of an able and earnest man, and presented by a skilful teacher to his class. Even a second-rate illustration will be effective in the mouth of such a man.

The book certainly adds nothing to our educational literature. It is not a book of ideas; it contains no novelty in the way of method; and we see no reason why it should have been written. Moreover, there are many careless and clumsy sentences, and the remarks are often lacking in point. Still, the definitions are generally clear and good, and the illustrations well selected, and it might be made the basis of good class work.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Authors.—Titles.	*Publishers.—Prices.*	
Abbott (J. S. C.), History of Joseph Bonaparte	(Harper & Bros.)	
Appleton's Illustrated Almanac for 1870, swd	(D. Appleton & Co.)	$0 30
Bryant (W. C.), Letters of a Traveller	(G. P. Putnam & Son)	2 00
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Hale (Rev. E. E.), Sybaris and other Homes	(Fields, Osgood & Co.)	1 50
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Lewes (G. H.), Kaulbach's Female Characters of Goethe	(Theodore Stroefer)	
May (Rev. S. J.), Some Recollections of our Anti-slavery Conflict	(Fields, Osgood & Co.)	
Oliphant (Mrs.), The Minister's Wife, swd	(Harper & Bros.)	0 75
Osborn (L.), The Magnetizer; The Prodigal; Prose Comedies	(James Miller)	
Prentiss (E.), Nidworth, and his Three Magic Wands	(Roberts Bros.)	1 25
Reade (C.), Peg Woffington; Christie Johnstone, etc., swd	(Harper & Bros.)	0 50
Ruskin (J.), The Mystery of Life and its Arts	(John Wiley & Son)	
Sargent (E.), The Woman Who Dared: a Poem	(Roberts Bros.)	1 50
Scudder (H. E.), Stories from my Attic	(Hurd & Houghton)	1 50
The Atlantic Almanac, swd	(Fields, Osgood & Co.)	0 50
The Workshop, No. 9, swd	(E. Steiger)	0 50
Waddell (Prof. W. H.), A Greek Grammar for Beginners	(Harper & Bros.)	
Walton (G. A. and E. N. L.), Illustrative Practical Arithmetic	(Brewer & Tileston)	
Zürcher and Margollé, Meteors, Aërolites, etc	(D. Appleton & Co.)	

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The Week.

VIRGINIA seems to have done very well in the election of her Senators, and made the most creditable addition to the Senate that has been offered by any of the returning States—though Mr. Pool, of North Carolina, is a good man, and will very likely be heard from in due time. The Virginians are Mr. Lewis, who was recently elected Lieutenant-Governor, and Mr. Johnston, a nephew of the Confederate general of that name, a lawyer and a man much esteemed. He was a secessionist, and will represent the decided Conservatives, while Mr. Lewis, who is one of the few members of the Virginia Secession Convention who, after voting and speaking against the ordinance, refused to sign it, will be the representative of the Republican or progressive wing of the party that elected Walker. Both Senators appear to be gentlemen of middle age, of good education, and possessed of the confidence of their fellow-citizens. There is no talk of a refusal to receive Mr. Johnston as Senator, though he cannot take the oath in its integrity. Governor Lewis can, for he was an "outspoken Unionist" during the war—a personage less common in real life than in newspaper notices of candidates, but still a really existent personage in a good many districts of the South.

North Carolina is threatened with martial law in four of her counties, the Governor not feeling quite ready to order it at once, and contenting himself for the present with threatening it, as he wishes to spare the good name of the State. Two of the counties in bad odor are next neighbors to Wake, in which Raleigh, the capital, is situated, and which are in that middle region between the black Republican coast and the white Unionist Republican mountains, and in which the secessionist is still to be found, and in greater relative force than elsewhere. "Ku-klux outrages" are the cause of the disturbance. Masked men open houses at night, kill or whip a man and disappear; one of the jails has been broken open by a mob, and two prisoners put to death; sheriffs and constables are killed or beaten; and, generally, there is a reproduction of the Middle Tennessee mode of dealing with negroes and whites of unsuitable politics. The troubles are of a local character, and no doubt will be but temporary—these attempts at terrorism having always since the war been of a spasmodic character, and not lasting long after one or two of the more enterprising leaders have had enough of excitement, or have made themselves rather uncomfortably conspicuous.

Of a spirit next in evil to that which inspires these murderings, and perhaps even more foolish and stupid—namely, the spirit which refuses "to affiliate with Northerners"—there is, we imagine, a constantly diminishing amount; but still a good deal is left. Bishop Simpson being in Atlanta, Georgia, the other day, was to preach in one of the Methodist Episcopal churches; but a certain number of the members of the society united in refusing him leave to do so. This purely for political reasons. Further South, we have the Dent and Alcorn contest in Mississippi, and have no reason but Judge Dent's word to the contrary for supposing that he is not going to be defeated, as every Republican in the North hopes he may be. He talks to the Mississippians about his brother-in-law, and says, we suspect, rather more things from the sunny stump than he would altogether like to make oath to in the solemn silence of midnight. He seems a flighty, incapable sort of man. In Texas, there is a Democratic candidate in the field, and if he stays in it Hamilton is sure to be defeated, for of the votes that would be given to Hamilton if the fight were between him and Davis alone, many would be given to any straight-out Democratic candidate who should appear. The new constitution is likely to be defeated, we hear.

Politics in Mississippi and Texas we may suppose to be a little warm, and there is considerable interest, which increases week by week, among our German fellow-citizens in this State; but elsewhere there is now no excitement. In Tennessee, Ex-President Johnson is at last out of his misery, or if not, it is through no fault of the Legislature, which "elected him to stay at home," as some of his enemies told him, with cheers, on the evening after that result had been reached. "Moses under a cloud," and "Where 's 'my policy'?" were other unseemly outcries that were set up under the chief's windows on the same occasion. It is hard, however, to feel any sympathy for Mr. Johnson when in such circumstances. Utterly without dignity, case-hardened by the amenities of political life in Tennessee, and being by birth a gentleman not of shrinking delicacy, it is probable that he suffered less because of his defeat than some other people might. It was brought about by the union of the men who hated him for his military rule in Tennessee, the out-and-out Radicals, and the milder and more sensible of the Conservatives—Mr. Emerson Etheridge being the manager of the allied forces, and the majority against Johnson being one. Some of the newspaper men who wanted "Andy" in the Senate to make absurd speeches and furnish them with dispatches, are cruelly disappointed. He is up again, we see, and now wishes to be president of the new Constitutional Convention, which is to meet by-and-by and tear the present Republican-made constitution to pieces; and he is understood to be waiting with some natural impatience for the death of Parson Brownlow, to whom be length of days. Mr. Cooper, who goes to Washington in place of Johnson, is a man of education, a sound judge it is said, and in politics Conservative, but not bitterly so.

The rejoicings over Johnson's defeat have in this part of the country been mainly based on the consideration of the way in which he would bore and disgust people by his oratory in the Senate. But there is in it much more substantial matter for consideration. He has figured for a long time as a repudiator. He has long been in favor of cheating the national creditors, and, since his return to Tennessee, has been in favor of cheating the State creditors—some of whom are just now in rather bad plight. His election, therefore, would have shown that the repudiating element was uppermost in the Tennesseean Democracy, which would have been a

very bad sign, for the repudiators are not in any State a financial party, properly so called, but a party of undiluted rascality. A Senator representing them directly, therefore, would have been something far worse than a bore or donkey. There are some useful warnings to be derived from Johnson's career, particularly as to the danger of trusting people who have nothing to recommend them but roaring "faithfulness." Johnson lived for some time before his nomination on raw rebel, seasoned with human equality, and yet he turned out in one short year afterwards "the greatest criminal of this or any other age."

The Supreme Court has given judgment in the Yerger case, not on the merits, however, but on the question of jurisdiction simply, and we are probably still some months from knowing what it thinks of the constitutionality of military tribunals in districts governed under the Reconstruction Acts.

General Butterfield has, it is positively announced, resigned his office, though the Government investigation will still go on. His participation in the "gold corner" has, as we have more than once intimated, been strongly suspected, even by those who had no knowledge of the facts, but there was danger at one time that his case would escape unnoticed under cover of the attack on Grant. The result throws a stronger light than ever on the way in which appointments were made last spring. This one appears to have been actually arranged by the gamblers months beforehand with a view to their operations, and secured without exciting suspicion. The extraordinary chorus of applause from the city newspapers which immediately followed it was enough to excite suspicion—not that we mean to insinuate that the papers spoke under the influence of improper motives, but they evidently spoke under active solicitation or instigation, and this is rarely put in operation unless there is something wrong.

Mr. Boutwell interfered in the Tennessee election for the purpose of defeating Senter. The election was none of his business, and was the business of the people of Tennessee, of whom Mr. Boutwell is not one, and his only practical mode of interference was to give the employees of the Treasury engaged in the work of collecting the public revenue to understand that if they voted for Senter, or did not work for Stokes, they would be turned out of office, and men entirely unacquainted with their duties would be, to the great loss and damage of the Treasury, put in their places. Senter was accordingly elected, the net result of Mr. Boutwell's meddling being, first, the increased demoralization of the revenue service, caused by the deepened conviction of the officers that their places did not depend on the faithful performance of their proper work, and the increased exasperation of the old rebels against the Federal Government—the exasperation of old rebels and the management of local elections not being one of the functions of the Federal Minister of Finance. Undeterred by this pleasing result, Mr. Boutwell, it is said, announces his intention to interfere in Texas, and to disorganize the revenue service there unless the employees "work" against Jack Hamilton. This will probably help Jack Hamilton a good deal, Federal office-holders in Texas being by no means an influential or esteemed body of persons. We wish General Grant could be got to stop the introduction of these caucus tricks into the administration of a great department. The state of things in and about Washington is bad enough, without diffusing and deepening the same evils in distant States.

The Grand Jury is now, at this writing, solemnly engaged in investigating "the gold conspiracy," with the view of indicting the "ring." Now, as the "gold conspiracy" was neither more nor less than a combination to raise the prices of a particular commodity, such as is made with reference to various other commodities every day, and as the world found out nearly a century ago how foolish and ridiculous attempts to punish such combinations by law were, the present inquisition of our Grand Jury is peculiarly interesting. The jurors would do well to look into the influence of witches on the brokers before they separate. The difference between Fisk and Gould's operations and those of all speculators was simply one of degree, not of kind. They were more reckless, more unscrupulous, and were engaged in a more delicate operation than others, and the mischief wrought by their work was greater than in the case of other speculators; but this is all the difference there is. As at present engaged, the Grand Jury is a real curiosity; if it wants to be useful, it will pass a resolution or sign a petition in favor of a return to specie payments.

Five colored clergymen and four colored laymen, of different denominations, unite in making to their fellow-Christians in the State of New York an appeal for the abolition of the clause in the Constitution which denies to a colored man the right to vote unless he possesses property to the amount of $250 over and above his debts. The petitioners beg every clergyman in the State to say something in behalf of this object in the course of his pulpit exercises, on Sunday, October 31, which is the last Sunday before the election. They also solicit the prayers of all men, and the favorable notice of the religious press. The effect of the appeal might very probably be good. In one place it says:

"We are few, poor, and despised. You are relatively many, rich, and powerful; and you make us realize the gulf that separates us. We are shut out of schools and seminaries, then taunted with our ignorance; we are excluded from workshops, and flouted as idle and beggarly; every avenue to political or social eminence is sternly closed against us, and men wonder that we lack energy, thrift, and aspiration. God grant that you may never feel, as we do, the agony of seeing your children insulted and tortured, for no pretence of cause or reason but the color which they inherit, and which it is beyond their power to change."

It is not exactly in one's capacity as communicant in a Christian church that it is pleasant to have facts of this kind stated. It is to be feared that the new Constitution is going to go by the board; but it is of some importance that the vote on this particular clause should, at any rate, be as heavily as possible in its favor.

The influence and circulation of the New York *Tribune* give anything which appears in it, no matter from what quarter, claims to notice which in a large number of cases it would not otherwise merit; and this must form our excuse for calling its attention again to the performances of the young person who acts as its London correspondent, and who has, during the last two years, furnished so much amusement, not always harmless, we regret to say, to the intelligent public; for he is not simply silly, and pert, and ill-informed, and easily duped, but very malignant and unscrupulous. Of his folly and conceit, his pooh-poohing President Woolsey's knowledge of international law, the other day, was a comical illustration; of his want of principle, we are forced to give one or two examples. He has now been permitted three times to repeat in the columns of the *Tribune* the statement that the "*Nation* had accused General Grant of bribery." The first time it was perhaps excusable, owing to its having been suggested to his rather foggy mind by something he saw in the *Pall Mall Gazette*. The two last times it has had nothing whatever to take it out of the category of wilful falsehood. So, also, he asserts by implication, in Monday's issue, in the course of a clumsy though well-deserved eulogy on Mr. Walker, the late editor of the London *Daily News*, that the fact that the editor of the *Nation* and the New York correspondent of the *News* were one and the same person was unknown to Mr. Walker, and that the result was that he (Mr. Walker) had been "imposed on." Mr. Walker, being a friend of the editor of the *Nation* of many years' standing, and probably more familiar with all that the editor of the *Nation* has ever written anywhere than any other person, will probably be as much surprised and disgusted at having his relations with him made the subject of malicious comment in a newspaper laying claims to respectability as anybody can be or ought to be. The assertion, we need hardly say, is an impudent invention without even the shadow of foundation.

The New York *Tribune*, which is a warm friend of the Cuban insurrection, has at last felt it necessary to urge the large band of Cuban patriots who now parade the streets of Washington, Philadelphia, and New York to go to Cuba and face the Spanish foe on the battle-fields of

that island. The gentlemen to whom these remarks have been addressed, however, have taken the advice in bad part, and have written to the editor informing him that they are ready and willing to go, but that the minute they make any attempt to do so, the naughty Marshal of this district steps in and stops them. General Barlow is a soldier himself, and knows "the stern joy that warriors feel" when approaching the enemy; and we feel sure he sympathizes with these brave men, though his duty compels him to hold on to their coat-tails whenever he finds them collected ominously on the melancholy beach. So he and they are both to be pitied rather than condemned. We will, however, mention one source of consolation to these afflicted and disappointed patriots, and that is, that though there may not be much fighting in Cuba, what there is is dangerous to life and limb. Spanish bullets kill and maim, and in addition to this, if the accounts we have read in the *Tribune* of some of the "battles" there be correct, the part played in them by the native Cubans is one of great embarrassment; for it appears the Americans and other foreign sympathizers form a reserve, whose very peculiar duty is not to support the main body, but to attack it in the rear whenever the enemy advances, and thus furnish a counter-irritant which is intended to rob the Spanish onslaught of its terrors. On the whole, if the Spaniards can be got out of the island by speeches, bazaars, "readings," and the distribution of bonds in this country, we advise all Cuban gentlemen now here to stay here, and give the Marshal no further trouble. That the Spaniards *can* be expelled in this way, who can doubt? for is not "the pen mightier than the sword?"—and the tongue is mightier than both put together.

Mr. Curtis, famous for nose-pulling, having served out his sentence has been released and is now at large. We fear those who flattered themselves that his punishment would put down the conspiracy of which he was a member, will find themselves greatly mistaken. Our firm conviction is that the unscrupulous Boston nobles will persevere in their guilty designs, but now with greater caution and with more concert of action. The common Bostonians will some fine morning find their noses all pulled before they reach their places of business, and then we shall have "caste established in America," and farewell to our great dream of human brotherhood. We trust the brethren of the *Commonwealth* will keep a watch on Curtis. If he succeeds in "establishing caste in America," he is sure to put them amongst the Vaisyas and employ them in all sorts of dirty jobs.

Father Hyacinthe, we are glad to learn, has had sufficient perception, or been sufficiently well advised, to avoid the snares laid for him by noisy and foolish Protestants. They are only able to get their cards into his room, and he remains in blessed ignorance of their "views" as to what he ought to do. What has been most astonishing about their performances has been the ignorance or forgetfulness shown in them of the fact, that whatever value the Father has as an enemy of the Papacy lies solely in the fact that he is still a Catholic. If he left the Church, he would perhaps draw a crowd for a month or two to hear him speak, but after that his denunciations of Rome would weigh even less with the world than those of any average Protestant minister, who disposes of the Pope and Cardinals, under three heads and a conclusion, in a Sunday evening discourse. Besides, to all right-minded persons, the monk would prove himself simply a charlatan by running over here to put himself in the hands of sensationalists for public exhibition, at such a crisis in his religious history as that through which he is now passing. Strange as it may seem to a large class of preachers, and lecturers, and writers, and politicians, there are times in which men of real mental power and real weight of character do not wish to star it at public meetings and receptions, and feel the need of solitude and reflection and the society of intimate friends only. It is not everybody who is willing to reveal his deepest personal experiences at fifty cents a head or twenty dollars an article.

The great Pantin murder and the revolt of Father Hyacinthe have gone out of the Parisian mind under the influence of the movement in favor of the meeting of the Corps Législatif, on the 26th of October, without waiting for the Emperor's call. The forty-sixth article of the constitution says: "The Emperor convokes, adjourns, prorogues, and dissolves the legislative body. In case of a dissolution, he is bound to convoke a new body within the period of six months." The six months expire on the 26th, but the Emperor apparently considers the meeting in June as in some sense a session; so he is not going to call another till the 29th of November. Whereupon the Radicals, headed by the veteran "Red" Raspail, talked of meeting on the 26th inst. whether the Emperor would or no, and going to business in imitation of the famous session in the Tennis-court of ominous memory. The Parisians were a good deal excited by it, and there was, of course, talk of an insurrection, but the army remaining faithful, artillery has too good a sweep in Paris streets just now to make this possible; and Marshal Bazaine has not the reputation of being scrupulous or tender-hearted. Rochefort has received an address, signed by 253 voters, asking him to run for a Paris district in place of Gambetta, who has decided to serve for a country district, and it is said not to be unlikely that he will consent. In the meantime he keeps up a stream of abuse on the Empire, and everybody connected with it, unparalleled, or nearly unparalleled—for we remember the encounters between Parson Brownlow and George D. Prentice—in virulence; but then he is sometimes witty, which could hardly be said of the Parson's or Prentice's vituperation. The Orleanists are also said to be "active," whatever that means—most probably nothing in particular, as men of all shades of opinion are active just now. The Empress goes at last to the East, taking Italy on her way, and doing some sentimentalizing on the battle-field of Magenta, which would, a few years ago, have been effective; now, the French public laughs.

The Earl of Derby is dead, after a long and brilliant career, of which, however, he has left hardly a trace in the thought or legislation of the country. He was chiefly remarkable, after all, as a debater and Tory leader, and anybody who led the Tories since the Duke of Wellington's death had but little scope for the display of anything like constructive ability. He made himself slightly ridiculous when he took office, in 1858, by the announcement that he considered it to be his mission to "stem the tide of democracy," and the last speech of his life was a violent protest against the Irish Church Bill, which *Punch* caricatured by a picture of an aged bull going full tilt at a stone wall. He was, perhaps, as near an approach to the aristocratic ideal, and had a larger number of the aristocratic virtues, than any other man of his day in England, and is probably the last of his kind. The aristocrats of this generation have strong marks of "the man of the people" on them, and show signs of being a little ashamed of their rank—those who go into public life, we mean.

The news from England is what may be called moral and ecclesiastical rather than political. Gladstone has had an immense windfall of bishoprics, which he has distributed amongst Broad Churchmen, to the increasing alarm of the more orthodox. A Church Congress has been sitting at Liverpool for the discussion of church questions, but without any very striking result. The debates went over nearly every debatable point of doctrine or discipline, but contained very little that was new, beyond strong testimony to the power of the devil borne by a clergyman from "personal" experience, and he added, curiously enough, in explanation, an expression of opinion that the devil owed much of his present activity to the great experience acquired by him during the last two thousand years. Public meetings held in connection with the Congress brought workingmen out in great force, but they exhibited, if we may judge from the reports, but a moderate amount of reverence for the clergy and a very decided detestation of the Ritualists—Archdeacon Denison's confession, that he got up games of cricket for his young men between the services on Sunday, being fiercely hooted, Sunday cricket being esteemed Popish. The Archbishop of York, however, seized the occasion to utter some warm and we have no doubt effective comments on the amount of money and time wasted by workingmen in drink—waste compared to which the wrongs inflicted on workingmen by either "bloated capitalists" or society are but trifles.

COTTON STILL KING.

The steady material revival of the South, as indicated by the size and quality of this year's cotton crop, is perhaps one of the most remarkable social phenomena of the present century. The crop this year bids fair to reach, as far as quantity goes, the yield of the years immediately before the war. The quality has never been surpassed, and the price is more than double what it was before the war. The flow of money into the South is, therefore, something the like of which the South has never witnessed, and, what is more important than all, the money is distributed as it never was before; it will furnish fewer Southerners with the means of travelling in Europe, or spending their summers at the North, but it will furnish the great body of Southerners with what they never had before—the means of comfortable living. The maintenance of the high price of cotton, too—twenty-five cents a pound—in this the ninth year since the old industrial organization was broken up, and many other cotton-raising countries tempted into vigorous competition, furnishes a striking refutation of the theory so generally held by the supporters of slavery, and indeed hardly gainsaid by many of its enemies, that whatever might be said in favor of emancipation on moral grounds, or as regards its effects on the general condition of Southern society in the more distant future, it was sure to be fatal to its chief industry. In fact, it was said, and generally believed, that the South, as far as material interests were concerned, was a peculiarly unfavorable field for trying the experiment of free negro labor; that the cultivation of its great staple would be impossible on a large scale, under the new system, partly owing to peculiarities in the negro education, and partly owing to the peculiarities of all free labor, black or white, and notably to the uncertainty as to the quantity and quality of what may be required of it in any particular month or week under which the planter must always labor in a free society, especially in a thinly settled country.

It turns out, however, that the South, so far from being an unfavorable field for the trial of the experiment, was an unusually favorable one. The proportion borne by the white to the black population was so large that the negroes, instead of being left without guidance or stimulus to work out their own social regeneration, found themselves surrounded at the outset by a race of unusual energy, whose eagerness to retrieve their own fortunes has proved a constant incentive to the negroes to go to work vigorously, and whose standards of living, and aims, and habits have naturally been adopted in a greater or less degree by the subject race as soon as they found themselves placed on a footing of political equality. There has been no chance offered the black man of the South such as was offered him in Jamaica, and in some of the South American states, either to form distinct communities of his own, closed to or distrustful of white civilization, or to enter into a league with lazy Caucasian neighbors to sit down under a tree and let the world wag. The spectacle of long rows of negroes lying on their backs in the sun when not pressed by hunger, and whose hunger was to be of that peculiarly coarse and sensual kind which cares not how it is satisfied, which we were so constantly promised as one of the great results of emancipation, has, accordingly, never been witnessed at the South.

Of course, anybody who goes down to look closely into their condition, and particularly persons like Mr. Parker Pillsbury, for instance, whose long and earnest struggle for freedom had led them perhaps to entertain extravagant expectations as to its immediate results; or others, whose furious advocacy of universal suffrage at the close of the war led them to think of the ballot as including meat, drink, clothing, a pew in church, and a policy of life insurance—will be sadly disappointed. They will find a great deal of poverty and nakedness, and, what is worse, shiftlessness and laziness and degradation; but then these are simply the phenomena of that mysterious process of natural selection which goes on as constantly in the moral as in the physical world. In civilized free society, the morally weak are weeded out by the hand of Providence as surely as the physically weak are weeded out among the animals. Slavery, by degrading all, saved the most worthless from perishing, and, of course, carefully concealed from view the moral differences of its victims, just as among domesticated horses thousands live a feeble and sickly life which, in the herds of the Pampas, would perish. We must, therefore, expect, when the system is broken up, that a great many blacks who made very valuable cattle, should prove but indifferent men and women, and that evils which are the plague and grief even of societies which have enjoyed freedom for ages should show themselves with greater virulence in societies which have just emerged from chattel slavery. The general result of the change is most encouraging for civilization in this—that it shows that "the great law of supply and demand," so often laughed at, and so much distrusted by certain social doctors, works even amongst the most uncultivated races with nearly as much efficiency as amongst the most cultivated. Offer fair wages, and a reasonable certainty of regular payment, and it may be said with confidence there is no race which will not work, and work with reasonable steadiness, and work better than under any system of artificial rewards and punishments. The Creator has provided for the restraint of idleness, and the promotion of industry, far better than man can do it, and he provided for it when he formed human nature.

The question whether the high price of cotton will last is now one of considerable social as well as commercial interest. We need it as a civilizing agent, as well as for commercial reasons, for some years to come. The result of the last ten years' experience seems to show that the South really has a monopoly of a certain class of cotton at all events, and almost a monopoly of the article itself, for the supply from other countries, even under the stimulus of the war, seems to have produced little or no perceptible effect on the markets. Lancashire is suffering terribly for the want of the raw material. The consumption on the Continent grows steadily, and, indeed, grows everywhere, as the standard of living rises amongst the laboring classes. The substitution of two shirts a week, for instance, for one amongst workingmen, a small matter as it would seem, would add enormously to the demand for cotton goods; and there seems no good reason for believing that the South will not count for more in the markets of the world twenty years hence than she does now—barring the discovery and extraordinarily rapid settlement of some new cotton region of great producing power, in South America, say. So that it is probably still more true since the war than it was before that "cotton is king"—one of the sayings which the war was believed to have made ridiculous as well as proved false. "Cotton *is* king," but he has been converted from a slave-master into a constitutional monarch—and long may he reign, since he reigns over freemen.

THE "WOMAN'S PARLIAMENT."

The long threatened "Woman's Parliament"—a kind of deliberative body composed entirely of women, and intended, as well as we understand it, to be a rival of the various male legislatures, showing what women can do in the way of debating and resolving (legislating has, of course, still to come) over the various social and political problems of the day—has at last met. All we know of its proceedings is a report of an address delivered by Mrs. C. S. Peirce—the same lady who has set on foot a scheme for co-operative housekeeping in Cambridge, Mass. Her speech, which had a good deal of power, was devoted in the main to the development of a theory of woman's condition and capabilities in modern society, which may be briefly summed up by saying that, according to it, woman now holds simply the place which she held when society was in its beginnings, and the man and his wife were simply fellow-laborers engaged in the rudest kind of toil—man denying her all share in the vast fields of activity which have since opened to him. Society, however, having proved in man's hands a failure—witness its crime, its pauperism, its drunkenness, its legislative and judicial corruption, its ignorant politicians, its imperfect sanitary arrangements, and its bald social life—what is needed to reform it, purify it, and elevate it is to give woman her proper share in its management. To prepare public opinion for this change, and give the world some idea of woman's capacity for business, occasional meetings are no longer to be relied on. A regular and permanent parliament is to be organized, having committees to prosecute distinct branches of investigation.

There are two objections to this plan. One is that a parliament

which cannot legislate and does not really represent anybody, will be simply a debating club—or, in other words, a place where people talk simply for rhetorical victory or display, without any sense of responsibility; and a debating club aping the ways of a real legislature must always be a little ridiculous, and call up reminiscences of the Fenian Congress and other shadowy bodies of portentous pretensions and no weight. The other is that nearly as much has already been done for the cause of woman, as the advocates of woman's rights understand it, as can be done by talk simply. Some of the ablest minds, both in the Old and New World, have said their say upon it, and it would be almost impossible to add anything to it. The arguments on both sides have been of necessity strictly *à priori;* and one marked peculiarity of *à priori* argument is, that you soon get to the end of it. Those who oppose "the emancipation of women," and those who advocate it, have now got to that point—which is sure to be reached soon in all such discussions—where one party cries, "I say it is," and the other replies, "I say it is not." Take, for instance, the question, Would a woman make a good lawyer? One side says she would not, because no women have ever been lawyers; the other side says she would make a good lawyer if men would let her. To decide disputes of this kind, there is nothing for it but to appeal to experiment. In other words, the world craves facts, and will not budge an inch further till it gets them.

The woman's rights advocates seem to us to underrate seriously the magnitude of the task they have set themselves, and are evidently laboring under the idea that what they are assailing is simply a social excrescence like slavery, or religious intolerance, or landed entails, which can by a little strenuous hacking be cut off, and leave the rest of the body politic just as it was. The truth is that what they are trying to do is to revolutionize human society, to destroy ideas and usages which not simply have received the consecration of all recorded time, but have their roots intertwined with the innermost fibres of the human heart. The relations of the sexes, which they are trying to change, are relations which, though they have been, like everything else in this world, disordered by folly and ignorance, have supplied the race with nearly all the pure happiness it has ever known. Under them the homes from which countless generations have issued have been built up; they have supplied the ideal which millions of lovers have worshipped, and the mothers to whom a whole army of saints and sages have ascribed, and fairly ascribed, whatever was best and most glorious in their lives. They are relations, too, under which a great body of the female sex are happy and contented, much as many women suffer, and the only relations which the vast majority of mankind believe to be sanctioned by nature and religion. In short, they have history, tradition, usage, the most deeply rooted and most respectable prejudices of all races at their back. It is, therefore, no light matter to overthrow them, and it cannot be done by talk simply.

We say, for instance, that women are fit for the management of commercial enterprises. We may continue to say this for the next century, and nothing will result from it but waste of breath. More has probably been done towards convincing men of it by the fact that in France women do manage a large number of commercial undertakings, and manage them well, than all the argument or assertion that has ever been brought forward on the subject. But then the number of such women, even in France, is infinitesimally small; and moreover, France is a country in which the men are anything but keen, active, or energetic business men, so that the test to which women's business capacity is subjected is not as severe there as it would be here. Therefore, we still need to see a large number of women engaged in business successfully in order to satisfy the incredulous. The success of Mrs. Peirce's co-operative housekeeping, for instance, would, if managed by women, produce more effect on the public mind than forty parliaments sitting for half a century each. There is nothing to hinder women from going into business if they can either get capital or save it. Nobody can hinder women from opening stores, buying in the cheap market and selling in the dear, keeping just and true accounts. There is public prejudice to contend with, to be sure, and there is women's want of business training to be met, but then this prejudice can never be overcome except by the sight of successful experiments; and if, out of the hundreds of thousands of women who are sighing for occupation, there cannot be found even a few hundreds each year to form the advanced guard, we might as well drop all further talk of fighting.

Women, their parliament says, can make as good legislators or lawyers as men. Now, the reiteration of an assertion of this kind is of no sort of use. It is true that women are excluded from political life, but they are not excluded from the study of legislative science. Furnish the world with a fair number of women who can write and speak wisely and weightily on political questions—who show they know more history, more political economy, and can reason better on what they know than the common run of men—and, our word for it, the day is won. Thus far, with very few exceptions, female labors in this field of activity have not been very successful. There runs, too, through many of their public utterances an undertone of comedy which makes a painful impression, in view of the seriousness of the work in which they profess to be engaged. So, also, we must remember that many great lawyers—in fact, some of the greatest—have never entered a law-school, or had a master, or opened their mouths in court. What they had—the books, the brain, the unconquerable will, the scorn of delight, the love of laborious days—are as much within the reach of women as of men, or, at least, must be, if women are to compete with men for forensic honors. Let us have a few good law-books from women, and they may depend upon it the bar will speedily be theirs. A lady now edits a law paper in Illinois; it is humble work, though well done, and yet, we believe, contributes more to the admission of women to the legal profession than all the speeches ever made. If, however, there are no women to be found willing or able to endure the strain on the powers of mind and body which the acquisition of a respectable amount of legal lore requires, let us cease talking about it before the world wearies of our talk. Whenever women have really demonstrated their capacity for any line of duties, nobody any longer thinks of disputing their right to engage in it. They are practising medicine successfully—though we hear unpleasant rumors as to their inability to perform delicate surgical operations; they are editing periodicals and writing certain classes of books successfully; and who opposes them? And this because they went and *did* it instead of repeating that they would like to do it if "society" would only not frown on them and discourage them.

Then there are, it must be admitted, some ugly facts on the other side to be met—facts which the present discussion is bringing more and more prominently before people's minds. The number of employments to which women have access has increased enormously within fifty years. The farmer's daughters, for instance, have fifty means of escape from dependence on their hard-worked father for the one which their mother or grandmother had; and they are availing themselves of them. They swarm in factories and workshops all over the North, and yet the testimony of observers is all but unanimous in declaring that they compare unfavorably with their grandmothers in health, in character, and in tone. They are less fit to bear children and less fit to educate them; and, even if they do not bear them, are both in mind and body less respectable human beings. The facilities for divorce—that is, for unequally mated couples getting rid of each other—have been enormously increased within half a century. In other words, the "marriage yoke" is now light as a feather; but competent observers all testify that this laxity, so far from helping to purify society, is polluting it. It is not liberty, but licentiousness, which gains by it; and the number of children who are every year left without parental guidance, by the hideous indifference of father or mother to the moral obligations of which the legal contract of marriage is but the outward and visible sign, is rapidly increasing. They say, too, that cookery—good, plain cookery, the first condition of healthy and happy domestic life, an art, too, which has been left wholly in female hands—has greatly declined. A distinguished bishop of the Protestant church, whose duties have for thirty years made him a constant traveller in the rural districts, declares that when he began he was sure to find a wholesome meal in nearly every farm-house; that now safety requires him to carry provision with him; and he is not a man of weak diges-

tion. We might say a word, also, with regard to the increasing failure of women to supply society with healthy mothers—a failure which must, before long, begin to have serious effects on the vigor and activity of the male population; but we think it may fairly be replied that this point is involved in the general question of woman's occupation, as a large amount of the prevailing ill-health is doubtless due to the aimlessness and listlessness of their lives. We mention all these things as points that are weighing against the Woman's Rights Movement in the minds of thoughtful people, and which cannot, we think, be met by argument merely.

THE RING IN THE WEST.

THE wise men who are continually talking about the protection which the ballot *per se* affords against fraud and oppression would do well to read a few of the startling exposures of tyranny and injustice on the part of elective officers that now fill the columns of the leading journals of Chicago. We have already more than once adverted to the reform movement now going on in that city, which seems for the time to have entirely obliterated the old party distinctions, and to have decided voters upon the simple issue of honesty and dishonesty, intelligence and ignorance, capacity to govern and incapacity. Republicans and Democrats have united for the purpose of electing an independent ticket, and thereby breaking down one of the most corrupt rings that has ever infested a great city. It is natural enough that at such a time the thousand villanies of the municipal government should be thoroughly unearthed. The iniquities which the necessities of party have hitherto decently cloaked are now first laid bare to the world; the chartered footpads of Chicago politics—the city has really for many years been in the condition of a town given over to the sack—at length find that their hour is come; they must abandon their fair spoil to the rightful owner. They do not confess their crimes, it is true, but there is no need; a true bill has been found against them; the indictment is a long one, and the evidence is full. It is to the peculiar nature of some of this evidence that we would call our readers' attention, showing as it does the futility of the notion that in a time of great corruption the ballot has of itself any protective force—the absurdity of the idea that the elective system of itself, without public opinion behind it, without statesmanship to guide it, in some mysterious way acts for society as a bulwark against wrong. The idea is that as soon as the people find out that the official whom they have elected is not a creditable representative, they will immediately turn round and elect some one else. The elective principle, like some others which we might mention, is supposed to be distinctively "American," but in its present form is hardly old enough for that, having been introduced into the State constitutions for the most part within twenty-five years, and therefore not being in its present extensive application so old as that of the system which produced it. Those who wish to learn how the obstacles in the career of plundering dishonesty, supposed to have been introduced by this extension of the elective system, may be avoided by astute knaves, may acquire wisdom by attending to the story of the "Assessor of the South Town" of Chicago.

This gentleman, whose name we are sorry to say we do not know, is a prominent member of the "Ring," and has enjoyed the office for many years. In 1865, he was re-elected, but for some reason or other trembled for the tenure of his office. His term would expire in 1869, and he needed the office until 1870. The laws of the State provide for annual elections of the town assessor, and thus far the annual election had proved for the gentleman in question a complete success; but who can predict the future? All human happiness, even that of "rings," is short-lived; the ballot is, in their theory, never quite secure—at any rate, the Assessor for the South Town decided that his future was not certain enough, and decided at the same time to make it more so. To a credulous public, it would appear that the law providing for annual elections stood in the way—far otherwise to the sceptic Assessor of the South Town. He appeals from the statute-book to the Ring, and the Ring solemnly decides that he shall remain in office for two years instead of one. A bill is prepared extending the term of the assessor from 1868 to November, 1870. But here a new difficulty arises: the constitution of Illinois gives the Legislature power to "provide by a general law for a township organization;" it does not, however, give it power to provide by a special law for the extension of the term of a single town-officer. As the Chicago *Tribune* very pertinently asks: "Can a general law be so amended as to provide one thing in one county and quite another thing in another county? Can there be a general law which provides for holding office under it two years in one county or town, and one year in all other places?" But objections like these, however forcible and weighty to the legal or journalistic mind, are wholly without value in the eyes of the office-holder. The Assessor of the South Town has something definite to accomplish; the taxable property of which he has the "listing" amounts to $140,000,000. "His assessment is final in ninety-nine per cent. of cases. There may be a few appeals, but they are so rare that they do not affect the case. A, B, and C own taxable property worth one million of dollars. The tax on this property, at seventy-five cents per hundred dollars, would be $7,500. The assessor, if he be disposed to turn an honest penny, can omit one-half this property, or return it at one-half the value, thereby exempting the owners from $3,750 tax. Five hundred dollars would probably satisfy an assessor in such a case. A fee or a present of $500 upon every million of dollars' worth of property would make the office a valuable one. But there are always people who persist in being blind to their own interest, and the owners of one-half this property would probably refuse to 'come down;' this would, of course, reduce the annual offerings to the assessor one-half, but would give him an opportunity of making the aggregate of his assessment what it ought to be, because he could then add the amount of his reductions to his customers to the assessment of those who asked no favors of him. In the hands of a man fully understanding his business, the office, particularly if held for two years, can be made interesting and profitable."

So the bill was carried to the State capital by the Ring. Does any one think that objection was made to it? An objection was indeed made, but on what ground? On the ground that the measure ought to have included the other Chicago assessors—that the bill should have taken the suffrage away from the inhabitants not merely once, but three times. It was amended, and passed the House. When it reached the Senate, it found obstacles in its path. The Senate did not dare to enact such an open, glaring fraud. The Ring was perplexed. It seemed as if the Assessor of the South Town might have to vacate his office without carrying off the spoils of more than one additional year. What was to be done? A gentleman skilled in legislation—"professionals" they are called in Chicago—was consulted. He promised his assistance. The Ring went home; the Senate adjourned without passing the bill, the honest members no doubt congratulating themselves on their successful resistance; but when the journal of the Senate came to be examined, there was the record that the bill had been read three times and passed, that a quorum was present, and that fifteen senators or so, whose names were printed in regular form, voted for the bill. "From this recital," says the Chicago *Tribune*, in concluding a recent article on the subject, "the general public can understand why no assessors are to be elected this year in the three towns included in the city of Chicago. Those assessors were members of the Ring, were useful aiders and strikers for the Ring; they had a good thing each of them, but particularly he of the South Town; and therefore their election was taken away from the people, and the men continued over in office by special statute. The power and the effrontery of the Ring are peculiarly exhibited in this transaction. It shows the power of absolute control over one branch of the Legislature, and that, baffled in the other branch, it attained its end by a corrupt and dishonest falsification of the official records of the State."

It shows, moreover, by a signal instance, the precise value of constitutional safeguards such as the ballot, in times of public apathy. Certainly a case can hardly be imagined where the supineness of the population could be more glaring. The indifference of the mass of the citizens of this city to the character of the judiciary is not so astonishing, because the administration of justice does not touch the pockets of the people at every instant. But taxation does. Unjust assessments tell upon each individual who is assessed, year in and year out, month in and month out. It might certainly be supposed, then, that the

public would care enough about the matter, particularly in times when taxation is exceptionally high, to make some effort to throw off the yoke by the constitutional methods provided for such cases. But lest the ballot interfere with the schemes of the Ring, the Ring actually has a bill forged to take the very right of suffrage itself away from the people; and this bill stands on the statute-book as the enactment of the representatives of these same people, themselves elected by the same ballot of which they now deprive their constituents. We are far from wishing to imply that the ballot is of no value. It is of inestimable value, as we have no doubt the result of the present reform agitation in Chicago will triumphantly prove. But what we do say is that there is no divinity which hedges it about, that it may be polluted and prostituted to base ends like any other piece of political machinery, and that its chief value lies in the force which it lends the decrees of an enlightened public opinion. At present, the protection of the ballot is the same sort of protection which coats-of-mail and spears and swords would afford the weak against the strong, after these defences had been carefully secreted by the latter in some secluded place whence they could only be drawn by himself.

FRANCE.

PARIS, October 1, 1869.

TWO things have convulsed the public in this country within the last few days: 1st, the letter of Father Hyacinthe to the General of his Order in Rome; and, 2dly, the murder of a whole family of seven or eight persons at the instigation, if not by the hand, of *one* man. Distinct as the two may seem at first sight, there is a connecting link between them which is becoming daily more clear, and will end by showing that both tend, in their ultimate results, toward freedom of thought.

What is the hydra against which Father Hyacinthe has been struggling for the last five or six years? Jesuitism. Jesuitism which is rising to such a height that the worst immoralities of the period of Escobar in Spain would be menacing in this intelligent France, if the nineteenth century were not there. Now, what is the one aim of Jesuitism, and what are its means? Its one aim is power, secular power; and its chief means lies in the complete and utter enslavement of the individual will, the annihilation of the individual conscience. There is no compromise to be attained. Christianity teaches the independence of the conscience, the responsibility of his acts borne by each man, and the necessity for his possessing what Father Hyacinthe calls "the Christian's royal liberty." The Jesuit teaches that no man can be worth anything; that he is so miserable a being that, whether he sin a little more or a little less, it is of prodigiously small consequence; that the most upright, honest citizen is simply less than nothing unless he take a Jesuit for his guide *and master;* and that the worst criminal ever created is immediately redeemed by the proper intercession of some Jesuit or other with the Virgin Mary. Under no end of various aspects, *this* is the unity of the Jesuit creed: the degradation of man inescapable, and the vast similarity between the most virtuous and the most infamous—all being equalized by the practices of a blind, superstitious piety; but by that only. This is naturally the religion that all despots must lean to and protect; and this is the secret of the alliance of all absolutist governments with the disciples of Loyola. But this leads much further than people think; it leads *upwards*, towards the destruction of the Christian doctrine, towards pure paganism, the *personal* infallibility of the Pope as a man and a temporal sovereign; and *downwards* towards the wholesale corruption and abasement of the people. Jesuitism, as a force openly organized and worked by avowed and sanctioned Jesuit hands, *can* only exist and predominate in communities perfectly oppressed, as in Rome or Spain (till the Queen was expelled). It is an anachronism, an eccentricity, a manner of *lusus naturæ* in a country like France, and in a given time comes to an end—contemptuously or violently—but not until it has done incalculable mischief. Whenever France, from some cause, passes under the temporary yoke of a despot, the Jesuits reappear, as they have been doing for the last ten or a dozen years; and their teaching and its effects are always identical.

Human thought is not compressible absolutely. All that the hard hand of power can achieve is to block up the nobler issues of its nobler currents. It can be forbidden a whole generation to *live publicly*—that is, to enjoy the invigorating, healthy life of a free community, to whom every public event is a natural portion of existence. But the mental energies that would take part in public action and public thought cannot be annulled; the only plan is to give them some other food. Instead of healthily, they are *un*healthily fed, and in *that* work the Jesuit is a master. The moment a community is (and *can* be) weaned from politics, a species of literature invariably rises up which is (later) regarded as a scandal and a shame. Look at the obscene literature of France under the last Bourbons, *before* 1789, and look at the literary food given to her during the last fifteen years. And it was impossible it should be otherwise. Politics, as Dr. Arnold said, are the most natural and grandest occupation of the human mind. Deprive a nation of them, and the public thought is rapidly degraded. The present empire has in *this* respect been guilty of far heavier sins than any previous régime. The Emperor thinks ill of his fellow-creatures, and thinks indulgently of evil in itself (two notions often coexistent), and his belief is, that whatever most amuses, or offers most "distraction" to the general public, is to be adopted indifferently. Now, it is certain that, as far as "the true, the beautiful, and the good" are concerned, the masses require education, their tastes being mostly unrefined. Instead of this, all *official* art and literature have been encouraged to be as low and coarse, and coarsely frivolous, as it was possible they should be. When no poetic grandeur was left unridiculized, and a generation learnt to chaff Homer and the Greeks by making Agamemnon dance the *Cancan* to the sound of Offenbach's music, when Thérésa was *the* star, and an ambassadress, disguised as a *cocher de fiacre*, sang ignoble couplets in the intimate *réunions* of the Imperial châteaux—what was to be the popular estimate of true art, and what its notion of the habits and manners of those whom *success* had placed in high places? The answer is easy to find.

At the same time, another chord was found to vibrate in the fibres of the masses—the morbid love, namely, of crime. Newspapers, ruined by the prohibition to deal with public affairs or public men, fell back upon the one subject which could fill their *caisses*, and pandered to the public viciousness of taste by heaping detail on detail of contemporary crimes, or, when these failed, of *past* ones. It was a perfectly natural result, and has brought its natural consequences. The Pantin murder is the ghastly work of a man who has been taught nothing good since he was born, and whose naturally perverse inclinations have been influenced by the moral food that has been offered to him ever since he was of an age to partake of it. The sum of what Traupman has learned during his twenty years of life is the same that has been realized by every man of his age and class, and amounts to this: Honesty is an illusion; there is no difference between a good, upright citizen and a swindler or murderer; success is everything. If the President had not succeeded in the *coup d'état*, he was only a wholesale butcher; if you succeed, it is no matter how you do so. Out of *all* those who are in high stations in France, there is *not one* who is not in public opinion charged with some default or other; yet all are equally powerful. There is no true religion. It is sufficient (if you do not scoff at any idea of the sort) to do homage to the Pope, and confess yourself to a Jesuit. Let any impartial mind study the mental condition of a human being in the state we point out, and see what are the outward helps afforded him, what the chances on the side of right. Then, let any political philosopher, casting a glance over the *moral* health of France under the Second Empire, say if he does not understand the tremendous reaction excited by the crime of Pantin, and does not see how it is linked with the eloquent protest of Father Hyacinthe against the action of Jesuitism.

SAINTE-BEUVE.

THE telegraphic announcement of the death, on the 13th inst., of M. Sainte-Beuve, must have been to some readers of this journal the saddest literary tidings that they have ever received from across the ocean. The most accomplished critic, the most delightful and instructive talker upon literature, of this generation, to whose weekly *causerie* now for twenty years we have all been welcome as listeners, has spoken his last word. M. Sainte-Beuve, who would have completed his sixty-fifth year in December, was born at Boulogne of a family that was English on his mother's side. Among the many things for which he had to thank his mother, a woman of superior qualities, was a knowledge of English and a taste for English literature, at a time when such knowledge and taste were far rarer among Frenchmen than happily they are at the present day. The relish he then acquired for the poetry of Cowper, Crabbe, and Wordsworth, whose influence is apparent in his own poems, must have predisposed him to take part in the reaction of the Romanticists against the classical traditions of French poetry which was preached and

practised with such fervor during the reign of Charles X. Sainte-Beuve, after brilliant successes at the Collége Charlemagne and the Collége Bourbon, had resisted for a time his own bent towards a literary career, and was pursuing the study of medicine, when the influence of Victor Hugo, the great apostle of Romanticism, led him, in 1827, to give himself up to literature. The spirit of those early studies in medicine, however, he never lost. The most characteristic feature of his work as a critic from 1828, when he published his Sketch of the French Poetry of the Sixteenth Century, down to the time of his death, was the application of the method of the physiologists to the study of literature. Nor is the same spirit difficult to trace in the poems, of which he published several volumes before he was thirty-five; while his single novel, "Volupté," written when he was about thirty, has no other merit than as a study, more revolting even than clever, in the morbid pathology of character.

While wooing the muse with indifferent success, as a critic he more than fulfilled the expectations raised by his studies in the poetry of the sixteenth century, in the "Portraits Littéraires" with which he enriched first the *Revue de Paris*, and afterwards the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, during a long series of years, and which, under various titles, he has collected in a dozen or more of volumes. At the age of forty, he won the great prize of a literary career in France, and was received into the Academy. Seven years earlier, an invitation to lecture at Lausanne had drawn him into the only work *de longue haleine* of his life, the "History of Port Royal." On this he was employed at his leisure for nearly thirty years, and the five volumes of which it consists were published at intervals during that period. The interest in the religious side of the Jansenist community with which he began his task was, however, gradually lost, and he devoted himself chiefly to the studies of character and the literary discussions for which the society of Port Royal furnished abundant material. Sainte-Beuve was a painter of miniatures, and his work on Port Royal, which should have been an historical picture, is but a collection of exquisitely finished portraits.

In 1848, a disagreeable passage with some officials of the Republican Government of that day led Sainte-Beuve to spend a year at Liége, the fruit of which was two volumes of criticism on Chateaubriand, of a most damaging character to that idol of French literature for a previous half-century. The incense which Sainte-Beuve himself in former days had burnt at the same altar made his iconoclasm the more hateful to true believers as being the work of a renegade. On the 1st of October, 1849, at the age of forty-five, he began in the *Constitutionnel* the series of critical articles, the "*Causeries du Lundi*," by which he is best known. These were continued until 1859, when a new series, of identical character, the "Nouveaux Lundis," was commenced, which ended only with his death. On nearly every Monday for twenty years he has furnished to the *Constitutionnel*, the *Moniteur*, or, recently, to the *Temps*, an article of a length, on the average, of twenty-five duodecimo pages. These articles, as subsequently collected, make in the former series fifteen volumes and in the latter ten, the publication in book-form having as yet been brought down only to January, 1867.

In 1855, M. Sainte-Beuve, having been appointed Professor of Latin Poetry in the Collége de France, began a course of lectures, which was so rudely interrupted by the students that he proceeded no further than the opening discourse. The hostility of his audience seems to have been aroused by a belief that his adherence to the government of the Empire showed a want of personal integrity. The *amende honorable*, however, was made to him some two years ago, when his vigorous defence in the French Senate of freedom of thought, as represented by M. Renan, against brutal opposition, led to a demonstration in his honor on the part of the students of Paris which must have been peculiarly gratifying to him. To his appointment as Professor of Latin the world is indebted for the longest and one of the most charming of his critical essays. The lectures which he had prepared, but did not deliver, he published as an "Étude sur Virgile." The commentary proper covers only the first book of the Æneid, and is about a hundred pages long; but we venture to say that it is better fitted to give the student a discriminating relish for the diverse beauties of Homer and Virgil than all the notes that have been accumulated in all the learned editions. If classical scholarship oftener produced such results, it would fare much better in its future rivalry with the claims of modern literature.

Of the qualities of this acknowledged chief among the critics of this generation we must speak briefly. If a motto was to be prefixed to his collected writings, none fitter could be chosen than the *humani nil a me alienum puto* of his favorite Terence. It would be difficult to name a subject outside of the exact sciences which is not treated on some side in the forty volumes and more of his critical essays. Poetry, politics, fiction, history, art, philosophy on its practical side, war—every topic, one might almost say, of interest to man, he has somewhere dealt with, save that which is commonly regarded as the proper field of the critic, the determination of first principles. In another sense, too, than as an expression of the width of his intellectual sympathies, would the motto we have suggested be not ill-suited to Sainte-Beuve. His interest was always in men and women. Varied as are the topics he has discussed, he has treated them always in the concrete—so to speak—as they are presented in the character or career of some individual. Even in the extremely rare cases in which he discusses abstract questions like "Qu'est ce qu'un Classique?" the discussion does not become abstract. He dwells on the peculiar merits of this and that acknowledged classic with the greatest delicacy and discrimination of observation, but he attempts no generalization. Readers who like to have their knowledge in the portable shape of formulas will find small satisfaction in Sainte-Beuve. Criticism, if it would not impose on itself, he firmly believed must remain an art. The critical faculty must be cultivated, as a sense is cultivated, by the widest possible experience; but its function remains to the end, like that of a sense, simply to report what with ever increasing delicacy of apprehension it discovers, together with the pleasure or pain, the recognition of beauty or ugliness, which, by laws of whose workings it is unconscious, accompany its perceptions. "He would maintain that the lily is beautiful for seven reasons, but not for eight," said Sainte-Beuve of a brother critic. To reproduce the exact impression the lily made upon him, and its charm, is all that Sainte-Beuve would have deemed profitable. How far his conception of a critic's functions was defective we need not now consider. That it was sound as far as it went, can hardly be denied. To render the mind as delicately sensitive as possible to every impression; to present to it as many sides as possible of the object to be studied; not till all these impressions have been received without disturbance from prepossessions to let the results of past experience come in to throw light on the new experience; and to make this illuminating past experience as varied and large as possible—this method of studying character and the mind, with its products, must be as rich in results as the like method in the laboratory of the physiologist. As we said before, Sainte-Beuve simply retained the spirit of his studies in anatomy. His marvellous success was due, of course, chiefly to his admirable mental gifts and to untiring labor. In his mind was combined extraordinary sensibility with a coolness of judgment which in his later years kept him painfully free from illusions. By the respective predominance of these two qualities in his earlier and later life, the changes in his views on many matters that have been made a subject of reproach to him may be explained without disparagement to his integrity. With these capacities for receiving impressions and passing judgment upon them were joined a fertility of thought and liveliness of fancy which carry the reader without a moment's weariness over volume after volume of essays on kindred topics. Nothing but a thorough mastery of the subjects with which he deals, and an affluence of illustration from vast stores of knowledge, could have made this possible. How wide then was the range of acquisition of this man who had given more than forty years to literature? In Greek the French have never been strong, but Sainte-Beuve had got the true flavor of Greek poetry, though we may fancy he preferred editions with Latin translations. In Latin literature, especially in that of the time of the Empire, he was at home. In English literature, particularly in that which had any connection with France, he appears well-read. With the literature of Italy and Spain he deals but sparingly. In German he seems to have been dependent upon translations, but was in this way familiar with the best of its literature proper. Of the France of the last five hundred years he may be said to have known everything, great and small. Few students in any portion of that field did their work so thoroughly that his gleanings after them, as they appear in his notices of their labors, are not of real value. But the treasures of knowledge which he has given the world can be but a fraction of what he had accumulated. It is plain from his essays that he must have made it a habit to put down everything that he met with, in literature or in life, which he thought could ever be of service to him. Now and then we find him referring to the very words of conversations that occurred twenty years before; and it is evident that no system of study and preparation for his work other than one which gave him substantial command of all the researches and all the experiences of his life, of whatever topic he might be treating, could have enabled him weekly, for so many years, to bring out of the treasure-house of his mind such abundance and variety of things new and old.

Correspondence.

CHINA.

To the Editor of the Nation:

Sir: Among the late telegraphic notices from China was one which said that Prince Kung had refused to receive the Duke of Edinburgh. This report is probably true.

Now, although the young Duke may not have been commissioned to open intercourse with the Imperial Court, the fact that they refused to extend any courtesy to the son of the reigning sovereign of England—with whom their own sovereign had made a treaty of "perpetual friendship"—may very properly be considered to be at variance with the spirit of that treaty, and a strong indication of their purpose to adhere as much as possible to their old system of exclusiveness.

Those who have carefully studied the history of the controversies which have taken place between the two governments for the past thirty years, and who are acquainted with the importance which the Chinese attach to ceremonials, will not fail to see the significance of this refusal. So long as China refuses to interchange those personal courtesies which are the indices of equal and friendly relations, there is reason to believe that she does not desire to maintain them.

In connection with this subject, it is amusing to read the remarks of a Washington correspondent in one of our leading journals of this morning, in regard to the instructions which are to be given to our new minister to China:

"It is understood that the instructions to the new minister will be based upon the Burlingame treaty, and it will be the object of the Government to put that important instrument into force in every particular, and let the Chinese Government see that the treaty was something more than a mere form."

Did the writer intend to be sarcastic, or was he in sober earnest? If the intimation be true, then Mr. Low will be instructed to *enforce himself* not to say a word to the Chinese Government about "any privileges or immunities in respect to trade and navigation within the Chinese dominions which may not have been stipulated for by treaty," and not to attempt "any intervention in the domestic administration of China in regard to the construction of railroads and telegraphs, or any other internal improvements;" but, at the same time, it will be his duty to *enforce* the right of citizens of the United States "to enjoy all the privileges of the public educational institutions under control of the Government of China" (there are none), and also enforce the right of "citizens of the United States, of every religious persuasion, to be exempt from all disabilities and persecutions on account of their religious faith and worship" (they always have been).

These duties, negative and positive, are about all which that treaty calls for; hence they can easily be performed, and the minister will have an easy time of it. We are only surprised that our Government should not have sent Mark Twain to perform them, and show the Chinese Government that the treaty is "something more than a mere form;" then also his ample leisure would have enabled him to write many an instructive and entertaining letter to the New York *Tribune* upon the beneficial and soothing influences of the Burlingame treaty upon Chinese sensibilities. But we don't believe that our Government will give any such instructions to Mr. Low.

C. C.

New York, October 23, 1869.

Notes.

LITERARY.

Mr. George W. Carleton is to publish Miss Evans's new novel, which has for its title "Vashti; or, Until Death us do Part." "To-day," the novel that Mr. Richard B. Kimball has had in *Putnam's* for some months, Mr. Carleton will issue in book-form.——Messrs. J. B. Lippincott & Co. announce that with November they will begin the publication of *Good Words for the Young*, which is the juvenile *Good Words*, and no doubt is to be an agreeable magazine, as it always has been, for Mr. George Macdonald takes the place of Dr. Norman McLeod, who is compelled by other labors to retire. After January 1, Lippincott & Co. will be publishers of four magazines—as many as Fields, Osgood & Co. Two of the Philadelphia magazines, however, are really English with the Philadelphia house's imprint.

—If there ever was a "live topic" for our educational journals to take up and dispose of, it was undoubtedly Mr. Worman's exposure as the maker of a pernicious German grammar, and the controversy growing out of it between his publishers and the publishers of the *American Educational Monthly*. Except this journal, however, not one had, to our knowledge, lisped a word on the subject, or made any allusion to the disgraceful announcement of the Messrs. Barnes that they meant to continue publishing text-books by the same pretender, until the *Rhode Island Schoolmaster*, in its issue for October, spoke the manly and dignified protest which should have been heard on every side. It was a good beginning for a journal just revived, after suspension for many months, and we trust it will remain faithful to its purpose of criticising text-books impartially, without fear or favor. The Messrs. Barnes may never advertise on its covers again, but the *Schoolmaster* has only to persist, and in time it will convince the journals of the same class—which now dare not speak their minds freely lest they should lose the patronage which keeps them alive—that safety as well as honor lies in independent criticism, and that the publishers of school-books cannot make head against them if they are united in this policy. The present system by which text-books are introduced into schools and exchanged for others is shockingly corrupt, and needs a vigorous overhauling. If proofs are wanting to convict the publishers—and they frequently come to light—nothing less can be done than to examine the books for which favor is bought. Not to do this is to surrender entirely.

—All school committees know the reprobate parent who periodically hauls them before the courts for requiring his evil children to bow their heads or to fold their arms while the teacher repeats the Lord's Prayer. He is a familiar figure in every township and almost every school district. He is the Biblical critic who is accustomed to enquire of the neighboring church member where it was that Cain got his wife, if at the time of his marriage there was no other family than Adam's in existence; and how the whale—the size of whose throat modern science has shown to be inconsiderable—could have swallowed the prophet Jonah. He is the gentleman who ostentatiously works in his garden on the Sabbath-day while the people are "coming home from meeting." It is he who sets on foot the greased-pig chase on Fast-day, and the raffle for turkeys on the eve of Thanksgiving—sports not looked on with favor by the straiter "professor" whose offspring this bad man is willing to decoy and lead away into unregenerate practices. That his own offspring, otherwise neglected, should be compelled to hear the reading of the Scriptures or the reciting of a prayer, causes this parent unalloyed indignation, but if to that grievance is added a requirement that they should by some change of posture seem to add the weight of their authority to the evidence in support of Christian doctrine, he commonly decides that the time for action has arrived. Very likely he begins hostilities by arming the eldest son—normally barefoot—with a pair of heavy cowhide boots, and instructing him, thus shod, to "go late" and enter the school-house with resounding steps as soon as the teacher has got devotional exercises fairly under way. Probably this move on his part may be met by a standing order that the school-house door shall be promptly locked at nine o'clock, and no tardy pupil admitted till the morning recess. Then the young gentleman is instructed to adopt some irreverent attitude as soon as the Testament is opened, which ensures that obedient Spartan one or two sound thrashings. However, he would get them at home, he considers within himself, and sagaciously he chooses glory with the rod rather than shame with a rod of greater diameter. There are many and various steps in controversies of this character, but in the end the courts for the punishment of assault and battery, and afterwards the higher courts, are invoked by our advanced thinker; and we may add that generally it is not much that the contentious rascal makes by it. And besides this fellow-citizen, there are some of our Roman Catholic brethren who are dissatisfied with the religious instruction given in our schools. Our histories, reading-books, parsing-books—all our books—are filled, they allege, with implicit or expressed accusations, mostly false, against their religion and its professors. So they want denominational schools, and money from the State to support them. We are not going to discuss that question here, for it is too large; but there seems no reason why the evil complained of—and we should say that it is not altogether imaginary—should call for so radical a mode of treatment as the one proposed. That by the way, however. On the whole, we are not afraid to assert that among the American people—the laity of all denominations or none, and most of the clergy—our system of secular instruction is approved as making not only the intelligent citizens whom a republican state must have or die, but also as being in a

high sense moral and religious. And the luxuriant strength of religious denominations on this side of the water shows that this is not an ill-grounded belief. Whatever might be the reply of a Roman Catholic to the argument here suggested, the mouth of a British Protestant, at all events, should not, so far as we can see, be opened against it. Yet there seems to be but very little progress towards what an American would think the very easy settlement of the interminable wrangle between the various sects in England as to how so to educate the people that at the same time the sects still may keep each its flock. The common schools here certainly should teach them—unless we are good for nothing as observers—that colorless or nearly colorless instruction, such as is given under our educational system—secular instruction, in short—is without effect upon the allegiance of the scholars to their various spiritual masters. We say nothing now of the Roman Catholic pupils, though we have an opinion in regard to their case which is different from that which seems to be held by the Roman Catholic clergy. But the child of Baptist parents, or of Presbyterian parents, or of Episcopalian parents, is no less a Baptist, or a Presbyterian, or an Episcopalian, at the end of his course of study than when he began it; or if he is, it is for reasons with which the school instruction had no connection. In England the discussion is just now going on vigorously, and much ability is shown by the parties to it; but few that we have heard speak have laid down two propositions which we believe to be perfectly sound, and which, if accepted, would at once end the muddle: these two, namely, that the home and the church are the places where religion should be taught, and that the secular common school leaves children, considered as members of churches, precisely where it found them. To these we will add another: that there is not a Christian of any denomination in England who ought not to look on any kind of instruction whatever for the English masses as a blessing beyond human computation.

—Mr. F. C. Burnand is the author of two funny books that are indeed funny, though perhaps it is a distinctively British and not altogether pleasant kind of fun that he habitually favors us with. Mr. Emerson, who found brutality and cruelty at the bottom of "Punch and Judy," which may be called the most popular of British shows, would doubtless find in the essence of much of Mr. Burnand's books the same two qualities Neither "Happy Thoughts" nor "Out of Town" would be selected as works the popularity of which would be wholly incompatible with the simultaneous popularity of the prize-ring or rat-pit. In both of them the laugh is almost always a laugh at some one; almost always there is some one who is in a position of ridiculous embarrassment, and is made a butt. To be sure there is something else in Mr. Burnand's writings, which sometimes are sincerely good-natured and droll, and which certainly are clever and witty. "Happy Thoughts," in particular, is notably clever in conception, and well worth anybody's picking up and reading for amusement of a new and fresh sort. Mr. Burnand, besides being the author of these books, is a contributor to *Punch*, and a dramatist whose writings for the comic stage have had good success. Just now he has on the stage of the Royalty Theatre, in London, a burlesque drama called "The Beast and the Beauty," which, and whose author, we mention for the sake of a remark which it has called out from an English critic. One of the scenes presents the incident—which we believe is new—of the reading by the whole force of the company, or all of it that is on the stage at the moment, of a rhyming letter, which is snatched in turn from each after he has read one line, and so goes round till the whole of it has been read. This is said to be effective, and the critic appears to think that the verses were about as well read in this manner as they would have been had almost any of the characters read it through alone. "Why it is," he remarks, "that actors rarely seem to understand metre, is one of the mysteries of the stage which will perhaps never be cleared up." Perhaps not; though we submit the problem to our readers with some hope. We ourselves should say that it might puzzle the critic to prove that actors read metre worse than other persons. The people are few, so far as we observe, who can do anything but murder metre and sense, or else give themselves up to sing-song, when they attempt the reading of verses. The poets, to be sure, are usually first in fault.

—Mr. John Murray's *Academy* has made a conspicuously successful first appearance, and a second edition of the opening number has been called for, the other having gone off with such rapidity that none of it was secured for the American market. It may not improbably be more of a favorite here than most of its English contemporaries; but our eclectic periodicals will probably eviscerate it with great promptness and regularity. Among its contributors are Dr. Lightfoot, Mr. Matthew Arnold, Professor Huxley, Sir J. Lubbock, and Mr. Mark Pattison, and Professor Conington was to have been, but is just dead we see. Mr. Arnold writes for this number an account of Senancour—"the subject, as he takes care with unnecessary egotism to remind the reader, of one of his own poems," says the *Times*, kindly. Dr. Lightfoot, the Biblical critic, discusses the critical introduction prefixed by Renan to his "Saint Paul;" Lubbock and Huxley, and Mr. Pattison, take charge respectively of the interests of science and classical literature; literature in general will be safe in Mr. Arnold's hands; and with Mr. Murray's numerous alliances with authors of the highest name, there is no reason why he should not make a magazine worthy of his father, "the Emperor of the West." "A monthly *Athenæum*" the *Academy* is pronounced, and, if that is a true characterization, it will be a repertory of literary news, as well as a collection of reviews by eminent men of letters and science. Among the items of intelligence given this month is one to the effect that Darwin is on the point of publishing a book, in which he will apply to man the main conclusions arrived at in his "Origin of Species," and another to the effect that Sir Edward Twistleton thinks that, with the help of an expert in handwriting, he has found out the true Junius, and shortly will lay the discovery before the public. Byron, as was to have been expected, receives some of the *Academy's* attention, but no light is thrown by either of the two documents now published on the controversy as to the recent accusation brought against him and his half-sister. One of them is a letter written by the poet in Italy for circulation among his friends in England, and given by him to M. G. Lewis—"Monk" Lewis—to be used for that purpose. Byron simply denies point-blank that he has any notion why it was his wife left him. But everybody knew that he used constantly to say so, and it is some years since his oral or written word would have been taken as reliable on that head. The second document relates to the destruction of his autobiography, as to which event none of the Lives of Byron now in existence are quite correct. It appears that, in 1821, Mr. Murray's father bought the manuscript of Thomas Moore for £2,000. In consideration of this sum, Moore not only parted with the manuscript, but agreed to edit it and to add to it. Afterwards, however, he went to Murray, and begged him to grant a right of redemption. This was done, but it was stipulated that the redemption must take place before Byron's death. Byron died before Moore had redeemed it; but the latter then went about among his friends, raised £2,000 on his note, and desired very much to get the autobiography back into his hands. Mr. Murray, however, had come to the conclusion that it was best for all parties that it should be destroyed. So thought Hobhouse, who acted for Byron, and so, also, thought Lady Byron and her friends—Lady Byron, in fact, offering to give £2,000 for it, "which she did not pay, however," says the *Academy*. Moore alone was of a contrary opinion; but the autobiography, and the only existing copy of it, were destroyed. Moore then paid back to Murray the £2,000; but Murray afterwards took up the note that Moore had given for a like sum, and paid £1,020 interest on it, and finally gave him £1,600 for writing "Moore's Life of Byron," so Moore lost nothing by what many people of that day, devoured by curiosity, thought "a disgraceful violation of his duty as a biographer." Whether the *Academy* is right in saying that there are no copies of the autobiography in existence may perhaps be doubted. Dr. Shelton Mackenzie declares, in his edition of the "Noctes Ambrosianæ," that there are several copies, or were several a few years ago. Another thing that may be doubted is whether it would have been worth while to publish it.

THE MAGAZINES FOR NOVEMBER.

All the magazines of November bear witness to the fact that the editors are in the curious American habit of making up each number some couple of months before the date it bears, and there is none of them that evidently was not put together in the relaxing heats of August. There is none of them, however, that has not some good thing in it, apart from the inevitable continued story in each which moves on like fate, above the influence of times and seasons. *Lippincott's* "Vicar of Bullhampton" we have been reading only intermittently; but we advise anybody who does not care to be drawn to the end of each instalment at least to decline resolutely each month to be drawn into beginning upon the opening paragraph. Incarnate prose as he is—almost sordid prose—in this, as in all his other works, Mr. Trollope retains his old gift of readableness—his old power, one may say, of compelling a perusal once entered upon. By monthly publication, however, with the spell broken at regular intervals, the reader has a chance of escape, and in our case we find that he avails himself of it. After all, the brick can better be a specimen of the house

in Mr. Trollope's case than in that of most equally good writers of fiction, and one does not know his late novels so very badly if one knows half-a-dozen chapters of each of them.

But *Lippincott's* comes very near being an exception to the remark just made, that none of the magazines is without some good thing besides its regular allowance of novel. The monthly gossiper tells something which certainly is curious and amusing; and that it is true we suppose there need be little doubt. He says that the master of a certain ragged school in London has to let the children out in time to pick the pockets of the people leaving church, or else he would at once lose all his pupils. "George D. Prentice" is one of those personal sketches which are in every way unsatisfactory. The writer invades the privacy which is every one's right; the story he tells is as disagreeable to listen to as it ought to be disagreeable to tell; no good end is answered by telling it that compensates for the harm such exhibitions do; and if there were a good end to be answered, the duty of gaining it should be entrusted to a person with more knowledge of life and letters than was possessed by the writer of the article of which we speak. Something will have to be done with the "interviewer," who is near of kin to the writers who abuse the opportunities of intimacy to make disclosures that friends would not, and who just now infests journalism to such an extent. Once he was glad to be the humble servant of some pushing demagogue, desirous of "keeping himself before the people," or some statesman who, out of vanity or ambition, descended to make use of him, or—more recently—some operator in gold or stocks who desired to affect the market, and who got hold of the newspaper by working the "enterprise" of its reporter. But within this twelvemonth he has become a social pest, and with an arrogance that would be amusing if it were not so successful, and if its success were not so disgusting, he forces his way into people's chambers, into the private rooms of judges, and the offices of bankers and merchants, and demands categorical answers to any set of impudent questions he may choose to ask. To dissemble one's love for him to the point of kicking him down-stairs, will turn out to be the true course to be taken with him, but as yet, strangely enough, it seems to have occurred to none of the many men on whom he has bestowed his attentions. The fault rests primarily with editors, however.

"Recollections of an Attaché" is, we suppose, by the Mr. Robert Walsh whom some of us remember as a bold defender of Columbia's honor and glory when these were in so much danger from the sneers of monarchical reviewers. "The Last of the Buccaneers," a subject never without attraction, treats first of Morgan, the renowned Welsh freebooter of the Spanish main, and then for the "Last of the Buccaneers" singularly enough chooses the Emperor Maximilian. Thus, as Doctor Johnson would perhaps say, the exigencies of discovering a sonorous title for his production drive the bookseller's slave to outrage the nicety of derivation and diction, and to violate the exactness of history; as if to be ephemeral were an excuse for being slovenly, and the confession of want of importance could be pleaded against the accusation of inaccuracy.

In the *Nation* of June 3, we called attention to a lecture by Capt. Silas Bent before the St. Louis Mercantile Library Association, which argued that the true approach to the North Pole is by following either the Gulf Stream to the east of Spitzbergen, or a corresponding current on the West Pacific coast through Behring's Straits. This theory commended itself to us at the time for the reasons stated, but we cannot say that the favor with which we regarded it has been particularly increased by the opening article in *Putnam's*, the author of which reprints a good deal of Capt. Bent's reasoning, goes into rather unnecessary ecstasy over it, and then attempts to strengthen it by other considerations drawn from the works of modern physicists. The writer, in our opinion, says a deal too much. He certainly uses too many words, too many italic and capital letters, and too many exclamation points, and does not impress one with his scientific training. Capt. Bent's pretensions are modest enough, but his disciple styles him "this profound thinker," speaks of the "profound reasoning" of his address, and of "this remarkable hypothesis, *if such a term can be applied to it.*" In another place, he declares certain facts to be "wonderfully confirmed by a single inference"—an inference which is immediately treated as a fact, and begs the question besides. A map of the Pole accompanies the article, and will be found helpful; and to those who have not before considered the subject, and who may be interested in an investigation, we may safely commend this article, which, though too zealous, will furnish the reader of discrimination with a fairly good presentation of the arguments in favor of Captain Bent's theory.

"Hellenic Nationality and the East," by Karl Blind, is very clear, and no doubt is sound, and calculated to do good in the latitude of Boston The Hellenic cause is not, however, in very vigorous life anywhere at present. Mr. Putnam continues to give us extracts from his letter-book. They are mostly business notes of no importance or interest except as autographs of people more or less well known. We have never before, though, seen anything of Mr. M. F. Tupper's which puts that singular person in so good a light as his letter. Mr. Putnam had sent him a presentation copy of a work called "American Facts," and Mr. Tupper replies sensibly, denouncing the "forward race" who in the English newspapers were at that time accustomed to insult America, and prophesying much greatness for the United States. "The Radical Duke" is about Argyll, and is a piece of contemporary history by Mr. G. M. Towle, the rediscoverer, or independent discoverer, of padding; "Tent Life in Kamschatka" is good reading; "Lady Cinella" we make nothing of, except that it reminds one of Poe's stories of mystery; "The New Fuel" is concerning prepared peat, and is very strongly in praise of that superior substitute for coal; "Contemporary French Literature" is translated from Élie Reclus, who abuses the Empire in reviewing a Roman tale, "Melœnis," by Louis Bouillet. The criticism of domestic literature is hardly well done, being a little peevish in tone and not going very deep; but that of foreign literature is considerably better than usual.

Mr. Towle we find again in *Hours at Home*, to which he contributes several pages from an autograph book, for which it seems he has made a good-sized collection—some of the letters having been bought by him or otherwise obtained from third persons, and some having been given him by the writers themselves. Victor Hugo, having been applied to, puts his name to this characteristic mixture of big sentiments and defective English:

> "De tout mon cœur, Monsieur
> et cher concitoyen de la
> république universelle, et recevez
> mon cordial shake-hand."

John Adams figures as the writer of a sensible letter to President Madison. The President very much feared a charge of nepotism, and though he wished to give an office to the Hon. Richard Cutts, of Massachusetts, was afraid to do so because Mr. Cutts had become a connection of his by marriage. "I hope you will excuse me, sir," says the solid-headed and downright Adams, "if I take the liberty to express my opinion of the Justice and Prudence of this Principle. The hyper-superlative Virtue of General Washington introduced it; but it has done more harm than good, and in my Judgment, the sooner it is discountenanced the better. A President ought not to appoint a man to office because he is his relative; nor ought he to refuse or neglect to appoint them for that reason. . . . . A thousand cases might be put to show the Absurdity and Iniquity of such a Rule. Merit, Talents, Integrity, Qualities, Qualifications, have claims on the Nation and the Nation has claims upon them, which ought not to be overruled upon any such personal considerations." There is a ponderously sarcastic letter from Jackson to a pair of "Whiggs," who had kindly sent him two "coper cents" on hearing that he was bankrupt; a good "sentiment" from Elihu Burritt, who said "the heart that can hate the master, cannot love and pity the slave;" a jocose letter from Garrison; and half a dozen other scraps worth looking at.

"To Margaret" is a neat enough copy of verses, now first printed, written by Halleck, who declines to accept Margaret's hand because she says, openly, that if given, it shall be given to the Poet and not to the Man. "Henry Philpotts," late Bishop of Exeter, is the subject of a slight sketch by Mr. C. Lempriere. "Recollections of an Old Painter" is some rather agreeable chat by Mr. Thomas Sully, who talks of people that he painted—Victoria, Decatur, Cooke; of fellow-artists, such as West, Gilbert, Stuart, Leslie, Reynolds, Fuseli; and of poets and others whom he met abroad. Irving, we learn, was in the habit when he was merry of singing to himself rhymes out of "Mother Goose." Campbell, on the contrary, was not always a desirable companion so far as good temper was concerned, as he did not hesitate to throw his wig at a person who disagreed with him, and has been known to follow it up by flinging the decanter—a severe reasoner. There are several other articles that will be found more or less readable—one by "H. H." on a German holiday at Salzburg; one by General J. G. Wilson—which has to be done once in so often, or who knows what would happen to the world of periodicals—on the "Marriages among Men of Genius;" and one, not long enough and full enough, on "Crime and Punishment in the East." Altogether, *Hours at Home* is this month very good in its way.

In the *Galaxy*, Mr. Grant White returns to the subject of the decay of the stage, which he took up two or three months ago in his article on the "Lydia Thompson Troupe" of actors. In August, he enforced the opinion

that this is "the age of burlesque," and referred the existence of the *Saturday Review* and the flourishing of the "British blondes" to one and the same cause. Our love of broad fun, then, is what prompts us to read the *Review*. The argument seems to lead to that point. For no one could well maintain that the farcical extravagance of Mr. Harry Beckers when, as a very red-nosed Minerva, he was singing "Taffy was a Welshman," or was drinking spirits out of a small flask, has anything in common with the worldly wisdom and the sneering of the worst of the reviewers, or with the cynical contempt for the romantic and the ideal which *opêra bouffe* often expresses. "The nineteenth-century spirit" that we have heard so much about since Werther, Mr. White, however, did hold responsible alike for "Sinbad" and for the "indifferentism" of Pall Mall. This month he brings forward in support of his position one remarkable argument. Mr. Charles Reade, it seems, makes Mr. Raby, in "Put Yourself in his Place," say to Grace Carden, "This is the age of burlesque." So "I merely happened to see," says Mr. White, "what Charles Reade saw and said at the same time." What Charles Reade saw at the same time, however, was that it was necessary for Mr. Raby—a representative of the case-hardened British Tory, a most perfect and complete country squire, of the so-called fossil kind—to make the usual conservative remark as to the irreverence of an age which had got ahead of him. Surely, it is odd enough that Mr. White should pick up the old gentleman's bit of stereotyped croaking, and make it do service as corroborative proof of the soundness of the theory about the cause and effect of Miss Thompson's and Miss Markham's success. There always has been, and no doubt always will be, talk of the decay of the theatre; and we are not going to deny that the theatre changes its character from age to age; but when we see Mr. White's detestation, "Formosa," withdrawn after a very short run; and see people crying over "Enoch Arden;" and going to hear Booth in Shakespeare for score on score of consecutive nights; and when we see the crowded audiences—who, true enough, may here and there laugh in the wrong place—who assemble week after week to see Jefferson's "Rip Van Winkle," we are not going to say that dramatic taste, perception of poetic beauties, artistic sense, are very strongly developed among theatre-goers, since that has never yet been in modern times; but we are certainly not going to say either that theatre-goers are wholly given over to the stage-carpenter and the scene-painter, for they are not.

"Imperialism in America" is a laborious performance which professes to explain the founding of the late *Imperialist* newspaper in this city, and to describe a secret band—the "T. C. I. O.," the "Triumviri Civesque Imperii Occidentalis"—which to-day meditates the overthrow of republican institutions. The piece is equally inane, whether it is somebody's hoax or somebody's honest statement of his belief and his facts. The man who could talk seriously of the *Imperialist*, and the man who could think that there is any merit of facetiousness in the dull joke of pretending that it and the "T. C. I. O." were formidable, would alike be subjects for deep pity. "The Prince Suvarof" is a story that gives rise, as one reads, to some expectations, but ends with the strangest flatness—disappears in the sand like one of those Western rivers in which one may have been expecting a cataract. Otherwise—but the deduction is a sufficient one—it is not without merit. "An Editor's Tale" is a skilful little sketch by Mr. Anthony Trollope, and one's surprise at the catastrophe of it is even greater than one's surprise at the want of a catastrophe in "Prince Suvarof." The tale begins in a Turkish bath-house, which is partially described, and then takes us up into the editorial rooms of a magazine. But the *Galaxy* tells the story, which will be found quite a model of a short magazine article of the kind that mixes essay and narrative. "The Galaxy Miscellany" has a brief notice of Père Hyacinthe, apparently written by a foreigner, and at any rate by some one who knew the Father in Paris, and who speaks very well of him. The "Driftwood" talks about our New York courts, and about the newspaper of sixty years ago; and there are longer contributions, one from Mr. Justin McCarthy on "English Universities," and one from Dr. J. C. Dalton on "The Circulation of the Blood."

The *Catholic World* has an argumentative commentary, which Presbyterians will read with interest, on "The Reply of the Assemblies to the Pope's Letter." They will read the writer's remarks with more interest than Christian pleasure. It begins by remarking to the reverend gentlemen who signed the "Reply" that the mere fact of their making it, and denying that they are heretics and schismatics, is properly considered a complete proof that they are in heresy and schism. Not heresy and schism of the worst sort, to be sure, for the present generation of Presbyterians are but the descendants of the men who are responsible for the separation of that sect from Rome; but still indubitably in heresy and schism—for when a man stands up to defend his own judgment against The Church, he passes on himself judgment of condemnation. As to what The Church is, such Presbyterian doctors as are bothering over that simple question may get the answer to that question from a great many easily obtained books—from Episcopalian books, for example, the writer points out—with a suggestion of the old monitorial system of teaching less advanced pupils by help of pupils somewhat more advanced. So he goes on in a manner that the Assemblies will find more familiar than satisfying, as indeed they might have expected, and probably did expect. Their adviser is abundantly courteous, however, which is more than can be said for Father Hecker, who has a word or two with Mr. Emerson, Mr. F. E. Abbot, Colonel Higginson, Mr. Frothingham, and the other members of the "Free Religion" convention held at Boston last spring. "Esteeming themselves wise they become fools," it seems, and the boasted breadth of their views is narrowness, superficiality, and falsity.

A sketch of "The Irish Volunteers" who served the Pope in 1860 is translated from the French of Count Frank Russell Killough, who seems to be a descendant of some expatriated branch of some family of Irish kings, and whose degenerate soul was much amazed by the apparition of two hundred pious "boys" from Dublin and the County Kerry, armed with "enormous cudgels, with which each had provided himself before quitting his native parish." "It would be difficult to portray the terror," says the Count, inspired by this body of the finest peasantry in the world in the breasts of the ignorant people of Ancona, who erroneously termed them "Ollandesi," and who lived in constant fear of total extermination, especially after the "Ollandesi" had circulated "the gourd of brandy," and begun to vent a few of the astonishing whoops and yells with which the British and American ear is somewhat familiar, but which to the Count and his friends seemed capable of shaking "the walls, the city, the gate, even the ocean itself."

We can recommend also a good part of "An October Reverie," and there is, besides, an article giving a minute account of the death-beds of various saints, which may profit some readers; an essay in review of Darwin; an article on "The Council and the Roman Congregations;" and a long review of the Life of Father Faber—a man whose rashness, vanity, self-consciousness, and spiritual self-indulgence make him a most distasteful personage in modern religious history.

Mr. Parton opens the *Atlantic* with an article, "The Small Sins of Congress." Readers will take a truer view of the matters dwelt upon than otherwise they would if they will recollect how large a proportion of the sovereign people are men who hold in fulness a belief held by a certain Connecticut farmer: talking to a neighbor on the subject of an increase of salary desired by their minister, he says, according to the story, "You and I know that a man *can't* spend six hundred dollars a year. Can't if he *tries*." Afraid of this feeling, Congress likes to have what may be called a hugger-mugger fund, and lumps moneys under the head of "contingent expenses" which, if the members durst vote themselves sufficient salaries, would not be added to the public expenditure, and would probably never be expended at all. However, it is to be admitted that in mentioning this cause of the evil complained of, we mention only one cause, and that it is true that all legislative bodies are apt to be too liberal in laying out public money for their own comfort and convenience, and this all the more easily because there is a foundation of right and justice at the bottom of the fund for contingent expenses. I, as Congressman, ought to pay for my own paper and ink and pen-holders, and perhaps I ought to pay for my steamboat and railroad tickets; and perhaps I ought to pay for posting my letters and speeches to my constituents—though it might be bad, too, to clog any channel for the diffusion of political intelligence among the people. But certainly I, as chairman or other member of a committee, ought not to pay for the stationery it uses any more than I ought to pay the rent of the room in which it meets. And so of numerous expenses spoken of by Mr. Parton, who, as usual, is headlong in his zeal, and apparently is more concerned to make points that will tell than careful to say only what it is really right to say and ask people to believe and hold fast. If, says he, a gentleman rises in the House and says, "Will the honorable member from Ohio allow me five minutes to make an explanation?" and the honorable member from Ohio does grant the request, the United States—counting the cost of a session and the number of hours in it—is out of pocket six hundred dollars. And there too is the chaplain's prayer, which, if it lasts one minute, costs the people one hundred and twenty-eight dollars. And the calling of the Yeas and Nays comes to over four thousand dollars. So we should have no prayer, we sup-

pose? the Yeas and Nays should never be called? and no member should be allowed to make an explanation of his meaning? In other words, the member from somewhere else than Ohio ought to become economically deaf, ought to decline to hear a word from the gentleman he is going to attack, and ought to go on and make a sixty-minute speech against some windmill, more or less absurd, of his own construction, at an expense to the country, if we adopt Mr. Parton's method of computation, of about eight thousand two hundred and fifty dollars. The "previous question," which used to choke off debate so handily—and which made necessary the discussion and passage of two or three of our numerous Reconstruction Acts—is a money-saving device, then? Other things Mr. Parton says as heedless and wild as his argument, to call it so, against debate. There is, for example, little reason why anybody who is, presumably, so ill informed as Mr. Parton is should bring the charge that Gladstone, in making bishops, seeks merely to strengthen himself politically. But more or less of what the article contains is deserving of attention.

For the rest, the *Atlantic* is noticeable for containing "A Pedestrian Tour," which relates more of Mr. Howells's experiences in Cambridge and the country immediately surrounding that "beautiful and blossoming" town, as the poets courageously say. The essay has much of the charm of the author's best work—has all his lightness of touch, and perhaps a little more than might be desired of a sort of remoteness and shadowiness which remind one of Hawthorne when he is essaying to do something with the real world around him, and is not doing much more than make it manifest that he does not greatly like it. "The Brick Moon" is still an unaccountable story. What with the lunatic fantasticalness of the plan of it—so to speak—and the careful realism of its details, and the insignificance of its ending, there has not recently come in our way a story more unpleasingly troublesome and less worth reading or writing. "From the Orient Direct" will be found one of the best articles intelligently descriptive of life in California that have lately been published. Praise is also to be given to "Our Phil" and to "The Foe in the Household," and for occasional verses those on "Bonaparte and Humboldt" are better than common, though they do not take the highest rank among occasional verses, which sometimes are really poetry, sometimes "fire the shot heard round the world."

CURRENT FRENCH LITERATURE.*

"L'Histoire Universelle du Théâtre" is the title of a new work by Alphonse Royer—a very clever writer, familiar with dramatic literature, French and foreign, and well known as the translator of Gozzi, Cervantes, and other leading Italian and Spanish dramatists. But this matter of preparation of Universal History is a question more of industrious erudition than of fine writing, and, on examination, there is reason to believe that the true title of this book should be "History of the Modern Theatre, from the Middle Ages to the Nineteenth Century." The work is to be complete in five volumes, of which but two have thus far appeared. The first volume takes us to the end of the fifteenth century, giving all antiquity and the East in a single chapter of seventy pages; the second volume presents the sixteenth century; thus leaving three volumes for the three remaining centuries.

The history of the French Revolution has been written from the records of the Assembly, from its military annals, from its press, from the traditions of the clubs, the prisons, and the streets; and now we have a history of it from the theatrical standpoint. We refer to "Le Théâtre Révolutionnaire," by E. Jauffret. Although not precisely a school of morals, the French theatre from 1789 to 1799 held the mirror up to Paris in depicting on its stage the same intrigues, the same passions, the same recklessness, that animated its streets and its revolutionary clubs. As a partial history of the period, it is a curiously interesting work. As strictly a contribution to literature, in its reproduction of the numerous specimens given of the dramatic composition of the day, it is beneath criticism. It would be impossible to find in the entire dramatic records of any nation so great an amount of foul and worthless trash. Of the entire list of authors who wrote for this Revolutionary stage—a list numbered by hundreds—there are scarcely four names ever heard of afterwards. Two of these four were Pigault Lebrun and Marie Joseph Chénier. Lebrun contributed but one piece ("Charles et Caroline"), and Chénier one ("Charles IX."), both in 1789. In Chénier's drama Talma played the King and Madame Vestris Catharine de' Medici. There were difficulties at first as to its representation. It was adjourned, suspended, and then withdrawn; and it required all the influence of Mirabeau and Danton to have it produced. Anti-monarchical and irreligious in 1789, it was mild and innocuous in 1793. Down to 1790 it was still possible to give the correct portraiture of a Jacobin. In the "Journée des Dupes" one of the characters asks, "Where are these Jacobins?" (*"Où sont-ils, ces Jacobins?"*), and is answered, "If you meet a fellow with short, greasy hair, cut round, ferocious eyes, flat and sinister aspect, salute with fear and respect—*c'est un Jacobin!*" As a matter of course, there was no measure observed in language concerning monarchy and religion, but the indecent horrors allowed to be represented in calumny of Marie Antoinette surpass belief. That such things could be printed in secret and read in private, one might understand; but that they could be put in action, in presence of hundreds of spectators, is dreadful even to think of. For a long time the Queen had not shown herself in public through fear of the gross insults to which she might be subjected, and it was thought desirable that she should make the effort. She did so, and went to the theatre, accompanied by Madame Elizabeth and by her children. On her entrance she was loudly cheered, and an air, "Ah! que j'aime ma maîtresse!" sung by Dugazon, was seized upon as a pretext for an outburst of loyal applause. Although the Jacobins present gave expression to their rage, there was yet a momentary consolation to the Queen in this manifestation, which, however, was never renewed. M. Jauffret places this incident after the famous 20th of June. There is good reason, however, to suppose the possibility of a mistake here, and that it occurred in July, 1790. Then came riot, pillage, blood, and terror. In 1793, two hundred and fifty pieces were represented, of which eighty were of a political complexion. Of their one hundred and thirty-eight authors not one is known to-day. In a piece of no political significance ("La Chaste Suzanne," 1793), the following line was struck from the text: "You are her accusers, and cannot be her judges." Louis XVI. was then on trial before the Convention. One of his defenders said energetically, "I look around me in vain for judges, and see only accusers." The allusion was transparent, and brought down peals of applause. The Convention first expurgated, then suppressed the piece. The authors, Barré, Radet, and Desfontaines, were arrested, and came very near going to the scaffold. But they immediately began to incense liberty as revealed by the Jacobins, and we find them for many years afterward with songs and odes ever ready for the masters of France. They sang the 18th Brumaire, Radet and Desfontaines enjoyed a pension of 4,000 francs during the Empire, and the Restoration found them prepared with Royal hymns.

Then there was the piece by Olympe Degouges, and the amusing history of its failure. She anticipated the "woman's rights" party by declaring (1793), "If woman has the right to mount the scaffold, she also has that of mounting the tribune." Having wounded Robespierre's vanity by one of her pamphlets, she did mount the scaffold. The dramatic Revolutionary muse had incense ever ready for the worst excesses, with her *"Oui, même en se vengeant, le peuple est toujours juste;"* and actors wore the *carmagnole* even when representing ancient Greeks and Romans. But after the Ninth Thermidor (27th July, 1794) comes a change. Robespierre has fallen. Then broke out the long-pent-up disgust and indignation of the people. The favorite actors were those rescued from the Revolutionary prisons. Fusil and Dugazon, and others like them, who had identified themselves with Jacobinical violence, were hissed. For five years the fool, the villain, and the traitor of every piece had been the *modéré*, the anti-revolutionist, the federalist. Now it was the Jacobin—the one name that summed up all things vile:

> "Car tyran, voleur, assassin,
> Dans un seul mot tout cela s'exprime,
> Et ce mot là, c'est———Jacobin."

In the "Jacobins aux Enfers" we find Charon idle on the banks of the Styx. A gang of Jacobins arrive. Charon refuses to ferry them across. Pluto, appealed to, decides to admit them for the sake of giving the devils a higher standard of excellence:

> "Oui, sois certain qu'à dater de ce jour
> Tous les démons les prendront pour modèle."

Pluto was too sanguine. His charming abode is revolutionized. The Furies, headed by Tisiphone, chase the Jacobins even into Pluto's palace. "What!" says the sooty king, "cannot the very Furies live in peace with Jacobins?" "No," answers Tisiphone. "The sole duty of a Fury is to torment the wicked, the malefactor, all the monsters of crime; but the ferocious Jacobin was ever the tyrant and assassin of helplessness and innocence." And now the stage becomes more serious, more decent, and the Revolutionary impurities disappear.

* The works mentioned are for sale by F. W. Christern, 14 University Place, N. Y.

We usually open statistical or semi-statistical books with more or less of distrust, and in that frame of mind took up "L'Europe Politique et Sociale," by Maurice Block. Its perusal restored confidence, and we very cheerfully recommend it. In a volume of 628 pages it presents an excellent and reliable picture of Europe, statistical, social, and political; not in mere dry tables of figures, but in well-digested chapters on finances, resources, agriculture, manufactures, education, railroads, commerce, and social progress for all Europe, and a series of divisions presenting each country specially. We were already well acquainted with the ability and acquisitions of the author as a publicist and one of the editors of the "Annuaire de l'Économie Politique et de la Statistique."

The late celebration of Macchiavelli's birthday at Florence on the 3d day of May (he was born May 3, 1469), has drawn renewed attention to his works. Macchiavelli's "Commentaries on Livy" are already well known. Montesquieu used them freely in the preparation of his "Esprit des Lois," and we are all familiar with Macaulay's estimate of them. In 1857, Guicciardini's inedited works were published at Florence, and among them his "Reflections on Macchiavelli's Commentaries." A French author has now selected the first thirty chapters of Macchiavelli, with Guicciardini's "Reflections" upon them; to which he adds his own "Observations," chapter by chapter. Thus made up, the work is published under the title, "Essai sur les Discours de Machiavel, avec les Considérations de Guicciardini," by Victor Poirel. Those who have read "The Prince" of Macchiavelli will readily recognize in the present work many pages. Indeed, "The Prince" is merely the corollary of the "Commentaries." In this, as in almost every work of similar character now published in Europe, and more especially in France and in Germany, the American reader may find abundant consolation if at all discouraged by the critics who daily assure him of the ruin and degradation of his country and of the failure of our free institutions. For these institutions in general, and for the conduct and bearing of the Government in putting down the rebellion, there is now, abroad, a chorus of admiration and praise. Thus, in the fifth chapter of the work under consideration, there is a passage in which both Macchiavelli and Guicciardini by common accord give to a mixed government the preference over all others. After it, Macchiavelli places a democracy, which Guicciardini proclaims the worst of all, preferring an aristocracy. Commenting upon this passage, M. Poirel says: "The example of the United States, from the date of their independence down to the late civil war, whose dangers they surmounted with incomparable vigor, demonstrates that democracy under certain conditions can conduct the greatest state with fully as much vigor and ability as any aristocracy whatever. After passing through the most trying crisis without the slightest violation of existing laws, the American Republic, since peace was declared, has returned from an army of a million and a half of soldiers to a modest effective of a few thousands. Even their generals, all, victors and vanquished, have returned to civil life. A people thus constituted, endowed with the civic qualities, the intelligence and the morality which are acquired by participation in public affairs, is the people of whom Macchiavelli speaks. Such a people has nothing in common with the multitude as Guicciardini understands it—the populace that you constantly find in history, ancient and modern, lighting up civil war in empires with no other result than that of giving them up to despotism."

Under pretext of writing "L'Histoire des Corporations Religieuses," a certain M. A. de Bolland inflicts upon us an old-fashioned French Terroristic attack upon Christianity. He begins thus: "An association more or less secret, and founded in hatred of Roman authority, Christianity, in its origin, brought nothing new with it into the ancient world. Its simply Platonic morality had long been preached at Alexandria, for we know that Mark, on his arrival there, found it taught with brilliant success." Here we rub our eyes, and go back to the title-page to see if perchance we have not read 1869 for 1793. One thing above all others specially shocks this gentle disciple of Carrier and Barrière. It is the shedding of blood.

The French Expedition to Mexico has been fruitful in books, most of which are narratives of what the authors saw and heard in a land which they invaded gaily and left suddenly. Some of these works are novels, of which "Benito Vasquez, Étude de Mœurs Mexicaines," by Lucien Biart, is by no means a favorable specimen. It conveys but little idea of the peculiar characteristics of Mexican life, and is mostly given over to dialogue, in which the Mexicans talk like the author's countrymen and women.

A more serious and a really meritorious work on Mexico is "Histoire de l'Intervention Française en Mexique," by E. Lefèvre, in 2 vols. 8vo. The author was, during Maximilian's reign, editor-in-chief of the *Tribune de Mexico*, and afterwards had access to the official documents left by Maximilian at Queretaro. He gives in his book the famous decree of October 3, 1865—upon which mainly turned Maximilian's fate, and which decided his execution. Under pretext of the flight of Juarez, this fatal decree treated his partisans as vulgar malefactors, ordered their condemnation by court-martial without appeal, and execution in twenty-four hours after capture. On the night of the signature of that decree—which within ten days sent to death Generals Arteaga and Salazar, with numerous other Mexican patriots, and soon afterwards Maximilian himself—there was a gay ball, it seems, at the palace in Mexico. The author troubles us but little with any effort at polemics or rhetoric. He tells his story in a straightforward way, resting on his documents at every page; and he dissipates much of the official obscurity industriously thrown around the most unfortunate as well as the most unjustifiable of expeditions. Under the smoke of Confederate guns, the theory of success and the doctrine of the *fait accompli* appeared to serve as a justification of the double iniquity of a gratuitous invasion of Mexico and a treacherous alliance with rebellion. But the *fait accompli* vanished at Appomattox.

The name of Count Agénor de Gasparin is, or should be, familiar to every American as one of a small band of such men as Montalembert, Cochin, and Laboulaye, who withstood the tide of public sentiment in France in favor of the Southern rebellion and its ally, the Mexican Expedition. At Geneva, Switzerland, Count Gasparin last winter delivered a course of seven lectures on "Equality," giving his subject a thoroughly philosophical and historical treatment. These lectures developed the subject somewhat in the following sequence: Equalities and Inequalities that are Indestructible; March of Equality in History; the Equality that Elevates and the Equality that Lowers; Equality in Communism; Equality through Liberty; Equality through the Gospel; and, finally, Social Harmonies. Political equality and woman's rights were incidentally discussed, and frequent allusions made to American precedents. These lectures have been lately published: "L'Égalité, par le Comte Agénor de Gasparin."

The ninth volume of the works of Montalembert, just published, contains what he has written on the Polish, Roman, and American questions. Of Poland, Count Montalembert has ever been one of the most constant, faithful, and eloquent defenders, and, with Laboulaye and others, an unflinching advocate of the United States. The principal article of the volume is his life of Lacordaire.

The last number of the *Revue Positive* contains a noteworthy article from the pen of M. Littré—yet another great voice to swell the chorus now heard in France against the false glories of the First Empire. "If," says M. Littré, "the hundredth anniversary of the birth of the Emperor Napoleon had been privately celebrated at the Tuileries, I should not have made it a text—leaving to private sentiments all the respect they merit. If it had not been sought to make of this centenary a national celebration, it would not have occurred to me that this head of the nation caused Paris to be twice taken—a thing that had never happened under a king of France or the Republic. If Napoleon I. had been merely an emperor and not at the same time the oppressor of the Continent, I should not as a European have felt wounded in those sentiments of national confraternity in which we all now share." Citing the speech of the present Emperor to the army at the Camp of Châlons, M. Littré then proceeds to comment upon it. In that speech, it will be remembered, Louis Napoleon told the soldiers "the history of our wars is the history of the progress of civilization," and "to continue to be as in the past, and they would always remain the worthy sons of the great nation." "La grande nation!" ejaculates M. Littré—"the same flattery which Napoleon I. used in order to mask the system of conquest and oppression which he put forth the arm of France to support. I am well aware that in saying it I shall shock every French prejudice, but, in my opinion, France was never less great than during the years between 1804 and 1814. She seemed to have forgotten all that even but recently had created her glorious enthusiasm, and gave the example of the saddest fickleness. The enormous power remitted to her by the Republic she employed only in unjust wars, odious conquests, iniquitous spoliations, and the erection of ridiculous theories. All that was most elevated in civilization suffered, and she at last only retained the sanguinary distinction of sterile triumphs; for they were gained at the expense of that liberal development which more and more becomes the soul of Europe. And even this bloody *éclat* was wrested from her. Defeats even more signal than her victories were inflicted upon her, and it became evident that nations with a just cause, with courageous hearts and capable leaders, could in turn conquer those who had conquered them."

RECENT REPUBLICATIONS.

M. GUIZOT'S "Saint Louis and Calvin" is published by Messrs. Lippincott & Co. in their series of "The Sunday Library for Household Reading." We observe in the preface one or two expressions to the effect that Romanism and Protestantism have at last learned that they can and ought to live together in peace, and that liberty must be their watchword and safeguard; also, that the author has "tried to depict these two lives as glorious and profitable examples of Christianity, and of its persistent unity in the midst of its most striking variety." But a perusal of the chapters corrects the impression which is here sought to be conveyed. The biographies, though condensed, are conscientiously done—too conscientiously, we are tempted to say, for their purpose. As historical studies they are admirable for candor. Saint Louis receives full praise for his virtues, but is faithfully charged with lack of statesmanship in his crusading enterprises, and with lack of charity in his wars against religious liberty—defects which implicate him in the two great errors of his time, and, we may add, gave a mediæval cast to all his graces that renders them nearly useless for modern imitation. Calvin, too, is fairly dealt with in every aspect of his character, M. Guizot's sturdy Protestantism not blinding him to the fact that his conduct towards Servetus was hard, ungenerous, and "much more influenced by violent animosity than he imagined," and that "the measures by which he endeavored to ensure unanimity of conviction are a stain on his memory." A little more brilliancy in style, a little more picturesqueness of description and arrangement, would make the biographies very agreeable as well as valuable reading. As it is, the cautious fidelity of the historian, coupled with the speculative zeal of the dogmatic thinker, somewhat diminishes the attractiveness that draws the general reader to this class of literature. It is needless to say that the author has consulted the latest and best authorities on his subjects, or that he gives his readers the benefit of all his own intellectual accomplishment. The chapters on Calvin contain much suggestion that will be new to all but critical students; and throughout the chapters the evidences of a full and accurate mind abound. The work, as far as it goes, is genuine.

We remarked, some time ago, in reviewing Mr. Thorold Rogers's compilation of John Bright's "Speeches on Questions of Public Policy," that they afforded very few passages of the kind which a schoolboy would mark for declamation. As this, however, in our opinion, only renders them the more worthy to be studied as models of eloquence, not only by schoolboys but by any one disposed to speak in public, we take some pleasure in calling attention to Macmillan & Co.'s popular edition of the work just mentioned. The contents are the same as those of the elegant volumes of the first edition—here compressed into one, yet without rendering the text difficult to read, or producing a book too bulky for good looks or for convenience. The price is correspondingly reduced, and puts within the reach of every one a peculiarly valuable contribution to the history of recent events, as well as an example of the purest and noblest oratory of our day, and indeed of modern times.

Miss Braddon may do her worst, and Victor Hugo in translation may do his; but while "The Initials" holds its own, there need be little fear of an utter perversion of the taste of the fiction-loving public. We venture even to set the Messrs. Peterson's new edition of this charming story against the thousand-and-one editions of Mrs. Southworth's novels, published by the same house, and to find a little balance to their credit as purveyors for American readers. Stronger testimony in favor of "The Initials" will hardly be required of us; but we are free to add that few novels have remained at once so fresh and so delightful in our memory, and that we do not know where to turn for a more pleasing love-story in a thoroughly realistic setting. We like it better than any other of the Baroness Tautphœus's works, and we hope and expect to see our opinion of it confirmed by the latest generation of which we shall have cognizance. The judgment of the two sexes as to the character of Hamilton may very probably differ, but we doubt if any one seriously thinks the worse of Hildegarde for having at length married him.

The pious care of a brother has given us "Sights and Sensations in France, Germany, and Switzerland; or, Experiences of an American Journalist in Europe," by the late Edward Gould Buffum (New York: Harper & Bros.)—a selection of letters and articles published by the author in various periodicals during his ten years' stay in Paris as a foreign correspondent of the press. Switzerland enters into a single chapter—"A Tramp in the Bernese Oberland"—not the most favorable specimen either of Mr. Buffum's powers as a writer or as an observer; and Germany one—'Trente et Quarante at Hombourg." There is a chapter on the Champagne district and its peculiar industry, which appears at a disadvantage not wholly merited after Mr. Robert Tomes's exhaustive and edifying little work on the same subject; there is another, and a very good one, on the Mont Cenis Tunnel; and all the rest relate to Paris life, or to a few famous towns west and north. Taken together, these last serve pretty we as a Paris guide, and contain information not always obtainable elsewhere. They are generally too brief, however, when considered singly, and are none of them remarkable for their thought or diction. In this we are inclined to think they do injustice to Mr. Buffum, who had the reputation of being an able as well as amiable man; but the sketch of him given in the preface portrays the born Bohemian, and the letters show us little else. Still, stripped of their rather commonplace and often misanthropic sentimentalism, they may be read with considerable interest and profit.

Those who possess Miss H. W. Preston's translation of "The Life and Letters of Madame Swetchine," and care to make further acquaintance with that religious enthusiast, can do so by procuring her "Writings," also translated by Miss Preston, and published by Roberts Bros. For ourselves, we have not found her a particularly attractive character, in comparison with others of her sex, and are inclined to assign to her so-called "Writings"—they are very fragmentary—a greater value for understanding her cast of mind and habits of reflection than for persuading or consoling others religiously disposed. On this point it is not becoming to be positive. We can only say in explanation that her aphorisms—designated either as "airelles" or as "thoughts"—have produced on us about the same effect as works composed of "beautiful extracts," which tire the mind with fine sentiments taken out of connection; with this difference, that they are a little more monotonous. The most vigorous we have met with is the seventh of the "thoughts:"

"I feel toward God as they say the Russian women feel toward their husbands: the more he beats me, the better I love him. That is all the devil gains by my chastisements."

Madame Swetchine's notion of the plan of creation and the divine government appears to be embodied in a "thought" which we cannot help believing was not "thought out," viz.: "Miracles are God's *coups d'état*," and in the following, from her essay on resignation, on the office of prayer:

"God would be swayed, God would be sued: it is due to his justice, and his original designs for man."

This essay, together with one on old age, form the body of the book; and besides these and the aphorisms mentioned, there is a sophistical argument on the exclusiveness charged against the Catholic Church, and one or or two other bits of equal valuelessness.

The lady who signs herself "Howard Glyndon" has done good service, and done it well, in translating Julie Gouraud's "Mémoires d'un Petit Garçon" ("A Little Boy's Story." New York: Hurd & Houghton). It is a little French boy, of course, who has the floor, but he is not so much unlike other boys that we have known, whether in making use of his older sister, in being guided by her for his good, or in despising her at times as a girl. There is some very effective satire of the quiet sort, rebutting Henri's masculine pretensions, and the author's humor touches not a few humbugs and foibles in a manner that only adults will appreciate. Thus, the French tutor and the English governess dispute over the merits of certain cheeses:

"Marguerite and I could only make out one single thing in the discussion, and that was, that there are in the county of Chester thirty-two thousand cows, the milk of which furnishes every year 11,500 tons of cheese, amounting in all to 25,760,000 English pounds."

The boy's character is well preserved throughout, and he is made to go back and recall omitted events in a boyish, unchronological way, which materially heightens the reality. The authoress very ingeniously contrives to put on the autobiographer the burden of moralizing, which he does with great naturalness and perfect justice; and the result is one of the best, because best disguised, aids to juvenile discipline that we remember to have seen. It is, moreover, a very happy picture of a genuine French home which is sketched for us in these pages, and we are only too glad to welcome it, especially from the child's point of view. The narrative is plentifully adorned with pictures, large and small, which add much to its jollity.

"The Panorama," published by Mr. G. W. Carleton, is a reprint, edited with notes by the author's executors, of the Californian and Mormon lectures which Artemus Ward used to deliver in this country and in England. All of its jokes were once familiar to most of our readers, and some of them are still recollected and may be heard repeated in con-

versation. The editors, in order to convey to the reader some notion of the manner in which the great showman delivered the lecture that accompanied the panorama, have adopted the curious device of printing all the jokes in very much smaller type than the rest of the letterpress. Thus: "Nothing of special interest occurred at Acapulco—only some of the Mexican ladies are very beautiful. They all had brilliant black hair—hair 'black as starless night'—if I may quote from the *Family Herald*. It don't curl—a Mexican lady's hair never curls—it is straight as an Indian's. Some people's hair won't curl under any circumstances. My hair won't curl under two shillings." The volume contains too many jokes of this rather feeble quality—though it is one of the characteristically fatuous kind which may be considered the generic Ward joke. But there are many good ones, too; and all of it, good and not so good, is Artemus Ward. The volume—printed on the wretched paper to which Mr. Carleton has accustomed the readers of his publications—is made larger than it should have been by the insertion of thirty-four woodcuts which are supposed to reproduce the panorama. On the back of the leaf on which the illustration appears nothing is printed. Then, again, over against the woodcut, on the opposite page, a third of a page is always occupied by a picture of a man's hand holding a riding whip—a specimen of pictorial art about equal to the little illustrations of houses and packet-ships which head advertisements. Then, too, there are rather more notes by Messrs. Robertson and Hingston than there is lecture by the showman—though we do not find particular fault with these, except for a way they often have of breaking in on the lecture at points where they are not at all desired or needed. By these various means the volume is made of a size that suits the views of the publisher. He, however, let us say, follows the example set him by his British forerunner, Mr. John Camden Hotten, and perhaps the more energetic protest against such a way of dealing with the public as this book exemplifies should be made in England rather than here.

Anybody who wants an edition of the complete works of Mr. Whittier, well printed on fair paper, and prefaced by what we take to be a good portrait on steel of the well-loved poet, may get it in the two-volume edition just printed by Fields, Osgood & Co. "In these volumes, for the first time," said the poet in 1857, and he can truthfully repeat the words now, "a complete collection of my poetical writings has been made. While it is satisfactory to know that these scattered children of my brain have found a home, I cannot but regret that I have been unable, by reason of illness, to give that attention to their revision and arrangement which respect for the opinions of others and my own afterthought and experience demand. That there are pieces in this collection which I would willingly let die, I am free to confess. But it is now too late to disown them." And it is also too early, we may say; for there is none of which Mr. Whittier need be ashamed. He began writing when he was very young, and has gone on writing, and writing better till now; and if he has written some poetical pieces that were not poems, he is in that respect like every poet who ever took up the pen, though perhaps there are not too many of them who would have the candor and modesty to make the confession. It is not a general confession of sinfulness that Mr. Whittier makes, either. He accomplishes the more difficult task of specific acknowledgment of sins, and says in effect that he wishes he had not written "Mogg Megone." Perhaps, however, the writing of it may have been necessary to "Snow-bound" or "Abraham Davenport." And then too it is well to have done with one's poor poems; and the writing of them is not too heavy a price to pay for that freedom, if perchance, as often happens, it is the only price that will avail to buy it.

"Her Majesty's Tower" is a second series of more or less bloody and "improper" historical studies, so to call them, by Mr. Hepworth Dixon. It is difficult to express fully, and not too fully, the impression which this writer makes on nerves of any sensitiveness. Morally, spiritually, æsthetically, he gives pain and causes displeasure.

We had supposed that the day for a "Hemans" in two volumes had passed away. And so it has, probably. But the book-market vitality of an author oftentimes lasts long after the real life has gone out of him, just as the hearts of some of the inferior animals will beat for hours after the anatomist has dissected them—the heart of the sturgeon, for instance, has been known, they say, to beat after it was so dry that at each pulsation it gave a rustling, rattling sound. Pretty much of this unvital kind is the life that is left in "The Siege of Valencia" and "De Chatillon," and the thousand or two other effusions of the fluent lady who pleased our mothers so well when Mrs. Norton and L. E. L. were also pleasing them in much the same way, though hardly so innocuously. Poeticalness, in a state of extraordinary dilution, is the prevailing characteristic of her muse. But, by times, she did things that were on the poetry side of poeticalness, though none that is far from the line. Domestic misfortunes compelled her to write, poor woman, when doubtless she would a thousand times rather have remained silent. This makes one wish all the more that the Messrs. Appleton would employ editors in the preparation of their Globe Editions of Standard Poets. A judicious short selection from Mrs. Hemans's writings would give us a thin volume of very good verse, and a properly prepared introduction to it would commend her to the kind thoughts of her readers.

Similar remarks as to inadequate editing apply to the edition of Dryden before us which also bears the imprint of the Appletons. The book is reproduced from old plates and put on the market without care. Dryden cannot be properly read in this form except by an accomplished student of him; and a student of him will already have his writings in other forms. Here are no notes, no criticism, no good biography. The same things or nearly the same things may be said of the companions to the "Dryden"—the "Burns," "Cowper," "Pope," "Milton," and the rest. They are cheap however.

We have more than once spoken of the Lowell Institute lectures on the "Early History of Massachusetts." Mr. Winthrop delivered the introductory lecture, which was strictly historical; then followed the Rev. Mr. George Ellis, on "The Aims and Purposes of the Founders of Massachusetts," and the "Treatment of Intruders and Dissentients;" Mr. William Brigham, on the "Relations between Massachusetts and the Colony at New Plymouth;" Mr. Samuel Haven, on the "History of Grants under the Great Council;" Professor Emory Washburn, on "Slavery in Massachusetts;" Hon. C. W. Upham, on "Massachusetts Records under the First Charter;" Judge Joel Parker, on "The First Charter;" Dr. Chandler Robbins, on the "Regicides Sheltered in New England;" the Rev. Mr. E. E. Hale, on "Puritan Politics, and the Political Connection between the New Englanders and the English Puritans at home;" Dr. Samuel Eliot, on "Early Relations with the Indians;" Mr. George B. Emerson, on "Early Education in Massachusetts;" and Dr. O. W. Holmes, on the "Medical Profession in Massachusetts." This last-named article is instructive and is also of course amusing. The whole book has value, and if the wicked defamers of Massachusetts will only listen quietly and hear the people of that State talk about her, they will spare themselves much shame and trouble. Evil-intentioned Democrats have spread abroad a great deal of ignorant abuse of her which books like this will fully expose in its true light and cause to seem as ridiculous and wickedly foolish as it really is.

As our readers know, both Messrs. Harper & Brothers and Messrs. Fields, Osgood & Co. are publishing rival editions of George Eliot's novels, and have made them so nearly alike that there is not much to choose between the two. Perhaps the Harper edition is a little preferable. The Boston edition divides the page into two columns; the New York one carries the lines all the way across; the type of the former is of about the size of that now under the reader's eye; that of the New York edition is larger, and so also is the page, but the larger page is of thinner paper. The two editions are in the market for the reason that the Harpers believe that they have the right of publication, as having paid George Eliot for advance sheets of several of the novels that they wished to secure for their magazine—in which they have appeared. Messrs. Fields, Osgood & Co., on the other hand, have the writer's own authorization for publishing the novels, and for this have paid her. The rival "Thackerays" have the same points of likeness and difference in the make-up of the volumes that we have noted between the two "George Eliots." The Harper "Reade," however, is paper-covered.

We may properly congratulate the reader upon the appearance, with Messrs. Charles Scribner & Co.'s imprint, of a twelve-volume duodecimo edition of Froude's "History of England," which is to be sold for fifteen dollars. The paper is good and thick, the type is clear and large, the margins are of sufficient width, the volume is of a handy size, and is substantially bound in cloth. Altogether, a good and cheap edition of a work which it is worth while to own and read.

In all other respects comparing favorably with the first English edition, Mr. Gladstone's "Juventus Mundi," as just published by Messrs. Little, Brown & Co., is superior in point of accuracy, since it contains nearly two hundred corrected references to Homer, besides a number of typographical emendations. It is therefore to be recommended to those who have not yet provided themselves with a copy, and to whom careful editing is as much a desideratum as ornamental appearance in works of this character. Of the merits of the treatise itself, we have already spoken at length.

The Yosemite Guide-Book: A Description of the Yosemite Valley and the adjacent region of the Sierra Nevada, and of the Big Trees of California. Illustrated by Maps and Woodcuts. By Prof. J. D. Whitney, of the Geological Survey of California. (Published by Authority of the Legislature.)—It would be strange if on any western-bound train over the Pacific Railroad, approaching the confines of Nevada and California, there should not be as great a demand for this elegant guide-book as the most enterprising vendor of railway literature could supply. It is a work which combines scientific accuracy with a genuine appreciation of natural beauty and grandeur, and which, in describing a region whose scenery almost takes the breath away and would justify almost any exaggeration of speech, prefers always to understate and to leave something to the reader's imagination. Those who should pass it by on account of its title, and suppose it adapted only for the practical needs of the tourist, would greatly mistake. The Sierra is a part of the continent of which it will not long be permitted any of us to be ignorant, and which a few years hence will undoubtedly inspire an ambition to climb and to explore such as the Alps alone have hitherto inspired. Those who have been fortunate enough to examine stereoscopic views of the stupendous engineering of the Central Pacific road, will have had a tolerable introduction to Prof. Whitney's account of the Sierra south of this highway, but they must be prepared for loftier and grander peaks, for more awful chasms, and a more savage desolation than they have yet conceived. In the actual midst of these pinnacles and obelisks and granite domes, sharp ridges, lava fields, unfathomable gorges, glacier-worn valleys (polished by ice-ploughs often more than a thousand feet thick), sheer precipices from base to summit of lofty mountains, immeasurable waterfalls, the spectator must needs be mute for want of language. To bid others go and see for themselves will be all he can do to communicate his sensations, and this is admirably done in the present work. Accompanying it, besides excellent illustrations, are two maps, one of the Yosemite Valley particularly, and another of the ranges of which it is the centre. These are declared, and no doubt with truth, to be the first accurate maps of a high mountain region ever made in this country. The narrative falls under four divisions: first, a general survey of the topography of California; second, the Yosemite Valley; third, the High Sierra; fourth, the Big Trees. The statistics of all these curiosities are here given as they should be, but have never been given before, much as has been written about them. And finally, we are put in possession of the facts which enter into the controversy over the national title to the Yosemite, and can judge of the desirability of surrendering it to squatters who seek their profit in monopolizing the most wonderful valley on the face of the earth. A wide circulation of the Guide-Book will ensure the defeat of the efforts of these gentry.

Independent Third Reader. By J. Madison Watson. (New York: A. S. Barnes & Co. 1869.)—The peculiarity of Mr. Watson's series consists in the phonetic marks which he employs to distinguish different sounds of the same letter, as, for example, a dot over *s* when it has the sound of *z*. This is an excellent feature in a book for beginners, but we should suppose that in a *Third* Reader the need of it would be outgrown. The same system (originated, we believe, by Rev. Mr. Zachos, of Ithaca) has been successfully carried out in an admirable primer by Messrs. Soule and Wheeler. Their method is indeed more philosophical and consistent than that before us; for instance, it is odd to mark a hard *c* and a soft *g;* and we like Soule and Wheeler's way of marking only the sound *th*, and leaving the sonant (as well as *ch, sh*, etc.) unmarked, better than Mr. Watson's, of giving a special mark to each of these. The selections are for the most part much superior to the average of books of the same class. The definitions are excellent, and the illustrations are, as a whole, unusually neat and tasteful. But that on page 178 is an abomination, and almost enough by itself to condemn the book: we do not nowadays adopt the Spartan method of teaching our children to despise drunkenness.

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The Week.

TUESDAY last was a beautiful day, a forerunner of the Indian summer; but in spite of the good Republican weather, the country vote was not brought out, and the Republican State ticket seems, as we write, to be certainly defeated, while the Senate and House are in doubt, though it is probable that neither is Democratic. General Sigel runs ahead of his ticket, and so does Mr. Greeley, but perhaps by a smaller figure. There was of course a good deal of illegal voting in this city, but, as it appears, the fraudulent registries were more numerous than the fraudulent ballots. Many arrests were made, and Judge Dowling and Judge McCunn distinguished themselves as usual by their free use of the writ of *habeas corpus* in aid of the repeaters. Captain Isaiah Rynders was, however, astonished at the amount of double voting on the part of the Republicans. The new constitution is probably defeated; and we regret to say that Judge Brady, the Tammany candidate, is elected over Judge Clerke for the Supreme bench. In Massachusetts the Legislature is claimed by the Prohibitionists and by the License men; but it is most likely that the latter have it. Mr. J. Q. Adams made a good run; and Mr. Chamberlin, the "Labor" candidate, made a better one than had been expected, polling some 12,000 votes; but Governor Claflin is of course elected, though by a smaller majority than any Governor of Massachusetts for a long time. The vote on all hands is light. New Jersey may be Republican. In Chicago the Citizens' or Anti-Ring ticket was successful. Minnesota is of course Republican.

Governor Geary recently dismissed, in a very abrupt manner, his Attorney-General, Mr. B. H. Brewster—whom some of our readers may remember as one of the gentlemen who were "struck" by the proprietors of the *Morning Post*—and put in his place Mr. F. C. Brewster, a brother of the former incumbent. This was a very good appointment, Mr. F. C. Brewster, always a rising man, being well fitted for the position, and very well able to bear a comparison with Mr. B. H. Brewster, as regards either abilities, industry, character, or habits. The change has long been impending, and, in fact, there was expectation so long ago as when Governor Geary was first elected that the present Attorney-General would then get the appointment. But as soon as the change was made, the ousted official, aided of course by the Democrats—who flock round a discontented Republican leader much as outlawed negroes flock round a white man who is under the ban of his fellows—raised a cry of bargain and sale. Mr. F. C. Brewster was one of the four judges—three Republican, and one Democratic—who compose the court that has just decided the contested election cases. For about a year these cases had been pending, and they resulted in the removal of six prominent Philadelphia officials. The cry is raised at once that F. C. Brewster sold himself as judge for the sake of the Attorney-Generalship. And another cry, confirmatory of this one, is set up, to the effect that Judge Allison's decision in favor of removal was bought by two clerkships which were given to his nephews, or to a nephew and a favorite student. Hereupon the *World* enquires if we are to allow the citizens of Philadelphia to cast imputations upon the purity of our New York ermine? Shall these Brotherly Lovers call themselves better than we? The fact is that the clerkships complained of—and they are petty—were held by the present holders under the old régime. The young men simply are not turned out, and Judge Allison's decision in the contested election cases was bought a long time ago, or else it was not bought at all. As for the evidence of Democratic frauds, on which the decision of the judges was based, it was perfect.

There is a possibility, it seems, that we may not be done with Andrew Johnson yet. It has been discovered that a clause in the constitution forbids the election or the appointment of a member of the Legislature to any other office of trust and profit, and that this clause has been violated by the election of Mr. Cooper. So a motion was made for declaring it null, and for fixing upon a day for new balloting. This was opposed by a warm anti-Johnson man, who was for laying it on the table incontinently. The House, however, declined to do so, and referred it to a Judiciary Committee. It does not seem probable that much will be gained by Johnson's friends in consequence of this move. The majority against him was four instead of one, as was at first stated, and the bitterness of the contest was so great, and so much in the way of applause and execration has since been said in Nashville, that we should think it will hardly be in the Tennessee human nature for any member to change his vote. Mr. Cooper did not vote before, so it will be rather surprising if his majority is not maintained should a new election be ordered. He seems to be personally an unobjectionable man. Still, some of the constituencies may instruct their members to change, for not improbably it is true, as his friends assert, that Johnson is stronger with the rank and file of the Conservatives than with the leaders. Let us hope that some leading Northern Democrats may have sense enough to urge their Tennessee friends to keep him out of sight. When a national disgrace is injurious to the Democrats as a party, it ought not to be too much to expect even a New York sachem to write letters against it.

The news in other parts of the South is nowhere of greater importance than the Georgia news. In Mississippi, Judge Dent talks to crowds of people, who are said to "cheer for Jeff. Davis," and not to care who is Governor so that they get control of the Legislature. Then, says one gentleman, writing from that region, a poll-tax of seven dollars on every Mississippi negro and negress, big and little—a tax now existing—will be found just the thing to defray the expenses of the State, while property will be exempt from nearly all levies. Other advantages will no doubt easily accrue to "the white man" if he can get the Legislature into his hand; but still an executive tool is useful, and the Democrats will not decline Dent. Alabama, Louisiana, and Texas are quiet, and so is Virginia, but the Carolinas have their share of troubles. In South Carolina the two Mackeys, uncle and nephew, who are both aldermen of Charleston, have had a shooting affray in the official

room of the board, which certainly ought to cause the assailant to try the penitentiary.

Governor Holden has just written to some firm of New York bankers a letter, which they have published, in which he complains that the North Carolina bonds of various kinds sell here at rates very much lower than they should. North Carolina has, also, idle mines to be worked; idle mill privileges to be used; worn-out land for sale, which improved methods of farming could make good again. So has Virginia, so has Georgia, and, in fact, all the Southern States—even those of them which have within their limits the rich cotton lands and the plenty of labor which make them less in need of outside assistance for their development. But when Governor Holden was writing his letter to the bankers he was just done writing his proclamation, threatening martial law in four of his counties. He might profitably have incorporated the letter into his address to the rioting, murdering citizens of Orange, Jones, and Lenoir. So in Georgia there appears to be a state of things that is wholly, or in great part, incompatible with Northern belief that capital would do well to seek employment in the South. Returns from seventeen counties in that State show that during the six months just past, 29 murders of colored men and women have been committed, and but two arrests have been made in consequence. "In Tatnall County murders are very common." Now, some of these murders are perhaps, and even probably, done by negroes. But who did most of them may be guessed from the fact that in Dougherty County there is "no justice for negroes in the civil courts;" in Early County negroes are whipped "same as in the days of slavery;" in Burke County "many colored laborers have not received one dollar since 1865;" in Newtown County, "Kuklux outrages are frequent," and so on, affairs being much the same in more counties than we have space to enumerate. In many counties, to be sure, the state of affairs is very much better; but neither Georgia nor any other part of the South is yet in such good order that Northern men are much tempted to go down.

Senator Casserly, of California, promises to be before long a very remarkable man. Addressing a Democratic club in San Francisco the other day, he furiously denounced "the cry for cheap labor," and asked indignantly, "What built up California? Was it cheap labor? No. Our State became populated and prosperous because labor was better paid here than in any other part of the world." As the price of labor depends partly on the number of laborers and partly on the cost of living, that country must, on the Casserly theory, be most happy and prosperous in which there are fewest men to do its work, and least for them to eat and drink. In a community, for instance, in which there were a thousand persons to be provided for, and only five laborers to do it, these five would command any wages they pleased, and if Mr. Casserly were there he would indignantly oppose all attempts to add to their number. Nevertheless, from one point of view he is right. This is the way in which a workingman ought to talk who wants to have the price of his particular commodity, that is, his labor, artificially kept up. He ought to say that the fewer laborers there are, and the less work they do, the better for the State; that those who clamor for more hands to dig, and spin, and carry, are designing men, who secretly approve of the slave-trade, and would probably, if they got a chance, steal the widow's silver spoons; that the love of multiplying laborers is of monarchical origin, and justly exposed to the suspicions of a free people; and that the greatest enemy of his kind is he who makes two blades of grass grow where only one grew before, and sets a machine to do as much mowing in an hour as a man could do in a day.

An important decision of the Supreme Court has been delivered in the case of Thornington *agt.* Smith & Hartley—the principal question being whether a contract entered into at the South during the war, the consideration of which was to be paid in Confederate money, could be enforced in the courts of the United States—and if so, what was the value of such money?—that is, was each dollar to count for a dollar in Federal currency, or was it to be rated at its actual comparative value? The first of these questions the Court decides in the affirmative, holding that the Confederate government was neither a government *de jure* nor yet a government *de facto*, but "a government of paramount force," such as that which an invader establishes on the portion of territory occupied by his armies, and that as such its money was to all intents lawful money, and its will binding law. As to the mode of paying a debt contracted in Confederate notes, the Court decided that the actual value of the notes at the time of the contract should be ascertained, and payment made in its equivalent in United States money.

A funny illustration of what a man has sometimes to go through who attempts to enter public life, was afforded last week in Mr. Frederick Kapp's case. He was offered the Republican nomination for the Secretaryship of State before it was offered to General Sigel, but declined it. The rumor having got abroad, however, that he was to have it, preparations were made by his Democratic fellow-citizens to make it pleasant for him, and an old woman was procured to swear a charge of forgery against him, under which he was arrested and brought before Justice Hogan of the Tombs Police Court, a gentleman who, we believe, practised as an emigrant runner before mounting the judicial bench, and in that capacity made, and came to mourn, the acquaintance of Mr. Kapp, then and now a Commissioner of Emigration. The reporters had received due warning of the importance of the case, and had Mr. Kapp accepted the nomination, he would doubtless have been held for trial, and the universe would have heard on the following morning that the leading Republican candidate in this State was accused of forgery. It appeared, however, that he had refused it, and the prosecutor thereupon denied all knowledge of him, and the learned and upright Hogan discharged him. Nominations are evidently not to be accepted hastily.

Mr. Boutwell has issued his monthly statement, which contains nothing new, except that the debt has been diminished upwards of seven million dollars last month, making $64,322,070 since March 1, 1869, and leaving $116,994,711 coin in the Treasury.

No progress seems to have been made, at least none is apparent, in the investigation of General Butterfield's connection with the Gold Ring, and he still retains his office. The Solicitor of the Treasury is said to be on here looking into the matter, but there is no sign of compliance with General Butterfield's request that he should be tried by a court-martial. The request was extraordinary, but the trial would be more extraordinary still. The court-martial could only try him for conduct "unbecoming an officer and gentleman," and the merits of the case might be reached in this way, but only incidentally. What the public wants to have enquired into is not his conduct as "an officer and gentleman," but as a functionary of the United States. He might just as well ask to be tried by an ecclesiastical court in his capacity of Christian, as to be tried by a military court in his capacity of soldier. But we ought to have an enquiry of some sort at once, and it ought to be formal, and certainly public.

Marshal Barlow, of this district, we are sorry to say, has resigned, and returned to the practice of the law. The salary of the office, it is well to mention, when held by an honest man, is only $6,000 a year. We doubt if this fact would have come out if General Barlow had not filled the place. The history of the office during the last ten or fifteen years had impressed most people with the idea that the pay ranged from $20,000 upwards, and that a four-years tenure of it placed a prudent man above the reach of want, while an eight-years tenure enabled him to pass the evening of his days in luxury, tempered by hospitality or philanthropy. The General's successor is a Mr. Harlow, one of his deputies we believe, and whom, from our never having heard of him before, we take to be a "man outside politics." How he got into the place, unless he had his chief's assistance, we do not well understand, for, unless we are misinformed, the Twenty-second Street Gang keeps its eye on it, and that is by no means a sleepy body.

The *Sun* worked indefatigably, and in a style which has long gone out of fashion, for the election of Horace Greeley; and

naturally brought into play nearly every known mode of recommending a candidate. It is not easy to be novel in this line, but the *Sun* has, we think, succeeded in being so, for amongst the reasons it gives why Irishmen should vote for Horace Greeley, it mentions with emphasis the fact that "he boarded with an Irishman" at two dollars and a half a week when he first came to this city. If it could be ascertained that he was satisfied with his meals, it would naturally strengthen his claims on the support of his first landlord's countrymen. The reasons given for *not* voting for a candidate are, however, generally much more varied and striking than those given on the other side, as they are more apt to be invented, the shameful fact being that the human imagination in this field works more freely for hate than for love; but Mr. Greeley has been so long before the public that nearly all the possible stories against him—the frauds, peculations, lies, and thefts—have been used up, and are not worth reproducing. The only one that has made its appearance in the present canvass is his wholesale appropriation of a fund raised for charitable purposes. A remarkable testimony to the peaceableness of his disposition is furnished by the fact that no crimes of violence, so far as we know, have been alleged against him, nor has any attempt been made to connect him with the origin of an incendiary fire.

The English papers during the "silly" (dull) season devoted a great deal of space to the complaints of bankers' and merchants' clerks, who set up a dismal wail over the lowness of their pay, and some very sad stories of lifelong penury, aggravated and embittered by the necessity of keeping up a "genteel appearance," were told in their letters. But they got no consolation from any quarter. The difficulty was—there was no denying it—that the number of men in the community willing and able to do their work was practically unlimited. The only thing which resulted from the discussion, if, indeed, the discussion was not originated by it, was a suggestion from Sir John Lubbock that the universities, particularly that of London, should establish examinations for clerks, and give certificates to those who passed them, which would supply employers with the information they needed as regards capacity and acquirements. The Paris shopmen have, however, now done what the English clerks did not dare to do—struck, and are holding out for twelve hours' work, and rest on Sunday, demands in which the public ought to support them, but which without public support will probably fail. They get, however, as little comfort from the press as the Englishmen—the fact being that the number of Frenchmen of small education, genteel appearance, and unwillingness to go far in search of a living, is even greater than that of Englishmen of a similar character. But it would be a good thing for the world if women cut them both out.

The latest English question is the propriety of pardoning all Fenians now undergoing punishment, for which a vigorous agitation is raging in Ireland, but Mr. Gladstone refuses to give way. The Fenian argument is that the disestablishment of the Irish Church, and the admission of most English statesmen that the land question must be radically treated, are so many admissions that the Fenians had grievances which they were justified in resenting; that the only question then remaining is, whether they used proper means in seeking redress of them; and here the petitioners for their pardon split into two sections—one party maintaining that the Fenians did what was right, and that it is, therefore, cruel and unjust to punish them; and the other acknowledging that they acted wrongly, but that under the circumstances they are guilty of error rather than crime, and ought for this reason, as well as on general grounds of expediency, to be let off. Mr. Gladstone holds, however, that pardoning them would, under the circumstances, be taken as a confession of weakness and fear on the part of the Government, which would lead to a renewal of the outrages, and the English public and a large portion of the Irish public agree with him. It is hard to see, considering what the nature of the Fenian operations was—assassinations, and nocturnal assaults on dwelling-houses—how he could take any other course. Had they risen in anything like an organized body, and stood their ground anywhere in fair fight, it would be different.

In the meantime, the land question makes steady progress. The London *Times* has had a "commissioner" travelling in the country, who has brought to the consideration of the question an unusual amount of candor and perspicacity, and his letters have evidently produced a powerful impression on English opinion. In fact, the old theory that the English law of landlord and tenant is good enough for the Irish peasant, is rapidly disappearing; and the *Pall Mall Gazette*, which has no great indulgence for exceptions to political rules, acknowledges at last that the feeling of the Irish farmer about what the land-laws ought to be, and about his rights in the soil, should be provided for by legislation. There is an agitation going on in Ireland for "fixity of tenure," but the chances are that the question will be settled by a compromise partly made up of legal presumptions favorable to the tenant in the absence of an express agreement, and partly, perhaps, of a limitation on the landlord's power of eviction.

The London *Morning Star*, whose death is noticed by our English correspondent, enjoyed the reputation of having leading articles contributed to it regularly by Mr. John Bright. Mr. Justin McCarthy, its editor before Mr. Morley, writes to the *World* to contradict this report, and says Mr. Bright never wrote for it, or contributed anything to its columns, beyond, and this only rarely, a statement of facts. He adds that he thinks Mr. Bright would have had conscientious scruples about writing anonymously as long as he was in public life. We believe it is the general understanding of English politicians that the editor of a paper who personally engages in party warfare takes an unfair advantage of his opponent if he uses his paper to help his political fortunes. They think it, in short, somewhat akin to the wearing of concealed armor by a duellist. The rule has no force here, somewhat owing to the fact that the editors of papers are so well known, and whatever appears in their columns is generally ascribed to them. Whatever support Horace Greeley gets from the *Tribune*, for instance, never wears in the eyes of the public the appearance of disinterested testimony from an impartial looker-on. But still, even here public life would be improved by the total exclusion of editors from places of honor or emolument.

If monarchy be still possible in Spain, the chances seem to incline in favor of the Duke of Genoa, but this involves a regency, and, at all events, a government of influence. The Duc de Montpensier is the other candidate, and he being full-grown has enemies, and consequently less chance. The Republican insurrection has been proved by its followers to be a mad undertaking, which gives one a very poor idea both of the brains and the courage of the party. It was stained, too, by some dreadful atrocities. There is no fresh news as to Cuba, but the condition of the finances, which daily grows worse, is pretty sure to affect it.

The 26th of October passed off in Paris without disturbance, the more moderate radicals refusing to do anything which would give the Government an excuse for sanguinary repression, for which it was fully prepared, troops having been massed heavily in Paris and its neighborhood. The truth was, there was nothing to be gained by a collision, and the point in dispute was not worth one. The Emperor did not deny his obligation to summon the Corps Législatif every six months at most, and he announced that he was going to do so in November, but he held that the July meeting was a regular session though so short, and therefore to be counted in computing time. The leading radical deputies have issued an address to the country, telling why they refused to meet on the 26th ult., in which they say they will on the opening of the session "call the executive to account for this fresh insult to the nation." The moderation of the chiefs of the party is generally taken to be a good sign. The Emperor, meanwhile, is better in health and is busy preparing *projets de loi*, or, in other words, drafting bills making various reforms to be submitted to the legislature when it meets. The idea has, however, got firmly seated in the public mind that his days are numbered, and speculations are constantly going on as to what is to come after him, whether his cousin, or the Empress and her son, or the Orleans family; and anything better calculated to break down the Imperial nerves could hardly be imagined.

A PROPOSED REMEDY FOR JUDICIAL CORRUPTION.

THE all but incredible prostitution of certain of our courts to the service of a notorious stock-jobbing, gold-gambling, railroad-ruining, and generally swindling clique will probably do more ultimately towards effecting a reform in our judiciary system than will ever be accomplished by the united efforts of the bar, the legislature, and the indignant people. The whole Erie scandal in all its manifold ramifications, the preposterous usury trials, the Pacific Railroad cases, the farce of the "Gold Corner" investigation, the recent utterly unjust and untenable injunctions against the Stock and Gold Boards and the Gold Exchange Bank, all issued by the men habitually spoken of by a certain class of people as "our own judges;" the systematic attempts to make convenient vacancies by removing honest judges—as Halifax might have said, "by kicking them upstairs;" all these are gradually producing the conviction in the minds of many men, that all our former beliefs in regard to such matters were whimsical, childish prejudices; that courts are not institutions where the weak seek protection against the strong, the injured redress from the wrong-doer, the honest citizen punishment for the criminal; but that, on the contrary, courts are specially provided to give the strong and the wicked an opportunity to oppress the weak and the honest, and actually to deprive the latter of all means of redress even outside of a court. So strong is this conviction becoming in the minds of people that already many business men feel ashamed to go to law, that a readiness to go to law is looked upon as the strongest evidence of an unjust claim, and that to commence a suit exposes a man at once to the suspicion of being a friend of the judge. Many respectable men will nowadays rather bear any loss short of absolute ruin than expose themselves to the disgrace of going into Court. To sue has become almost equivalent to levying black-mail. To commence proceedings, for the justest of claims, is becoming disgraceful. It is getting to be honorable to be charged with the blackest of crimes. Dishonor begins to attach only to an "honorable discharge" or a "verdict for the plaintiff."

It is true that other reasons besides the corruption of our judges have contributed to lower the decisions of our courts in the esteem of the people. Notable among these reasons is the great change that the last few years of war, debt, taxation, tariff, paper currency, railroad and telegraph extension, have wrought upon our business methods, upon the nature of our industries and our whole social fabric. So great, so rapid, and so widespread have been these changes, that it has become physically impossible for the most industrious judge to become even imperfectly acquainted with the existing conditions, much less to enable him to decide understandingly complicated questions growing out of them. Nor as a general thing have the lawyers been able to enlighten the judges, for they have generally been equally ill-informed. No more striking illustration of this last assertion could be furnished than the fact that of all the eminent array of counsel engaged in the defense of the so-called usurers in the recent proceedings, not one took the ground that the usury laws are actually, practically, and in every sense abolished by the common consent of all parties affected by them, and that the attempt to enforce them under the whip and spur of disappointed gamblers was simply a judicial outrage. Another illustration has been furnished us quite recently. An article in this journal, a few weeks since, explained that many of the time contracts in gold, about which so much has been said and written, were not only legitimate business transactions, but, under the existing currency, absolutely unavoidable in large and important branches of trade. We have since heard from several eminent lawyers in this city to the effect that the fact thus explained by us was entirely unknown to them, and that whenever they had been engaged in cases involving such contracts they had, in spite of the assertions of their clients, been unable to rid themselves of an uneasy impression that they were defending transactions but little, if at all, removed from gambling, and hence utterly illegal and immoral. One has only to witness the conflicting and contradictory decisions of the Government officials in custom-house or internal-revenue cases to become satisfied hat no judicial verdict in relation to them is entitled to confidence; while every man of science will readily point out some of the most complicated problems in mechanics, chemistry, or practical manufactures which have come up for adjudication under the patent laws, and been decided, involving sometimes large amounts of property, by judges totally and absolutely incapable of even understanding the problem under discussion. This cause has largely contributed to produce a growing want of confidence in the efficacy of our courts, which recent events have changed into contempt, disgust, and downright fear. There are numerous signs here that these feelings are likely to find expression, not in a reform of the judiciary, but in the provision of a substitute for the judiciary, in a very large number of civil cases at least, by the development of the "Arbitration Committee."

It is well known that both of the principal money exchanges, the Stock Exchange and the Gold Exchange, require their members to settle all disputes among themselves by arbitration. The same is the case with the cotton-dealers and members of the Produce and Corn Exchanges. It is now proposed to establish the same rule and the same practice in all the other leading branches of trade. A memorial is about to be submitted to the Chamber of Commerce in this city urging its co-operation in a wide-reaching system of local arbitrative jurisdiction, somewhat similar to the Handelsgerichte or commercial courts of the North of Germany. The plan is to adapt the system of arbitration as now existing in certain trades to the wants and needs of all classes of business. The men engaged in a certain line of trade are to appoint from among themselves, at certain stated periods, an arbitration committee, or court of arbitration, to whom all persons joining in the election agree formally to submit all questions in dispute. When differences arise between men of two different trades or different lines of business, they are to be submitted to a joint court, composed of the respective courts of the two trades, and there shall be an appeal from the decision of these lower courts to a court of appeals, to consist of the chairmen of all the lower courts united.

It must be evident to every one that courts of arbitration thus elected will be practically free from every suspicion of injustice. They may not contain the highest order of judicial talent, but they will be likely to be guided in their decisions by common sense instead of by mere legal precedents; by the equity of the case instead of by the written law; and, above all, they will be guided by the customs, practices, and agreements of the trade as thoroughly understood by them. There are few men of business who would not submit an honest claim to the decision of the best men in their own trade rather than to any law court, be it never so righteous.

It is true that the courts of arbitration, even where now existing, are frequently rendered inoperative by the interference of the judges in the exercise of their executive functions, by injunction, mandamus, etc., and it has been urged that this power of interference would always remain, and would detract from the effectiveness of courts of arbitration. It is further urged that as the arbitrators have no power to enforce their decrees, they would become useless if set at defiance. But the objections are not well founded. The courts of arbitration now in existence are finding means to evade the unjust interference of the courts, and to enforce their decrees by means of a daily rising public opinion, to which judges may be able to turn a deaf ear but which few other men can afford to disregard. The men who might set at defiance the decrees of an arbitration court are the very men who now control the judges; so that in that respect their adversaries would be no worse off under arbitration than they are now. But, besides this, the general adoption of the arbitration system in all branches of trade alike would give to public opinion such a wide and at the same time so concentrated an influence, that few would have the hardihood to resist it. Again, to-day there are hundreds and thousands of good men who totally disbelieve in the existence of corrupt judges, for the simple reason that corruption cannot be proved against them; to them a judicial verdict is still an unquestionable decision of right or wrong; for them the Erie Barons, who always leave court with decisions in their favor, are still models of purity and injured innocence. As long as public opinion can still be divided on such questions, there will still be places where judges and their owners may hold up their heads, and claim and receive the respect due to honest men. But when the courts of arbitration come to be adopted everywhere, and in all

branches of trade, the dimmed judicial halo will no longer deceive any one, and the full force of an undivided public opinion will fall on every one who resists the verdicts of the arbitrators. It is for this reason that the general adoption of the principle would give the new courts at the outset fully as much moral power as the law courts have legal power to-day. If the Chamber of Commerce represents the wisdom of the commercial community, it cannot give this subject its too serious attention.

THE SOCIAL SCIENCE MEETING.

The eighth annual meeting of the Social Science Association, and, from certain points of view, the most successful, was held in this city last week. The papers were almost without exception read by men of mark, and they were almost without exception of a high order of excellence. There was real light thrown on the questions treated of in the papers on Immigration and Vaccination by Mr. Kapp and Dr. Bacon respectively. Those on the Public Libraries of the United States, and on the Public Charities of this city, were exceedingly interesting, and full of facts which nobody but specialists would be likely to bring to light. From General Garfield the audience got an idea of what the next census ought to be, and the next census will probably be the most important ever made, as it will furnish the basis of legislation affecting some important social problems, to deal with which no attempt has hitherto been made. Mr. Dawes made some extraordinary revelations regarding the procedure in contested election cases. Mr. Adams called attention to a defect, of which the New York election frauds help to show the gravity, in the mode of electing Presidents; and Mr. D. D. Field, who is one of the Committee appointed by the last International Congress of Jurisprudence to draft a code of international law, explained the principles on which such a code should rest, and showed the feasibility of making it. Perhaps, however, the paper most likely to produce an immediate influence on public opinion was Mr. G. W. Curtis's on Civil Service Reform. We have not often listened to anything more effective in the best sense of the word, and as Mr. Curtis is about to repeat it during the winter, we think the Association has established a solid claim on the public gratitude in drawing it forth. If anything can on this question rouse the public conscience, this lecture will do it.

Nevertheless, the audiences were small, in spite of the ample publicity given to the proceedings by the daily press, no doubt often to the exclusion of things of greater popular interest. From this circumstance some of the papers, the *World* for one, which on matters of this sort is usually very sensible, draws the conclusion that the meeting was to a certain extent a failure. It thinks the smallness of the attendance shows that the Americans do not and cannot be got to take an interest in "social science," being too much occupied in the task of making ends meet, in providing for the daily wants of their families, and making a provision for old age. But in so far as this is true, it is true of Europeans as well as Americans—nay, even truer. The struggle for existence is a great deal keener in England than it is here; and let us add, that although the average quality of the papers read at the meetings of the British Social Science Association is much inferior to that of the papers read at ours, the attendance is little if any larger. The reason is very simple; the details of nearly all subjects, except the relations of the sexes, are to the mass of men what is called "dry," and they will continue to be so till some great change occurs in the constitution of the human mind; and yet the scientific treatment, or anything approaching to scientific treatment, of a subject, is impossible without close attention to details. The facts, in other words, have to be carefully collected and classified before a generalization can be based on them; but the mass of men do not want to assist at the collection or classification; all they want is the generalization, and they will not listen till the generalization is ready.

We do not mean to say that "social science" has reached a stage in which it can be compared to the physical sciences, or which entitles the opinions of its professors to the respect one pays to the dicta of Agassiz or Peirce or Huxley, but it has reached a stage in which some persons know a great deal about questions of which most persons know and care very little. There is no way of getting those who know little or nothing to listen eagerly to those who know much without abandoning altogether the scientific or detailed treatment of the subjects discussed; and this once done, your Social Science Association becomes an elaborate and unwieldy debating club. We have got so accustomed to having things decided by majorities, that many people are almost disposed to doubt the discovery of a new planet till the astronomer has submitted his observations to a popular vote; and many others, in the eagerness for popular improvement, feel as if they would prove false to the human race if they conceded that anything was worth saying or doing which a popular audience would not enjoy. How things sometimes go when attempts are made to discuss scientific subjects before "popular audiences" was well illustrated the other day by the debate between Messrs. Greeley and Perry on the tariff. Mr. Greeley, if we have been correctly informed, had the best of it, owing, in part at least, to his having "got the laugh on Mr. Perry" at the outset. Now, conclusions reached about the tariff, or any similar subject, in this way, can hardly be said to be valuable.

There is probably nothing from which the country is suffering so much politically at this moment as the current belief that not only is one man as good as another, but that one man's opinion is as good as another's. The result is an ill-concealed hostility to training and an ill-concealed contempt for experts, both feelings showing themselves conspicuously in Congress, and, as we all know, with lamentable effects on legislation. Even if the Social Science Association should never make a single positive contribution to human knowledge, it will render society a great service if it simply helps to rouse the public into a perception of the fact that there is no subject of greater intricacy, and of greater importance, than the proper adjustment of the relations of men in society; and that with regard to it, as to all other subjects, men who have made it a special study are better worth listening to than men who have not.

The absence of any general discussion of the subjects of the papers read is undoubtedly to be regretted, as it would greatly increase the popular interest in the meetings, and would, doubtless, do a good deal to enlarge the attendance, and we hope some attempt may be made hereafter to provide for it; but the matter, it must be confessed, is surrounded with difficulty. In the first place, there is not much time to spare. To allow the audience to discuss each paper with any fulness would greatly prolong the sessions, and the sessions are nearly long enough already. Then the mere announcement that such subjects as are treated by the Association were open to general discussion at the hands of all comers would be sure, after a while, to bring together from all parts of the country that large and not particularly wise multitude who fancy they hold the key of the universe or the grand panacea. Debates in which they figure largely would, we believe, do more to make disciples for Carlyle than to promote social science. Moreover, the number of persons who talk on such occasions in total ignorance of the subject is amazing, or would be if we were not so familiar with the demoralizing influence, even on good minds, of the gift of the gab. We published a letter in the *Nation* two years ago from one of the foremost thinkers in England, in which he recounted his experience as the reader of a paper on a subject of which he was thorough master, at a meeting of the British Social Science Association, and it was certainly melancholy, for he said he sat for a couple of hours listening to the remarks on his essay from persons who evidently were completely ignorant of the subject, but, feeling an "interest" in it, felt bound to say something about it. Debates of this kind, of course, are not profitable; and, more than this, they take time which might be better employed. Whether these objections might not be met by a ten-minute rule, however, and by some process of selection of speakers by the chairman on receipt of previous notice of their intention, so as to keep out notorious ranters and bores, is well worthy of the consideration of the Association.

METHODS OF AGITATION.

A letter from Mr. John Hooker in another column suggests some observations as to the mode of conducting reform agitations which are worth consideration. But let us first dispose of the immediate

subject of his reply, by saying that we are glad to find we were mistaken as to the estimate set on the Ten Essays by the women who conduct the *Revolution*. The critic's judgment was a deduction perhaps too hastily, but we think not inexcusably, drawn from the general policy of the women in question. Whether Miss Anthony is entitled to be considered "the Garrison of this movement" is, we think, open to much question. Mr. Garrison himself, we have reason to believe, would deny the justice of the comparison, and we know from his recent letter to the Hartford *Courant* is by no means an admirer of Miss Anthony's paper, and by no means approves of her processes. Let us add that the writer of the critique of which Mr. Hooker complains is himself a radical, knows what it is to hold, and suffer for holding, unpopular opinions, and his judgment is therefore not to be met as that of "one standing on the outer points of indifference or hostility;" he is neither hostile nor indifferent, nor inexperienced. To explain fully the low estimate in which we confess we hold the *Revolution*, as a means of acting on public opinion on a very delicate question, would need far more space than the vast majority of our readers would care to see devoted to the subject. We shall content ourselves for the present with one illustration, but it is an illustration which throws some light on the spirit in which the paper is conducted. At the very outset Miss Anthony seems to have entered into a partnership with Mr. George Francis Train, a notorious mountebank, and a considerable portion of the paper was given up for a time to the advocacy of his peculiar views of finance, the nature of which may be best described by saying that what of them were not wildly foolish were wicked—if, indeed, there exists in matters of finance any distinction between wickedness and folly. In so far as they had any point at all, they were attacks on the public credit, then seriously assailed from other quarters. The Train spirit, too—that is, the spirit of mendacity, absurdity, and bombast—pervaded the whole paper; and as if to mark still more strongly his connection not only with it, but with the movement, Miss Anthony went about the country with him canvassing for subscribers, and incurring for herself and for the cause a part, at least, of the responsibility of his tricks. Moreover, after having canvassed, she travelled about with him, giving an account of the canvass. At one of their joint public appearances, on a platform in New Jersey, they carried on a vulgar and silly dialogue about their travels, for the amusement of the crowd. When one considered the nature of the "movement" for which the lady and gentleman were working, and remembered that its success depends not simply on getting certain legislative acts passed, but on overcoming certain deep-seated prejudices held by the very best portion of American society, Miss Anthony's share in the performances was something far worse than an exhibition of bad taste.

As regards the general conduct of the agitation, we must also confine ourselves to one or two illustrations of our position. The Hester Vaughan meeting was got up by the leaders in this city. At that meeting the audience was given to understand that a young woman, the victim of a criminal assault, and convicted of infanticide in Philadelphia, had been betrayed by her lawyer, who had taken her money and neglected her case, and who was fiercely denounced, and that she was about to be hanged, owing to the cruelty and injustice of man-made laws; that the people of Philadelphia were utterly indifferent to her fate; and that her only friends on earth were the New York champions of woman's rights. A deputation of ladies was accordingly supplied with money and sent to Pennsylvania, first of all to visit Hester Vaughan, and then to hunt up Governor Geary and get a reprieve. When they got to Philadelphia, it appeared that they had either, when they held the meeting, been totally ignorant of the facts of the case, or had wilfully withheld them; for, in the first place, the Governor had no intention of signing the death-warrant—Philadelphian ladies not only having taken up Hester's case, but having ministered to her wants; and, in the second place, that her lawyer had not betrayed her; and, in the third place, that the woman's own story about her seduction made it very doubtful who was to blame in the matter. No apology to the public or to the lawyer for the gross attacks on his professional character was, however, made.

The meetings of the conventions in this city have been marked, on more than one occasion, by disgraceful wrangling, in the course of which Miss Anthony has been twice accused either of misappropriating the funds of the association or of failing to render a proper account of them. We believe no one who knows Miss Anthony doubts her integrity; but she has not, to our knowledge, made any answer to these charges; and unanswered charges of this kind against a leader in a philanthropic movement are sure to do it serious injury. Indeed, the effect of mere carelessness or incompetency in money matters is nearly as fatal as want of honesty. Moreover, at one of these meetings the list of vice-presidents contained the name of Mr. J. M. Ashley, of Ohio, to whose gross and corrupt prostitution of his position in the House of Representatives in aid of his speculations public attention had just been called—his selection, as well as that of others, for the honor—like the partnership with George Francis Train—producing the impression on the public that the female suffrage advocates were just as indifferent to the character of public men as the old male politicians. We might multiply these illustrations indefinitely.

It may be that such things are considered of very little importance by those warmly enlisted in the movement. But we may remind them that those warmly enlisted in the movement are as yet but a handful; that they have society, almost *en masse*, against them; and that if they mean to win their battle they must consider the prejudices, wants, wishes, and aspirations of society. Nor must they draw too much comfort from the result of the anti-slavery agitation. The anti-slavery men had at least the slaves on their side; the women's rights people have not yet succeeded in winning over the women. Slaves who hug their chains are proverbially hard to liberate, and, as we remarked last week, the world has drawn too much happiness, and happiness as sweet and pure as it is given to mortals to know, from the domestic relations as they now exist, and have existed time out of memory, to make it ready to change them on a light or hasty summons. The women's rights army march in an enemy's country. They hold the ground they camp on, and nothing more, and the most rigid discipline both of tongue and pen is necessary to their final success if not to their salvation.

For good taste, let us say, in the conduct of reform movements we care little or nothing. On this point we entirely agree with Mr. Hooker; but for scrupulousness in statement, for respect for the character of enemies and wise appreciation of the conditions of the work, for grave consideration of the remoter effect of all the methods resorted to on the general progress and morality, we care much. Violence, unscrupulousness, indifference as to means, may be excusable in desperate struggles against authority, such as have occurred and may yet occur in the Old World. Here, in a democratic community, where the reign of authority is gone for ever, and where appeals to the individual conscience and understanding are the sole means of general improvement, we have no right, in using them for the cause we have most at heart, to leave them in worse condition than we find them for those who are to come after us. Public sentiment may be likened to a pure spring of water—to which all reformers have to come, and from which each may draw as much as he needs; but nobody has the right to defile it in drawing from it, to empty his swill into it, or drive his cattle through it, careless of what comes of it as long as his own object is attained. Nor have we a right "to accept aid from any quarter." This is, as the Pope would say, "a damnable doctrine." We have no right, for instance, to take up any worthless, time-serving, self-seeking demagogue who chooses to support our cause, for the sake of his influence or dexterity. We cannot make any use of him without praising him, and covering up his faults; and if we do this successfully, we pervert the popular judgment as to the value of character in public men, and thus inflict lasting injury on the community. We have no right to lie about our opponents or misrepresent them, nor to paint good people in dark colors, because they refuse to enlist under our standard or because they oppose our movements. It takes all kinds of men to make a nation. Some of the very best elements in every nation are persons who discharge their individual duties faithfully, and are constitutionally opposed to all change. We cannot blacken the character of such people without diminishing the popular respect for their real virtues, and we cannot be habitually reckless in statement without lowering the popular estimate of the

value of truth. The anti-slavery men did in their day seem to say violent things, but it was not their violence which excited society against them, but the fact that they assailed property, and seemed to assail the Union. In reality, it was society that was violent, not they; and the present reaction in their favor is due to the general perception of this fact. To ascribe their success in any degree to their violence of language, however, would be like ascribing the success of a storming party to the profane language used in the advance. Men often swear fearfully in mounting a breach, but what carries them over it is not their oaths but their courage.

ENGLAND.

LONDON, October 18, 1869.

THIS is the season of Congresses. Two or three have been held within the last fortnight, and have filled the newspapers with columns of (for the most part) rather purposeless eloquence. The Social Science Association occupied the first place, but I fancy it is rather declining in influence. Some years ago it was opened with a great flourish of trumpets and was attended by a good many distinguished men. Such a body, however, is exposed to one inevitable danger. If attended by really able speakers, it has also amazing attractions for bores; and at present it seems that the bores are rather getting the upper hand. The President of the Association for the year was that most worthy, but least lively, of Conservative ministers, Sir Stafford Northcote. Every one sincerely respects him, and his speeches are therefore listened to in the House of Commons; but as a rule they creep along a dead level of platitude, unrelieved by the feeblest sallies of humor or eloquence. On the present occasion, he indulged in an opening address of unimpeachable propriety, only one sentence of which seems to have succeeded in attracting any attention. He was discussing the condition of the British agricultural laborer—a melancholy topic, upon which there is indeed much to be said, and unluckily a good deal more to be done. Sir S. Northcote was delivered of a suggestion which has at least the merits of simplicity and originality. He remarked that it would be an excellent thing if the laborer would put more money into savings-banks. Every one must agree in the propriety of the remark, only there is the little preliminary difficulty that the laborer must have something to save. As Canon Girdlestone very forcibly observed, Sir S. Northcote would probably find little trouble in investing his savings if he had to keep himself, with a wife and family, upon nine or ten shillings a week. In short, the remark reminded me a little too much of the excellent advice given to the same class by a distinguished nobleman at the time of the corn-law agitation, who recommended the use of curry-powder as an admirable digestive—forgetting, with the touching simplicity of a rich man, how little the laborer had to digest, and how small a balance was available for the purchase of curry-powder. Canon Girdlestone, whom I have just mentioned, made the best impression during the meeting, as his efforts for the improvement of the agricultural poor have really deserved the credit due to practical remedies. He has helped many of the laborers from his own district of Devonshire—whose wages are about at their minimum—to emigrate to manufacturing regions, where the laborers are far better off, where they know the taste of meat by experience and not by tradition. and do, not unfrequently, put money into savings-banks. It is to be wished that more of the clergy would turn their energy into that channel instead of exhausting it upon fantastic ritualism.

Their only appearance at the Social Science Association was on a more attractive subject than the condition of the peasantry. Laws have recently been passed, and put into operation with considerable success, for the limitation of certain contagious diseases in garrison towns. Papers were being read to illustrate the working of these regulations. Hereupon an irruption of the clergy took place, who mustered in numbers to support the doctrine that it was impious to interfere with the spread of diseases, which ought to be considered as divinely intended means of punishment. If they had contented themselves with ordinary modes of argument, no one could have objected; but their feelings were too much for them, and they took refuge in hootings and disturbance, which made all discussion impossible. Such scenes, as the reporters mildly remarked, do not tend to increase public confidence in the practical benefits of the Association meetings. The clergy, meanwhile, have been having a Congress all to themselves. They met at Liverpool and discussed many interesting matters, and, so far as I know, with creditable temper and eloquence. They enforce an excellent rule, limiting speeches to ten minutes, and the result is that any undue ebullition of rhetoric is apt to be summarily cut short. The debate reported at greatest length had reference to the best means of meeting the spread of infidelity. I will not send you any quotations, because I cannot say conscientiously that any very novel ideas were brought to light. Of course they demonstrated that nothing was more confirmatory of theology than science, and that there was no cause for alarm or hesitation as to the full and complete truth of the Thirty-nine Articles. They made all this so plain that one could only wonder why it should require so much asserting. The only symptom of any wide interest was the general impression that the state church was doomed. A large party of the clergy are evidently beginning to contemplate the dissolution of the union as a probable though not an immediate event; and the opinion was most forcibly expressed by Archdeacon Denison, an extreme High-Churchman, who speaks with a great deal of shrewd humor. He strongly advised them to set their house in order, and said (which seems to be a very doubtful proposition) that the danger could only be warded off by the institution of diocesan synods, representing both clergy and laity. The tendency of such a measure would, I should think, be in the opposite direction. Separation of church and state comes very frequently to the surface of all clerical discussions, and has, I see, been mentioned in another connection. Mr. Gladstone has lately had to appoint a large batch of bishops. Some have died, and others have resigned in consequence of a recent act of Parliament permitting that step—bishops having hitherto been fastened to their dioceses "till death did them part." Most of his nominations have been very colorless. He has taken men whose names were scarcely known to any one outside a very small circle. A Mr. Mackarness, for example, becomes Bishop of Oxford (Dr. Wilberforce having been translated to Winchester); and however excellent a man Mr. Mackarness may be, his reputation was as limited as that of any other parish priest until his elevation to this important see. In one case, however, Mr. Gladstone has deviated from this safe, if rather ignoble, principle of selection, and has appointed Dr. Temple to be Bishop of Exeter. Now Dr. Temple was the author of one of the Essays and Reviews—though it may be said in passing that a more harmless essay has seldom been written, and were it not for the badness of its company, it would have been considered as a harmless average sermon. More than this, however, Dr. Temple has established a great reputation as head-master of Rugby, where he has proved himself to be a worthy successor of Arnold. Rugby has some faults, but it is, I believe, one of the few public schools where a serious effort is made to teach the boys, stupid as well as clever, something more than cricket. It was thought that Dr. Temple's questionable reputation for strict orthodoxy would injure the school, but no such effect has followed. Rugby enjoys the highest reputation; it is very difficult to gain admission for a boy unless his name has been put down years beforehand; and all persons who can judge are enthusiastic in Dr. Temple's praises. In a more public capacity he has lately done excellent service in the Commission for Middle-class Schools, the very able report of which is understood to be in great part his work. In short, setting aside his theology, there is no man in the ranks of the clergy whose elevation to the bishopric would give more general satisfaction. But that is like saying that, setting aside the head-centre's Fenianism, he would have been a good prime minister. The very mention of the appointment has thrown the clergy into convulsions of indignation. That an Essayist and Reviewer should be a bishop is to see the abomination of desolations entering into the Holy of Holies. Evangelicals and Ritualists are for once united, and a howl of indignation is being raised. Meetings have been held to protest. It is publicly announced that there was no one to whom the late Bishop of Exeter (the clever and pugnacious Philpotts, who, as was said, won his seat on the bench by ratting on the Catholic Emancipation question) had such an antipathy as to Dr. Temple. Dr. Pusey, it is asserted, has broken off his friendship with Mr. Gladstone in consequence of this monstrous appointment, and has declared that, should it be carried out, the only course left will be a revolt of the clergy from state control.

Now, it is not yet quite certain that the appointment has been made; and it is conceivable, though I hope not probable, that Dr. Temple or Mr. Gladstone may flinch under the storm they have provoked. One thing, however, is quite plain. It is easy to judge of the degree of cohesion in the church when a moderate and highly distinguished member of one large party cannot be elevated to the bench without encountering furious opposition and threats of actual secession. Some people may see in it an additional proof of the difficulty, illustrated in a different way by the case

of Père Hyacinthe, of retaining a distinctly liberal element in the Church of England, as in that of Rome. But, at any rate, the degree of internal discord indicated is remarkable. The last discussion of the same nature took place at the elevation of Dr. Hampden (I think by Lord Russell) to the see of Hereford. He was also suspected of rationalizing tendencies, and resistance was made by the chapter to his induction. That trouble blew over, and in all probability this too, if met with firmness, will end for the time in rude bluster. But the spirit indicated is ominous.

Meanwhile, one other congress has pronounced an opinion not without bearing on this state of the case. A society has been formed for the purpose of securing a wider measure of national education, and has held a meeting at Birmingham. It was attended chiefly by decided radicals, such as Prof. Fawcett, Mr. Mundella (known by his success in introducing boards of arbitration into trade disputes), and a very promising if rather sentimental young radical, Mr. Auberon Herbert. The opinion of the meeting was unanimously to the effect: first, that compulsory education should be adopted; and, secondly, that it should be unsectarian. They maintained that a bill should be introduced in the next session to secure these objects, and that they would insist, according to the common phrase, upon "the bill, the whole bill, and nothing but the bill." Of course, there are many rocks ahead of this agitation; but, meanwhile, it implies this, amongst other things: elementary education is now almost entirely in the hands of the clergy, and, especially in country districts, means a machinery for impressing upon the minds of the rising generation a reverence for the squire and the parson. Now, a school system which goes upon this principle can neither be universal nor popular; it supposes that the lowest classes are taught as a matter of charity, and have no right to give any opinion on the nature of the teaching. They are to learn the catechism, come to church, and touch their hats to the squire, as well as to learn reading and writing. Obviously, a truly national and unsectarian system is radically incompatible with this, and ardent reformers are inclined to make no compromise, and to insist upon nothing short of a root-and-branch change. Whether they will succeed speedily, I know not; that they will succeed ultimately, I am confident; and their success would imply that the church would be deprived of the control of schools, and thereby of one of its most important functions as a national institution, and of one, it must be added, for the discharge of which, however imperfect, it really deserves a considerable share of gratitude. English country parsons have many faults, and are certainly narrow-minded and ignorant; but they have made far greater sacrifices than any other class, and especially than the land-holders, to teach the people something. Yet it is impossible that they should be entrusted much longer with the superintendence of this duty.

I must add one or two items of recent news. The *Star*, which till lately was the chief radical newspaper, and was vigorous, though not always according to knowledge, has been absorbed by the *Daily News*. The *Daily News* some time ago lowered its price to a penny, and it seems that there is not room for two radical penny papers. We shall now have only four considerable morning papers in London: the *Times*—which still keeps up its price, though hardly its circulation, the *Standard*, the *Telegraph*, and the *Daily News*. An evening paper called the *Echo*, of moderate politics, has recently been started, for the strangely low price of a half-penny, and has an enormous circulation. When I add the *Pall Mall Gazette*, which has also come down to a penny, I have mentioned all the existing metropolitan daily papers of any real importance. Another periodical has just come out, called the *Academy*. It is a kind of improved *Athenæum*, though it only appears at monthly, instead of weekly, intervals; but has very superior claims to attention. It in fact promises to be by far the most learned and authoritative literary journal that has yet appeared in England. It gives, in particular, a large space to foreign literature, and its contributors are amongst the ablest men of the day. Their articles are signed, according to a fashion which seems to be growing in popularity; and amongst their authors are such distinguished men as Prof. Huxley, Sir John Lubbock, Mr. Matthew Arnold, Dr. Pattison, Prof. Lightfoot of Cambridge, and other men of learning or scientific reputation. I must add in fairness that it has the fault of being rather heavy, and that some of the best known writers seem to have contributed some of the least remarkable articles; but its success will be a very good thing, as the *Athenæum*, which has hitherto claimed to be the chief literary paper, has for a long time past been a very feeble periodical. Mr. Murray is the publisher of the *Academy*, and seems to be launching it with great spirit.

RUSSIAN UNIVERSITIES.

WHATEVER failings there may be in providing education for the lower classes in Russia, no pains have been spared for the higher education, and there is an abundance of gymnasiums, high schools, and special academies to meet the demands of students in every art and science. The Government has dealt very liberally with them all in providing them with fine buildings, good libraries, large gardens, apparatus, and in paying liberally all the professors and teachers. The faults which may exist are not owing to any lack of money expenditure. Leaving out of view the agricultural, art, technological, and engineering academies, we will consider for a moment the universities, of which there now exist in Russia nine: at St. Petersburg, Moscow, Kazan, Kiev, Kharkov, Odessa, Dorpat, Helsingfors, and the one just established, or rather reopened, at Warsaw. At Helsingfors the instruction is in Swedish and Finnish; Dorpat, until now in German, except Russian history; and in all the others in Russian; at Warsaw Polish history and literature may be taught in Polish, and the present Polish professors (it was formerly a high school) will be retained, though required to lecture in Russian, and to take the degree of Doctor within a year at some Russian university. It is said that the professors are very glad to do this, to prevent any influence over the Polish youth falling into Russian hands. Kazan has always been celebrated for the Oriental languages, though that special faculty is now abolished; Kharkov and Kiev, for medicine; Dorpat, for astronomy; St. Petersburg, for mathematics; and Moscow, for the natural sciences. The university of Moscow is by far the oldest of the purely Russian universities, having been founded in 1755 by the Empress Elizabeth. Besides the botanic garden and the usual museums, it has very rich anatomical and zoölogical collections and a library of 160,000 volumes. There is a hospital attached to the medical faculty, where 1,400 patients are annually received. There are 75 professors, ordinary and extraordinary, docents and lecturers, besides the secretaries and inspectors, and about 1,600 students attend the courses. The fees are 100 rubles yearly for each student, except those who are on foundations, which are numerous, as it is very customary in Russia for private citizens to found scholarships in the schools and universities in commemoration of some public event. The Government contributes some 400,000 rubles a year to the expenses of this university, the buildings of which are large and convenient, in the heart of Moscow, just in face of the Kremlin. Kazan and Kharkov Universities were founded in 1804 and 1805, and have each from 500 to 600 students. The library at Kazan contains about 60,000 volumes, and is particularly rich in Oriental manuscripts, the most of them inedited. Owing to the exertions of one of the professors, who is an Englishman, the English section is quite full. The mineralogical collection is particularly good. At Kharkov there is a very fine museum of coins and medals, and an art collection, with some valuable specimens of the old masters—the only one attached to a Russian university. There is a large and beautiful botanic garden, and to the medical department there is joined a lying-in hospital. The professor of obstetrics, Dr. Lazarevitch, has a European reputation, and is even a member of some American medical societies. The University of St. Petersburg was established in 1819, has some 63,000 volumes in the library, and about 1,000 students. The University of St. Vladimir, at Kiev, was founded in 1833, and is now very flourishing, with about 500 students. Besides the large botanic garden, there is a fine zoölogical cabinet, very rich in the birds and animals of South Russia, a hospital, and a library of 107,000 volumes. The University of New Russia, at Odessa, was created in 1865 out of the Lyceum Richelieu. The University of Dorpat, which is very much like a German university, and where the student-life is exactly the same as in Germany, was founded in 1632 by Gustavus Adolphus as a Swedish university, and in 1710 took refuge from the Russian armies in Sweden. It was brought back only in 1802 by Alexander I. The botanical garden is one of the most complete in Europe, and the observatory and the labors of Prof. Struve have given the mathematical faculty a world-wide celebrity.

In all of the universities there are four faculties, usually divided into the historico-philological, the physico-mathematical, the legal, and the medical. The physico-mathematical faculty is usually divided into two sections—pure and applied mathematics, and the natural sciences; and at St. Petersburg there is in the law faculty a section of administrative sciences, for the special benefit of those who wish to enter the civil and diplomatic service. In St. Petersburg, also, a faculty of the Oriental languages takes the place of the medical faculty—the medical academy there being a separate institution. The course is four years, at the end of which, after passing a rigid examination, the student receives the degree of *Can-*

Silver ruble = 75c

didate. A year or two after, on the presentation of a thesis, which the candidate is required to defend publicly, the degree of *Magister* is conferred. The *Doctorate* of literature, law, philosophy, philology, etc., is given to graduates who have prepared some carefully written monograph, or treatise, but no examination is required. Honorary degrees are very rarely conferred; but when the university wishes to confer a distinction on some one not a graduate, it elects him an honorary *member* of the university.

It will be seen that the education given in the universities is thoroughly special, and that there is no such thing as a general course, as in England and America, and those young men who go to the university without any particular end for their studies usually attend the historico-philological or the law course. As law is now a rising profession in Russia, nearly two-thirds of the students are in the law faculty. Methods and theories of education change in Russia with every change of the portfolio of Public Instruction, which for some years back has been in the hands of classicists. The education in all the gymnasia and public schools is therefore now very classical, and Latin is required for the entrance examination to all the faculties of the university, and Greek, also, for the law and historical faculties. The course in the gymnasia includes the subjects usually taught in American colleges in freshman and sophomore years, and also French, German, and history. The final examination at the gymnasium gives entrance to the university; other applicants are obliged to pass a special examination. By a regulation to be put in force this fall, graduates of seminaries may also be admitted without examination. Latin is an obligatory study during part of the law course, German in the medical course, and both French and German in the mathematical course. The other modern languages may be studied at pleasure. Religion, taught by a priest, is obligatory in all the courses. The historico-philologic course is the least special of all the faculties, and the obligatory studies are the Greek, Latin, Servian, Polish, Bohemian, and Sanskrit languages, Russian and comparative grammar, the history of the Russian language and literature, Russian and universal history, logic, psychology, the history of philosophy, statistics, political economy, and religion. The European and Eastern languages, and the history of art, are optional studies. The German method of lectures is pursued, though in the study of the languages there are some few written exercises and oral recitations. The only examinations on the subjects are at the end of every year, and are oral. The professors are not all equally good; there are some who are far behind the age, and repeat now the same lectures that they gave twenty years ago, without the alteration of a word; but many of them are really learned men, who do credit to their universities. The writer has had the pleasure of hearing some of the lectures in the Moscow University, and remembers with especial pleasure those of Prof. Ivanoff on Virgil, and those of Prof. Tchitcherin on law. The Latin professor explained in one lecture about fifty lines of the "Æneid," treating not exclusively, as is the case in America, of grammatical and philological points, but speaking of the style, the object, and the history of the poem, and of the times, trying to awaken in the minds of his hearers a taste for the poetry. The lecture of Tchitcherin, who is one of the most eminent juristical writers in Russia, was on the Social Contract of Rousseau. Unfortunately, his services, as well as those of six other of the best professors, are now lost to the university in consequence of some incidents in a struggle between the old, or reactionary, and the young or liberal party among the professors, which caused them to resign. The students were unusually attentive and quiet, and there were none of the noisy scenes that are too frequently witnessed at Yale or Edinburgh. The whittling of the seats and names of actresses and of French ballet-girls written on the desks showed, however, that not all were attentive, and that students are much the same the world around.

It is possible to learn a great deal at one of these universities, but there are deficiencies in this way of education. No provision is made for learning to write or speak; and in Russia there is great need of instruction and criticism in this direction. Few people are more disposed to talk than the Russians, and few are more wordy; the new institutions with which Russia is being endowed are making it a necessity for every educated man to express his opinion on a variety of subjects in a clear and concise way, both orally and in writing. The result of a want of study of writing as an art is, that the newspapers and the journals of public bodies are filled with long, rambling disquisitions, which take three times the space necessary for the expression of the ideas contained in them. It is only the very best writers that have a readable style; and this tendency to wordiness is on the increase, especially among the young writers who have just left the universities. As the students are prevented from associating freely, there is nothing like an English Union or an American debating society, far less anything like the ardent discussions of the French École Normale, and all opportunities for mutual criticism are lost. It is also much to be doubted if the exclusive lecture system, and the infrequency of examinations, are not conducive to idleness, especially in a large city. No one can be *compelled* to learn; but frequency of examination may induce him to learn, prevent him from wasting his time, and force him sooner to decide whether he intends to study or not.

In Russia, as everywhere else on the Continent, the Government is afraid of the students; the old institutions meet with little mercy in the criticism of young and liberal minds. Here, as well as in France and Germany, politics form a great subject of thought among the students, for there is no internal university life, no college politics, no boat-racing to take its place. The Government, therefore, tries to the utmost to destroy the *esprit de corps*, to prevent any special university life, any social contact, among the students: the university is no more a little world, but is absorbed as far as it can be in the outside world. Though this repressive system does not entirely keep down the impulsiveness of the students, it still exercises an important influence on the development of student life. Under Nicholas the students lived in the university buildings, and even wore a uniform (for he tried to put all Russia in uniform), but first one and then the other were abolished as tending to form an *esprit de corps.* All societies and all meetings of any kind of the students are forbidden; gatherings of more than half-a-dozen are liable to be dispersed by the police. Yet still they meet in restaurants and hotels, and sometimes in their rooms, and have their slang and dialect, so as not to be understood by those who overhear them. Sometimes, if a student has parents in town, they will give him up the house one night in a week, and he will receive his friends at a modest entertainment, where there is often an essay read on some subject, almost always music, vocal and instrumental, and, if the family come in, they will end with dancing and games. They are naturally ungovernable and rebellious, and anxious to assert their rights to the utmost. In 1861, the University of St. Petersburg was closed in consequence of a rebellion. This last spring, disturbances broke out in the Medical Academy at St. Petersburg, which was consequently closed, and spread to the university at St. Petersburg, and then to the other universities. Two courses were closed at St. Petersburg, and some professors at Moscow ceased their lectures; some few students were arrested and kept in confinement for several days; but the movement was stopped by the efforts of the older students, for the examinations were just beginning, and they had no mind to lose all the results of their course by being excluded from public life just as they were entering upon it. The cause of the disturbances was the demand of the students to have a communal fund among themselves for the relief of poor students—a thing long in existence and winked at by the authorities; to have the charge and distribution of the relief fund contributed by the authorities (this, certainly, an inadmissible request); and, of course, the permission to meet freely.

The student type in Russia is much the same as in our Western and smaller colleges: he wears long hair, usually brushed straight back, or arranged so as to stand up on his head, and lets his beard grow, when he has any; moreover, he is generally dirty and careless in his dress. Just now he is inclined to Slavophilism, and in the street affects the red shirt, the high boots, and the Russian peasant costume, in which, however, he never dares appear at the lectures. In public he carries a heavy stick, and essays a general *air de vainqueur.* He is usually poor, and in his immediate circle of friends everything is common: coats, hats, shirts, tobacco, and books. A student's room is an amusing sight, with its disorder and dust, the single glass, the carafe of water (emptied as soon as filled) on the table, the paper of cheap tobacco on the window-sill, with scraps of paper which are rolled into cigarettes, the enduring cloud of smoke, the scattered books and lithographed lectures. It is here they meet, six or seven, for it is usual to prepare for the examinations in groups, to read over the lecture notes by the light of a tallow candle or a small kerosene lamp, and afterwards engage in one of those ordinary student discussions, where every one speaks his loudest and no one listens. They regale themselves with a little herring and whiskey, or rarely with beer. It is the poor students who give the tone, because they are in the majority; they are very democratic, regard all as their equals, despise gloves, neckties, and other belongings of aristocracy, and look with contempt on the "aristocrats" unless they will share in some way their mode of life. The few who are rich and

live at home keep mostly together, go into society, and see very little of real student life.

These Russian students work tolerably hard, especially at Moscow and St. Petersburg, where many of them are obliged to give private lessons, to translate or do other odd jobs, in order to find their livelihood. Singing is not so much cultivated by the Russian students as even with us. They sometimes know "Gaudeamus" and perhaps "The Fox," but have no special songs: it is true, they would have few opportunities of singing them if they had them. Many of them play on instruments; a piano or a violin, or, more often still, a guitar, is very common in their rooms, and there is a student orchestra in nearly every university. For amusement, they patronize the theatre and the ballet, if they happen to have thirty kopecks to pay for their seat in the paradise; they have their drinking bouts, too, where they make *zhonka*, a peculiar punch, and other less pardonable dissipations. The irregularity of their life causes them all to be well acquainted with the pawnbroker and the usurer, especially the latter. The student manages to read a great deal notwithstanding, and is well acquainted with literature and with modern ideas; he swears by Büchner and Moleschott, Darwin, Buckle, and Draper, the most of whom he has probably read in the original. Wild theories of all sorts, of crime, of life, of communism, are the order of the day. He is as liberal in politics as in philosophy, will show all the faults of the government, will discuss the rights of man and the advantages of a republic, detests Napoleon III., admires Lincoln, believes in the cause of Poland, and regards America, and his imaginations of liberty, order, and simplicity there, with great reverence. As to religion, every university has a church, but there are no daily prayers, and attendance is never obligatory. The students endure the lectures on religion, for they have to pass an examination; they do their duty to the state by confessing and taking the communion once a year (without which they could not graduate), but always mocking and jesting at it, and there is probably not one in a hundred who believes at all in Christianity. Bazaroff, in "Fathers and Sons," is a not exaggerated type of the leader of student opinion. Pisareff, a young writer of genius, who died a year ago, not only believed in Bazaroff, but was himself a similar character, though of a better and more civilized sort. And these young men will have an important influence on the country. They go into public service, practise law, are teachers in schools and families, and are prolific writers for the press. Their journals are sometimes stopped, and one young "nihilist" was sent to Siberia for a romance he wrote, but their ideas remain and bear fruit. One of these ideas most prominent just now is the emancipation of woman, and Mill's "Subjection of Woman" finds universal favor with Russian critics. Many applications have been made to open the universities to the women, but nothing positive has been decided. Several professors at Moscow and St. Petersburg have announced their intention to give special courses of lectures this winter for ladies, but that is as far as the matter has gone. Ladies are now permitted to be examined by the universities (the examination is very slight and superficial) and receive certificates of excellence, which are necessary to enable them to become teachers. The more liberal portion of the press advocates the employment of women as teachers of the village schools as being the only way to success in popular education, and all agree that in this case the increase of female gymnasia (which are already in existence) and the opening of the universities will necessarily follow.

Correspondence.

"THE REVOLUTION" AND ITS CONDUCTORS.

To the Editor of the Nation:

Sir: In your paper of October 21, you commend very highly, and none too highly, the essays on "Woman's Work and Culture" just published in England, but you make your notice of the book the occasion for a disparaging and, I am sure, unjust estimate of the character and work of the advocates of the same cause in this country. You say, "These essays should be read carefully by those—and they are many—who judge the cause of woman's rights and wrongs by the unfortunate attitude and unregulated speech of its leading champions in America;" and you characterize the discussion of the subject by the latter as "a disdain of sober argument" and "a faith in rhetoric." Again, you say that "the moderation in the tone of reasoning (of the book) would seriously displease the American advocates and earn for the English authors the title of spooneys, if not of traitors."

Now, permit me to say a few words to correct the injurious impression which these remarks must make. Let me premise, however, that I have no personal interest in this defence; for, though heartily in sympathy with this reform, I have never been able, from pressure in other directions, to become a public advocate of it. And let me say further, that I am thoroughly sensitive to the irritations of such an illogical and injudicious advocacy as you describe, and especially of an unwomanly advocacy by women; an irritation which one feels far more who stands on the inner point of an anxious sympathy with a cause, than one who stands upon the outer point of indifference or hostility. And I ought not to assert that I have wholly escaped such irritation, though I believe there has been less to offend taste and judgment, especially from those who can be regarded as leaders in this reform, than in most radical reforms.

No woman has been more prominent in advocatiag woman suffrage on this side of the Atlantic than Mrs. Stanton. Indeed, you bring her by name into your disparaging contrast. I can say without hesitation that some of her arguments on this subject cannot be surpassed for the profoundness of their philosophy nor for the unanswerableness of their logic. I may properly rest mainly on her, as she has been for more than twenty years the untiring as well as unpaid advocate of woman suffrage, and the productions of her pen probably equal in quantity those of all other writers on the subject in America. But there is also Miss Anthony, the Garrison of this movement, who, when the work is accomplished, will receive the testimonials of a whole people's respect, as Mr. Garrison is doing for his advocacy, equally condemned at the time, of the anti-slavery cause. And so of Mrs. Livermore, who has no superior as a popular orator, and whose reasoning is addressed to the mind as well as the heart; of Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, whose utterances are full of gentleness and elegance, but equally of strength; and of many others who might be named.

And here I cannot forbear to cite a resolution passed by a large convention held in behalf of this cause at Worcester, Mass., in the year 1852, which was organized and presided over by Mrs. Paulina Davis, of Providence, a lady unsurpassed in intelligence and moral worth and occupying the highest position in society:

"*Resolved*, That so far from denying the social and civil influence of woman, we are fully aware of its vast extent—aware, with Demosthenes, 'that measures which the statesman has meditated a whole year may be overturned in a day by a woman;' and for this very reason we proclaim it the very highest expediency to endow her with full civil rights, since only then will she exercise this mighty influence under a just sense of her duty and responsibility, the history of all ages bearing witness *that the only safe course for nations is to add open responsibility wherever there already exists unobserved power*."

It would be difficult to find a more dignified and comprehensive statement of one of the great principles which underlie this reform.

After all, I confess freely that the cause has made greater progress in England than in this country. Indeed, it has had a great triumph there in the recent enactment by Parliament of a law by which (if I correctly understand the case—I have not time now to investigate it) women can vote equally with men in certain municipal matters. But are there not reasons for this better progress there other than that of a better kind of advocacy? I think there are, and I will suggest some of them. First, the franchise is limited in England in the case of men, and the qualifications required shut out thousands of the poorer and more ignorant. The admission of women, therefore, to an equal right with men does not let in, as it would here, all the women, but thousands of the more ignorant will be still excluded. This gives them a great advantage over us in carrying the reform. I do not know how often I have been told by really fair-minded men that they would favor the enfranchisement of women without hesitation if it could be confined to the better class of women. Again, the people of England have before their eyes, as an object, too, of their homage, a woman in the highest political office in the land. The idea of a woman in political power, therefore, does not strike them so strangely as it does us. If a woman is fit to reign, they say, she surely is fit to vote. We lose half the force of this argument. With us, it is mere argument; with them, it is both conviction and feeling. There are many other cases besides that of the Queen in which political office has been or may be held by women. The Countess of Pembroke held the office of Sheriff of Westmoreland, which is in part a judicial office, and is said to have sat at the assizes with the judges on the bench. In a reported case, it is stated by counsel, and substantially assented to by the court, that a woman is capable of serving in almost all the offices of the kingdom, such as those of marshal, great chamberlain, and constable of England, commissioner

of sewers, governor of workhouse, keeper of the prison, returning officer for members of Parliament, and constable. The office of jailer is in fact now frequently exercised by a woman. Again, the best educated women of England are many of them wealthy and with leisure both for self-cultivation and for philanthropic work. This is equally true of their ablest men. Here our best men and women, often with imperfect education, are compelled to use their hands and brains in the support of themselves and their families. How few have we, like John Stuart Mill, who can devote their well-trained powers in *perfect leisure* to the cause of human progress! England has many. Wealth with us is acquired by a lifelong devotion to business, and when it is acquired has too often unfitted its possessor for such work as this. Mrs. Stanton has been compelled to superadd all her labors in this cause to those household cares which would have occupied the entire time of most women, and which she has never neglected. I know you will say that all this goes to show that our women are, as you have claimed, less thoroughly educated, and so less able to reason well, than the English women. If I should admit this to be true, and admit further that many unwise things have been said, it would by no means justify either your charge that they disdain sober argument, or your conclusion that the more rapid progress of the cause in England is owing to the incompetency and injudiciousness of its American advocates.

Let me now set you right with regard to a certain point as to which your opinion is very positively expressed, but the fact directly against you and undeniable. You declare that the tone of the book referred to would "seriously displease the American advocates, and earn for the English authors the title of spooneys, if not of traitors." This is important only as an opinion founded upon your estimate of the American advocates of this reform, which estimate and opinion the fact proves to be unfounded. The *Revolution*, from the first appearance of the book, has in repeated issues commended it in unqualified terms. The women who conduct that paper procured a quantity of them for sale at wholesale price to every one whom they could get to buy them, and they are now making arrangements, I am credibly informed, to furnish them as a premium to clubs of new subscribers. I know the fact that the book receives the hearty approval of these women, who may certainly be taken as representatives of the most radical leaders of this reform, and that they would rejoice if a copy could be put into the hands of every man and woman in the land.

I cannot forbear, before closing, to avail myself, for the general purpose of this article, of some of the observations of the *Nation* in another connection. In the very next article to the one upon which I have been commenting, you review May's "Recollections of the Anti-slavery Conflict," in which you refer in terms of well-deserved praise to Mr. Garrison. In the course of the article you speak of "the blind rage and frantic folly which his words stirred up, not only in lewd fellows of the baser sort, but in honorable and reverend men, governors, judges, doctors of divinity, senators, and representatives;" and you say that "the ferocity of the pro-slavery papers of thirty years since can hardly be conceived of by the generation that has grown up since then. To the general looker-on, there was substantially but one party, and that was the whole community engaged with laudable unanimity in suppressing a handful of pestilent disturbers of the peace of society." I wish every one who condemns the intemperate zeal of reformers would remember that no one was ever so obnoxious to conservative censure as William Lloyd Garrison, and yet, in the review of the struggle of that time, the public sentiment of the present day, while not acquitting him of all indiscretion, nor of impatience and occasional bad temper (it is a wonder he had so little), is yet fixing its condemnation wholly on the other side. Every reform brings into prominence persons who are characterized by courage and energy and a disregard for conventionalities. There would be no reforms if it were not so. There is almost always some bad taste in their conduct; but good taste alone never wrought out a reform, and bad taste, though a hindrance and an offence, never, I believe, defeated one. JOHN HOOKER.

HARTFORD, CT., Oct. 25, 1869.

Notes.

LITERARY.

MESSRS. G. P. PUTMAN & SON have arranged with Father Hyacinthe for the immediate publication of a volume of his sermons and addresses. It will contain the oration on "Peace," which was delivered last July, and which is said to have occasioned the Father's troubles with his Order; the six discourses delivered in Notre Dame, on the "Relation between Christianity and Civil Society;" and, finally, some miscellaneous discourses. The Rev. L. W. Bacon, of Brooklyn, translates the work, and the Rev. Dr. Washburne, the rector of Calvary, in this city, has made an introductory biographical sketch. Besides this timely work, the same house have in hand a novel which will probably interest collegians throughout the country, and seems to have a public all ready for it. The title is "Fair Harvard," and the story, which is the work of a comparatively recent graduate of Harvard, is of undergraduate life in Cambridge and in one of the Boston public schools.

—We intended mentioning last week that *Harper's Monthly* for November contains an article about the recent inter-collegiate boat-race, written apparently by Mr. M. D. Conway, and very well worth reading. It comes a little late in the day, to be sure, and of course Mr. Conway has to do a little, or more than a little, philosophizing of a kind that—as we, for our part, are usually apt to think—might as well have been left undone. Usually, it seems to be done about as much in the interest of ornamentation as by way of seeking simple truth; though ornamentation has not for Mr. Conway so captivating a charm as formerly it had. Usually, too, there is more or less of fantastic vagueness in it, suggestive possibly, but not otherwise valuable. Thus the Greeks, says Mr. Conway, quoting his favorite Ruskin, drew around their battle-pieces a line, thus signifying that around all storms and commotions and conflicts was the still band of calm, inevitable fate. This, or something like; we quote from memory. However, the article is a good one. It opens with some reminiscences of a Mr. Simmons, the father of our American oarsman of that name, which are interesting, and of which Mr. Conway makes use as teaching the lesson that boat-racing may and does exhibit and exercise the moral nature as well as the physical—a thing not to be doubted. Next he goes on to preach to us about our national faults, of heat and haste and lack of finish; comforts us with the thought that, physically, we are as strong as our British brethren; and that, in the future, when we begin to "live a little closer," as the *Times* expressed it, and are exposed to keener competition, we need fear for the result of no contest. While we are upon this topic, we may say that some not particularly civil or good-natured comments have recently been made by the London *Times* and the *Pall Mall Gazette* on a conversation said to have been held between Mr. A. P. Loring, captain of the Harvard crew, and an "interviewer" of a Boston journal. No doubt the "interviewer" gave a version of the conversation which Mr. Loring would not have approved had he seen it. But even as it stands, there is no excuse for the *Gazette's* saying, as it does, that Mr. Loring complained "because he was not permitted to walk about naked at Putney." This is funnier than saying that he found it inconvenient to be obliged, by reason of the crowded river, to order the crew to wear not only drawers but shirts also, which got wet, so that some of the men, not being used to them, took cold. But it is not so fair as it is funny. And neither the *Times* nor *Gazette* notices the most damaging thing stated in the conversation referred to—namely, that at a certain point in the river where there is a back-set of water, in which, no matter how fast the tide is running out, the current runs up the river, the Oxford crew "bored" the Harvard, and forced her into this eddy, where she seemed to stand still while Oxford walked away. This little incident may have had no effect on the result of the race. We suppose it did not, our opinion being that the Americans were overmatched from the start; but it is surely worth a little attention if one is noticing the interview at all. As to Mr. Loring's notion about not giving Oxford the wash of his oars on the ground of its being an ungentlemanly act, we do not know why he might not as well call it an unmathematical or unconstitutional act. The winning of a boat-race depends on skill and strength; good steering is a part of the skill; and each side should use all it has.

—There has recently been considerable excitement in Cincinnati concerning the use of the Bible in the common schools, the Roman Catholics, of course, opposing it, and being assisted in their operations by the Jews, and by some gentlemen who hold what are described as advanced liberal opinions in religious matters. The city Board of Education, listening to their remonstrances, not very long since passed, by five more than a majority of its members, an order which, as we understand it, secularizes entirely the school instruction, and it is in this action that the popular excitement has its source. Of course, it has not wanted for fanning, on the one side or the other, and as usual in such cases a great many things have been said which the sayers of them will not hereafter approve. Some such were said the other evening, at a meeting of about four hundred persons in Pike's Hall, who listened to a speech by Judge Stallo, and then to a longer and very clever speech by the Rev. Thomas

Vickers, known as a champion of the Protestant principle, *per se*, against the Roman Catholic, and known also as being among Protestants a very advanced one. The authenticity of the Bible as the Word of God, in the sense in which that claim is usually made for it, he denies, and denies with the utmost frankness. It is worth while, then, to quote what he says in regard to the terms which his party are willing to make with the party which believes in the inspiration—verbal or otherwise—of the Old and New Testaments. He says:

"I said recently that I yielded to no man in reverence for the Bible. I revere it, however, for what it is, and not for what it is falsely represented to be. And, my friends, I go still further. If you ask to have the Bible read in our public schools as what it is, and not as a divine revelation, then I say we are prepared to consider the matter. I won't say that we are prepared to admit the reading of every portion of the Bible; but we are prepared—and I am convinced that every man who has thought upon this matter, every man in the School Board who favors this movement, is prepared—to have all the best passages, all the noblest poetical passages, and all the grandest historic stories, and all the beautiful parables, and all that, admitted into our readers, on their merits. I say advisedly on their merits, and not on anything else. Then we place the Christian literature and the Hebrew literature on a par with all the other great religious literatures of the world. But as you now present the problem to us—as you at present enforce the reading upon us—we say no. It is better, as one of the great characters of the Bible—nay, as *the* great character of the Bible—is represented to have said, it is better, we think, that the Bible go away from you for a season, in order that a comforter—in order that the Bible, in its true character—may return to you."

Mr. Vickers would perhaps like to try his hand at preparing a manual which should be this comforter. It looks to us as if he would have the hardest task of his life in preparing such a one.

—Certain clergymen of Salem, Massachusetts, are reported to have petitioned the Governor of Massachusetts to desist from issuing his proclamation appointing a Day of Thanksgiving and Prayer. They take the ground that the day is no longer celebrated in the manner in which it was intended by its founders that it should be—that it is not made a day of Thanksgiving, but of feasting and of enjoyments very different in character from those befitting the true Thanksgiving Day of the Fathers of the Commonwealth. This is a rather weak reason for the abolition requested, and, indeed, the statement of fact seems to us not to be over and above true. There is, to be sure, less church-going nowadays on Thanksgiving Day than there used to be; but that we may say of Sunday, and the Salem clergymen doubtless are not in favor of abolishing the Sabbath. And there is, perhaps, a little more theatre-going than in the old times; and more firemen's balls; and more horse-racing; and possibly—though we doubt it—a little more foot-ball playing; and possibly—though this we doubt very much—a little more chasing of the greased pig, and raffling for turkeys on Thanksgiving eve, and shooting at the same bird on the following morning. But some of these things may not be utterly unallowable even as so much expression of genuine thankfulness of heart; and if this is not so, still, nothing can be said against the day, as at present observed, as being the distinctive family festival, at any rate in New England and all that part of the West under the influence of New England ideas. It is still the day of all the year for children to go home to the old folks, and gather all together again round the same table. It is, all things considered, our truest holiday. Washington's Birthday is only a holiday by act of Congress; Christmas, which, no doubt, is yearly more observed than ever before, is as yet the holiday of one or two of the Christian communities, and, perhaps we may say, of the South; New Year's has been but little regarded except in and about New York; the Fourth of July is looked upon by a yearly increasing number of people as a nuisance to be escaped from; but Thanksgiving, which is now made national, and will, before long, be fully accepted by the South, is, as we have said, our truest holiday, and has a hold on the affections of the people that will hardly be shaken by historical considerations of its origin. For that matter, how many of the holidays of Christendom could in strictness be celebrated by uneasy Christians if their origin were carefully considered? We here in America have more holidays than we used to have, but we have not enough yet; and they must get to be days of very much greater license than they are now before we can afford to lose any single one of them.

—From time to time we receive the publications of the American Institute of Architects. They consist, for the most part, of papers read before the different chapters of the Institute, but published and distributed or sold by the central organization, the Institute itself. The latest two that we have seen are, first, "The Architectural and other Art Societies of Europe, some account of their origin," etc., "with suggestions as to . . . a National American Art Society with its local dependencies," by Mr. A. J. Bloor, and read before the New York Chapter, February 16, 1869; and, second, "Remarks on Fireproof Construction," by Mr. P. B. Wight, and read before the New York Chapter on the 8th of April. Mr. Bloor's huge pamphlet, of 126 quarto pages, seems to contain a great deal of matter, and to represent much patience and labor. We shall not exceed courtesy, perhaps, in saying that the subject is not of everyday and general interest; that the book is one to keep and bind up with the other publications of this important association, and to refer to on occasion. Mr. Wight's paper should be read carefully by every person interested in building. To those who see and observe the unintelligent way in which iron has been used for building in this country, every hint of better things must be valuable. To those who see in Mr. Wight the architect who designed the most beautiful building in New York—the Academy of Design in Fourth Avenue—the hints of that artist will seem of especial value, because sure to be in the direction of richer, more abundant, and more rational decoration. If anything can be done to make designing in iron a little more sensible, and beautiful results a little more feasible, it will be a gain to us all.

—The last number of the *Quarterly Review* contains an article on the Byron controversy which—though, like everything else on this topic that has appeared in the Tory press, it has a touch more of ill-temper than is necessary—is nevertheless able, and does really say something that is very much to the point. In fact, we do not now see how anything but the most undoubted testimony—the testimony, say, of two eye-witnesses to the commission of the alleged crime, and, if possible, two eye-witnesses from different quarters of the globe—can invalidate the presumption raised against the truth of the charge. As negative evidence, the letters from Lady Byron to Mrs. Leigh, which the *Quarterly* publishes, could hardly be more conclusive than they are. They were written during the month succeeding Lady Byron's departure from her husband's house, and three of them after she had decided to insist on a separation. The first of the seven was written while the two women were under one roof, and Lady Byron says, among other things:

"You will think me very foolish, but I have tried two or three times and cannot talk to you of your departure with a decent visage, so let me say one word in this way—[she means by letter]—to spare my philosophy. With the expectation that I have—[that of at once separating herself from Mrs. Leigh's brother]—I never can nor will ask you to stay one moment longer than you are inclined to do. It would be the worst return for all I ever received from you. . . . . Should you hereafter condemn me, I shall not love you less. Judge for yourself about going or staying. I wish you to consider yourself, if you could be wise enough to do that for the first time in your life."

The next note is a scrap, a line long, written from Kirkby Mallory the day after Lady Byron had left Piccadilly: "My Dearest A.—It is my great comfort that you are in Piccadilly"—with Byron, that is to say. In the third letter, Lady Byron says: "You have been, ever since I knew you, my best comforter." In the fourth it is still "My dearest Augusta;" and the question is asked, "Shall I still be your sister?" The letter goes on: "I must resign my right to be so considered; but I don't think that will make any difference." Writing after consulting with her parents, Lady Byron talks about the inevitableness of a separation, and says:

"It cannot be supposed that in my present distressing situation I am capable of stating in a detailed manner the reasons which will not only justify this measure, but compel me to take it. . . . . I will now only recall to Lord Byron's mind his avowed and insurmountable aversion to the married state. . . . . He has too painfully convinced me that all these attempts to contribute to his happiness are wholly useless, and most unwelcome to him."

It is not worth while to quote anything further from this correspondence. Throughout, it exhibits a woman grateful to her husband's sister for being extremely kind to her even though the dearly beloved brother was to be deserted; there is not one expression that is reconcilable with the belief that Lady Byron had anything but respect and affection for her sister-in-law; and there are plenty of expressions that go to show that she left Byron because he hated her, or made her believe he hated her. It is fair to say that Mrs. Stowe—who is making her long announced article into a book—requests all readers of these letters to suspend judgment until she has had an opportunity to point out the true historical connection of them, and show their true interpretation.

—A letter from Rome to *Galignani's Messenger* says the Chevalier Pietro Rosa—who is the director of the excavations making in that part of the Palatine which has become the property of the Emperor of the French—recently admitted the public to visit the archæological discoveries just made by the side of the Baths of Livia. A swimming school has been

laid open to the light, and with it a set of chambers with stuccoed walls adorned with fine encaustic paintings. These pictures represent various mythological subjects. Here we see Polyphemus (depicted with two eyes) surprising Acis and Galatea; here Io chained to a rock, guarded by Argus (also with two eyes), and delivered by Mercury; and in other places there are birds, candelabras, hippogriffs, garlands, vases, festoons, and other ornamental work. All the pictures are covered with a preservative varnish, and are brilliant in coloring as well as delicate in drawing. Elsewhere, in digging the foundation of a house near the Trinita dei Pellegrini, an old building has been uncovered which has a mosaic paving of great beauty, representing Mercury with the caduceus, and a nymph with a cornucopia. These are in the middle, while at the corners are the Four Seasons. Nothing is less likely than that the end of discoveries of this sort in Rome has been nearly reached, and but for the policy of the Papal Government, each year of the next many would probably witness the unearthing of some important treasure.

PARKMAN'S "DISCOVERY OF THE GREAT WEST."*

HAD this volume at the time been issued from the press, a copy of it might most fitly have been transported in the first railway train on the Grand Pacific Route, as a symbol expressive of the full contrast between the not distant past and the present. The circle of appreciative readers among us, ever extending indeed, but not so rapidly as a lover of his country might wish, have been made acquainted by Mr. Parkman's previously published volumes with the theme to which he has devoted the labor of his life, and parts of which he has treated with such thoroughness, fidelity, and consummate ability. In the fulness and extent of his purpose, the gathering of materials, the pursuit of his researches, and the personal investigations by travel at home and abroad and by residence among the aborigines of the country, he has made his theme his own by appropriation, and is, in fact, its only historian. He has done what as yet not even any single French writer has attempted in its completeness, viz., the bringing a critical and judicial investigation, according to the severest model of historical capacity, patience, and fidelity, to bear upon the original documentary evidence and the local traces of French enterprise and dominion in North America.

The works already published by Mr. Parkman, though bearing separate titles, are substantially volumes of a continuous series, and are of course made additionally instructive and mutually illustrative by being read in order. The subject is one which is complete in all the attractions which invest narratives of adventure and personal prowess combined with an aim which took in lofty and noble aspirations of ambition and patriotism. There is no stage or episode in the annals and the development of our continent which is more richly invested with the elements of wild romance, while at the same time admitting, through the acumen and perseverance of a writer like Mr. Parkman in his severe fidelity in searching after and sifting original documents, of being cleared of all falsehood, exaggeration, or obscurity, so that the romance may not confuse the perfect credibility of the history. The monographs and the summarized and digested contents of volumes devoted to portions or the whole of Mr. Parkman's subject, covering its whole field, are sufficiently numerous considering their character. The original documents which he has for the first time gathered and put to use, are turned to the best accounts of verification, rectification, and illustration, while at the same time they take us behind the scenes and reveal many as yet untold secrets.

The same fancy which beguiled Columbus, that the nations of the East could be reached by a direct westward course through the waters of the Atlantic, presented itself to the early French occupants of Canada in the shape of a persuasion that they could find their way in canoes by rivers and lakes, with occasional portages, across our continent to the China Sea. Mr. Parkman, in a previous volume, has told us of an enterprise with this end in view which started from the mouth of the Ottawa River, and followed the streams and sheets of water north westerly. The great lure of the heroic adventurer whose career of success and disaster is the main material of this volume, was, that by following the course, supposed to be south-westerly, of the great River of the West, he might open a new route to the Oriental lands. All noble aims get divested of the element of fancy in the faithful pursuit of them, and generally result in a success which, if more prosaic, is also more substantial than would have been the realizing of the beguilement.

"The Discovery of the West" is the concise and prŏperly inclusive title which Mr. Parkman attaches to the contents of his volume. The Spaniards had, first of European adventurers, seen the Mississippi pour its muddy flow into the Gulf of Mexico, and had traversed a few leagues of its current. But the fact itself had been well-nigh forgotten, and the barren discovery of the mouth of a single stream in a waste of waters had been turned to no account, not even to that of curiosity as to its relation to other rivers and the extent and copiousness of its tributaries. La Salle, having obtained a seigniory in Canada which was but an initiatory step to the ultimate plans that brought him in the vigor and glow of youth to this continent, devoted his arduous life to the enterprise of opening the whole western expanses of the continent to French colonization and dominion. Though he was not unmindful of personal interests, he had no end of his own to serve which did not merge itself in broader and nobler views, which dignify ambition and sustain a great soul under baffling discomfitures, and invest achievements and catastrophes alike with glory and pathos. Mr. Parkman brings an admirable appreciation and candor to bear on his estimate of the character of La Salle. He won and kept the confidence of generous minds; the most faithful of his adherents were those who were most like him in the sinewy virtues of courage, persistency, and unselfishness. He inspired admiration in those who did not love him, and his enemies were men of crooked intrigue or of base motives.

La Salle is, of course, the central and commanding figure in the scene and enterprise which Mr. Parkman brings before us. Baffled again and again after all preliminary plans and efforts had been patiently wrought, and reaching the great river at points from which its descent would have been the easiest stage in the arduous work, he turned back from his weary tramps through the wilderness to his Fort in Canada, for supplies, and at last was rewarded by the smell and taste of the brackish waters of the Gulf. To erect there the cross of St. Louis; to retrace his course up the stream, and by lake-shore and forest-trail to make his way to Quebec; to present himself once more, a man of the wilderness, at the French Court, and there to sue for help in plans which looked to the opening of the whole west of this continent to French feudalism, and to driving out the Spaniards from their sluggish possessions, were acts which translated faithfully the aims of this intrepid but luckless pioneer of empire. Mr. Parkman gives us at intervals in his narrative enough authenticated details, with judicious and pointed comments, for appreciating the character and understanding the motives of the burgher of Rouen, who came to Canada in 1666, at the age of twenty-three, and for more than a score of years, against every conceivable form of hardship, obstacle, disappointment, hostile intrigue, and malicious treachery, kept steadfast to his purpose, and never lost his self-reliance or yielded under the frowns of fortune. His plans were wisely formed; he forecast the perils and exactions of his enterprise, and he provided himself against exigencies so far as the conditions of it admitted. The sort of characters on whom he was compelled to rely as associates and subordinates were men of a motley composition, often intractable and lawless, while the qualities most likely to adapt them to their wild experiences were hardly distinguishable from tendencies in them to wreck any baffled or delayed scheme which depended upon subordination and persistency for its success. The way in which our Northern and Western forests, nearly two centuries ago, were found to shelter a race of *coureurs de bois*, half-breeds and savages, with worse vices than those of the Indians, stragglers from civilization, deserters and traitors, is abundantly explained in Mr. Parkman's narrative. And yet, so strangely in this world are the elements of good and evil mingled, that it is easy to recognize the services that were done by these rough and coarse pioneers of civilization in our woods.

There is no chapter in any romance, combining promise in its most flattering aspects with the wreck of hope by a series of bitter and crushing disappointments, which can surpass in pathetic interest the admirably wrought narrative in which Mr. Parkman follows the fortunes of La Salle, when, after his canoe voyage down and up the Mississippi, he starts from France with his fleet of four vessels to plant a fort at its mouth, and then encounters a series of cruel disasters, ending only with his own assassination. The jealousy and mean intrigue of Beaujeu, his naval associate; the loss successively of three of the vessels and most of their stores; the blunder, which seems to have been design, that landed him and his reduced force at Matagorda Bay, in Texas, were but the shadows gathering in advance upon the close of the career of this dauntless man. That career, with its accomplishment and its catastrophe, takes a conspicuous place in the historic series of sad but yet ennobled experiences and issues which illustrate the course of human heroism and the thwarting of great hopes, so mysteriously appointed as losses incident to all our gains. There are

* "The Discovery of the Great West. By Francis Parkman, Author of 'Pioneers of France in the New World,' and 'The Jesuits in North America.'" Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1869. 12mo, pp. 425.

enough of such examples to require a rectified definition for the word *success*, as consistent with failure.

We are constantly impressed in the reading of Mr. Parkman's successive volumes by the sense of his peculiar fitness by original genius and qualifications, as well as by laboriously acquired training and experience, for the class of works, in investigation and composition, to which he has so fruitfully devoted himself. His philosophy is that of a man equally skilled in the philosophy of life and history, and of a shrewd though kindly observance of human nature. His knowledge of Indian character, his woodcraft, his surpassing skill in describing the features and experiences of the wilderness, and his power of painting and delineating by a felicitous style of writing, give him, we think, a pre-eminence among our historians.

Our Western residents and travellers will find in this volume some profoundly interesting sketches of the characters and adventures of men whose names are borne, as most justly they should be, by the localities associated with their personal fortunes, such as Joliet, Marquette, and Hennepin—the last of whom was the first white man who, after the sight of them, has described the Falls of Niagara and those of St. Anthony. Does any place bear the name of La Salle's lieutenant—the trusty Touty—whom our author so honors?

A DEMOCRATIC DIPLOMATIST.*

READING this volume is something like looking at scenes by which one has passed in travel through the wrong end of a telescope—so diminishing to the mind's eye is the effect of the *media* of the events of the last ten years on those which went before them. The Central American Question! Who knows or cares anything about it? The Clayton-Bulwer treaty! What was it? Who *was* Clayton? We have a dim recollection of a shadow answering to that name which haunted the State Department for a while in the years before the flood. Where are the Bay Islands? In the name of all the devils, what had we to do with them? What was the Protectorate of them? And what was it to us? Has his Majesty, the King of the Mosquitoes, been squelched yet? Or does that potentate still flourish, like too many of his brother monarchs, by sucking the blood of his subjects? All these things and persons had their interest once, but it has been so obscured by the smoke of a hundred battle-fields, and by the glamour of newer celebrities, by "the thunder of the captains and the shouting," that it is all gone clear out of men's minds as if it had never been. Indeed, it vanished with the abolition of slavery, for we conceive all the interest that attached to the Central American Question lay in the purpose of slavery to devour those states next, after she had absorbed Mexico, as provinces of the empire over which King Cotton was to reign supreme. It vanished, with many another ill-boding spectre, at the rising of the New Year's sun of Eighteen Sixty-three.

The final arrangement of this question, whatever it may have been, was the chief diplomatic business of the writer of these letters during his five years' residence at the Court of St. James. But it does not occupy a great space in them, since, as the author says in his preface, they are "essentially private letters," addressed to Mr. Marcy and Mr. Cass, the Secretaries of State, and ancillary to his official communications. Being thus advised beforehand, we had looked for something more entertaining than we find in them. We are afraid that General Cass's acquaintance with epistolary literature must have been but limited if he really thought, as he wrote to Mr. Dallas, "that since the days of Horace Walpole he had seen no more successful effort of this kind!" It is perhaps creditable to the good taste and self-respect of Mr. Dallas that he did not enliven his letters with more private gossip and scandal, but they would have been much more like Horace Walpole's if he had. The art—or rather, the gift—of writing good letters is not one generally dispensed by Nature, and we should not judge from these specimens that the writer of them was one of the favorite exceptions. But, then, it is perhaps hardly fair to judge him by this test—for could Horace Walpole himself, could Madame de Sévigné, or Lady Mary, have written lively letters to Mr. Marcy and General Cass? They contain decorous, dignified accounts of passing public events in London and on the Continent, with his own comments, opinions, and prophecies concerning them—some of which have certainly not come to pass: such as his expectation of the speedy evacuation of Rome by the French troops in consequence of the "miff" of the Pope with Bonaparte at New Year's, 1860; nor of the renunciation of the Prussian crown by the Prussian king upon the death of his brother, so as to make way for his son and the Princess Royal of England as king and queen. We trust that the positive assurance he had received that "the alleged intemperate habits" of King Clicquot "were the false inventions of English travellers, and that he was uncommonly abstemious," may be well-founded—though we fear it will be remitted to the same category as a somewhat similar assertion as to the Emperor Nicholas once made by one religious gentleman, just returned from Russia, to another, who asked him "what kind of a man the Emperor Nicholas was?" "Why, sir, you may depend upon it he is a very much misunderstood man. I assure you that the Emperor Nicholas is *hopefully pious!*"

Mr. Dallas had his share of the annoyances incident to the envied life of a foreign minister. The Legation was in a state of incipient siege by the hordes of American travellers, more or less civilized, invading Europe. "Every steamer comes loaded with them. . . Some have families of eight children with them; others are spending their honeymoon; and wandering bachelors, sharp-set for Paris, the Pope, the Pyramids, St. Petersburg, or Persia, are countless. What a sinecure has the American Minister in London!" And again: "The steady stream of American travellers is a sort of moral Mississippi or Amazon. There is really a miraculous character about it. . . Only think for a moment of the rushing rapids that flow into the American Legation, on the arrival of every steamer, for Passports! Passports! Where to? Everywhere!" And this was thirteen years ago. If such was the extremity of Dallas, what must be that of Motley! And he had to investigate, early in his career, the great Breeches Question, in the case of Professor Mahan, who was very properly refused admission to Court on a levee-day because he had failed to comply with the rules of costume appointed by the lady he was to visit. In his correspondence with his chief, who was the first to discern the intimate connection, since recognized by Congress itself, between the philosophy of clothes and the dignity and glory of the Republic, Mr. Dallas makes the best of what must have annoyed him, as it would any well-bred man—the necessity of refusing to conform with harmless, if absurd, etiquette, and of appearing at Court, by a kind of contemptuous toleration, in the dress of a butler or a servant out of livery. The State Department, or Congress, we conceive, may ordain the dress in which the representative of the nation shall present his credentials and wear at all official audiences with the sovereign to whom he is accredited, and if they direct him to present himself on these occasions in his shirt-sleeves and with his hat on, or even instead of the three regulation reverences to spit three times on the carpet, in vindication of the rights of a free and independent citizen, we suppose it could not be gainsayed. But as to levees and drawing-rooms, to which admission is not had of right, but by invitation or permission, either general or particular, the Queen has the right which every lady possesses of prescribing the conditions on which her guests shall be admitted.

Mr. Dallas was a Democrat of the school of Jackson and Van Buren, and the son of a Democrat of the school of Jefferson and Madison. Being, moreover, a man of fair abilities, he received his due share of the spoils whenever the Democrats were the victors. Besides whatever State distinctions he received from Pennsylvania, he was sent to the Senate by her, was Vice-President of the United States, Minister Extraordinary to Russia, and Minister to England. A gentleman by birth and breeding, of a fine presence and polished manners, he filled all these posts gracefully and successfully. Though he does not make his allegiance to his party unduly conspicuous in this correspondence, enough appears to show that he was perfectly sound in his fidelity to the great power which has dominated the Democratic party for more than half a century. He is profoundly sensible of the incapacity of the English to understand "the relation of Slavery to our national Constitution, so as to vindicate the principles and practice of our national Democracy"—that Constitution which "shelters the Southern form of African labor from their crusade." He asks his chief, in a jocose vein, a question which perhaps had better have been omitted by his daughter, "what he is to do if placed at the Royal table alongside of Soulouque's representative, whose fine ebony our friend, Mr. Mason, estimated at $1,000!" And he describes the Siamese ambassadors as "admirable laborers for a Southern cotton-field." He discerns in the complications attending Bonaparte's attempt to revive the slave-trade under false colors, that the English feel "the straits to which they are reduced as to labor by their fanatical humanitarianism," while France is obviously reluctant to yield her scheme of reviving the slave-trade, "by seeming to pay wages to ignorant brutes, eager to exchange the actual servitude under their barbarous chiefs for the prospective and ameliorative

* "A Series of Letters from London, written during the years 1856, '7, '8, '9, and '60. By George Mifflin Dallas, then Minister of the U. S. at the British Court. Edited by his daughter Julia." Philadelphia and New York: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1869.

one under white masters." He thinks that John Brown had more method in his madness than the English believed, and that it called for thorough investigation. But, then, "the conduct of those who were to be *forced* into liberty, willy-nilly, goes an immense way to show the real character of their condition as laborers, and at the same time to satisfy the most fanatic Abolitionist how utterly nonsensical as well as desperate is the object at which he aims!" He congratulates the whole country, and the Cabinet in particular, on the final votes on the Kansas question in April, 1858, which it was hoped would bribe and bully her into the accepting of slavery. And he speaks with approbation of the "light, well-written essay our friend, Mr. W. Beach Lawrence," had issued in Paris, "to vindicate the Southern form of labor," and which he had "flung out under a sense of duty." So it is natural that he should ardently pray, in November, 1856, "that our glorious Union might be again saved by our glorious Democracy!" And also that he should exclaim, in an ecstacy of patriotic fervor and self-devotion, "Alas! how much disinterested virtue the maintenance of a republic demands! But it *is* virtue, and it *is* its own reward!"

Though Mr. Dallas avoids personalities with due diplomatic discretion, he now and then gives a glimpse of a celebrated person which one likes to have. On his first attendance at Court, as he was passing to the throne room, he "was caught by the arm, and heard the exclamation: 'Welcome my countryman, welcome to England!'" He turned and saw "a very venerable man in court costume," whom he did not know. It was Lord Lyndhurst. Again, he speaks of the readiness of men and women of rank in England "to mingle in the light gaieties of life, night after night, and all night," long after they have reached old age. "Lyndhurst (85), Brougham (80), Lansdowne (77), St. Leonard (76), Palmerston (73), etc., may be found wherever amusement is to be had. So with the very ancientest of ladies. The effect on society generally is salutary and obvious. To be sure, the very young are cowed." So much the better for them, and much the better would it be for American society were these examples followed. We wish we had room for the account of his lunch with Lady Morgan, where he met Macaulay, Grote, Hallam, Monckton Milnes, and Lord Carlisle. "She is so short that when sitting her feet can't touch the floor. Her vivacity is boundless, and her intellectual attractions recognized by the first minds of the age. She dresses as you might imagine a discreet sylph would dress—that is, in a mass of light, many-colored gossamery stuff, with ribbons flying in all directions, and a fanciful, coquettish cap. Well! she rouges highly, and, though turned of eighty, might, under the magnetic mask of wit, were her sight and hearing not imperfect, pass for something over fifty." His description of Broadlands, Lord Palmerston's seat in Hampshire, is excellent, and his pride just in outshooting the veteran Premier in his own preserves—"he in the finished, jaunty costume of a thoroughbred English sportsman; I under my heavy beaver, in common frock-coat and light, thin boots." We should infer from these and a few other passages that Mr. Dallas's strictly private letters, should it ever be proper to print them, might be really good reading. One or two things he tells which, we imagine, will surprise the parties concerned—such as his attributing Macaulay's peerage to the New York *Tribune*, and his considering Mr. Bright as suffering under "a diseased want of self-confidence!" Describing the picture of the first Privy Council held by the Queen after her accession, he speaks of her as "only seventeen years of age," and of Lord Melbourne as "her guardian and prime minister." Mr. Dallas should have known that Victoria was *eighteen* years of age—the age of lawful majority where succession to the crown is concerned—a month before her uncle, William IV., died; and that Lord Melbourne was no more "her guardian" then than Mr. Gladstone is now. He ought to have known, too, that the Bishop of Oxford, whatever may be in store for him—and he is "no brawler"—was not in Mr. Dallas's day to be addressed as "Your Grace."

But it is time to stop. In taking leave of this book, we feel bound to say that it is one that had better not have been printed. It has no *raison d'être*. It contains no information not elsewhere accessible as to public events; and the author's rank as a statesman and publicist is not sufficiently high to make his comments upon them of material importance. He belonged to a time and a class which, we may hope, have passed away for ever. The Pro-slavery Democrat is a being of the past, and the opinions which made him so were such as will not grow more savory in the nostrils of posterity as time goes on. The prudent thing the contemporary generation can do for a man of this class is to draw the mantle of forgetfulness over his errors of doctrine and conduct as it presses forward to the things that are before, and to leave him to a friendly oblivion.

TWO AMERICAN POETS.*

Most New Englanders who are acquainted with Mr. J. T. Trowbridge's prose writings will recognize in him a very successful painter, after a strictly unideal and realistic fashion, of the worst and meanest side of Yankee life. The *caput mortuum* which was left behind by the subliming processes of old Puritanism was certainly a sad enough lump. Without religion and without show of it till sickness came; without so much intelligence as cunning; without knowledge, but still with much hard empirical sense and some sour wit; without natural affection, or nearly so; without public spirit or anything else as a set-off to lifelong, daily, intense selfishness; without any respectable moral qualities except tenacity, courage, and industry; griping, narrow, brutal, though not fond of inflicting physical cruelties, the residual Puritan man, the skinflint small farmer of New England, the hard-cider-drinking, practical atheist, who came up a gnarly, stunted sort of an ill-weed in the religious plantations of our new Israel, was and is a creature odious enough to be sure, not good to have too near one, but still picturesque and, when well depicted, amusing. That this personage Mr. Trowbridge thoroughly understands and has the skill to draw, any one may see by looking at his figure of "The Man who Stole a Meeting-house" or of the man and his wife who lost and found the coupon bonds.

Unfortunately, in the volume before us he keeps entirely out of the field in which he is strongest, and gives us only the ordinary vulgar Yankee of the prevalent type, and of him only two or three glimpses, and those chiefly while he is in the rudimentary stage of boyhood. Nor is his work of this sort, even, at all as good as its kindred prose. Some of it, however, is rather good in its way and cleverly done. Some of the rhyming in "Darius Green and his Flying Machine" is of a kind that would please Mr. Lowell, who has performed many remarkable feats of that kind. We quote a passage, wherein the contriving and much-inventive Darius is considering with himself about fitting to his back a pair of wings:

"'The birds can fly,
An' why can't I?
Must we give in,'
Says he with a grin,
'T the bluebird an' phœbe
Are smarter 'n we be?
Jest fold our hands an' see the swaller
An' blackbird an' catbird beat us holler?

"'Doos the leetle chatterin', sassy wren,
No bigger 'n my thumb, know more than men?
Jest show me that!
Er prove 't the bat
Hez got more brains than 's in my hat,
An' I 'll back down, an' not till then!'

"He argued further: 'Ner I can't see
What 's th' use o' wings to a bumble-bee,
Fer to git a livin' with, more 'n to me;—
Ain't my business
Importanter 'n his'n is?'"

What follows this—the boy's talk about Icarius and Dædalus—of whom, it is probable, he had never heard, appears to be dangerously out of keeping, and good for nothing if it were not. It has a decided vulgarness, at any rate, which, we may remark, is a common and offensive fault in the third-rate and fourth-rate New England humorists, and one that ought not to be found in Mr. Trowbridge. It is a fault more offensive than, morally considered, it quite deserves to be thought, perhaps; though, for that matter, it is not the absolutely bad that is so dangerous, even to the morals, as the lack of the good; and to offer the coarse and mean in place of what is beautiful and fine is to do something towards the general degradation of those under one's influence. This criticism does not, of course, apply to much of the deal of coarseness and meanness presented in Mr. Trowbridge's works in general, for most of it is seen to be artistically necessary.

Mr. Trowbridge's serious verses contain here and there a fancy or an expression that is pretty, or even better than that. This, for instance—is it old or new?—is at all events pretty at the end:

"On its bosom swims the fair phantasm
Of a subterranean azure chasm,
So soft and clear, you would say the stream
Was dreaming of heaven a visible dream."

The passage that follows is in what we should call the author's best serious poetical manner. It is natural, simple, clear description—not without a good deal of vividness of picture, and is more to be praised than nine parts in ten of all that our minor poets write:

"I watch the mowers, as they go
Through the tall grass, a white-sleeved row.

* "The Vagabonds, and Other Poems. By John Townsend Trowbridge." Boston: Fields, Osgood & Co. 1869.
"Kŏnigsmark, The Legend of the Hounds, and Other Poems. By George H. Boker." Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1869.

With even stroke their scythes they swing,
In tune their merry whetstones ring.
Behind the nimble youngsters run,
And toss the thick swaths in the sun.
The cattle graze, while, warm and still,
Slopes the broad pasture, basks the hill.
And bright, where summer breezes break,
The green wheat crinkles like a lake."

In his more ambitious efforts, Mr. Trowbridge is less successful, and gives evidence that he is rather by nature poetical than poet—a chief use of poetry.

Mr. Boker's name is better known in our literature than that of Mr. Trowbridge, and now for a long time his position has been settled and secure. The volume before us will not diminish his reputation as a writer skilled in versification, of poetical taste, and with a good eye for dramatic situations. "Königsmark," the leading poem of the collection, is a tragedy, founded on the tragical story of the wife of George I. of England while he was still a Hanoverian prince, which the reader may find in Thackeray's "Four Georges," related in much the same way as here. The only variation in which Mr. Boker has indulged is in making Königsmark a reputable, or rather a good, young man. He was in fact neither the one nor the other, but an adventurous profligate, and so long as our author had no expectation of seeing his drama accepted and put upon the stage—where virtue and vice have to be treated as in ethical writings for the youthful mind—it is difficult to see why he deserted the effective dramatic poem that might readily be made out of the story as it stands in history, for the familiar regulation drama with its jealous woman, persecuted lovers, and all the rest of it. There was good enough tragedy to be had from the sprightly Countess, not too good; her acquaintance in her childhood with the man not then corrupted, whom afterward she loved over-much; the dull, dumb, proud husband, hardly knowing his wife's infidelity; the malignant Von Platen and the *spretæ injuria formæ*, the midnight meeting of the lovers, and the bloody murder of one of them in the stone corridor the moment after he has left his mistress's lighted and perfumed room. Doing justice to the rather unaccountable figure of the husband, there is here the material for a dramatic poem that Browning might have delighted to write. And there is material for a good enough drama, a play fit for the theatre, if the Prince be kept out of sight, or if an invented Prince George be substituted for the old one. But as Mr. Boker handles the subject, the poem is lost, and we do not get the play, either. Still, "Königsmark" is a careful production.

The other poems in the book we do not like so well. Poor old Jubal Early, who as a general knew nothing, if he did not "know the country," and who even when he did was an incompetent raider, is vastly magnified in verse like this:

"O Early, mad Early, thou ruthless invader,
Where are the troopers who followed thy raid?
Look at their corses!
Soldiers and horses
Whiten and brighten with bones shining grimly,
On all the wide plains they rode over so trimly.
What has the raven said?
Where has the red fox preyed?
What is the high-sailing buzzard declaring
In Richmond's white upturned face of thy warfaring,
Sheridan, Sheridan, Cavalry Sheridan?"

This same rather stilted treatment of the commonplace is to be seen in various other poems. Nor do we find ourselves over attracted and pleased by poems such as that addressed "Ad Criticum." Here is some of what is said to the critic, that gentleman being supposed to be speaking in the first four stanzas:

"Why harp upon a well-worn string
Whose note is flat and out of tune?
Why take the morning skylark's wing,
And sing his song at blazing noon?

"The world grows sage. The harmless tales
That took her in her infant years,
Now stretch her patience till it fails,
And weary her averted ears.

"What thing, in sooth, hast thou to tell,
Thou dreamer in a world awake?—
Dost thou not hear the factory-bell,
And feel the panting engine shake?

"What swiftest thought of art's desire
But droops with shame, and feebly lags
Behind the intellectual wire
That tells the price of corn and rags?

"I answer not; I marvel much;
I see no issue, save for ill,
In that which gives creative touch,
Yet lets the moral man stand still."

But poetry is not so to be despaired of, even though we do in these latter days—the telegraph having been invented—use it sometimes in the interest of the produce market and the paper market. Poetry is never in a bad way till all the poets are poor ones. And since William Shakespeare had his little dealings with his fellow-proprietors of the Globe Theatre, or whatever theatre it was, and followed up his delinquent Stratford neighbors with justices' warrants, "Hell's minion, Trade," as Mr. Boker calls trade and commerce, has never yet done any harm at all to the muses. This is not generally believed; but it is true. And there are always, let us thank their stars, some half-a-dozen or so of people who truly believe it, and who metrically act upon their belief.

Réflexions sur l'état actuel de l'Italie et sur son avenir. Par Christine Trivulce Belgiojoso. (Paris: 1869.)—In six chapters on the "Political and Material Condition of Italy," the "Influence of the Past," the "Character of the Italian," the "Spirit of Party," the "Duties" of the hour, and the "Results to be attained," the Princess Belgiojoso presents to her compatriots and the world at large a picture of her country, as it was, as it is, and as it ought to be, which well merits attention. It deserves it not on account of originality, power of delineation, or piquancy of any kind, but chiefly of that truthfulness which generally distinguishes the writings of those who, after having largely shared in the agitations, illusions, and sacrifices of an eventful period, review the field of long and ardent struggles and their results in the calmer hours of the evening of life, and can present the conclusions they reach—whatever they may be—without fear of being accused of infidelity to the cause. And the Princess Belgiojoso, who was a patriot before Mazzini, and a heroine in the times of Carlo Alberto, and who, after Novara, faithfully and regardless of sacrifice stood by Garibaldi and Cavour, has, more than many others, the right to be frank and outspoken. Another merit of her book is the total absence of all egotistic traits. It is entirely objective and generalizing in its character. It mainly aims to reproduce the present situation in its broader features—with its light and its shadows—without the slightest attempt at being or appearing either spirited or amusing. The reader would look in vain for personal reminiscences, anecdotes, or striking descriptions.

No nation of Europe has, in our century, seen its efforts crowned with so much success as the Italian, and yet the picture of Italy, so faithfully drawn in the book before us, cannot fail to produce a sad impression. It is true, the peninsula, from the Alps to the Strait, and the islands, are, with a slight exception, united and free; the foreigner and his satellites of Naples, Tuscany, Parma, and Modena have been driven from the land; the Quadrilateral, from the *Zwingburg* it was, has become a grand stronghold of defence; patriotic harangues are delivered where the Pellicos, the Maroncellis, the Bandieras listened to sentences that sent them to the dungeon or to the scaffold; a democratic constitution flourishes where the Inquisition and the court-martial, the spy and the sbirro, were omnipotent; schools replace convents, and railroads traverse defiles which the brigand lately infested—and yet, Italy is far from being happy, and her freedom, and even her unity, far from being secured.

On the contrary, discontent, doubt, and disharmony prevail almost in every sphere. There is a want of national power and self-consciousness which embitters the present and clouds the view of the future. Italy has not done, as was hoped, "*da se*." The French have given her Lombardy, and the Prussians the Quadrilateral and Venice. Rome is still held by the Pope, and guarded by foreign bayonets. The clergy have not ceased to conspire and work for reaction, and their influence over the mass of the people is greater than that of the free press. The provincial jealousies have not been extinguished. The existing order of things is assailed or deprecated by almost everybody. The *Permanenti* of Turin still grumble over the removal of the capital; Tuscan indolence regrets the days of provincial quiet and cheap living; Naples refuses to pay her taxes; Sicily defies all laws, and revels in brutal riots and revolts; Mazzini preaches insurrection, as if Metternich and Bomba still ruled the land; and Garibaldi places himself above the constitution, the Parliament, and the King, inaugurating, of his own motion, campaigns as disastrous to the country as his former ones were glorious. The youth, instead of working or learning, follow enthusiastic or unscrupulous demagogues, or spend their days in idleness and dissipation. The numberless universities, lyceums, academies, and other seats of learning, are deserted. The rich proprietors, unlike their ancestors, who displayed their magnificence in adorning their homes and enriching Italy with works of art, ruin their fortunes and impoverish their country by a foolish imitation of English, French, and Russian luxuriousness, the materials for which must be

imported. The merchants and speculators vie with each other in defrauding the Government of its revenues and depreciating its currency. The peasantry, brutal and indolent in the southern provinces, and ground down by heartless farmers in the northern—where, moreover, the vines and the silk-worms are destroyed by undiscoverable diseases—pay their heavy taxes but scantily and reluctantly. The Government, constantly assailed by factions, tormented with complaints, and on the verge of bankruptcy, is both powerless and over-scrupulous. The chief safeguards of liberty, the national guard, the jury, and the ballot-box—owing to ignorance, indolence, and reactionary or demagogic intrigues—are shamefully neglected or abused.

The principal sources from which, according to our author, the evils of the present situation flow are, the indolence and idleness which infect all strata of society, the ignorance of the lower classes, and a restless impatience arising from overwrought and naturally unfulfilled expectations. These defects in the disposition of the Italian are partly the results of climatic influences and partly legacies of the so much gloomier past. Naturally indolent, and long kept in darkness and bonds, he learned to attribute all his miseries and the shame of his country to the governments that oppressed him, and in his aspirations after liberty to expect from deliverance a sudden and entire change for the better in all conditions of life and society, forgetting the fact that the mere breaking of chains makes no slaves free; that the happiness of a people, like that of an individual, is the fruit of training, labor, and self-rule; and that greatness is but gradually achieved. Disappointed in his hopes, he again accuses his rulers, and longs for new changes. The only remedy Princess Belgiojoso sees for these evils is the co-operation of all patriots in promoting education, industry, and the growth of a quickening sense of duty.

The Patriot's History of Ireland. By M. F. Cusack, author of "The Illustrated History of Ireland." (New York: L. Kehoe. 1869.)—The "patriot" for whom this history of Ireland is designed we take to be the "Fenian;" for the sole object of the work appears to be to "fire the Irish heart"—from Erin in the frontispiece, "chanting a song of hope for the future of Irish patriots," to the ubiquitous "Irish patriot" who, under various disguises, figures in nearly every wood-cut—now leaping upon the horse behind Sir Crystede; now fighting with another warrior in the battle of Clontarf; now under the name of St. Lawrence O'Toole praying for Ireland; now sitting in Parliament; and now "agitating peacefully" on the hustings. Everywhere it is the glory of Ireland, the purity and disinterestedness of the "Irish patriot," contrasted with the villany and treachery of the Saxons—the virtue of Catholics with the perfidy of Protestants. For instance, Martin Luther was "a wicked monk, who apostatized from his creed in order to marry" (p. 195). Probably the author did not mean to convey the impression that all these glories and excellences must be looked for in the mythical period. It is, however, a curious fact that more than half the book is occupied with the times before the Conquest under Henry II., and that the whole period since the reign of William and Mary is dismissed with eleven pages. The total absence of historical criticism is wonderful, even in a Fenian publication. For anything that appears here to the contrary, the five mythical invasions of Ireland, (1) "the aking by the Nemedians," (2) "the taking by the Fomorians," (3) "the taking by the Firbolgs," (4) "the taking by the Tuatha de Dananns," (5) "the last and final taking by the Milesians" (p. 14), are as authentic as the conquest of Strongbow or the Battle of the Boyne. And none but a very ignorant reader is reassured by the frequent repetition of such expressions as the following (p. 200): "All this, you must remember, is not my opinion or my view of the Reformation; it is a matter of HISTORY." We have nothing but honor for the ardent patriotism so characteristic of the Irish—nothing but respect for earnest religious conviction, wherever found. A learned and candid Irish Catholic could do his countrymen great service by teaching them the true glory of their history, and the real "wrongs of Ireland," just as Dr. Lingard's work is a valuable contribution to the history of England. But books like that before us turn the ignorance and excitability of the Irish people to the account of false patriotism and superstitious faith.

Moral Philosophy; or, The Science of Obligation. By James H. Fairchild, President of Oberlin College. (New York: Sheldon & Co. 1869.)—Mr. Mill, in his "Inaugural Address," when speaking of instruction in moral philosophy, says that he "could wish that it were more expository, less polemical, and, above all, less dogmatic;" and takes occasion incidentally to characterize "the old notion of education, that it consists in the dogmatic inculcation from authority of what the teacher deems true." In these words we find the criterion for books of the class of that before us, and a sufficient reason for ranking this with the majority of its kind; it is well enough adapted to teach Mr. Fairchild's opinions, and the First Part, (theoretical) contains an able and candid exposition of the theory of ethics maintained by him. But even this is rather a presentation of his own opinions than a guide to the formation of opinion; and the Second Part (practical ethics) is nothing if not dogmatic—except when it is polemical. Everywhere the author's views are pronounced *ex cathedra;* and arguments seem to be weighed solely with the aim of proving a particular proposition. Judged by Mr. Mill's standard, therefore, the whole school of text-books of which this is a specimen must be pronounced false in their fundamental principle. Looking, however, at the actual demands of the majority of teachers, who ask merely for a good statement of the views which they desire their pupils to hold, we cannot condemn the book before us. It is clear, compendious, well arranged, generally well argued, often quite felicitous in detail, never rising very high, seldom meeting the real difficulties that disturb an active mind in the present generation, not always up even to the level of the current discussions of disputed points; but on the whole excellently fitted to be used as a text-book in teaching the set of opinions which one would naturally look to find in the President of Oberlin College.

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The Week.

THE elections of last week may fairly be taken to show that on the whole the relative strength of the Republicans and Democrats is probably not as yet materially changed from what it was last year. The Republican party is a hard party to get out to the polls at any time but during the excitement of a Presidential election, and this for various reasons, moral and physical. Many of its members are no politicians; not very many are at all well drilled as partisans. Besides this, it is a fact that the Republican party, which is a rural party, has to walk in the aggregate, take the country through, some hundreds of thousands or millions more miles to deposit its ballots than the Democratic. In a country of "dirt roads," and an election month of bad weather, these are considerations of weight. But it is pretty clear that on the whole Grant's administration is generally approved. He could to-day, in spite of what mistakes he has made, be elected over Seymour and Blair by about the majority he got last November. Minnesota, Massachusetts, and Wisconsin go Republican—Wisconsin by rather more than last year's majority; the other two by a good deal less. Massachusetts, indeed, casts a lighter vote than she did two years ago, when, also as this year, the liquor question was before the people. New Jersey is Democratic, and a little more Democratic than she was when she last elected a legislature, for the anti-Republican majority on joint ballot is now 11 instead of 7. There also the vote was light. Here in New York it was very light; and the Democrats are seen, as the returns come in, to have carried everything—State ticket, Senate, and House—and to have defeated the constitution, and all the separately submitted clauses. In Illinois it may be—but we cannot now tell—that the constitutional convention is in the hands of the Democrats, for there was a good deal of scratching and of transferring votes for local and private reasons—notably for reasons relating to temperance. And in Chicago there are more Democrats than before in the city government; but they are there as "Reformers," all party lines having been disregarded by their supporters; and we do not know what harm they are likely to do in the convention.

In this State the result would have been different had the country vote not been so surprisingly small. It never before was so much behind the real strength of the party, and as it happened, the Republicans of this city did so well, and the Democrats so ill, proportionally, that a respectable country vote would have elected the whole Republican ticket and saved the Legislature. But the more we hear from the distant counties, the worse it is Sigel, however, runs ahead of his ticket, and the Republican leaders will probably take note that they may have a majority of the German voters at any time when they will overhaul their opinions on the subject of lager-bier drinking. Mr. Greeley will not run much, if any at all, ahead of the rest of the ticket. A belief among some of the lower orders of Democrats that he is peculiarly "the workingman's friend," and a man of singular honesty of character, and the friend of the Fenian, procured for him a large vote among the Democrats of this city. But in the country he did not so well. Why he did not is probably to be answered by saying that the farmers have not yet forgiven him for signing Jefferson Davis's bail-bond, and perhaps have never recovered the confidence in his strength of mind which they had before that event. It is related that the Hartford firm who published his "American Conflict," which had formerly been selling largely in the small towns that are the "book agents'" field, began to lose money on the work immediately after it was known that Mr. Greeley had become one of Davis's bondsmen. Before that, orders had been coming in at the rate of 500 a day; after that, so few came in that there was a loss of $50,000 on the publication. Besides the apathy of the Republicans, it is to be observed, as one of our contemporaries remarks, that this was a great year for "getting even," and numberless spites were gratified as well as much vengeance wreaked for past rascality. Thus, Mr. Younglove can name three or four men in his own camp who caused his defeat for senator. Mr. La Bau can do the same thing; so can Mr. Root, another senatorial candidate; while two city candidates for the Assembly attribute their defeat to Mr. Charles S. Spencer, whose "sainted father's old family Bible," which Mr. Spencer rescued from the flames at the peril of his life, in 1863, might as well, it would seem, have been left to perish by fire. From all we hear of him, our sorrow for the rout of the Republicans is not the sorrow of those without hope. Possibly he and the like of him may now be driven out of the party they have used and abused.

The Democrats, as we have said, not only have the State offices but both branches of the Legislature, and can now do what they like with us. They can, if they choose, give us a police force in this city and Brooklyn which will put a million and a half of people under the surveillance of men such as Sheriff O'Brien's deputies—robbers, murderers, and thieves; they can abolish the various Metropolitan Boards of Commissioners, which, although they have been the seats of more or less corruption, and have helped to demoralize the Republican party, have nevertheless interposed the power of the State at large between the decent men of the city and the plunderers who have made them a prey; they can "gerrymander" the districts both Congressional and Legislative, so that it will not be so easy for the Republicans again to get control of them; they can give us rum-shops open every hour in the day and night and every day in the week; they can make every ward in the city a paradise for repeaters; they can tax the whole State as they please, and compel every man in it to assist in paying the running expenses of Tammany—in short, they can do as they like. But whether they will go the whole length of their tether is another question. There are some indications that the leaders are disposed to be cautious, and though Governor Hoffman promised "local self-government" as the result of the victory of his party, Mr. Peter B. Sweeny may be of a different mind. Places in the Health Board and the others are convenient things to distribute among the clamorous, and probably Democratic Commissioners, appointed by the Governor, might be better than direct Democratic rule by the New York city rank and file.

Massachusetts is certainly carried by the Anti-Prohibitionists, and

this, as we have said, on a lighter vote than was got out when, two years since, the Prohibitionists carried the State. It is plain, then, that the working of the law is not satisfactory to the Temperance men, and this discontent is not, we think, attributable to the hypocritical way in which the law has been enforced so much as to a belief that strict enforcement is impracticable. Governor Claflin's and Mr. William Spooner's attitude would seem to show that this is true; and we rather doubt if we shall again see Massachusetts oscillating between "no rum" and "free rum"—this year a License legislature, next a Prohibitionist. Still, the question has not been thoroughly discussed since Governor Andrew died; and he discussed it amid the howling of the Prohibitionists, and the howling, too, of the drinking men, who were more glad to have so honored a man on their side than willing to take his advice as to moderation. Since then it is in the old, blind, unscientific way that the matter has been handled, and we have no confident hope that we shall see a judicious, really effective License Law put on the statute-books. The railroad lobbying of last winter seems to have been visited at the polls this year upon some of the senators and representatives who were mixed up in it, and Needham—the senator who reported that, to be sure, there was a belief among outsiders that the lobby had some power to influence legislation, but that the lobby and the Legislature know how foolish and groundless such a belief was—has, we are pleased to learn, been left at home, where he ought to meditate on the estimable character of Mr. Bret Harte's "Truthful James."

The Tennessee Legislature has laid on the table the motion to declare Mr. Henry Cooper's election to the Senate null and void, and has done so on the ground that the United States Senate is the sole judge of the qualification of its members, and that such a State statute as that cited in the case of Mr. Cooper has been repeatedly set aside at Washington and disregarded.

Rumors of the approach of the decision on the constitutionality of the legal tender act, in the cases argued before the Court last winter, are again rife. We see no reason to change the opinion as to what the decision will be which we expressed more than a year ago; but we admit that no opinion on the subject is worth much, or indeed is anything better than a deduction from what is known of the general leanings of the judges on other questions of the same class. But it is quite safe to say that the opinion of Mr. Spalding, the framer of the act, that it was essentially a war measure, and cannot be held binding after the state of war is over, will not, as has been reported, influence the judgment of the Court. If the Court consulted him as to what the act meant, it would be equally bound to consult every other member who voted for it. This notion of the way courts of law ought to interpret acts of the legislature probably emanates from the gentlemen who think it would be a good thing to cut off the jurisdiction of the Court in the Yerger case, now actually before it. If Yerger has now the right to appeal—and this does not seem to be denied—and the decision of the Court would either save his life or his liberty—and the probability that it will is the sole ground on which the interference of Congress is likely to be invoked—to take it away from him by a special act between the hearing and the decision of his case would be about as monstrous an act of oppression as any legislative body ever perpetrated. We say nothing of the probable effect of such interferences with judicial decisions on the independence of the judiciary, and on the popular respect for it and confidence in it, though on these points a great deal might be said. It is worth while reminding the Republican promoters of such schemes, however, that whatever indulgence there may have been for these tricks with the Supreme Court during the excitement arising out of the war, people are now rather tired of them, and the only result of any importance they can possibly accomplish will be in the way of facilitating the accession of a Democratic President in 1872.

One or two papers have announced during the week that that now well-known gentleman—whom the Secretary of the Treasury sends to Europe to negotiate a great loan with that equally well-known person, the Frankfort or London banker, who so frequently offers to lend any amount of money to the United States at four per cent., or even less—has started once more on his travels. He seems this time, however, to have got off without the Secretary's knowledge, as Mr Boutwell denies that he despatched him, and even goes so far as to deny that the Frankfort or London banker has offered the four per cent. loan. We are glad of this denial, because it will relieve a good many people from the necessity of accounting for the willingness of these foreign bankers to lend money to the United States at four per cent., when any quantity of its bonds at seven or eight per cent. are to be had. Another puzzle from which the public, we are glad to say, have been relieved, is the whereabouts, name, and occupation of the persons engaged in the attempt to get the soldiers' and sailors' pension stopped, which both the Republican and Democratic parties have for several years so vigorously protested against in their platforms. The absence from these instruments this year of the customary solemn declaration that the pensions should be paid as usual, satisfies us, and we trust will satisfy everybody, that this nefarious scheme has been abandoned, its promoters being doubtless appalled by the unanimity with which they were met by our indomitable politicians.

We commented severely last June on the conduct of the Massachusetts Legislature in lending the credit of the State to the Boston, Hartford, and Erie Railroad Company, upon certain conditions, to see to the exact fulfilment of which three commissioners were appointed; in afterwards legislating these commissioners out of office, and paying over the money without their approval, and without the fulfilment of the conditions; and in accepting from a committee a ridiculous report whitewashing a corrupt attempt to withhold certain evidence of the condition of the road from the commissioners. A correspondent in Boston thereupon wrote us a letter trying to persuade us that it was all right, and that the State had done a good thing, because although it had lent its credit to the corrupt and unprincipled gang who now have charge of the Erie Railroad, the gang in return bought "certain flats owned by the Commonwealth" at a very high price. There never was a particle of doubt as to the impression the transaction would make on the outside world. If anybody had any doubts about it, however, we hope they have been removed by the news that the State agent, Mr. George Walker, has been unable to raise a small loan in Europe. To appreciate the full gravity of his failure, too, it must be remembered that two years ago the credit of Massachusetts stood as high as that of any government in the world. The people of the Commonwealth have the consolation of knowing, however, that they have palmed off those "flats," at high prices, on the fine old house of Fisk, Gould, Eldridge & Co.

We hear nothing more of the prosecution of the investigation into the charges against General Butterfield, much less of his being brought to trial for them, and we do hear talk of the whole subject being dropped. We sincerely trust there is no foundation for this rumor. If the Administration allows such charges as have been made against General Butterfield to pass without notice, it will make itself an accessory after the fact to the performances of the Gold Ring. There should as we said last week, not only be enquiry, but public enquiry. Nobody will attach the least importance to an investigation conducted in private, and if there be no enquiry at all, it will be, in the present state of political morals, the greatest scandal of the last ten years, which is saying a great deal.

A subscriber, who has somewhat unaccountably remained ignorant of the leading incidents in Father Hyacinthe's career, writes to ask us to explain how he obtained his present prominence, and whether it is due solely to his revolt against his superiors. He first became eminent by his preaching, which is fine—indeed, places him perhaps at the head of the half-dozen great preachers the world contains. This led to his being appointed to deliver the Advent Sermons at Notre Dame, where he discoursed on questions of popular interest, and drew immense crowds—the fine ladies of the Faubourg St. Germain setting him down among their luxuries, like a box at the opera. But the sermons

showed signs of liberality which greatly alarmed his superiors, and he at last started off in the general work of reform by appearing at a peace meeting last spring, and making a speech, to which we referred at the time as likely to cause trouble, inasmuch as it contained signs of undue respect for Protestants and Jews. Finally, the private rebukes of his superiors touching the liberalism of his tone, combined with the growing assumption of the Papacy in reference to modern civilization, drove him into writing the letter which led to his withdrawal from his convent and subsequent dismissal from all his charges. The incident would, however, perhaps not have made him famous if it had not occurred just at this juncture, when a large body of Catholics are greatly roused by the extravagance of the Ultramontane pretensions. He has unquestionably enjoyed, up to his departure from France, the hearty sympathy of such men as Montalembert and De Broglie; but it is very doubtful whether they are prepared for the rapidity of his later advance, and whether his free fraternization with Protestants here will not lessen his influence on his return home. He has, however, borne himself thus far with a great deal of dignity and discretion, and if he can keep off the platform till he gets away, will still retain a great deal of strength.

The agitation against free-trade got up by the body calling themselves "Revivers of British Industry" still continues in England, but their meetings are marked by a great deal of confusion and uproar, the audience being generally largely composed of obstreperous, noisy free-traders. The movement cannot be said to make any real progress, owing to the fact that nothing in the shape of proof has yet been produced in support of it. In fact, its sole basis is the prevalence of distress amongst the working classes, but great as this is, the free-traders have not had the least difficulty in showing that it was nearly twice as great in the years immediately preceding the abandonment of protection. There is no doubt that in many branches of industry the heavier orders are given to the Belgian and French markets, instead of the English, but the masters say that this is due entirely to their inability to count on their labor supply. What with strikes, trades unions, and other restrictions, manufacturers are either afraid to take large orders at all, or can only take them at prices which foreigners find no difficulty in going below. In fact, the salvation of British industry seems to depend on the possibility of discovering some more satisfactory mode of determining the rate of wages than the present one, or of including Continental and English workmen in the same unions, and thus putting all masters on the same level. But unless trades unions display more good sense than marks many of their performances now, the success of the latter plan would probably result in injuring Continental industry, without helping that of Great Britain.

The New York *Tribune*, four weeks ago (Oct. 11), published an "authoritative" statement "for the first time in America," that the French Emperor was afflicted with a painful disease of the bladder, and on one occasion, in order to get relief from the pain it caused him, had, without revealing his condition even to his medical advisers, secretly burnt his own back along the spine with a lighted candle. An "authoritative" statement on such a subject could of course hardly come from anybody but the Emperor himself, with whom the *Tribune's* correspondent is doubtless intimate, and we were doing our very best to believe it when our contemporary announced (Nov. 5) that the story had been "directly confirmed" by another story which had just appeared "in a Philadelphia paper," which had got it from a friend of Mr. George Wilkes, who got it in a private letter from Mr. Wilkes from Paris, who got it from a conversation with Dr. Brown-Séquard, who saw it in an article "in a Paris paper," supposed to have been written by a physician, "an able but dissolute man," formerly employed by the Emperor, but dismissed for his bad habits, and now engaged in earning an honest penny by publishing his professional secrets. An "authoritative" statement which can be "directly confirmed" in this way is certainly a very queer affair; but still, after reading this, nobody but a Paynim or atheist could any longer doubt, and we frankly accept the story about "the fungus of the bladder." But then what about the cauterization with the lighted candle? What does the dissolute physician say on this point? We long to believe this, too. Give us the bad man's exact words.

The interval between now and the 29th inst., the period fixed for the meeting of the Corps Législatif in France, will be passed as at present in speculations as to what additional reforms the Emperor will propose. The latest and most probable rumors represent his plans as containing nothing that the leaders consider to be of vital importance, omitting notably the abolition of Article 75 of the constitution, protecting Government functionaries from prosecution. In the meantime, M. Rouher, who is specially obnoxious to the Liberals, and whose overthrow was their greatest triumph, continues to hang about the palace, and many are haunted by the fear of his restoration. The appointment of Marshal Bazaine to the command of the Imperial Guard, too, has been looked on as a sign that the Government means mischief, Bazaine being passably ferocious, as his Mexican exploits testified; but it appears that he comes in in the regular way of promotion, standing next on the list to St. Jean d'Angely, who is very old and feeble, and retires. It is very improbable, indeed, that the Government will resort to violence unless in the last extremity. The Emperor's life is beyond doubt near its close, and the worst legacy he could leave his son and wife would be the memory of a second street butchery—always supposing that the troops could be got to use the Chassepot rifle on the people, which many who know the army deny. Rochefort has returned to Paris, the Emperor specially ordering him to be permitted to pass the frontier, and he is running for the Corps Législatif and receiving "ovations."

The way the newspapers are treating the Emperor is, in the meantime, brutal to the last degree. There has probably been nothing like it in the history of the press, and their comments on and accounts of his bodily infirmities have something Indian in their ferocious glee. The *Réveil*—the paper from which the *Tribune*, apparently without knowing it, got its "direct confirmation" of its "authoritative" statement—through Dr. Brown-Séquard, George Wilkes, a friend of George Wilkes, and a Philadelphia paper, about the Emperor's case—has been publishing some articles on the disease from a "Dr. X.," and dwells with apparent delight on the fact that according to the doctor the disease is the same as that of which Sainte-Beuve has just died. Twenty years ago this sort of thing could not have gone on so long without "a descent into the streets," to use the revolutionary lingo; but there appears no danger of that now. Universal suffrage seems to act as a kind of safety-valve, and then the leaders, and indeed all classes, have made, even under the empire, great advances in political intelligence. Probably, also, the greatly increased means of destruction now at the disposal of the Government exercise a steadying influence on Republican politicians.

The news of Victor Emanuel's dangerous condition is leading people to look for a new crisis in Italian affairs. The French Government is said to be apprehensive of a Mazzinist insurrection. The king's disappearance from the scene, however, would hardly produce much effect on politics. He is not in the least a politician, and the kind of esteem he has enjoyed as a loyal plucky fellow, of loose life, has not been of a kind to do much towards smoothing over sectional differences. The disorders in the finances still continue, partly owing to the complete financial incapacity of the Chambers, and to the total failure of Southern Italy to pay taxes. In addition to this the Piedmontese party, which was always opposed to the annexation of the little kingdom to Italy, is rendered fiercer in its discontent, not by the great increase of their burdens—for they *do* pay their taxes—but by the growing preponderance in affairs of the more volatile, lazy, and corrupt Neapolitans. But there is no likelihood of things being made worse than they are by Victor Emanuel's death. There is some chance of their being made better. According to the latest accounts, however, he is out of danger, which as regards the Œcumenical Council is unfortunate, as his death just before its meeting would have been singularly *apropos*, as an apparent fulfilment of the clerical predictions so often made, that he and the like of him would, for their sins against the Pope, come to a bad end.

OUR GREAT CITIES.

The restoration of the Democratic party to power in this State, for the first time in fifteen years; the failure, owing to the indifference and hostility of the country voters, and the cheating of New York politicians, of the attempt to reform the judiciary by the adoption of the judiciary article of the new constitution, to say nothing of the constitution itself; the strong prospect which the Democratic triumph opens up of the abolition of the State Commissions by which the Republican party has tried to provide for the good government of this city, or at least to mitigate the evils of the government provided for it by its own people, have set people thinking once more seriously on the "great city" question. Their interest in it, too, has been quickened by the recent revelations of the state of corruption into which municipal affairs have fallen in San Francisco, in Chicago, though Chicago is only a bantling compared to New York, and also in Philadelphia, though Philadelphia is not, as New York is, the receptacle for the dregs of the European immigration, and by the reflection, which every thinking man now makes, that should our material progress continue at the present rate, we shall in twenty years have ten times as many great cities as we have now, and the largest will be twice or three times as large as any we have now. The tendencies of trade and industry are all in that direction, and the drift of population to "great centres" is stimulated to the highest point by our modes of education. The common schools, the periodical literature, the pulpits, the free libraries, the diffusion of artistic taste, the railroads, the telegraphs, every invention which, by relieving people from the smaller and coarser cares, gives free play to their intellectual faculties, help to make the solitude of the country or the monotony of village life more and more repulsive.

For these and other reasons, we look on the attempts that one constantly meets with in the press to treat New York as something exceptional, which the rest of the country can afford to look on and laugh at, and which the State may, if the worst comes to the worst, cut off altogether, and leave to take care of itself, as based on a most extraordinary and mischievous delusion. The government of New York presents no difficulty which that of Boston and Philadelphia and Pittsburg and Buffalo and Chicago and St. Louis, and dozens of other great cities, the foundations of which are perhaps not yet laid, will not present within the lifetime of children already born. Moreover, there is no use in maundering about the effects of foreign immigration, or about the inattention of rich men to politics, or about the unhealthy craving of farmers' sons for the excitement of city life. The politician's concern is not with "what might have been," but what *is*. The actual facts of society form the elements of the problem he has to solve. Had the United States admitted no immigrants, its politics would doubtless have been purer than they are, but its population would only be a third of what it now is, its wealth less than a third, and its weight in the world would hardly have been perceptible, and some of the brightest names on its roll of worthies would be wanting. Who is there who is ready to say that he would, had he now the choice, surrender the greatness of the country in return for an obscure tranquillity? It would profit us little to have a boundless area of fertile land if we had no men to till it; to have rich mines, if we had no men to work them; to have great ideas, if we had not the material force necessary to carry them out. At any rate, there is now no choice left. America as it is, and is likely to be, and not America as it would have been if everything had been done differently, and each generation had known what was going to happen in the next, is what American citizens have to occupy themselves with at present.

To say, as many people say, therefore, that the democratic system of government contains no provision for the government of large cities, is—like saying that it cannot be carried on without rotation in office—tantamount to an admission that it is a total failure. No system of government is successful which is incompetent to deal with all the exigencies of the country or state of society in which it exists. A government in this age, and in this country, can no more confine itself to the charge of country districts, and decline all responsibility for cities, than it can declare that it exists only for the benefit of married couples, and refuse to provide protection for bachelors and single women. The influence of cities is now almost all-pervading. They draw to them the most energetic and enterprising of the population, the greatest talent as well as the greatest wealth, the soberest and steadiest and most intelligent, as well as the most ignorant and vicious. City ideas and city standards of morality spread through the country as surely, though perhaps not as rapidly, as city fashions in dress. The closeness with which farmers' daughters now copy the cut of city women's clothes is but one symptom of the process of moral and intellectual assimilation which is going on, and which is rapidly transforming vast tracts of our territory into mere suburbs of great towns. The condition of the judiciary in this State is a striking illustration of the fallacy of the notion that a real line of demarcation can be kept up very long between city and State morals and politics. There are just as bad judges on the country as on the city bench, and the sole reason, in our opinion, why there are not more of them bad is that they are not as yet exposed to the same temptations as their city brethren. Whenever city gamblers find it desirable to "own" country judges, they will certainly find no more difficulty in doing so than they now find in buying up country legislators. There is an idea now running through some men's minds, that if New York city and the river counties were only cut off, and made into a separate State, the rest of New York would live ever after in Arcadian purity and simplicity, as if no large cities were growing up in Western New York, or as if its Legislature would never have any charters to grant, or fat offices to distribute, or money to vote; as if Rochester and Syracuse and Buffalo would not in a very few years present the same phenomena as New York does now; or as if the Fisks and Goulds never crossed State lines, and were strictly domestic in their corruption.

Some persons get rid of all anxiety about the city question by cherishing the belief, for which there is not a particle of foundation, that things must sink to some undefined condition which they call the "lowest point" before there can be any improvement, and that, once there, a sudden change for the better will take place, and up we shall go as surely as we came down. Now, this is an almost childish hallucination. Sudden changes in great communities mean revolution, and we have no materials whatever for a revolution. There is about as much chance of our escaping from popular government in the broadest sense of the word, as of our retarding the roll of the seasons. The whole tendency of modern society is towards democracy. Not only is there no longer any hope for kings and aristocracies, but the very stuff out of which they were made—the loyalty, the reverence for birth and for rank, the inequality of conditions and of intellectual powers and attainments—is disappearing from the face of the earth. It is not rash to say that during the next thousand years the people, *somehow or other*, will govern. We have not among us, and very soon no European nation will have in it, even the makings of a Cæsar of the ordinary brute kind. The elements of a Cæsar—the standing army, the spirit of "militarism," the centralization, the general abstinence of the masses from participation in public life, the general want of political training—are unknown here. They will soon be unknown everywhere. What awaits the world is not a return to despotism or oligarchy, but democracy—good, or bad, or indifferent, orderly, educated, moral, and religious, or turbulent, ignorant, vicious, and materialistic. We shall have no sudden turns in our career; nothing extraordinary is going to happen us. We need look for no "saviour" of society or great political revivals. We shall not wake up some fine morning and find the knaves all hanging to lamp-posts, and the honest men filling their places, under the eyes of a grateful people—pure women infusing mercy into justice, and righteousness into politics—sages in all our council-boards, and saints swarming in our markets. That is not the way the world improves. "The shining table-lands" are only reached by constant "toil of heart and knees and hands."

The moral of all this is, of course, that while everything is done that can be done to improve the popular will, which must be, as it is now, the governing power in the last resort—and it certainly cannot be said that the existing agencies for this object are either few or inefficient—the teachings of reason and experience must be followed more and more in the work of *administration*. No matter how good legislation may be, the affairs of a great people cannot be successfully con-

ducted with defective administrative machinery, and it would be difficult to exaggerate the defects of that with which we are entering on what we may call the great-city era of modern civilization. In the first place, it is folly to suppose that the evils, which as long as human nature is what it is, must always abound where population is densely massed on small areas, can be met by an elected magistracy, holding office for short terms. This is now admitted by all sensible men, and the refusal of the country districts to make any change because *their* elected judges are thus far satisfactory, is, if what we have been saying as to the present and future relations of city and country be anywhere near the truth, a singular piece of shortsightedness. Corrupt and dependent judges, and corrupt and dependent police magistrates, sooner or later make to crumble the very bases on which civil society rests. There is probably nothing which does more to shake the faith of the young and the ignorant, both in man and God—for few people believe in God very long after having ceased to believe in man. Judge Barrett, in the excellent paper which he read before the Social Science Association last week, on the administration of criminal justice in this city, put down the elective judiciary as the source of all its defects, and admitted that as long as this defect was untouched, the discussion of others was well-nigh useless.

In the second place, as long as we, by our system of filling places in the public service, offer a premium to all the rogues and adventurers of the country to engage in politics as a trade, as long as we supply public men with the means of hiring the services of such, and at the same time make their services essential for entry into public life, no improvement in the moral or intellectual culture of the community at large will make itself felt in our politics. The government will never reflect the people as long as the caucus stands between them and is armed with the power it now possesses. Not that there must not always be caucuses; but caucuses must not be allowed, like the Prætorian Guard at Rome, to put all the honors and places of trust of a great nation up to auction every two or four years, and make the very jails, what the jails of this State now are, the prey of men who, if justice were done, would take their places among the unhappy criminals whom they maltreat and corrupt.

THE EUROPEAN RADICALS.

In spite of the immense strides toward popular government which Europe has made during the last ten years, and the general admission of the Conservatives that the cause of privilege is hopelessly lost, liberalism can hardly be said to be in a satisfactory condition, owing to irreconcilable differences of opinion which begin to show themselves in its own ranks. As against despotism, or oligarchy, or religious intolerance, or political inequality, the liberals have been and would always be a very united body; but whenever they gain a decided advantage over the enemy, and the question what should be the next move comes up for discussion, dissensions are apt to break out. Signs of these dissensions, if not the dissensions themselves, already appear in England, France, and Spain, the three countries in which democracy has of late achieved the greatest successes. The Conservative party in England is already discussing seriously whether its very best course now will not be to give up deliberately, for a long period, all hope of regaining office, and sit down simply as an opposition, like the Whigs during the close of the last and the early part of the present century, and wait for the dissolution of the radical hosts, under Gladstone's lead, in its attempts to deal with the numerous and momentous problems which the late Reform vote and the abolition of the Irish Church have brought up for solution, and solution, too, which will not admit of postponement. An article advocating this plan of action, or rather of inaction, has appeared in the *Quarterly Review*, and is ascribed to Lord Salisbury, by far the ablest member of the party, whom an untimely fate has carried off to the House of Lords, just as the Commons were becoming sensible of his intellectual weight and brilliancy. The anticipation of the reviewer clearly is, either that the Liberals will break up before they get half through with the reforms now pressing on them, or that, if they succeed in making them, the country will be so sick of reformers and their ways by the time they are done that it will eagerly seek rest and tranquillity in the Conservative bosom.

It is impossible to deny that there is a great deal of shrewdness in this programme, or that he would not be a bold man who should predict that the motley army which now serves under Gladstone's banners can be held together long enough to make any final disposition of the land question, the Church question, the education question, and the army question.

Crossing over to France, we find the political situation in a more advanced stage, but one very similar in kind. What in a military sense may be called the *élite* of the radical party there, that is, the portion of it which is most restless, most excited, evinces most determination, and therefore holds, and naturally holds, the post of honor in the present struggle with the empire, is separated by a wide gulf from the moderates on the question of what ought to succeed the empire, or, in other words, cherishes an entirely different political ideal from the moderates, and in this ideal, we need hardly say, compromise of any kind with the existing order of things holds no place. Accordingly, the willingness evinced by the liberal deputies who signed the late address to the nation, discountenancing the idea of risking a physical collision with the Government by convening the Corps Législatif on the 26th of October, and indicating their confidence in the results of regular parliamentary warfare, has disgusted and exasperated the radical wing to such a degree that they have hustled, threatened, and refused to hear such men as Pelletan and Bancel at a public meeting, and summoned Jules Favre to undergo a sort of trial before a revolutionary committee—a humiliation to which, however, M. Favre declined to subject himself. They will not hear of the conversion of the empire into a constitutional monarchy, or of the substitution of another dynasty for the present one, or of any arrangement looking to the preservation of the present social order—the *régime* of inviolable property and of competition. Their dream of the future was shadowed forth, somewhat vaguely it is true, by Victor Hugo at the late Peace Conference at Lausanne, and though they all look to the approaching reign of perpetual peace, they agree with him in thinking that it will have to be inaugurated by an unusually bloody war, and do not trouble themselves with the keen question which M. de Mazade asks M. Hugo in the last number of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, how he proposes to root out the hate and bitterness which this great war of pacification must necessarily leave behind in the hearts of the vanquished, because, if we have war, we must have vanquished as well as victors. We thus seem to have reached a point in French politics, also, at which the empire might, it would seem, by a policy of even moderate dexterity, divide the liberals into two warring camps, and draw to itself a goodly number of deserters from among the timid.

In Spain, the republicans, who are the equivalent of the French "Reds," have shown an extraordinary want of political ability, and have not only failed to take advantage of the tremendous mistakes of their opponents, but have committed mistakes of their own which are twice as great, if that be possible. Up to the meeting of the Constituent Cortes, they may be said to have had everything their own way, and held the winning cards. They got the question of the future form of government referred to an assembly chosen by universal suffrage, instead of being decided, as might readily have been the case, and as would only have accorded too well with recent Spanish usage, by the knots of military malcontents who drove out Isabella. They got themselves splendidly represented in the Cortes, the ablest orators being in their ranks. The constitution which was drawn up contained nearly all the cardinal doctrines of their political creed. It declared the form of government to be monarchical, it is true; but the long delay in finding a king made it certain that the king, when found, would be but a king in name; that the government would be a republic in all but the name; and that a little patience might even bring the name as well as reality. Just as the monarchists, however, were reaching the last degree of embarrassment, the republicans proceeded to help them out of their difficulties by a series of unconnected risings in the various large towns, not one of which was serious enough to give the troops much trouble, but all of which together have alarmed and disgusted business men and property owners generally,

and roused once more that love of peace and quiet at any cost which has in all ages proved the best friend of monarchies and the worst foe of republics.

The state of things in the three countries is in fact fresh illustration of the correctness of the conclusion we have more than once ventured to put forth, that the general reform movement which has been going on in the western world ever since the French Revolution, is reaching the last limits of what may be called the political stage, and that the leaders in it are now engaged in deciding whether they will break completely with the past of the human race and attempt a reorganization of society on a new theoretic basis, or be content to let the individual work out his destiny under political equality, existing social traditions, and free competition. The value of the institutions of property and of marriage, the propriety of giving legal play to differences of capacity and temperament, are slowly but surely coming under question, and as they make their appearance in the arena, the historic reformers, as we may call the moderates, who will not advance without feeling the past under their feet, and who believe that human nature is stronger than constitutions or laws, begin to hesitate. The latter have, it must be admitted, the great body of the community at their back, and however much they may be worsted in the forum, find at the fireside abundant consolation for their defeats. The left wing of the radicals, who are mostly enthusiasts and speculators and men of the cities, always underestimate the *vis inertiæ* of the established order of things—the tenacity with which the body of every people cling to their old ways, and prejudices, and traditions, and the immeasurable gulf which separates the reformatory convention from the average householder, when it comes to the discussion of the distribution or accumulation of property, or the relations between husband and wife or parents and children. When the French "Red," for instance, talks of a redistribution of landed property on principles of pure justice, he takes no count of the four millions of French proprietors who are not only not open to conviction on this or any cognate subject, but would probably resist any interference with their rights—as they now exist—as long as there was a man amongst them able to shoulder a musket.

We may say, by way of summing up, that as long as reformers were occupied with political questions, they were on debatable ground, which has been fought over, in every age, with varying fortune by the two great parties which have existed in every political community since government began—the party of rest, and the party of advance—and one which men expect to fight, and expect to be beaten on occasionally. But in attempting to touch social questions with the finger of the law, they venture on ground which has hitherto been held sacred, and accordingly find arrayed in defence of it passions which neither political nor even religious controversies have ever been able to call forth, for they touch the *home*, perhaps the tenderest spot in man's moral constitution. "Pro aris et focis" was one of the earliest and most potent of battle-cries, even when all that those who used it had to fear was the temporary desolation of their hearths. Altars are no longer objects either of vigorous attack or of vigorous defence; but threaten men, however remotely, with the total abolition of the hearth as an institution, and they will find themselves face to face with an enemy whose very mercies are cruel.

SELF-MADE MEN AS PUBLIC BENEFACTORS.

The death of George Peabody takes from the world the most munificent benefactor it has ever known. For although other men have lived who have been perhaps as liberal with the goods with which fortune has provided them, still their fame has generally been confined to some corner of the earth, and never been spread abroad over its whole surface. But of Mr. Peabody it may certainly be said that no civilized country is unacquainted with his name—that his virtues have been sung in every quarter of the habitable globe. The fame which in other days was the reward of despoilers, conquerors, and devastators, of men who made it the business of their lives to overrun the earth with fire and slaughter, has in our time been reserved for one whose highest aim in life was to give where others had robbed, to heal where others had wounded, to restore what others had laid waste. Nor is it at all likely that Mr. Peabody's example will remain uncopied. The vast accumulations of property in the hands of individuals for which the present age is becoming famous, certainly afford, and are almost as certain to suggest, the opportunity of munificence to their possessors. Indeed, with the shining instances before us of Cornell, in this State, of Street, the founder of the New Haven School of Art, of Sheffield, the founder of the Scientific School, who can doubt that munificence has a fairer future to look forward to? Perhaps we are really coming upon that period of the world which has been so long sighed for, in which wealth shall be regarded by the wealthy simply as a means of beautifying and benefiting the earth and mankind—a reproduction of that earlier age when Roman Civilization, joining hand with Grecian Art, made the world that garden of delight which has been the envy and despair of after generations. To be sure, the picture, like all pictures, has another side. The spectacle of the careers of Fisk and Vanderbilt and Drew does not fill the mind with ecstatic visions of the future. But so long as men continue to make a distinction between their property and that of such men as Peabody and Cornell, so long there is hope that vulgar selfishness will not triumph completely over philanthropic generosity.

If for the next century or two the American people is to be greatly enriched, as seems more than probable, by the benefactions of self-made men, it is of the utmost importance that there should be some general agreement as to what sort of benefits it desires from them, and what it does not. If the Peabodys and Cornells of the future are to endow our schools and colleges, build our galleries and museums, in short, foster art and literature, it is of no little consequence that these self-made men should have some general conception of the actual need which their generosity is to supply. In the very nature of things, it is almost impossible for them to find out for themselves; for, being self-made, and having on that account very little connection with either the literary or the artistic world, the moment they make an attempt to endow a college, to establish a professorship, or to found a school, they find themselves completely at sea. They know, in the first place, very little of what has already been done, and next to nothing of what is wanted. The result is, in some cases, the establishment of an institution with a foundation quite insufficient for its necessities, which drags on a galvanized life, while preventing by its unnecessary existence the proper application of the funds on which it feeds; in others, the needless assistance of some old department, which, already vigorous in full action, could well dispense with the benefactor's bounty; in others, such minute designation of the channels in which the donor's munificence is to flow as to make the gift almost worthless.

One of the most striking instances of ill-advised endowments has been furnished by Mr. Peabody himself. If there is any department of education which might be safely let alone by benefactors, it is that of popular education; for it is a department whose importance is already recognized by every one—by every State, town, and county; by every lyceum orator, by every stump speaker, by every candidate for every office in the country. The "School System" of the United States is a system upon which more eulogiums have been showered than upon any institution—unless it be the suffrage—which we possess. There is small danger, then, that its shadow will ever diminish. Mr. Peabody might have rested assured that the Southern States would build up a school system for themselves, by taxation, just as the Northern States have, in time, without extraneous help. There is nothing for which taxes are more readily paid. And this will be so just as long as we have popular government, and just as long as it is generally understood that the main safeguard of such government is popular education. There is no need for individuals to assist in building an edifice which a whole nation is already lavishing its resources upon. And it is to be remembered too, though this is a secondary consideration, that Mr. Peabody's gift was unfortunate in another way—that of filling people with the delusive idea that the whole work had been done, while in reality his two millions were a mere drop in the bucket. The interest on this sum is but $140,000, an amount which will hardly supply with proper teachers and schools a large Southern city like Savannah or Charleston. But people look at the capital, and forget the narrowness of the income. They see that two millions have been given, and think

the whole work has been done. No doubt Mr. Peabody's munificence has seriously impaired whatever nascent disposition towards self-support existed in the South before.

The same thing is to be said of the endowments of churches, which are such favorites with the philanthropic rich. Certainly if there is anything in the world which ought to be supported in a popular way, it is churches. They, like the common schools, have popular bodies interested in their support, and these bodies have, or ought to have, the welfare of their sect sufficiently at heart to pour out their abundance for it. If they have not—if they must apply to individuals for necessary support, then they have no *raison d'être;* from that moment they should cease to exist. Yet there is nothing more common than for self-made men to suppose that the best thing they can do for the world is to do the work which it is pre-eminently the work of congregations to perform. It is no uncommon thing to see a church whose congregation is too lazy to raise a salary fit to support a minister, richly endowed by some affectionate son of the church with money for an organ or a belfry, or some such equally unnecessary addition. Of course religious considerations of a personal nature sometimes enter into the motives which prompt these donations, and these considerations are of a kind which no argument could affect. Still we imagine that in any given instance of sectarian endowment, most members, if not of the sect endowed, at least of all the rest, will agree that the gift was not required, and should have been postponed until satisfactory evidence was furnished that the congregation was doing its duty in more elementary particulars.

There is, however, a department of education quite as important as the instruction afforded by the common schools and the churches—the higher education furnished by universities. For these very little popular aid is to be expected, or indeed desired. The people will never consent to a general tax for the purpose of instructing a small number of men in Yale or Harvard or the University of Michigan. It may be that, now and then, some very widely-known and popular professor will obtain a donation from a generous or careless legislature, as Agassiz did the other day from the Legislature of Massachusetts. But such things are not likely to happen often. And it would be a dangerous precedent for the universities as well as for the people. Once establish the custom, and the inevitable result would be that the people would demand some share in the government of the colleges, and thence would, in due course of time, spring a degradation of the university standard in order to meet popular demands. In a little while we should see the universities lowering themselves to the level of schools, in order that they might reap the same pecuniary benefit. For these reasons, we are very unlikely to see the day when the higher institutions of learning will have much popular support. The support they are to receive must come from individuals; by rich and benevolent men must our schools of art and science, our colleges and our universities, be built; as yet we are lamentably deficient in them. We have already referred to the noble examples of Street and Sheffield; but there must be thousands of Streets and Sheffields before we reach the point at which we can effectively compete with older countries.

The want of accurate knowledge on the part of benefactors is one of the most serious difficulties with which our universities have to contend. There is a popular impression, for example, that our best colleges, Yale and Harvard, are already so rich that a man can give to almost any object he pleases without doing harm. The impression is a most mistaken one, as those most intimately conversant with the affairs of the colleges we have named could testify. Harvard is supposed to be rolling in riches; yet within a year, a general subscription fund has been started by the alumni, with the intention of raising half a million dollars, not to build an ornamental fence, nor to gild the lightning-rod on the college buildings, nor to found a museum of palæontology, but to carry on the general business of the college, for the salaries of the professors and tutors, to buy books, to pay for necessary repairs. A professor in Harvard College has three-fifths the salary of a Massachusetts Justice of the Supreme Court, and within a year one of those justices has resigned on account of insufficient salary. Yale is still worse off. It must be evident from this that those who wish to benefit these institutions of learning ought to make a few enquiries before they begin. The natural desire of all men to connect their names with whatever they do causes most of the men who give to colleges to make special restriction of the applications of their funds, so that with the gift may be bound up their fame for all coming ages In this way arise multitudes of Jones, Brown, and Robinson professorships of every imaginable description, more than half of them ill supplied with funds and eking out a miserable existence as best they may. For instance, Mr. Jones, having fifty thousand dollars to give away, gives it to the college which educated him, on condition that she shall apply the fund to the establishment of the Jones professorship of natural history. The fifty thousand dollars will just support a professor, without supplying either a museum or specimens. So the professor borrows a room, and gets along as well as he can without any of the necessary implements of his profession. Next year comes along Brown; and, having another fifty thousand to give, establishes the Brown professorship of chemistry. And so in time we have the Robinson professorship of mineralogy. Here we have three professors established, without sufficient salary, forced to teach important branches of science without any of the appliances absolutely necessary for the purpose.

This is merely an example of the condition of half the colleges in the United States, and comes from the natural desire of man to connect his name with whatever he does, combined with the densest ignorance of what is really wanted. The remark of Mr. Eliot on this subject in his recent admirable inaugural address at Harvard applies to one college almost as well as to another. "The Corporation thankfully receive all gifts which may advance learning; but they believe that the interests of the university may be most effectually promoted by not restricting too narrowly the use to which a gift may be applied. Whenever the giver desires it, the Corporation will agree to keep any fund separately invested under the name of the giver, and to apply the whole proceeds of such investment to any object the giver may designate. By such special investment, however, the insurance which results from the absorption of a specific gift in the general funds is lost. A fund invested by itself may be impaired or lost by a single error of judgment in investing. The chance of such loss is small in any one generation, but appreciable in centuries. Such general designations as salaries, books, dormitories, public buildings, scholarships, graduate or undergraduate, scientific collections, and expenses of experimental laboratories, are of permanent significance and effect, while experience proves that too specific and minute directions concerning the application of funds must often fail of fulfilment, simply in consequence of the changing needs and habits of successive generations." To this advice might be added, for the benefit of intending benefactors, three short directions: 1st, Recollect that you yourself probably know little about the subject; 2d, Recollect that there are those who know all; 3d, Consult them.

A CONTRAST WORTH NOTICE.

"The banks quote money excessively stringent. Not only have they literally no surplus loanable funds, but many of them will be under the necessity of calling in their demand loans. . . . The low price of grain has brought the grain movement to a comparative stand, and all kinds of business are overcome by a stagnation which it is impossible to shake off" (Chicago *Times*, November 3).

"The city banks report that the pressure for discounts at the present time is without parallel since the organization of the banks" (New York *Evening Post*, November 6).

"The banks report a pressure from their mercantile customers exceeding anything experienced since 1860. They are unable to more than half supply the demand of the West for currency to move the crops. . . . The position of the mercantile interest of this city is assuming a critical aspect; and with it is involved the commercial interest of a large portion of the country" (New York *Commercial Advertiser*, November 6).

"The grain market was seriously depressed to-day by large receipts and pressure to sell" (*Financial Chronicle*, November 5).

"At this moment, but one new vessel is on the stocks in our great ship-yards. Six years ago, during this same month of September, thirty-two large ships were building in New York and Brooklyn" (New York *Times*, September 25).

"The price of wheat in Cincinnati is below the price of any time in twenty years" ("Veteran Observer" in New York *Times*).

"Acres of berries are kept unpicked, wagon-loads of the finest melons are left in the field or fed to cattle; apples, tomatoes, and other articles of the crop are left ungathered, because it does not pay" (New York *Tribune*, September 3).

"Two weeks ago, potatoes of the finest quality sold in Davenport at twenty-five cents per bushel. Considerable complaint is heard on all sides of dull times. Farmers are holding back large quantities of grain in hopes of better prices. Rents are considerably lower than last year" (Chicago Correspondence New York *Evening Post*, November 4).

"Potatoes are unusually abundant, and will not admit of transportation to market at present or prospective prices" (Cincinnati *Price Current*, November 1.)

"The ease in call loans at five to six per cent. continues unchanged. The stock market is strong, with a generally buoyant feeling. All prices are higher" (All the daily papers).

"According to the consolidation between New York Central and Hudson River, the stockholders of Central are to receive upon every one hundred shares of stock one hundred shares of consolidated stock, one hundred and seven shares of consolidated scrip, and $1 80 per share *in cash*. The stockholders in Hudson River receive one hundred shares of consolidated stock and eighty-five shares of consolidated scrip" (*Financial Chronicle*, November 6).

"Unveiling of the Vanderbilt Bronze, Tuesday, November 9. Programme of arrangements. List of the financial, commercial, legal, municipal, military, and civic dignitaries that will attend the ceremony, etc., etc., etc." (Half-column advertisement in all the daily papers).

"James Fisk, jr. What became of a Vermont peddler. Profitable combination of cotton, army contracts, gold and railroad stocks, etc., etc. . . . . His future career will be watched with interest by the whole American people, and whether his life be spared for a longer or shorter period, he can make his exit from the world with the proud satisfaction of having once made considerable stir in it" (First and last words of a four-column biography in the New York *Herald*, November 7).

It seems scarcely possible to add to the force of these simple statements in their naked contrast. Commerce in a critical condition, our mercantile marine decayed, money unobtainable to move the crops; but money is easy on call loans, and stocks are buoyant. Crops rotting in the field because they do not pay to bring to market, potatoes fed to hogs because they will not pay for transportation, business everywhere dull; but stocks are higher. Two hundred shares of consolidated stock, one hundred and ninety-two shares of consolidated scrip; *and* $1 80 *in cash*. And out of this solid foundation of ruined commerce and rotting crops, and "$1 80 in cash," rise the twin columns of biography: Vanderbilt in bronze, Fisk in type-metal. It is a picture of the times.

We do not intend to insult Mr. Vanderbilt by coupling him with Fisk, jr. There is enough contrast even as they stand grouped to do justice to both. The solidity of Mr. Vanderbilt's wealth is well represented by enduring bronze. Mr. Fisk's fortunes are typified in the *Herald* eulogy. But though unlike, they cannot stand apart. They are both creatures of the same circumstances, both products of the same soil. The sturdy yellow pine and the poisonous creeper both find their foothold in the same morass, both thrive by killing whatever grows near them. But without the morass both are impossible. Out of the morass of reckless extravagance, of paper money and national debt, of public and private corruption, have grown these twin colossi of wealth and power, who own millions of money, hundreds of miles of railroad, several legislatures, governors, and city administrations, numerous judges, sheriffs, and other paraphernalia to impress awe upon the unwary, and who dispose with more than imperial despotism of the lives, liberties, and property of a large portion of their fellow-citizens.

THE NEW RÉGIME AT HARVARD.

It has been so generally believed that Mr. Eliot's election to the Presidency of Harvard was—owing to his youth, his scientific tastes and training, and the avowed novelty of many of his views on education—a sign that the long-threatened revolution in university training had begun, that his inaugural address was looked for with a good deal of interest and even anxiety. It has now been issued in a pamphlet form, and we advise anybody who wants to inform himself as to what the new spirit which is taking possession of our colleges is, or at least ought to be, to get it and read it. It will probably disappoint a good many people, and notably those who expected to find in the author a "fine young radical," armed with a pickaxe and crow-bar, and rendered furious by the sight of anything standing upright, or growing, and whose idea of a university is an establishment like the fair of the American Institute, with a few halls attached for perpetual lyceum lectures open to both sexes. Mr. Eliot's notion of the functions of a university is substantially that expressed by Mr. John Stuart Mill, in his celebrated attack on Professor Sedgwick, and he consequently denies that the endless controversies "whether general education should be chiefly literary or chiefly scientific have any practical lesson for us to-day." "This university," he says, "recognizes no real antagonism between literature and science, and consents to no such narrow alternatives as mathematics or classics, science or metaphysics. We would have them all, and at their best. To observe keenly, to reason soundly, and to imagine vividly, are operations as essential as that of clear and forcible expression; and to develop one of these faculties, it is not necessary to repress and dwarf the others. A university is not closely concerned with the applications of knowledge until its general education branches into professional. Poetry and philosophy and science do indeed conspire to promote the material welfare of mankind, but science no more than poetry finds its best warrant in its utility. Truth and right are above utility in all realms of thought and action." The failure of universities to meet the requirements of the time is to be met, he thinks, not by giving any one branch a decided predominance, but by improving the methods of instruction, which—and in this men of all parties will heartily agree with him—are in a lamentably low state: witness, in the literary course, the almost total neglect of the English language, and the crass persistence with which the ancient languages and literature are forced upon boys who are all the while left almost completely ignorant of the history, life, and manners of the people who produced these languages and literature; witness, too, in the scientific courses, the reliance on books apart from actual experiment and observation. "The prevailing methods of teaching science indeed," Mr. Eliot says—and *haud inexpertus loquitur*—"the world over, are on the whole less intelligent than the methods of teaching language." He proclaims boldly, too, that the end of scientific teaching is not so much to load young brains with "facts"—which in nine cases out of ten, even if the student retains them, serve no purpose beyond making him an unmitigated bore, and giving him a false conceit of his place in the world—as "to develop and discipline those powers of mind by which science has been created and is daily nourished, the powers of observation, the inductive faculty, the sober imagination, the sincere and proportionate judgment."

There is, however, nothing more valuable and more significant in the address than a protest it contains against dogmatic teaching of philosophical subjects. "They are not established sciences; they are full of disputed matters, and open questions, and bottomless speculations. Exposition, not imposition, is the professor's part"—in other words, his business is not to tell the student what to think, but to furnish him with the materials of thought. "The worthy fruit of academic culture is an open mind, trained to careful thinking." Hitherto, the custom of American and English universities has been to teach philosophy very much as mathematics is taught, and hand the conclusions of a school, or it may be a small school, to the student with as much solemnity, and as much contempt for doubt, as the multiplication table or the rule of three. The venerable Dr. Spring of this city was, in his hot youth, we believe, tried before an ecclesiastical court for entertaining certain doctrines on the subject of "human ability" which we believe—though we speak with proper lay diffidence—the whole Presbyterian Church now either holds or permits. In his defence he stated his views, which, however, appeared so outrageously absurd to one member of the court, that he declared with a scornful laugh that what the culprit needed was to have his head put under a pump. Much of our teaching of the various philosophies to young men is now done in the spirit of this doubtless learned but somewhat prejudiced divine.

In pleading for variety in the university curriculum, for the supply of

facilities to the student of choosing the teachers and subjects which experience has shown are best adapted to his special powers and intellectual needs, President Eliot strongly denounces the uniformity in instruction which is still too prevalent among American colleges, and says that "the civilization of a people may be inferred from the variety of its tools. As tools multiply, each is more ingeniously adapted to its own exclusive purpose. So with the men that make the state. For the individual, concentration and the highest development of his own peculiar faculty, is the only prudence. For the state, it is variety, not uniformity of intellectual product, which is needful." And *àpropos* of this, he makes some other remarks, to which we request our old friends, the War-Horses, now grazing in their home pastures, to listen with cocked ears and extended tails:

"As a people, we do not apply to mental activities the principle of division of labor; and we have but a halting faith in special training for high professional employments. The vulgar conceit that a Yankee can turn his hand to anything we insensibly carry into high places, where it is preposterous and criminal. We are accustomed to seeing men leap from farm and shop to court-room or pulpit, and we half believe that common men can safely use the seven-league boots of genius. What amount of knowledge and experience do we habitually demand of our lawgivers? What special training do we ordinarily think necessary for our diplomatists? In great emergencies, indeed, the nation has known where to turn. Only after years of bitter experience did we come to believe the value of the professional training of a soldier to be of value in war. This lack of faith in the prophecy of a national bent, and in the value of a discipline concentrated on a single object, amounts to a national danger."

We are only attempting here, by noticing a few of the principal points, to indicate the general drift of a discourse which everybody will find worthy of thoughtful perusal. Amongst its merits is its style, which, barring a slight abruptness, sometimes running into jerkiness, is one which students might well take for a model, and through the whole there runs the glow of an enthusiasm for culture in its highest sense, which warrants the hope of great things, not at Harvard only, but in the other universities of the country; for it is an enthusiasm which is sure to spread, and has already taken possession of a large number of the younger professors, and on the maintenance and diffusion of which we verily believe some of the highest interests of civilization depend for their safety, in the period of confusion and uncertainty through which the moral and intellectual man is now passing.

FRANCE.—THE EMPEROR'S SUCCESSORS.

PARIS, October 15, 1869.

IT seems astonishing to note how very little foreigners—even those who live in France—observe the enormous changes that are every day taking place in this country. If these modifications are to go on during the next ten years as they have been doing for the last ten, there will be not a type of the genuine Frenchman (as he used to be) extant in 1880. The women change less rapidly; but they will follow, and the boys of fifteen of to-day, when at five-and-twenty, will hardly take for wives the daughters of the *cocodettes* of our time, unless they have completely changed the manner of their ways. It need scarcely be remarked that the population of France has been pretty thoroughly Anglicized; and not the least curious part of the history is, that it has been mainly the work of Louis Napoleon personally. In order to escape from the exigencies of French (purely French) traditions, which must always have remained inimical to the Bonapartean establishment, the Emperor, by every means in his power, favored the introduction into this country of whatsoever was British, from habits, customs, and thought down to English nurses and big wash hand-basins. The consequence has been one he never expected, but which is easy to understand: the children who could barely speak plainly at the period of the *coup d'état* are young men now of twenty-four or five, who speak English more than they do French, and who have imbibed English notions of independence, political freedom, and political dignity.

With this generation Louis Napoleon must count, and he has much contributed to his own embarrassment. Besides, he all of a sudden finds himself between *two* hostile parties, which for a foreigner are well worth being studied: these two are the party of French tradition, and the party of English political ideas. The former, as I said, is entirely dying out; but it is not dead yet. There are thousands of men between the ages of thirty and fifty or fifty-five who still belong to it, and for the next ten years, if a chance were given to them, they would readily try their hands at the work of governing. The nineteen-twentieths of these, the followers of real French tradition, are naturally what are termed Royalists; they inhabit the provinces, and they retain vast influence still. The twentieth portion are Republicans, inhabit the great towns, and have very little influence indeed.

The so-called Royalists hold more or less to the Comte de Chambord, though they *believe* no longer in him; the party of English ideas are almost to a man Orleanists; though, as matters now stand, this term requires explanation. Five or six years ago, no party had fewer chances than the Orleanists. The ranks of the Opposition were filled by pure Royalists and pure Republicans, and it was by common consent agreed that Orleanism meant nothing at all, and could nevermore have a chance. But parliamentary eloquence rose again to honor, and, after the elections of 1863, the speeches of Thiers, Berryer, Favre, Simon, and others (and the fatal mistake of the Mexican expedition), gave a violent rebound to public opinion, and, *through* the passage of republican institutions, men began to see their way once more to constitutional monarchy. It is quite true what the Imperialist journalists have been saying all the time of the late elections, namely, that under the mantle of republicanism the two-thirds of the new deputies have meant the gradual but certain restoration of limited monarchy under a prince of the house of Orleans. This is quite true, and this is the peculiar form under which the larger number of Frenchmen *now* think they discern a safe, peaceful, honorable, and economical future for France. Many of the higher, nobler spirits in the nation (such as Edgar Quinet, for instance, and some few of his stamp) regard this as a deplorable error, and as the weakest of all backslidings, and (as did Lamartine in 1848) affirm that in a republic alone can there be any chance of morality and prosperity for a country which has now learnt such an incurable contempt for kings; but it is none the less certain that the larger part of the country would prefer a "quiet régime" less startling than the more timid affect to think a republic.

As it is probable that we are more nearly approaching the very eve of greater events in France than is generally supposed out of doors, it is perhaps not without interest to cast a glance over the individuals who may ere long play a prominent political part here. We will suppose what they call here "an incident"—there would be immediately in hostile juxtaposition the Empress and her son, and Prince Napoleon. Prince Napoleon is so very superior a man in every sense that it is quite possible he may inaugurate the republican régime in France, and many are they who believe that this would be the best of all possible solutions. But failing this, what then? People are beginning to say, The monarchy of the Orleans princes. Here again comes a question of the time—the moment of the change. If it comes (as seems most probable) within the next five years, there will be some trouble given by the Royalists, who would rather be associated with the determined Republicans than with the men of the July school. If the Comte de Chambord abdicates, well and good; then a very small remnant of men whose absence is better than their presence for any régime will sulk all alone in their country retirement; but if Henri V., as he will then be called, does not abdicate, strange as it may appear, there will be a considerable provincial force that will abstain from giving aid and support to the commonwealth.

Then again, in the Orleans family, *who?* For even with themselves it is an open question. If the right of legitimate succession were to be invoked, it would be the Comte de Paris of course; but in this case right is obsolete, and the question is one of expediency. If "right" were to be the guide, say the Royalists, *our* prince is indisputable; no one else has a right; but as right would be made inferior to expediency, any of the Orleans princes are equally eligible. Those who examine the matter impartially, opine either for the Duc d'Aumale or the Duc de Chartres, protesting that the Comte de Paris is not equal to the task that would be demanded of him. Then again, the Duc d'Aumale is chiefly a soldier, and France has absolutely nothing more to do with military men or military glory. The Duc d'Aumale is a very intelligent, sensible man, in the ripe prime of years and of health; but what is not military in him is literary, and I doubt whether the chronicler of the Condés would ever be brought to see that France has outlived all possibility of warlike achievements.

The Comte de Paris is what is commonly called an "excellent young man," but perhaps *less thoroughly* of his time than is supposed. He is, above all, as ill if not worse mated than the Emperor Napoleon; for his wife, in addition to being a Spaniard, with the narrow education and religious zeal of her nation, is a Bourbon, and might not be without an influence which the French have suffered too much from to bear it again. Of the Duc de Chartres much good is said on all sides, and in almost every sense.

Correspondence.

THE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH AND THE ANTI-SLAVERY MEN.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: While well pleased with the article in the *Nation* of October 21 on the Anti-slavery Conflict, I wish to remark on one incidental sentence, and to do it in the interest of historical truth. I mean that one referring to the division of the Presbyterian Church in 1838—the only event to which in their connection the words of the writer of that article apply.

The allegation is that it was the slavery agitation which "rent asunder the great Presbyterian body." This is indeed the belief of many. Why it is so, I think can easily be explained on other ground than the truth of that which is the matter of belief. The following points will not be questioned by any who have given study to the case:

1. The division occurred (in 1838) before the agitation had assumed anything like its full proportions, and at the end of only the first decade of the labors of the Abolitionists. It was not till seven years later (in 1845) that it seemed necessary to the General Assembly of the Old School to give a new deliverance on the subject of slavery. That last preceding had been given in 1818.

2. In the discussions of the time within the Presbyterian Church, slavery does not appear as an alleged cause of difference. One who reads the doings and sayings in the church at that day does not find slavery entering, as beyond concealment and disguise it must have done had it been a great dividing cause. In the ecclesiastical acts relating to the division it is not mentioned.

3. The causes assigned for the division are sufficient and suitable. These are doctrinal differences, looseness in regard to governmental form, and differences of views as to the true mode of conducting church work. These causes had been existent and operative before—some of them long before—the slavery agitation arose.

4. The division was not upon the line where it should and would have been had slavery been the dividing cause. There was a New School party in the South which included some most ultra pro-slavery men. This continued to be an integral portion of the New School Church for twenty years after "the great Presbyterian body was rent asunder," ceasing to be so by secession, I think in 1857. And on the other side, there have always been some very decided anti-slavery men in the Old School Church.

Do not these things prove that it is not true in any proper sense that the slavery agitation "rent asunder the great Presbyterian body?" That, had there been no other causes preceding, slavery some years later would have effected a division, I believe and grant. This is shown by the fate of other bodies, and by the courses with reference to slavery since taken respectively by the Old and New School branches—courses explainable apart from the division of 1838 and the differences operative toward and in it, and yet themselves coming in afterward to increase the distance between the two branches. But, contrary to the inference from the fact that the abolition of slavery has helped toward the reunion now imminent, remains the historical truth that slavery was not the cause of division, was not even one of the causes. W. A. H.

[Our correspondent is technically in the right. The question of slavery was not one of the avowed issues on which the Presbyterian Church divided, and does not appear upon the record as such. But we still hold the opinion formed at the time in common with many attentive and deeply interested observers of that transaction, that this question was a prevailing though secret cause of that division. In a sense it is true, as our correspondent says, that the agitation had not "assumed anything like its full proportions." But if he thinks that it had not most deeply stirred the public mind, and caused profound disturbance in church as well as state, he is mistaken in his recollection or his information. There was no period in its history in which Abolitionism caused such agitation in the elements of society, political, religious, and social, as during those early years. The New York, Boston, and Utica mobs, with multitudes besides, occurred before 1838. The mail had been robbed in Charleston in the interests of slavery and justified at Washington. Amos Dresser had been flogged, Lovejoy murdered, the Pennsylvania Hall burnt, and the Right of Petition denied, before then.

The church as well as the state was keenly alive to the certain issue of the agitation of the slavery question if it were permitted to go on. In all its great divisions, it had begun to labor with such ministers and members as had implicated themselves with it, and with such effect that only two years later (1840) the secession from the American Anti-Slavery Society took place, carrying with it, we believe, every minister and nearly every church member belonging to the South. In the Presbyterian Church, the influence of this agitation was deeply felt, and the sure instinct of slaveholding truly foreboded the result if it could not be stayed. Many of the most brilliant and promising of its younger sons were tainted with the new heresy. Nearly, if not quite, all of the students at Lane Seminary, who left it because of the restrictions put upon their anti-slavery action, were Presbyterians. Lovejoy was a Presbyterian minister when he fell a martyr at Alton. The astute leaders of opinion in that church saw that strong measures should be taken to separate the precious from the vile. Hence, in large measure, as we believe, the separation of the Old School and the New. We are confident that abundant proof of this fact may be found in the contemporary utterance and action of single churches and presbyteries, though all mention of it is carefully excluded from the records of the General Assembly of 1838. In this opinion we are confirmed by a well-known gentleman, then a member of the Presbyterian Church, and for years afterwards of the New School division—a most acute and earnest spectator of the whole transaction, who assures us that it is his belief, not merely that the anti-slavery agitation was a main occasion of the division, but that, had it not been for that agitation, the division would never have taken place at all. This is but an opinion, it is true, but it is the opinion of an expert, as would be allowed did we feel free to mention his name. Our space will not admit of our giving more room to the discussion of this question, which can only be decided by a laborious investigation into the discussions and acts preceding and accompanying the division of 1838. This will be a part of the duty of the future historian of the anti-slavery movement.—Ed. Nation.]

Notes.

LITERARY.

Messrs. Leypoldt & Holt announce that Professor Pumpelly's new book on Arizona, China, Japan, and Siberia will contain a chapter on Japanese art, by Mr. John La Farge, who is probably as well qualified to make such an essay as any one else in the country, his knowledge, taste, and the delicacy of his discrimination being very much trusted in by those familiar with his critical views in art and literature. The book will be supplied with a number of maps, and will be adorned with some curious fac-similes of Japanese wood-cuts, caricatures of one kind and another, and some realistic representations of birds and insects, of Japanese mechanics at work, and of other persons engaged in characteristic occupations. We do not know by what process these wood-cuts have been reproduced; but it would require an eye better skilled than ours to detect at first glance that they are not originals.———Messrs. D. Appleton & Co. have in press and will immediately publish these works, as well as some two or three "juveniles" which we do not mention: "A Search for Winter Sunbeams," by Mr. S. S. Cox, who was abroad last winter, and who wrote home some fairly good letters to the *World*, which, we suppose, now reappear; "Titania's Banquet, and other Poems," by Mr. George Hill; a reprint of Mr. S. Baring-Gould's "Origin and Development of Religious Belief;" the third volume of "The Physiology of Man," by the younger Dr. Austin Flint, who designs to show in this work "the existing state of physiological science as applied to the functions of the human body;" and a poem by Mr. William Allingham, illustrating thirty-six designs, printed in colors, by Richard Doyle.——Messrs. Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger announce a translation of a German romance by Otto Ruppius: "Two Hemispheres" is the title. Another publication by the same house will be "The Capture and Escape; or, Life among the Sioux," by Mrs. Sarah L. Latimer.——Messrs. Hurd & Houghton announce "The Heart of the Continent," by Fitz Hugh Ludlow; "Old Horse Gray"—poetry, we suppose—by Mr. Edward Hopper; "The Holidays: Christmas, Easter, and Whitsuntide; Their Social Festivities, Carols," etc., by Mr. N. B. Warner, who has the

aid of Mr. Darley's pencil; "Health by Good Living," by Dr. W. W. Hall, of *Hall's Journal of Health;* and, finally, a work on political science—by a publicist whom we do not know, Mr. E. Mulford—with the title, "The Nature and Foundation of Civil Order and Political Life in the United States."——Messrs. J. B. Lippincott & Co. announce "Askaros Kassis, the Copt," a romance of modern Egyptian Life," by Mr. Edwin De Leon; "Divisions of the Society of Friends," by Mr. Thomas H. Speakman; "The Professor's Wife," a work by Miss Annie L. Macgregor; "Magdalena," by E. Marlitt—another of the innumerable translations from the German; "The Lonely Ones," by Paul Heyse, who is well worth translating; "Puck, His Reminiscences, Adventures, and Observations," "related by himself and edited by 'Ouida;'" and "Marguerite, Baroness Lichtenstein," by the author of "Zelica."——Messrs. Roberts Brothers have, as usual, a very good list to offer for this month and next. They announce "Roman Imperialism," by Prof. J. R. Seeley; "The Earthly Paradise at Autumn Period," by William Morris; "The Autobiography of a Small Boy," by Percy Fitzgerald; "Little Max," with fifteen etchings, by R. Geissler; "Mauprat," a novel, by George Sand; "Wenderholme," by Philip G. Hamerton; "Cassimir Maerema," by Arthur Helps; "Spinoza: The Life of a Thinker," by Berthold Auerbach; The "Volkskalender" Stories, by Berthold Auerbach; "Cornelius O'Dowd's Opinions on Men, Women, and Other Things in General;" "Mrs. Oliphant's Historical Sketches of the Reign of George II.;" "Rossetti's Life of Shelley;" "Songs of a Wayfarer," by William Davies; "Freiligrath's Poems," edited by his daughter; and "Konewka's Illustrations to Goethe's Faust."

—The managers of the Boston Public Library announce that they will be pleased to receive from any source any magazine, paper, broadside, or print, illustrating the recent Humboldt anniversary as celebrated in this country or in Europe, and likewise any article in print referring to the Stowe-Byron controversy. The officers of this institution have for some years been in the habit of making similar collections. They have, for instance, fourteen folio volumes containing a complete record of Mr Lincoln's assassination; one volume containing the narrative of Mr. Edward Everett's death; one relating to the great fire in Portland; one to the observance of Decoration Day in May last; two giving the sentiment of the country as signified by the press on the morning after the election of President Grant; one concerning the great gale which visited Boston and so nearly destroyed the Coliseum; and one concerning the semi-centenary of the Odd Fellows in April of this year. It is intended that there shall be also a special collection of Frankliniana, and the management will gratefully acknowledge any assistance which may be rendered them in making the collection a complete one. It will, if possible, include every edition of Franklin's works, or of any one of them, every book written wholly or in part about him, and every magazine article dealing with him, all the portraits of him, every broadside, and, in short, every memento of this most distinguished of all the sons of Boston. It is further announced, and this especially concerns the clergy, that the library is now rich in every department that is of interest to the clerical book-lover. The possession of the Prince Library makes it strong in the theology of the fathers of New England; the Parker Library, got together by the late Theodore Parker, a multifarious reader of theological works, old and new, domestic and foreign, is curious and varied; the library of the late Chester Field, a "zealous collector of works relating to the Methodist Church," probably gives the Public Library better material for the history of Methodism than can elsewhere be found; and the general purchases made by the authorities have been large. Altogether, in this particular kind of literature, including all its branches, the Library is, relatively to other collections, and absolutely, rich. There is but one, even of strictly theological libraries, that exceeds it in the number of volumes; the Union Theological Library of this city has about 28,000 volumes, while the Boston Library has 15,000. One other thing we may add: the superintendent has recently caused to be issued "A Class List of Fiction," containing the titles of all the books to be described as coming under the head of Fiction which belong to the library. It will be found very useful by many other persons than those who use the books themselves, for it gives in almost all cases a full list of the works of the authors mentioned, and often some other information, as, for example, the real names of pseudonymous writers. Thus, after the name of the "Countess Dash" we find it stated that the true name and style of that novelist is Cisterne de Courtiras, Vicomtesse de Saint Mars. This list is, we believe, for sale for two cents, and is kept even with the times by the addition, in monthly bulletins at a cost of two cents each, of the titles of all the fictitious works that have been purchased during the month preceding. By-and-by a catalogue similar in character will be provided for the poetry in the Library and for the works in other departments.

—The *Cornhill Magazine*, which is seldom without some good thing, is just now publishing a noticeable series of articles, by Mr. Matthew Arnold, which many of our readers would like to see. They were called out by the appearance of Renan's "St. Paul," and their purpose is to deny the truth of the French critic's assertion that the influence of St. Paul is soon to cease. "After having been for three hundred years the Christian doctor *par excellence*, Paul," says Renan, "is now coming to the end of his reign." Protestantism has made Paul, the argument runs; Pauline doctrine and Protestantism are one and the same. Protestantism is touched with the pangs of death, and with its disappearance disappears its father and founder. To this conclusion as to the speedy decease of Protestantism Mr. Arnold does not say no. True enough, he says, "The Protestantism which has so long used and abused St. Paul is coming to an end. . . . Its fundamental ideas, sounding forth still every week from thousands of pulpits, have in them no significance, and no power for the progressive thought of humanity. But the reign of the real St. Paul is only beginning; his fundamental ideas, disengaged from the elaborate misconceptions with which Protestantism has overlaid them, will have an influence in the future greater than any which they have yet had—an influence proportioned to their correspondence with a number of the deepest and most permanent facts of human nature itself." Mr. Arnold then goes on to state the creeds of the two great divisions of Protestantism as it is in England—the Arminian division and the Calvinist; and so far as we are acquainted with the doctrines held in this country by the Congregationalists and by the Methodist Episcopalians, his statement is true for America also, and would be admitted to be so if submitted to the examination of competent theologians. Except, that we think we are not wrong in saying that the great body of communicants of the American churches we have mentioned hold their creeds with much more of mental reservation, or, rather, modification, than do their brethren in England. The old creed may—even as a rule—be preached in all its strictness; and very probably it would not be formally abandoned by any convocation that might be called together; but we should say that it is not really held in all its strictness by more than a minority of church-members, whether lay or clerical. So much for that point, on which we doubt if Mr. Arnold holds quite the right opinion. Knowledge of America is not his strongest point. After he has described Protestantism incidentally, saying some good things of Wesley and Calvin, Mr. Arnold proceeds to a consideration of the character of Paul—his national character, and his personal, so to speak; and here he gives us what seems to us good criticism—a view of Paul which, to our apprehension, goes deeper than Renan's, and, indeed, deeper than any other with which we have any acquaintance. Of the discrepancy between the apostle's religious belief and that of his followers in our day he is to speak hereafter. When the articles are finished, they will make a thin volume, which should properly be bound up with the author's "Culture and Anarchy," with which they have a certain connection. We may add that these essays and those, although not undisfigured by the consciousness of self, to which we owe so much of what is good and of what is bad in Mr. Arnold's writings, are both, on the whole, more earnest and manly than it is common with their author to be. Why, by the way, now that we are speaking of the magazine, cannot some of our magazines procure a design for their covers as tasteful and pretty and appropriate as that which adorns the *Cornhill*, and makes it a pleasure to look at? The *Overland*, with its grizzly bear standing across the track of a railroad, is not badly off in this respect, and *Putnam's* maize and sugar-cane will do; but we think of no other magazine that is not weak, or worse, as regards its designs.

—As many of our readers know, it is the uniform custom of the London *Saturday Review* not to correct any misstatements which it may happen to fall into. We may, we suppose, say "uniform custom," though we believe we do remember a sort of an apology that the editor once made to some bishop or other church dignitary. The reason for this rule we do not know, but the effect of it is to impart to the port and presence of our contemporary a majesticalness well calculated to strike awe into all beholders. As to the justice of its procedure in standing by all its sins and errors after it has been shown them, and in sending them down to the most remote posterity to the greater or less injury of this and that innocent person—that is another affair. We have been requested, in behalf of the writer of it, to give publicity in this country to the following letter. We may remark that there was a lifelong friendship between Herschel and Grahame. And it is interesting to see the aged astronomer,

who now must be not far from eighty, coming out with so much vigor and energy in behalf of his friend's work:

"To the Editor of the Athenæum:

"Sir: I have to complain of a piece of literary injustice on the part of one of your contemporary journals, which, professing to be a review of politics, literature, science, and art, denies admittance, on appeal made to it, to a correction of its own misstatement on a point of considerable importance in historical literature. In the number of the *Saturday Review* for September 25, reviewing Mr. Doyle's 'Arnold Prize Essay,' entitled 'The American Colonies previous to the Declaration of Independence,' it is asserted that 'the history of these Colonies before the declaration of their independence is a subject no English historian has as yet taken up.' In justice to a dear and lamented friend—the late James Grahame, Esq., author of a work entitled 'The History of the North American Colonies till their Assumption of National Independence,' in four volumes (the two first of which, published by Messrs. Longman, appeared in 1827, and the complete work in 1836)—I considered it my duty to point out to the editor of the *Saturday Review* the incorrectness of the statement in question, but (as I have since been informed, I might have expected) without effect. May I hope, sir, that you will aid me by the insertion of this reclamation in your widely-circulated columns in preventing a work of acknowledged merit from being thus unceremoniously thrust into oblivion? That it deserves this character appears from the fact of an American edition (now before me), edited by no less a personage than the late Josiah Quincy, in conjunction with Mr. Justice Story, Messrs. James Savage, Jared Sparks, and W. H. Prescott. It was published in Boston in 1845, with a memoir of the author—the declared motive of the edition being 'that it scarcely comported with American feelings, interest, or self-respect to permit a work of so much laborious research and merit, written in so faithful a spirit, and relating to our own history, to want an American edition.'

"I am, sir, your obedient servant, J. F. W. Herschel."

—It is noteworthy that while the literatures of so many nations are dying out, we hear of the advent of a young literature in an ancient tongue, the Norwegian. The dialects spoken in Scandinavian countries—Sweden, Denmark ,Norway, Iceland, and the Faroë and Shetland Islands—are all derived from the ancient Norse, which is still preserved nearly pure in the Icelandic. When literary cultivation appeared in these countries, it came in Latin. If men wrote at all, they wrote in that tongue, and the so-called Latin period may be said to have extended down to the end of the last century. Snorro Sturleson's "Chronicle of the Kings of Norway," written in the thirteenth century in Icelandic, was only translated into Danish in 1594. Down to a much later period, the Eddas and Sagas of Icelandic literature, "that large utterance of the early gods," were to southern Scandinavians sealed books. When Holberg, the father of modern Danish literature, began writing in the early part of the last century, there was no national literature to speak of, and he said with bitterness that his country was "almost the only land on earth where people are found willing to make it a point of honor that they should be ignorant of their fathers' tongue." Then the Danes began to collect their national songs, and at a later period the Swedes followed their example. Of the latter works, Stadach and Mohnike have given us quantities in German; and Talvi, Keightly, the Howitts, and others, many in English. Norway was incorporated with Denmark in the fourteenth century, and from that period down to 1814 the history and literature of the two countries were so intimately united that it is almost impossible to separate them. For more than three centuries the sole scientific metropolis of the two nationalities was the University of Copenhagen. The written language of the two countries is identically the same, and the same language is spoken, but with dialectic differences. These differences exist in the various provinces of Norway, while in Denmark, particularly in the districts of the German frontier, they become greater every year, and depart more widely from the old standard. The foundation of the University of Christiania, in 1811, and the constitution of 1814, gave Norway a movement of independence. Previously, the Norwegian men of letters who graduated at Copenhagen were counted as Danes, and Tullin, Wessel, and Holberg, all Norwegians, were numbered among Danish authors. Indeed, Holberg and Tullin may be said not only to have founded modern Danish literature, but to have preserved it, by their fresh Norwegian idiom and style, from the deteriorating effects of foreign contact. The impetus given since 1814 has produced a new school, and since this semi-independence the names of a few poets have come to the surface. Among them are Wergeland, Schwach, Velhaven, Andreas, Munch, and Bierregard, author of a national hymn. To these must be added Ibsen, the charming Björnson Björnson, Holmboe, and Rudolph Keyser. Of these, Munch, Björnson, and Rudolph Keyser are known in this country through English translations. So new is this young national literature that the first attempt at a complete critical examination of its scientific and literary productions has just been made, and well made, at Christiania. We refer to "*La Norvège Littéraire.* Catalogue systématique et raisonné de tous les ouvrages de quelque valeur imprimés en Norvége ou composés par des auteurs Norvégiens au 19e siècle, accompagné de renvois, notes et explications littéraires, ainsi que de notices biographiques sur les auteurs. *Précédé d'un introduction historique*, par Paul Botten-Hansen, Bibliothécaire et Directeur de la Bibliothèque de l'Université Royale de Norvége, etc., etc. 8vo, pp. xii. and 272. Christiania. London: Trübner & Co." The proportion of two hundred and seventy-two pages of comment to twelve pages of catalogue shows the extent of Dr. Botten-Hansen's notes, literary comments, and biographical notices, which form a full history of the development of Norwegian literature from the period of her literary independence to the present day. At first blush, it would seem strange that a Norwegian should write of Norwegian literature in a foreign tongue, but it is eminently proper that this circular letter of introduction accrediting the new-comer to all the nations of the earth should be couched in the language of diplomacy.

—As important, perhaps, as any of the new English books possessing special interest for our clerical readers is an article in the last *Quarterly*, entitled "Islam." It is understood to be the work of Mr. Emanuel Deutsch, who made himself so well known some two years ago by a very learned and eloquent article on the Talmud—which, by the way, has been expanded, and is soon to appear as a book. "Islam" is a picture of the life of Mohammed, and also of the religion which he founded; and while, by reason of the fact that it does not directly touch upon Christian doctrine as its predecessor did, it will not make so much noise as that article made, it not the less is most able and eloquent, and, like its predecessor, may be said to dispose of one more of the enigmas which the East has offered to the hitherto baffled research of the Western scholar. Mr. Deutsch begins by giving us a description—very interesting and dramatically striking—of the man Mohammed, as he appeared in the earlier period of his life—kind, generous, brave, full of genuine religious fervor—before success in the world had exerted on him its deteriorating effect, and made him one more illustration of the melancholy truth so often observed, that the prosperity of the good is often the cause of their becoming bad. That such a change was wrought in Mohammed the authentic history of his later life makes it impossible to doubt. The work of personal portraiture having been well accomplished, the writer undertakes to tell us what it is exactly that the "religion of Abraham" was. In the Haggadah, says Mr. Deutsch, we have the basis of most of the dogma and morals of Islam. "Muslim" is Talmudic, and with it "Islam" itself; so is "Tahannoth," the name of the prayers for which Mohammed sought the solitude of Mount Hira; the prophet's vocabulary is in great part Talmudic, and still more so is the structure of many of his thoughts. There is to be more of this essay, and it will be eagerly awaited.

—A work of great present interest to clergymen of all denominations is a volume of essays of much ability written, to all appearance, by two learned German Roman Catholic theologians. They give a historical view of the rise of Catholic dogma, and take strong ground—though they take it without heat—against the claims of the Ultramontanists. "To us," they say, "the Catholic Church and the Papacy are by no means convertible terms." Again, the doctrine of Papal infallibility, they say, would eventually kill out all intellectual energy within the Church, and would also shatter "that dearest hope, which no Christian can banish from his breast, of a future reunion of the divided churches both of East and West. . . . In a word, we regret that doctrine and idea of the Church which has for years been commended by the organ of the Roman Jesuit as alone true." "The Pope and the Council" is the title of this work, and its authors write under the pseudonym of "Janus," which covers them both, and which may be supposed to refer also to their looking backward and forward in their survey of the Church's past and probable future. The book is well translated into English, and bears the imprint of Messrs. Rivingtons.

ROBERTSON'S AND BROOKE'S SERMONS.*

The Broad Church of England has been classified under two divisions. The first comprises those who, like the householder in the parable, bring forth from their treasure-house things new and old. They believe in the divine institution of the Church, in the inspiration of the Bible, in the essential truth of the Articles, and they believe at the same time in the free exercise of reason. They are modern men cherishing ancient credences; men living in full sympathy with the humanities of their

* "Frederick W. Robertson's Sermons." Popular edition. 2 vols. Fields, Osgood & Co. "Sermons by Rev. Stopford A. Brooke, M.A." 1 vol. Fields, Osgood & Co.

age, and belonging to an institution that was founded and came to its full growth in bygone ages. They welcome science and philosophy, and they find God's revealed word in a collection of books thousands of years old. Their peculiarity is that they live in these different intellectual realms and climates at one and the same moment, conscious of no discord or discrepancies, fully believing that the old contains the new, that the new adopts and verifies the old, and that nothing but a method of interpretation is required to establish a perfect correspondence between the nineteenth century and the tenth or the first. The second division consists of those who, though remaining in the Church, signing the Articles and reading the word, are prepared to follow further the leading of the modern spirit, and, if necessary, to let the Bible go when it appears to stand in too sharp contradiction with philosophy and science. This latter division contains a number of accomplished scholars and critics. Of it were most of the writers of the famous volume of "Essays and Reviews." There is room here for analysis and discussion. In the first division there is none. The effort of those who are in this category must be to reconcile apparently discordant tendencies, to put new ideas into the old statements, and accommodate the old statements to the new ideas. Here is work for ingenuity, but none for criticism. Hence it comes that this section of the Church is distinguished for its preachers. The preacher is not called upon to be a theologian, a philosopher, or a critic. The less of any of these he is, the better for his popularity and success. His chief office is to edify, and the edifier is allowed to take large liberties with the exact sciences; he may lay on colors to produce effects which severe rules disapprove of. In fact, if he chooses, he may use great freedom with his books and formularies, may allegorize, spiritualize, transform, and transfigure to almost any extent, and yet be blameless. Stern veracity may quarrel with the seeming disingenuousness, but the preacher knows his privilege and uses it. He evades the point of difficulties or skilfully covers it over with flowers whose charm arrests the enquirer's attention and diverts his mind. As has been well said, when the soul asks bread he gives it not a stone but a gem, which so pleases the hungry soul that its hunger is forgotten.

Let us not be understood as casting an ugly reflection on preachers. Their business is edification, and their very devotion to their business makes them overlook the severe requirements that the instructor is under to convey none but exact knowledge. The preachers of the English Broad Church are earnest and enlightened men, actively abreast of their time, responsive to the spirit of the age, and even eager to take part in the warfare against ignorance, bigotry, assumption, whether personal, social, civil, or ecclesiastical. Their sympathies are with the people. They are interested in the laboring classes, in public education, in the immediate reform of old abuses. They preach obedience to the physical laws, and their sufficiency to ensure health; they are friends of social science; telling men to look to enlightenment for their social salvation. They have a profound faith in human nature, which they believe in educating and placing under better social conditions, as an indisputable preparation for the higher culture of religion. Their conception of the Supreme Being is noble. Their views of Providence are large and tender. Their theory of the future destiny of mankind is lofty and hopeful. Their ethics are pure, teaching that goodness is to be cultivated not from motives of hope or fear, but from motives of disinterestedness. The "enthusiasm of humanity" burns warmly in their bosoms; but for their attachment to the articles of the Creed and to the inspired authority of the Scriptures, they would be taken for men who committed themselves heartily to what is called the "genius of the century." It is this attachment that makes their position look anomalous, and their movement uncertain.

Of these preachers the best known is Frederick W. Robertson, whose sermons, after passing through several editions, now appear in a popular form. The present edition contains the five series of sermons before printed in separate volumes, and includes the lectures on the Epistles to the Corinthians. To say that they express the finest characteristics of the school is but saying why they are so popular. Robertson was a man of intellect, of fresh and various thoughts, highly cultivated, trained and eager. He was a good scholar, a vigorous thinker, a man capable of drawing nice distinctions. His heart was sound, his understanding firm, his conscientiousness unfailing; but he was enthusiastic in his religious feelings; a man of sentiment, poetical, fanciful, and a born preacher. Everything with him was done with a view to edifying. Wherever he quarried he was in search of spiritual ideas. Literature, science, history, art furnished him materials for sermons. He found moral significance in everything. The dryest text was juicy to him. He turned stones into bread. He was a brave man, too; he faced doubt; he did justice to scepticism and unbelief and denial; he dealt honestly with Romanist and with atheist, with Greek and Jew, as well as he could; and the ground of this honest dealing was his faith that truth was identical with itself under all the varieties of its symbolism. He poured the old wine into the new bottles and the new wine into the old bottles, in perfect confidence that no bottle would burst under the pressure of fermentation, and that no wine would be spilled in the hasty decanting from one vessel into another. He can find a great truth anywhere, and he can find an antique vase for every truth he discovers. The ages run together; there is nothing old and nothing new. No rationalist refines away the belief in prayer more deliberately than he does; but he will make it out that his view is the ancient one held by the priests and prophets. He legitimizes the doctrine of "absolution," and persuades you that there never was anything in the papal assumption of it. The reader is fascinated by the ingenuity, the brilliancy, the beauty, the swift legerdemain which shuffles meanings so deftly in and out; the boldness, the candor, the keenness, the charity, the seeming insight, are charming; but before long comes a sense of illusion and mystification; thoughtfulness pauses to ask if all this can be true; if the candor is quite candid or the fairness quite fair. The critical mind asks if there are then no distinctions; if there is not some trick about either the bottles or the wine; if everything is true, and everything is new and everything is old, and where we are to stop in the process of legitimizing old credences and myths and superstition. Why should we not all be Romanists at once? Nay, for the matter of that, why should we not all be pagans? The glamor becomes so painfully bewildering to some persons that they lay down the volume in a sort of despair.

The wealth of Mr. Robertson's mind, to say nothing of the beauty of his character or the devotion of his spotless life, makes his productions interesting, profitable, and quickening in spite of his method. His His friend and biographer, Mr. Stopford Brooke, preacher in St. James's Chapel, London, and honorary chaplain in ordinary to the Queen, is intellectually, at least, a far less eminent man. In his case, the allegorizing or spiritualizing method betrays its weakness. He, too, is manly, fresh, and pointed, but the prevailing quality in his sermons is fancifulness. He seems to be an imitator, and like imitators generally he exaggerates the worst peculiarities of his model. His interpretations of Scripture are more wonderful than Robertson's. He can not only give mystical meaning to what is written; he can infer meanings where nothing is written at all. He will find a whole philosophy in a text; he will bring a river out of a thimble. His sentimentality—we are afraid that is the name it deserves—is omniscient and omnipotent. He deduces modern education from the youth of Jesus, and draws the social problem respecting woman from the character of the Virgin Mary. So it be sentiment that makes the assertion, no assertion is extravagant. "God did not wish to live alone. He created the angels. He gave his own life to others long before man arose." Therefore "we should be gods and angels to one another." This is from a sermon on the text (mistranslated): "He maketh his angels spirits." In every discourse occur random assertions in regard to the youth and development of Jesus, the experiences of his mother, or some other matter that cannot be disputed, for the plain reason that no living soul knows anything about it. Sentiment is overworked in all departments. Thus it declaims: To doubt the existence of angelic beings is an impertinence. "It is a drop of dew in the lonely cup of a gentian which imagines itself to be all the water in the universe. It is the summer midge which has never left its forest pool, dreaming that it and its companions are the only living creatures in earth or air." Here again it reasons: "Jesus went home to common life, to subjection to his parents, and for eighteen years not a word or act betrayed his presence. *It is a fact inexplicable on the mythical theory.*" The sermons are brilliant, but heated and excessive. The preacher is earnest and humane; he means to be simple, forcible, direct; he can on occasion speak with great plainness about the false ideas and mischievous usages of society; his moral standard is always high; his ideal of personal character is always elevated; he battles stoutly against worldliness, and against other worldliness; he is a warm friend of worthy principles and just reforms; he administers rebuke courageously to a rich and fashionable congregation, and gives many a fresh thought to jaded and stale minds. He does not play the priest or affect the oracle, but speaks like a living man to living men, conscientious in the use of his thirty minutes that are all he has to raise the dead in. We would like to admire him unreservedly, but we cannot, and for the reason that his method of drawing authority from doctrines and writings, whose obvious and universally received sense

he sets aside by figurative interpretations, imparts an air of unreality, of ungenuineness, it is not unfair to say of affectation, to all his utterances, and especially to his most earnest ones. His views are generous, quickening, at times inspiring, but a suspicion of unsoundness in their foundations weakens confidence in their strength.

That such preachers as these two should be popular is not surprising. They are fresh, vivid, practical, and spiritual. They talk about actual men and actual society in a very pungent way, and all the while they are neither heretics nor "come-outers." Churchmen like them for allowing them to be churchmen and "live men" at the same time; others, who are not churchmen, like them because although churchmen they are live men themselves. Conservatives like them for their reverence toward instituted ordinances, rites, and creeds; radicals like them for their bravery in assailing ignorance and wrong. Even rationalists like them for their cordial adoption of rational ideas on every debatable subject of modern life. Mr. Robertson's sermons have been prodigious favorites with Unitarians, as being essentially Unitarian in doctrine, and making church and creed sound Unitarianist also. Thus, from both camps the disciples come pouring in. It is on the whole a good sign that they do; for such preaching is suggestive where it is not instructive, and to most people it must be instructive. It belongs to a period of compromise and transition: it cannot therefore be permanently valuable, but while it lasts it will deserve to last.

A BAD BOOK IN LINGUISTICS.*

This little work is written with much apparent profundity; but it seems to be one of a class, not quite unknown in German literature, in which a minimum of valuable truth is wrapped up in a maximum of sounding phraseology. Its author is well known amongst students of language as a man of great erudition and great industry, and his contributions to South African philology have been extensive and important. He has never kept himself within the strict limits of his special department; his enterprising mind and fondness for generalizing have exercised themselves in various and wide-reaching speculations and combinations; but here his success is far from being assured, and it is doubtful whether much of his work will stand criticism. In the discussion of a question like that of the origin of language, a great deal of clear thought, of sound logic tempered and guided by sober sense, and of cautious reserve, is required—qualities which, to say the least, are not the special characteristics of his mind. We do not feel tempted to yield our opinions either to his guidance or to that of his cousin and editor, Professor Häckel of Jena, who also has a good deal to say within the same covers. The latter gentleman, particularly, appears to be one of those headlong Darwinians who take the whole process of development by natural selection as already proved and unquestionable, and go on with the fullest and most provoking confidence to draw out its details. Thus, in a note (not of his own appending, but introduced by Dr. Bleek), he is kind enough to sketch the whole common genealogical tree of man and the monkeys and apes, showing us the gorilla, the chimpanzee, and their like, on a level at the ends of the topmost branches, and enabling us to read off the exact degree of our consanguinity with each individual group of the *quadrumana*, sharp-nosed or flat-nosed, tailed or tailless. Now we, for one, must confess that we have not a particle of prejudice against such kindred; we are democratic enough to think a *parvenu* quite as good as a man with innumerable quarterings, and to hold, with Mephistopheles, that "we are, after all—what we are," no matter how we came to be so, whether by a long and tedious climb upward from a miserable semi-simious state, or by a briefer slide downward from a condition of paradisaic purity and intuitive wisdom. In fact, we must allow the justness of the claim urged by our authors, that the former account of our position is the more flattering and gratifying of the two. Who would not belong to a race whose career is steadily upward rather than to one which has once made an awful lapse, and may probably enough repeat it? Further, we have great faith in the substantial truth of the central Darwinian idea, and would no more regard the analogies and correspondences of form among different kinds and races as meaningless sports of nature, than the fossils in the rocks, which used to be interpreted as such—and are still by many, from whose knowledge and spirit those of the scientific and half-scientific denouncers of Darwin are not perhaps so far removed as they imagine. But we cannot think the theory yet converted into a scientific fact; and those are perhaps the worst foes to its success who are over-hasty to take it and use it as a proved fact. Nor have we patience with men who, inspired by it, claim to be wise respecting man's grand and great-grand ancestors to a degree far beyond what is yet written in the book of science.

The eminent linguistic scholar Schleicher was also sorely infected with Darwinism, and sought to bring the science of language into relation with it in a couple of noted essays, which are far the weakest and most valueless of all his productions, though here referred to with high approval by his colleague Häckel; and it is part of Dr. Bleek's aim as well to connect the development of speech with this particular mode of the development of our race—although we hardly see how he would bring it about, since his theories seem to require only that man should have been, at some indefinite epoch in the past, a creature without language. But his course of exposition is not of the clearest; and, either by his own fault or his translator's, his expression is also often awkward and confusing, especially on the first pages. The introduction to his specific theory occupies two-thirds of the pamphlet (46 pages out of 69), and in the course of it he brings forward many views to which it is very difficult to yield assent. For example, he claims that the language of the mute animals bears to human speech nearly the same relation as the Chinese mode of printing from solid blocks bears to our own from movable types. Surely a most unfortunate and misleading comparison, and one which reduces indefinitely, we might almost say infinitely, the real difference of the two modes of communication. Animal speech is vastly further removed from ours than even the rudest picture-writing from our perfected alphabets, written and printed. Dr. Bleek's opinion on this point doubtless stands connected with his idea, dimly shadowed forth here and there, that articulate speech is distinguished from inarticulate by being broken up and mobilized—which seems to us wholly meaningless. Again, he claims that the personification of natural phenomena, and the development of a nature-religion, has "its origin in the sexual form of language"—that is to say, grows out of the classification which some languages (all those with which we are most familiar) make of objects as masculine or feminine; and he proceeds later to connect poetry and science with the same linguistic peculiarity. The extent to which he is under the dominion of this opinion may be gathered from the fact that on finding a worship of the sun and moon among certain American tribes, while the American tongues have no grammatical gender, he is ready at once to assume the derivation of a part of the culture or the speech of America from nations in the Old World who said *he* and *she!* Indeed, so arbitrary and unsound are his reasonings on matters of religious history, that when, in the sequel, he comes to make himself as offensive to "theologians" as he possibly can, they will feel justified in regarding his denunciation and contempt as of very small account.

When we arrive at last at the theory proper, we find it to be of a quite peculiar character. It is somewhat as follows: The earliest quasi-human beings uttered by mere instinct certain sounds to express certain feelings. They heard their fellows utter the same sounds. Being, like monkeys, of an imitative disposition, they could not help mocking these sounds. But, upon thus reproducing them, they were reminded of the feelings which had prompted their own original utterances. This gave them, side by side, a view of the feeling and its natural expression, an apprehension of a sign and something signified, and so brought before their consciousness the separateness and the connection of the two; it set the feeling outside of them as an object of contemplation, and gave them knowledge of that item of themselves. This was the first step in the process whereby man became man.

This theory is unnecessarily complicated. So far as there are involuntary utterances expressive of feeling (and their range is very limited), they did not need to be repeated by imitation before they could be associated with an idea of the feeling that led to them. Why could not that association follow upon their being heard simply from others' mouths, or even from one's own? Would not the most rudimentary man *in posse*, if he heard his fellow laugh or cry, understand what it meant without having first himself to *haw-haw* or *boo-boo?* Do not even the animals thus? When a gun goes off, all the shy birds near by take to flight without waiting to say "bang!" to themselves. The imitative factor is an intrusion, and may be left out of the account altogether. If the first man had not had a power of analytic apprehension, and a mastery over consciousness, very different from those of other beings, neither hearing nor imitation would have led him to anything. This power is man's characteristic, and where he received it, at whatever time and in whatever way, he became man. We object entirely to having his conversion into man treated as the result, rather than the cause, of his cultural development as man. When

* "On the Origin of Language. By W. H. J. Bleek, etc. Edited with a Preface by Dr. Ernst Häckel, etc. Translated by Thomas Davidson." New York: L. W. Schmidt. 1869. 8vo, pp. 69.

the process of language-making began, man was man *in esse* as well as *in posse*, ready to have his powers drawn out and educated—just as is every human being nowadays at the commencement of its existence. And the specific moving power to the working-out of speech was not the monkeyish tendency to imitation, but the human tendency to sociality, the desire of communication with one's fellows—an element which Dr. Bleek appears not to have taken at all into consideration.

He is, further, consistently in the wrong in his view of the relation of language to thought. He holds the extreme opinion as to the absolute necessity of a word to an idea, asserting that "no cognition can come into man's consciousness otherwise than in and through language," and more to the same purpose. Here is no place to enter upon the often-repeated discussion of this fundamental point; but we may say that we do not see what sound and telling argument can be urged upon Dr. Bleek's side. Like many another before him, he mistakes one kind and degree of indispensability for another. Because, on the grand scale, language is the necessary auxiliary of thought, indispensable to the development of the power of thinking, to the distinctness and variety and complexity of cognitions, to the full mastery of consciousness, therefore he would fain make thought absolutely impossible without speech, identifying the faculty with its instrument. He might just as reasonably assert that the human hand cannot act without a tool. With such a doctrine to start from, he cannot stop short of Müller's worst paradoxes, that an infant (*in-fans*, not speaking) is not a human being, and that deaf-mutes do not become possessed of reason until they learn to twist their fingers into imitations of spoken words.

Of course, we cannot believe that a man who goes so far astray upon points of so capital consequence is capable of casting valuable light upon the origin of language; and we are forced to regard the present essay as a failure. So far as we can discover, it does not add an item of valuable information or valuable thought to the discussion of the subject; and neither its substance, its style, nor its spirit furnishes reason for its translation into English.

In a note which the translator ill-advisedly adds on a slip at the end, Professor Häckel is made to remark: "The essay has received much praise in Germany, and I hope it will have the same powerful effect in America also." We, on our part, hope that somebody is guilty of misrepresentation here; but if this is really the main effect which the work is intended by its author and editors to produce, it doubly deserves to be disappointed.

THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW FOR OCTOBER.

By far the most striking and readable of the long articles in the last *North American* is that of Mr. Henry Brooks Adams, who has by this and one or two similar essays made for himself an enviable reputation as a courageous politician in the best sense of the term, and as an excellently clear and forcible writer. Indeed he may be said to be at times a little too forcible, or rather to be a little too fond of hard hitting. But this is a fault which he comes by honestly, and one which perhaps may be expected to disappear, although we do not know, either, that it has been usual for age to abate the natural force of the members of Mr. Adams's family. The characterization of Attorney-General Hoar and of Secretary Boutwell is very telling, and is restrained and dignified in manner. And we take it to be perfectly true, although it is likely that a certain number of people will not at once believe it, and we may be sure that another certain number will affect to disbelieve it, and will take a tone of easy contempt in treating of it. Already, in fact, we observe that to some of our friends in Massachusetts, considerations of Mr. Adams's youthfulness are apparently held to be of great weight; and what that means in matters of this kind we all know. "Mr. Adams is young yet," to be sure, as the *Springfield Republican* reminds us; but there is every danger, we should say, that even when he is bent with age, like the old gentlemen who are shocked at his want of years, and at a little irreverence that there is in him, he will still have his own opinion in regard to "that type of narrow political morality which has obtained so general a control of America—the product of caucuses and party promotion," and which has not yet done us all the harm it is going to do us, both by the example it sets and by the acts it performs, but which, as we have faith to believe, has seen its best days.

Mr. Adams's essay has for its main purpose to show that, as regards appointments to office, we have subverted that principle of the Constitution which prohibits the absorption by one department of the government of the powers of any other. The Senate, he charges, has got into its hands a great share of the power of the Executive; and no one can doubt, we think, that this is indeed so. But we think, too, that in his desire to make us return to the fundamental principles of the government, to make us see how much violence we have done the true spirit of our institutions, Mr. Adams neglects to pay due attention or to give sufficient prominence to a fact that every one who calls himself, and is, "a practical man" will be likely to think a chief thing to be considered. And that is this, that in practice it was, we may say, inevitable that the theory of the Constitution should in this particular matter go by the board, because to carry it into practice has became an impossibility. Let a President throw himself ever so unreservedly on that popular feeling which, as an American, is ready to sustain any President who shall firmly declare that he will not permit offices to be parcelled out as spoils; let him even win against the Senate the victory which last spring, when the Tenure of Office act was under discussion, Grant tried hard and honestly, but possibly not with sufficient obstinacy, to win; let him get back into the hands of the Executive the power which has been taken away to be used by men like Fenton and Cameron, Pomeroy and Butler, for the building up of their own political fortunes; let him do this, and much as would thereby be done for the theory of our government—for carrying out on paper the intentions of its founders, what after all would be the practical difference? It is, so far as we can see, simply impossible that any one man could properly make all our appointments. Should he try ever so hard, Senators and Representatives would still be the President's advisers as to the fitness of candidates; they would still be men to be conciliated, the exercise of the advisory power would still have its corrupting influences, and we should still be where we are. Some supplementary device is still to seek after we have given back to the Executive the appointing power in its integrity. We are glad, let us say in taking leave of this article, that it came in Mr. Adams's way to make this remark: "Although much has been said against the President for the selection of personal friends and relatives for office, so far as this choice had any political meaning it was rather deserving of praise and support as the last remnant of the President's defeated purpose of rescuing the public service from the taint of political corruption." And then follows a word or two which suggest the improbability—practically infinite—of any one man's being able, unaided by some machinery not now in existence, thus to rescue the public service: "If a similar process of selection," says Mr. Adams, "had been carried with proper care and a wide acquaintance with men through all the public service, one principal source of corruption would have been greatly checked."

Mr. John Fiske's article, entitled "The Genesis of Language," is the result of independent research and independent thinking, and certainly does its author credit as an able thinker and writer. Any one who thinks it too much loaded with detail, and not compendious enough, should think of it as addressed to scholars and not to the general reader. It is rare, however, to find an article of such length on this subject containing so much that is sound—which, however, is not saying that it does not contain much that is unsound and should have been omitted. For example, the derivation of "woman" from an assumed Sanskrit word, "wêman" (meaning "weaver"), is a decided error, and there are more that are not dissimilar. To go to the Sanskrit directly in such a matter instead of looking first to the Germanic languages is to offend against one of the two most essential rules in comparative philology. It does honor to Mr. Fiske's sense and penetration that he sees in the imitative theory (Müller's bad joke, "bow-wow theory," ought to be let pass into oblivion), the sole acceptable explanation of the origin of speech. His suggestion of the separate origin of pronominal and a few other elements as the involuntary utterances accompanying gestures of pointing is worthy of consideration, but Mr. Fiske would admit that to accept it now would be premature. We are not yet so far along that we can deal with a question so recondite, and the resources of all existing languages must be ransacked for hints upon it before we venture on framing a theory. We may add that we feel like objecting to Mr. Fiske's use of the word "integration." Such a term is a dangerous thing to handle; involving so much, it can hardly be but that sometimes it will be employed, even by the most cautious, as a cover for unclearness of thought or for ignorance.

"The Writings of Mr. Rowland G. Hazard" is an article by Professor G. P. Fisher, and will make the reader acquainted with an author who is well worth knowing, but who has taken so little care for reputation as never to have reached his proper place in the public esteem. His life has been that of a manufacturer on a large scale, but the bent of his mind is towards metaphysical discussion, and this he has prosecuted with more than ordinary success. The nature and operation of the will in man ap-

pears to be his favorite subjects, and he maintains the freedom of it, aud opposes strongly the doctrine of the school of Mr. Mill, with whom he has had more or less of private discussion, and to whom he addresses his latest work. It consists of two letters on "Causation and Freedom of Willing," and we shall at another time have more to say concerning it. Mr. Hazard's way of writing is simple and easy, and is so much the style of a plain man desiring to make clear a difficult subject, that we should think any one who has not as yet given to matters of this kind all the attention he could wish, might very profitably get our author's books and study them. Mr. Hazard is also the author of a little work on "Finance and Hours of Labor" that it will be worth many people's while to take a look at; and during the war he did the State some service by a very good exposition of the resources of the country. It was translated abroad, at home it was read widely, and it was an efficient help in putting down the rebellion.

"The Coast of Egypt and the Suez Canal" is by Henry Mitchell, of the United States Coast Survey, and is a part of a forthcoming official report. So far as we make out, the author has not a superabundance of faith in the success of the canal as a commercial highway. It is other aspects of the work, however—aspects almost purely scientific—that Mr. Mitchell deals with, and with these less than with problems presented by the Egyptian coast, the artificial harbor of Port Saïd, and the delta of the Nile. "Paraguay and the Present War" is by Mr. S. G. Bulfinch, and perhaps is as authoritative and accurate as anything on that subject that we are likely to get for some little time. Mr. Porter Bliss is getting ready a book, we believe; and if he will deliver a plain tale, not disdaining details, and never minding the many opportunities he will surely have for eloquence, we shall before very long have a work of value.

We have been much interested in Mr. Lewis H. Morgan's paper on "The Indian Migrations." It is to be followed by another, and the two together are intended to present such evidence bearing on the movements of our aborigines, as may be drawn from a consideration of the physical conditions under which they live, and from their systems of consanguinity, their languages, and so forth. Mr. Morgan's enquiry will include the subject of the origin of the North and South American Indians, and probably no one is better fitted than he to give an opinion. In the article before us he points out, what many of us had forgotten, that it is not so very long since the Indian was a hunter without a horse, and that therefore the prairies were of little use to him as hunting-grounds; that the forest portions of the continent were also not his best habitat, and that, as he was not an agriculturist to any great extent—at least, in the region this side of Mexico—good fishing-places were the main necessity for him. The essay then proceeds to a survey of the continent, and marks out the seats of Indian occupation, and seems to indicate that Mr. Morgan will fix upon the neighborhood of Puget Sound and the Columbia River as the cradle of the copper-colored race, though as to where he will put its birthplace he makes no certain sign. There are other things given us by the author: notably an account, seemingly very reasonable and careful, of the Aztec civilization, about which so much has been said—so much too much, we may perhaps say. And there is what appears to us a very plausible theory as to the true character of the Mound Builders, so-called, who have seemed to be fairly installed in the position in our archæology which is occupied in Ireland by the famous round towers. They were, perhaps, Village Indians, says Mr. Morgan, who came from New Mexico and found that their system of house-building would not answer in their new home. They had been accustomed to use adobe brick in the construction of their buildings, and, for reasons of defence, to close in the story next the ground, and to enter the house—which, by the way, was an immense communal dwelling—by means of ladders reaching to the flat roof. Now, on reaching the region of the Ohio River, they would find that the frosts, and rains, and snows of that climate were destructive of the sun-baked bricks, and they would have to consider the question of how to build. To make out of poles and bark a house resting on the natural level of the ground would be to change altogether their mode of building—a thing not lightly to be done, especially as their house was also their fortress. They decided, then, to substitute for the first, closed story an embankment on which this house of poles and bark might be set up in safety; and it is thus that we have the mounds. This seems to us far from being an unreasonable supposition, and we sincerely trust it may be established as the true one. In the interest of future generations, it is to be hoped somebody may go out and deposit on top of some or all of them a judicious, plausible quantity of the "charcoal and ashes, the remnants of fire-pits," the discovery of which would, as Mr. Morgan says, strengthen his theory a good deal—enough, it is likely, to shut the mouths of many archæologists yet unborn.

All of the reviews in this number of the *North American* are to be called good, we believe, though we should not call very good the critical article on Freidrich Rückert. The review of "Kirk's Charles the Bold" is, however, excellent; that of Kinglake's last volume is more than fair; and so is that of Khéyam, albeit the English translation of the mystic is perhaps praised a little more than is necessary, clever as it is; excellent again are the remarks on Mr. Whitmore's "Andros," and those on Noeldeke's "Alttestamentliche Literatur,"—which some one should translate. The notice of Dr. Bushnell's and Mr. Mill's books about the woman question hardly satisfies the reader that the reviewer is speaking out his full mind; indeed, it perhaps suggests a doubt whether he himself quite knows it; but it is well done, speaks with accurate appreciation of both the authors under examination, and says a word or two—mild enough, certainly—about Dr. Bushnell's hazardous mode of expression—which we wish that forcible and eager writer would turn over in his mind. But the first of the reviews, that of Max Müller's "Chips from a German Work-Shop," is the best of them. We may go further, and say we doubt if we know anywhere so entirely good a book-review of the more comprehensive kind. The professor is described to us so that his place as a linguistic scholar is determined; his strength and his weakness are stated with precision, and the latter is proved by lucid and cogent argumentation; we are told the contents of the book in hand and the value of it is estimated, and we are made to see where it is good and where it comes short. All this is done in a pleasing style, which perhaps has for a fault that it is slightly monotonous, and that the regularity of its movement is apt to beguile one a little, so that now and then a distinct act of attention is required to keep fast hold of the sense. But when examined it is seen to be copious, clear, and correct; and it expresses a temper under complete control, and a mind full of knowledge, trained in reasoning, and of a judicial habit. At the end of the review proper, Professor Müller is very rightly and justly rebuked for his treatment of his brother scholars, and the spectacle is edifying. The essay is in many respects a model of composition, and to find a better example of the proper method of inflicting severe but not cruel chastisement on an offender richly deserving punishment would be indeed difficult. It is a sort of work in which not unusually chastiser and chastised appear equally undignified, and to be in positions equally undesirable.

HOMERIC STUDIES.*

Herr Schliemann is a *homo novus* in the field of literature. He is, also, in a rather strict sense of the word, what the Germans call, after the Greek, an *Autodidakt*, a self-taught man. As if to explain his sudden appearance among archæologists, he gives in the preface to his "Researches" a fugitive sketch of his life. A Mecklenburger by birth, he imbibed as a child, from the amusing narratives of his father, an inextinguishable fondness for the Homeric legends and the primeval Hellenic world. When ten years old, in 1832, he presented his father with a Latin elaboration on the Trojan war and the adventures of Odysseus and Agamemnon. Four years later, however, he was obliged to enter a retail grocery store, in which he remained upward of five years, selling herrings, butter, brandy, and milk, preparing potatoes for distillation, and doing similar unclassical things. He forgot what he had learned, but continued to cherish a desire for culture. The lifting of a heavy cask, which caused a bleeding from the lungs, finally compelled him to give up his situation. He went to Hamburg, and thence tried to get to South America, but the ship which took him out was wrecked on the coast of the island of Texel, and he had to beg his way to Amsterdam, where he succeeded, however, in finding mercantile employment and leisure for studies. With extraordinary avidity and zeal he now devoted himself to the study of modern languages, English, French, Dutch, Spanish, Italian, Portuguese, and Russian, which he mastered in an almost incredibly short time. Having gone as commercial agent to St. Petersburg, he established himself there, acquired considerable wealth, and added the Swedish and Polish, and an extensive knowledge of modern and ancient Greek, to his stock of languages. He then travelled through Sweden, Denmark, Germany, Italy, Egypt, Northern Arabia, Syria, and Greece, and, finally, making the tour of the world, visited, among other countries, India, China, and Japan. In 1866, he made Paris his permanent abode, determined to devote the remainder of his life to literary and chiefly archæological research. The book before us is the fruit of diligent studies, as well as of a tour, made in

* "Ithaka, der Peloponnes und Troja. Archäologische Forschungen von Heinrich Schliemann." Leipzig: 1869.

the summer of 1867, through the Ionian Isles, the southern parts of Greece, and Troas.

Herr Schliemann evinces great familiarity with his subjects and, in general, ample Hellenic erudition, and by dint of combining ancient and modern descriptions—Greek poetry and German prose—in an attractive way has succeeded in producing a very readable archæological narrative—if we may use this expression. But he starts with so childlike a love for heroic Hellas, and so naïve a belief in his Homer—without stating the grounds on which this belief, so contrary to the opinions of many, is founded—that we must leave it to those who may in future, with his book in hand, examine the grounds traversed by him to pass judgment upon the critical value of his antiquarian observations and discoveries. Believing the author of the Iliad and Odyssey to have composed what we might call his historical descriptions with an accuracy for which we should in vain look in the "Gerusalemme Liberata," the "Henriade," or the "Lord of the Isles," he makes a perfect agreement with the details of those descriptions the criterion in determining all legend-hallowed localities. With the aid of this criterion he easily overthrows many more or less hypothetical results obtained by former antiquarians, while only an examination of the spots concerned could enable us to decide whether his own positive assertions are not equally liable to be refuted by the same kind of argument. Many a discrepancy between the Homeric narrative and things as he finds them he himself acknowledges, and, where necessary, explains. Thus, the Odyssey speaks of the *immense* grain crops of Ithaca, which now produces the fourth part only of what its inhabitants consume; it speaks of swine, cattle, goats, and sheep in that island, none of which are now bred there; it tells that the swine of Eumæus were fattened on acorns, which presupposes a former abundance of oaks, a species of trees now entirely wanting. He proves that the islet of Dascalion cannot be the Asteris of that epic; but this Homeric islet must have since been engulfed by the sea if it was where he is critically obliged to place it, west of the southern extremity of Ithaca. He finds, however, no difficulty in exactly identifying in the last-named island the harbor of Phorcys, where Odysseus was landed, while fast asleep, by the Phæacian mariners; the two steep cliffs at its entrance and the adjoining dark grotto of the nymphs, whose urns, "stone pitchers," and "stone looms" are still discernible, he says, in stalactites, as Homer saw them; the ruins of the Cyclopean residence of Odysseus, on the summit of Mount Aetos, with its crumbled walls and turrets, and cisterns; the rock-hewn road by which Odysseus and Telemachus "descended from the town to the fine field of Laertes;" the field, "all around open to view," on which Eumæus built his house and twelve enclosures for the swine, ten of which are still visible in Cyclopean remains; the "rough" and "rocky" path which led the returned King of Ithaca to the abode of that faithful swineherd, and both to the palace on the Eagle Mountain; or the Homeric capital "town" of the island, on the northern continuation of the Aetos, with its two ports, north and south of the isthmus on which that mountain rises. In the many virtues he discovers in the inhabitants of Ithaca our author easily recognizes some traits of character peculiar to the Ithacans of Homer, but his picture of those secluded and ignorant islanders, so free from vice and poverty in spite of a degraded clergy and a hundred and forty-nine days of rest in the year, is too flattering to be genuine. That the dogs of Ithaca, as he says he learned to his delight on a critical occasion, can still be managed by tricks which were effectual in the good old times of Odysseus, is more likely to be true.

The author's orthodox belief in the accuracy of the Homeric epics is even more conspicuous in his identification of localities belonging to the topographical sphere of the Iliad. In arguing with Frank Calvert in favor of Hissarlik as the seat of ancient Troy, against Forchhammer, Mauduit, Nicolaides, and others, who support the claims of Bunarbashi, he adduces as an evidence for his view the movements of the Greek and Trojan combatants in the first battle described in the Iliad, which could not have been executed within the time stated, if the distance between the camp of the assailants and the besieged city had been as great as the opposite supposition would make it. In determining the location and extent of the Greek naval camp, he makes use even of the statements in the epic narrative according to which a harangue of Agamemnon's, made on board the vessel of Odysseus, was heard in the tents of both Ajax and Achilles, that is, at both extremities of the encampment, and the latter hero could, from his tent, see Nestor, who was stationed at the opposite end. We must confess arguments of this kind are more apt to elicit smiles than convictions.

A Guide-Book of Florida and the South, for Tourists, Invalids, and Emigrants, with a map of the St. John River, by Daniel G. Brinton, A.M., M.D. (Philadelphia: George Maclean.)—This is one of four works relating to Florida which have been sent to us within the year, but it alone is designed for a hand-book, and will be republished from year to year. It treats incidentally of the chief places along the land route to Florida, such as Richmond, Aiken, Charleston, Savannah, and Atlanta. Into the preparation of it, a good deal of personal and professional knowledge has entered, and it is to be recommended for its arrangement and fulness and variety of information. The printer has not done his part so well as the editor, so that, in an important sentence on page 52, *south* stands instead of *north*, and on page 84, *Greek* is substituted for *Creek*, with singular effect. Dr. Brinton, however, seems to us to have adopted a wrong practice in reversing—with due notice, to be sure—the geographical right and left when applied to rivers. In the first place this presupposes a rather feeble intellect in the travellers for whose convenience in ascending the St. John River the change is made, and then it compels the addition of the words east and west in parenthesis, both when the common rule is violated and when, as in one instance, it is recurred to. For the rest, invalids will be grateful for medical advice on which they can depend, and persons with scientific tastes, for hints of what to see and to search for in a land that has furnished and is still furnishing important data to geogony and ethnology. Dr. Brinton gives also an epitome of the political history of Florida, and a list of the works referring to the State in whole or in part. In summing up the advantages of various districts for the invalid, the doctor, after pronouncing against the interior on account of its debilitating heat, chooses the south-east coast as having the most equable climate in the United States, and the neighborhood of Miami River and Key Biscayne as being most accessible, though as yet without proper accommodations. The range of the thermometer is here the least, and food is, as everywhere in Florida, abundant and diversified. The experience of army officers stationed at this point seems to sustain Dr. Brinton's conclusion; certainly it does for the large class of invalids whose disease is of the throat and lungs. The mineral springs, however, scattered through the peninsula in great numbers, are likely to attract not a few health-seekers as well as mere tourists.

Except for its accurate map of the St. John River, we should hardly prefer Brinton's "Guide-Book," so far as it describes East-Florida, to Mr. Ledyard Bill's "Winter in Florida" (New York: Wood & Holbrook, 1869), which is, in fact, a little later than the former; and it is a sign that Florida is getting on somewhat rapidly, that a new and good hotel at Jacksonville can be mentioned, and a new railroad, connecting St. Augustine with the St. John, be declared a settled undertaking. Mr. Bill usually confirms the "Guide-Book" in its estimate of routes and houses of entertainment, while his descriptions of places are sometimes more faithful, or shall we say more graphic, than Dr. Brinton's. Thus, we should not know from the latter that the "town" of Picolata is merely the settlement of a single family, and consists of "one beer-shop, one comfortable farm-dwelling, and a few rude stalls constructed and occupied for the use of the stage-lines to St. Augustine." Of the ride to the latter place, Mrs. Yelverton has spoken in extravagant and fanciful terms in her book called "St. Augustine" (New York: G. P. Putnam & Son, 1869), which Brinton mentions with the epithet "inaccurate." Mr. Bill says the lady will cause those who trust her a bitter disappointment, for "we found this ride of eighteen miles one of the most disagreeable and miserable we ever made, and through a tract of country entirely devoid of unusual attractions." He himself appears worthy of all confidence when entitled to a hearing, and he is never too positive in matters professional. He too gives a brief history that is readable of the Spanish, French, English, and American occupations of Florida, and in narrating what he saw, what is the capacity of the State, and what the temper of the people towards immigrants, talks like a person of sense and humor, with whom one might very well have liked to travel in company. We place him alongside of Brinton in value, and think no one can fail to read him with interest. Invalids, he thinks, need go no further south than Palatka, and he is certain that Green Cove will hereafter be their chief resort; but he was also favorably impressed with the enterprise at Lake Monroe, of which Brinton also speaks respectfully.

The fourth work is an official pamphlet by Hon. J. S. Adams, Commissioner of Emigration for the State of Florida, entitled "Florida and its Climate, Soil, and Productions" (Jacksonville, 1869). It tells, as may be supposed, all that is needful to be known, prior to examination, of a State which offers cheap lands, great facilities (actual or possible) of trans-

portation, and products both of the temperate and tropic zones; in which the orange, lemon, fig, date, banana, olive, citron, guava, pomegranate, pineapple, and other noble fruits flourish and yield bountifully, in which the sugar-cane reaches maturity, and which so abounds in game, fish, and fowl as to be styled the sportsman's paradise—a State in which, it is boasted, "a sultry night, a death from sun-stroke, or a mad dog are three things unknown," and frosts very rare. Florida has, indeed, in very many respects a peculiar attractiveness, and inclines us to indulge in high expectations of its future. The mixture of races, begun so early in that extremity of the continent, was symbolical of what has since happened to the whole Union, though the State is still unsurpassed in heterogeneity, or, if surpassed at all, only by Louisiana. When to Spanish, French, English, Greek, Italian, Corsican, Minorcan, African, Indian, and American blood, we shall add, as Mr. Bill proposes for the cultivation of tea, Chinese, the world may safely be challenged to match the conglomerate. One thing seems tolerably sure—the immediate improvement and material prosperity of Florida. In no Southern State, we believe, is there less of rancor surviving the war, or greater security for Northerners desirous to settle there. In few States, perhaps, considering its population, have so many Northern men of the right sort settled in permanence as in Florida, while it is the first in its provision for education for white and black.

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Authors.—Titles. *Publishers.—Prices.*

Abbott (J. S. C.), The Romance of Spanish History.....(Harper & Bros.)
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Hartwig (Dr. G.), The Polar World.....(Harper & Bros.)
Hentz (Mrs. C. L.), Linda: a tale.....(T. B. Peterson & Bros.) 1 75
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Josh Billings's Farmer's Allminax, swd.....(G. W. Carleton & Co.) 0 25
Journal of the North-China Branch of the Royal Asiatic Society, December, 1868.....(Shanghai)
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Thackeray (Miss A. J.), The Village on the Cliff, and Other Stories.....(Fields, Osgood & Co.) 1 00
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The Week.

A FACT that we venture to say no journalist ever expected to record is that the Ring of this city and county has been thoroughly beaten in brutal impudence by the Ring which controls Kings County and Brooklyn. Nothing could much exceed the barefaced character of the frauds committed there in the late election. To begin with, the Ring members of the Board of Supervisors, in appointing election officers, coolly filled the lists with a set of their own creatures, and would not so much as let the Republican Supervisors know their names. Indignant remonstrances in the Board's room, and indignation meetings outside, and even the protests of Democratic journals, had no effect whatever; the Ring had decided on keeping in their own hands at all costs the chance of plundering the city. When election morning came, the frauds began. For example, in a polling-booth in a given district of a given ward, there were present as election officers four canvassers—all Democrats, though, by rights, two should have been Republicans; two inspectors, neither of whom was a Republican; and two clerks, of whom the Republicans were allowed to have one. A continually replenished pitcher of lager, and two whiskey bottles never allowed to be long empty, were a prominent part of the furniture. At first, voting went on quietly enough—the liquor not having begun to have its effect perhaps; but by-and-by, the canvassers being in collusion with the men who were "selling tickets," the voters would come up to the ballot-boxes with only three or five tickets in their packages, nine being the full number, and a canvasser would say, "You are short of tickets;" the voter, unwilling to go back to the end of the queue, would gladly allow the canvasser to make up the deficiency, which he would do from a little pile behind the box. It is needless to say that the vote for the Ring candidates was rather more increased in this way than that for the Constitution or for the Judiciary clause. Then when the votes were all in and the polls closed, came the making out of false returns, the exclusion of citizens from the polling-place, and the out-and-out destruction of some returns. And after this, and when the canvassers were helped home, came still further falsifying in higher quarters, and all of so unblushing a kind that the Democratic District Attorney does a thing unexampled in the late history of Democratic officials in this vicinity, and comes out in a card declaring his intention to prosecute, and calling for witnesses to frauds, and follows up this with another, assuring an incredulous world that in the first card he really meant what he said.

We read the other day, in an "uncompromising Radical" paper of Philadelphia, in the course of some abuse of Mr. Moore, the collector of that port, for not having made the custom-house take a more active part in the State election, that it was true that "Mr. Moore was an honest and able man, but what had honesty and ability to do with the management of the custom-house?" This sounds like a joke, but was a perfectly serious expression of the feeling of one tribe of politicians. It of course suggests irresistibly the enquiry whether this tribe considers honesty or ability of any use anywhere; and it suggests the answer, too. But it would seem as if even in the custom-house, and the New York custom-house to boot, they had their uses. The "drawback frauds," of which we spoke some months ago, and by which the Government has lost about a million, are at last undergoing exposure, the leading depredators being now under examination. Their plan of operations was simple, yet, by reason of the number of persons needed to work it, complex. Petroleum, tobacco, and various other articles of domestic production pay a heavy internal revenue tax; but if afterwards exported, the owner has only to carry to the Treasury proof of the payment of the tax, and of the fact of exportation, to get the tax repaid to him, or what is called "a drawback." So a whole band of persons, some in the custom-house, some outside, entered into a conspiracy, by means of which forged internal revenue certificates, false manifests, and such other documents, were duly stamped, and certified by Government officers, and, being forwarded to the Treasury Department at Washington and there approved, the drawback was duly paid. Owing to the number of persons through whose hands all these papers had to pass, and to the fact that the names of the firms claiming drawbacks had to be constantly changed, in order not to excite suspicion, the number of conspirators was very large, one or two occupying high positions in the custom-house. There is no knowing how long the thing might have lasted if one of the rogues had not got out of temper and peached. The evidence reveals an amount of depravity among men passing for respectable which is really wonderful. Perjury of course played a large part in the performance, and it does not appear that any of the confederates had any more hesitation in proposing co-operation to a new man than in asking him to engage in a business speculation.

General Butterfield has resigned, and Mr. Folger, a late State Senator, who was re-elected this year, and ran far ahead of his ticket, and of whom everybody speaks well, has been appointed to take his place. We are glad not to see any semi-official eulogies on him appearing as if by concert in the morning papers. This almost invariably means either that there is something in the past to be covered up, or that the future is doubtful, and indicates that the worthy object has himself been round through the editorial offices, mentioning some of his principal claims to popular admiration. We suppose there will be no trial of General Butterfield, but if he is going back to his post in the army, we think the time has come for that court-martial which he demanded.

It has not been usual of late years that the death of noted Americans, who got their celebrity in the days before the Rebellion, has had any interest at all for any but Americans, nor even for any Americans outside of the little circle who surrounded the deceased as his personal friends. Amos Kendall is just dead, and it is true to say that no one much cares. But once he was a sort of Veiled Prophet; half believed to be all but superhuman; fully believed to be the life and soul of Jackson's administration in all its departments; a "power be-

hind the throne;" a creature of mystery in all his incomings and outgoings; a man whom senators who had lived for years in Washington had never laid eyes on except in dreams; a being capable of enormous labors; almost omniscient, and for all practical purposes omnipotent. Even so hard-headed a person as Miss Harriet Martineau—who, however, had set her teeth before she left England and made up her mind to reverence "the statesmen of the Republic"—speaks of him with a sort of awe. As he now appears to us, he was a shrewd, laborious, and rather ill-tempered Yankee, who made a poor enough Postmaster-General, who has not left a word behind him that any man now remembers, and who devoted the closing years of a life which now has been long obscure to accumulating money—he having had the native shrewdness to believe in Professor Morse's great invention and to go shares with him.

Mr. Robert J. Walker is another of the once illustrious statesmen and "most remarkable men in our country, sir," whose name, like Amos Kendall's, used to be in all the papers. Like Kendall, he was a Northern man—born in Pennsylvania—who at an early period of his life went into the South, and there was led into captivity by the slaveholding rulers of his adopted home; a captivity from which, however, he emerged at the time of the Kansas troubles. Buchanan had made him one of the many governors of that Territory, and his experience had half-converted him from Democracy, and more than half-disgusted him with the "old public functionary," who had been an old friend of his, but whom he left to join Douglas. Mr. Walker went to Mississippi in 1826, when he was twenty-five years old, and in nine years afterwards, such was his success at the bar and in politics, he was sent to the United States Senate, and made an able senator. He married well, so far as concerned his political purposes, being allied with the Pennsylvania Baches and Franklins, and had general good luck as well as good ability. He was a friend and adviser of Jackson's, of Van Buren's, and of Tyler's after Tyler had apostatized from the Whig faith. Under Polk, he was Secretary of the Treasury, and was reputed a good one. During the war, after Buchanan and the Border Ruffians had converted him, he became a Republican, with leanings to the War Democrats; and since the war, if we remember, he has been nebulously before the people as a writer on the finances, and as a politician struggling with decay, who was inclined to get back by way of Andrew-Johnsonism to Democracy; but we confess that we have not watched him very closely. He was dead already. He belonged to a school of politicians as nearly defunct as possible, except perhaps in some few of the Southern States, where they may reappear if the Conservatives again get hold of the reins, and in such States as Kentucky, where "dead race-horses," as Mr. James Brooks calls them, are as common in politics as live ones on the Kentucky turf. It will, however, not be long before they will all pass away and be forgotten.

Rear-Admiral Stewart, just dead at the great age of ninety-one, was a man of a different stamp from these, and so was Major-General Wool, who died three days afterwards at the age of eighty-six. The old Admiral was one of the sea-fighters, and the old General one of the land-fighters, of that early time of our history which the boys of twenty years ago used to con in all the reading-books and geographies and histories. "The defeat of Sir George Provost at Plattsburgh," the "capture of the *Cyane*," the "Battle of Buena Vista," are now, we suppose, replaced by equally graphic wood-cuts and letterpress in praise of monitors and heavy guns; and Grant, Sheridan, Sherman, and Farragut, instead of Decatur, Greene, Wayne, Perry, Scott, and Taylor, are to instil patriotism into young America. But the old fights and captains served the purpose well, as Lee and Davis know. Both Stewart and Wool were good officers and gallant men, the latter having selected the ground on which the battle of Buena Vista was fought, and being famous as a good quartermaster and commissary for his troops, an excellent inspector-general, and recognized as the man to whose alertness and good judgment is due our retention of Fortress Monroe; while the former was an accomplished seaman, and never met Frenchman, Englishman, or Barbary pirate whom he did not outmanœuvre or else out-fight. He was a Pennsylvanian, and Wool a New Yorker. "Old Ironsides," as Stewart was proudly called by his countrymen in the days when he was giving them more than one "glorious victory," was best known of late years as having given to the world his reminiscences of a conversation which he had with Calhoun about forty years ago, and in which Calhoun avowed the purpose of the South to break up the Union. Neither Wool nor Stewart could be said to have ever been in politics, though once Stewart's Democratic friends wished to make him President. But other men more "available" in the South carried off the prize of the nomination. What with the death of Kendall, Walker, Stewart, Wool, and Pierce in this country, Peabody and Derby in England, and Sainte-Beuve in France, the autumn has been hard on the distinguished veterans. The premature winter—premature on both sides of the water—perhaps has had something to do with taking them away.

The attempt of some thirty women to study medicine at the Medical College in Philadelphia, last week, led to a most disgraceful scene at a clinical lecture—the momentary exposure of a patient causing the male students to fall to hissing, hooting, and howling, and they crowned their blackguardism by continuing their insults in the street after the ladies had left the building. Apart from the ruffianism of this performance, its most striking feature is its ludicrousness, for there is something very ludicrous in medical students setting up as the guardians of female delicacy in hospitals or operating rooms. If the women themselves can stand this sort of thing, why should the sweet, shrinking males complain? Of course, such an ordeal is an awful one for the women, considering that they are simply qualifying for the one profession for the pursuit of which in one branch or other few now deny their fitness. But they are gaining admission to all the great medical schools of the world. They have just been admitted to the school of the Edinburgh University by the vote of a large majority of the General Council—Professor Masson showing that in the examination which had already taken place they had done better than the men. They are also studying in the school of the University of Zürich (Switzerland), their numbers there having increased within four years from one to sixteen, and, it is said, without any inconvenience, and to the marked improvement of the discipline. So that female students in Philadelphia, as well as elsewhere, may be of good heart. We confess we think it would be better for both them and the men if they could study separately, to some extent at least, and we hope machinery for this purpose will yet be provided everywhere. In the meantime, there is nothing for it but patience, and we are glad to see that public indignation has cowed the Philadelphia purists into decency.

This occurrence brings forcibly to one's sympathizing consideration the case of the patients who are used in these clinical lectures, for whom it seems to us the world has too little consideration; doctors do not seem to have a particle. It must be bad enough, when almost worn out by a tedious and mysterious and "interesting" disease or injury, to have your bed suddenly surrounded by a large body of wild-looking young men, smelling strongly of tobacco, and to be carried into a theatre and laid out before them, simply as a "case," for which the best of them would feel ashamed of showing any tenderness, and then stripped, squeezed, turned over, and otherwise mauled for their edification. Take, for instance, the poor wretch over whom the late row took place. He is suffering from an apparently incurable fracture of the thigh. One may guess to what a point of exhaustion he must be reduced. He is taken into the theatre, and forthwith laid out before a great crowd of both sexes—the males, as the sequel proved, being perfect barbarians. He is lying there, bearing, as best he may, being lectured upon, and having his leg measured—getting, in fact, a kind of foretaste of a *post-mortem* examination under eyes hungry for a sight of his inside—when suddenly the majority of the audience begin yelling, and hallooing, and calling names, and the minority show signs of the utmost mortification and confusion, and the assembly breaks up in wild disorder. Imagine the effect on nerves broken by suffering! Are there no Berghs to look after the victims of the "clinics?" The *World* sent a reporter down since the disturbance to see how the women were getting on, and found them attending the lectures without further molestation from the men, but somewhat overpowered by the horrors of an operation.

The correspondent of the Cincinnati *Gazette* tells a tale about General Butler and Mr. Jonas French, who was an officer of Butler's in New Orleans, and now is a Boston distiller. The Ways and Means Committee discovered some months ago, or thought they did, that a good deal of the rum made in Massachusetts, and put in bond for exportation, was exported, sure enough, and the "drawback" paid to the manufacturer; but that it was simply taken round to some point in the provinces and then run in over the line again. So a bill was introduced and passed—a good specimen of our hand-to-mouth tariff legislation—which forbade peremptorily all exportation of spirits in bond. "Then came a bill," says the correspondent, "in which Butler took a very deep interest"—a bill, namely, "for the relief of certain exporters of rum." It was designed to grant a little time—sixty days—to those manufacturers who, before the first bill was passed, had contracted to deliver quantities of rum. This was fair enough. But at once Butler goes, as an attorney, before Commissioner Rollins, and, in behalf of his client, French, claims that under the bill French could not only export what at the moment he had in bond, but that he could go on for the whole sixty days manufacturing and exporting. Commissioner Rollins said no to Butler's persuasions, and said no also to his threats; so the member from Massachusetts goes into the House, and one day, "rising hurriedly," says the correspondent, he asked leave to offer a bill to correct a "clerical error" in the bill of relief above-mentioned. The clerical error to be corrected was the substitution of *and* for *or*, and the effect of the correction was to make the bill ordain that for sixty days there might be exportation of rum manufactured *or* contracted for, and Mr. Jonas French went on his way rejoicing. Apropos to this, it is worth mention that the great fight between Generals Butler and Schenck, which has been long pending, is positively announced, by competent persons, as likely to come off this winter. The occasional remarks which General Butler has let drop as to the pain caused him by General Schenck's course in going to California this summer at the public expense—the fact being that General Schenck, as his friends declare, has been all the time in Europe at a cost of much money to himself—are taken as an indication that quarter will be neither asked nor given.

Edward Ketchum, who was convicted of forgery nearly four years ago, and for whose release more than one effort has been made by means of petitions signed by many leading citizens of New York, has at last been discharged on the expiration of his sentence, and has been restored to his civil and political rights by a pardon. His behavior in prison was exemplary, and those who knew him well believe he was when he committed the crime the victim of an hallucination—of which we shall only say, that it is a proposition which may be affirmed of all persons who commit crimes, and we therefore object to its too frequent and public use on his behalf. He has now a chance to win back, if not his old position in society, certainly a very respectable one, as he is still young, and every one will wish him God-speed. But we think, in view of several recent events, it will not be out of place to request his friends not to make him an object of any public testimonial or demonstration, or any expression of esteem or admiration which they do not accord to young men who have never done anything wrong. The practice of selecting notorious offenders against society for "ovations," simply because they did not run away from the police, or did not do quite as much mischief as they might have done, is getting to be a little too common. As an indication of the kind of thing we mean, we may mention a compliment paid by the *Evening Post* to Ketchum's family, inasmuch as, although wealthy, "it was creditable to them that no attempt was made by them to obtain his release except by honorable means;" that is, that they did not bribe Governor Fenton to pardon him. If this be "creditable" to the family, it is also creditable to Ketchum himself that he did not break jail or murder a warden, and so on.

The New York *Times* has a special dispatch from its correspondent in St. Petersburg announcing another "triple alliance," this time between Russia, Austria, and France—it is to be presumed against Prussia—and involving the maintenance of a certain armed force. Although not introduced with the comic solemnity with which the *Tribune* proclaimed its celebrated "triple alliance" between England, France, and Spain against the United States, there are nearly as many reasons for disbelieving the one story as the other. All stories of this kind are to be judged by reference to the general political situation. Nobody possessing even an imperfect knowledge of English politics would have given credence to a report of an alliance between England and Spain against the United States; so, also, few who have paid even slight attention to Austrian and Prussian politics during the past year will credit a report of an alliance for any practical purpose between Russia and Austria as against Prussia.

In the first place, there is at this moment nothing of the kind better established than that there has been during the past three months a marked renewal of cordiality between the Austrian and Prussian Governments, of which the visit of the Crown Prince to Vienna has been one of the signs. Moreover, the internal difficulties of Austria are such as to make all thought of foreign complication seem positively wild. It is certain now that the constitution of the Reichsrath will have to be altered, owing to the growing and dangerous discontent of the Slavonic provinces, of which the insurrection in Dalmatia is one of the symptoms. The Reichsrath was formed in 1860, on the supposition that Hungary would surrender her autonomy. Her successful refusal has deranged the whole plan, and roused so much agitation in Bohemia and Galicia and Croatia, that some arrangements will have to be made for putting them on an equality with her, without breaking the empire up into a mere federation. The members of the Reichsrath are at present chosen by the provincial diets—that of Hungary, of course, excepted—and it is now proposed to bring the provinces closer to the central government by direct popular election; but the very mention of it has raised a storm of opposition from the Slaves. What *will* be done, nobody knows. Lastly, there is no greater obstacle to Russian progress in Eastern Europe, and especially to the Panslavic movement, than a liberal and strong Austria, while, unless the world has for a great many years been laboring under a monstrous delusion, a united Germany would suit Russia perfectly well if she could have European Turkey.

In Prussia the signs are equally pacific. Bismarck is rusticating on his estates; there is a deficit in the revenue—a new thing for Prussia—and the King's last speech is as peaceable as possible; the King of Saxony, in another speech, accepts the situation; and the talk of a movement on the part of Baden for admission to the North German Confederation has blown over. The Emperor of Austria, too, has gone to Egypt to be present at the opening of the Suez Canal, and France is struggling in the throes of internal reform, conducted with halting steps by an invalid ruler. In short, it is a good many years since there was less likelihood of European trouble; and if Russia has proposed an alliance to anybody with hostile intent or thoughts, she must be acting under the influence of a mania—which is not likely. European sovereigns do not *play* at war now as they did half a century ago.

The opening of the Suez Canal promises to be one of the greatest ceremonials of the century; but already the "economists and calculators" are doing their best to mar the occasion, by asking if it will pay. It has cost, it seems, about eighty million dollars, and has taken ten years to dig, but it is now doubtful whether it will be of much service to commerce. Travellers will prefer the railway which runs between the same points; sailing vessels can only go one way on the Red Sea during half the year, and steam vessels will only carry the lighter and more costly goods—though it must be said these constitute a very large proportion of European traffic with the East; and then the much-talked-of railroad from Europe to Hindostan, along the valley of the Euphrates, and through Persia, will doubtless one day be made. Nevertheless, Lesseps is among the lucky as well as deserving men of the age. The ascendancy he has achieved for French influence in Egypt would, thirty years ago, have made war imminent between France and England, and some European papers maintain that the Sultan's snappishness towards the Khedive is the result of English instigation, and will end yet in something serious.

THE TARIFF IN FRANCE.

THERE is an article in the last number of the (Oct. 15) *Revue des Deux Mondes*, which may be cordially commended to the perusal both of American protectionists and free-traders. The latter may learn something from it as to the best manner of dealing with a public strongly inclined to protection, and long accustomed to it, and but slenderly acquainted with the principles of political economy, and the former can hardly help profiting by the reflections of a French protectionist on the origin, history, and doom of tariffs in one of the most tariff-ridden countries in the world, the one, indeed, we may say, which invented tariffs, and might almost be said to have once had a distinct tariff for every square league of its soil.

The cause of free-trade in France has, as everybody knows who is at all familiar with the literature of political economy, some of the ablest Frenchmen amongst its champions. It has an active and well-managed Economical Society constantly working for it, and a periodical of great repute—the *Journal des Economistes*—for its organ. It has, moreover, the government on its side—and the government in France is no small force—and the itinerant lecturers on political economy which the government has of late been sending through the provinces to enlighten the working classes, as well as the professors of political economy in the universities, all preach its doctrines. Moreover, France can boast of having produced some of the earliest discoveries of the free-trade theory, and it was never preached with more force and eloquence than by the great Turgot, before Adam Smith had even been heard of out of Edinburgh. In more recent days, too, it has had an apostle of extraordinary ability and eloquence in the person of Bastiat. Nevertheless, the free-trade cause in France is in a weakly condition, and there is every likelihood that one of the first results of the resumption by the legislature of the control of the tariff, which rightly belongs to it, will be the reversal of the free-trade policy entered upon by the commercial treaty concluded by the Emperor with England ten years ago.

Now, the causes of this state of things are not far to seek. In the first place, Bastiat, in spite of the remarkable power and clearness of his expositions of free-trade doctrines, not only greatly diminished their influence on the public, but helped to close the ears of the public to free-trade preaching by his violence, and by his love of treating protection as robbery, and talking of protectionists as highwaymen. Even if this sort of talk had not been absurd it would have been highly impolitic. It irritated thousands to the last degree, and hardened the hearts of a great many more. It was also highly impolitic to push home on Frenchmen the argument about the propriety of each nation confining itself to the production of things in which it possesses incontestable natural and other advantages over other countries, because this in their case would apparently have involved their giving up everything but the manufacture of jewelry, drawing-room knick-knacks, and a few other articles, chiefly of the nature of luxuries.

But the worst mistake of all was committed in 1859. The withdrawal from the legislature of the control of the tariff was unquestionably one of the most outrageous features of the Imperial régime, as it placed the most important branch of taxation, and the very existence of immense industries employing a vast body of capital, in the irresponsible hands of the executive. But in that year a commercial treaty with England was concluded in a most provoking way. M. Chevalier, as he himself told the story last spring, in an appendix to Mr. Bonamy Price's book on the currency, negotiated it with Mr. Cobden with the greatest secrecy, concealing their meetings and their visits to the Tuileries carefully from the public, and crowing with triumph that the treaty should have been ratified without either the persons whose fortunes it affected or the nation at large getting wind of it. The free-trade cause was thus associated at one stroke both with the abuses of arbitrary power and with the concession of undoubted advantages to a foreign commercial and political rival.

Turning to the prospects of protection in France, the views of M. Alby, the writer of the article in question, will be found unusually interesting, from the fact that he has up to a certain point complete faith in protection, and is anything but an admirer of free-traders. He believes that the protection of native industry is not only a legitimate exercise of the powers of government, but often a very wise one; that the manufacturing industry of all countries owes its existence to protection; and that it is ridiculous to ask each country to confine its labors to branches of production in which it has from the outset a clear natural advantage over foreigners. Of this theory we shall only say that, inasmuch as every modern country has, as a matter of fact, resorted to protection in one form or another, it is impossible to disprove it by arguments drawn from experience; but it leaves unanswered a very puzzling question, with which, so far as we know, no protectionist writer has ever attempted to deal: Is it true that, if the plan of giving a monopoly of certain markets to the producers of certain commodities had never been resorted to, no advance in civilization would have been made since the fall of the Roman Empire? Would nobody have invented or discovered, or spun or woven? Would, in short, the faculty in man which has carried the race forward from the savage state, and produced Greek and Roman civilization, have lain perfectly dormant in modern times?

M. Alby holds that protection, as generally practised, is a form of mutual insurance against the foreigner, by which all the producers of a country, between whom and the consumers he holds there is no real distinction, agree to buy of each other only, and for a time this produces a decided effect. But in process of time, he admits, it inevitably proves illusory, as all prices get up to the same level, and each interest finds itself no better off than it was before. To make protection really effective, it can only be applied to a small number of commodities. There is no more use in protecting a dealer, if all those of whom he buys are protected too, than in trying to fill with water a bucket with a hole in the bottom. Had protection been ever scientifically applied, the leading and plainly most valuable interests of a country, and only two or three of these, would have been selected for favor, and the others left to shift for themselves. Had, too, a scientific attempt ever been made to adjust protection, so that as against the foreigner all industries would share it equally, we should know something about its real value as an instrument of human progress. As it is, we know little or nothing. The *reasoning* of the protectionists, on such facts as we have, would need a change in the constitution of the human mind to make it conclusive. It amounts to nothing more than an assertion that certain facts in certain countries were coexistent with or followed certain other facts, which is an argument which was reduced to absurdity some years ago, in England, by a Dr. Clarke, who maintained that, inasmuch as British industry had grown as the national debt grew, it was the debt which was the cause of England's industrial greatness.

In France, however, the tariff has grown up, not on a preconceived plan, but piecemeal, under the worrying and intriguing of each interest which wanted to be protected. M. Alby describes the process as follows, and most Americans will find something in the picture that seems very familiar:

"One day, one commodity has been protected; another day, another, sometimes by out-and-out prohibition, at others by duties so high as to be really prohibitory, and at others so low as to be ineffective, and this without any system or concert, and without any certainty as to the result. It was not a serious study of the economical conditions of the market which regulated the question, but complaints, more or less justifiable, more or less noisy, from the different industries, the influence of leading manufacturers, the good-will of the ministry of the day, the pressure of the Chambers, the fluctuations of politics. No account was made of distributive justice or equality. Take the case of the linen manufacture; it received a protection of twenty per cent. in its very infancy, while the woollen manufacture, which was powerful and well established centuries back, was covered by total prohibition."

M. Alby well remarks, there is nothing more difficult than to protect national industry effectively, and there is nothing which so many brute efforts are made to do. Under the present system, many persons think they are protected highly who are not protected at all; and others, who fancy that protection is indispensable to them, could do perfectly well without it, so little is there really known of the conditions of the problem. For instance, he says, he asked two different cloth manufacturers—whom he knew to be absolute prohibitionists, and who believed it would be impossible for them to bear up against English

competition—to calculate as exactly as possible the proportion in which the duties on wool, on the value of their machinery, and on dye-stuffs, entered into the selling price of their goods." The replies from both were exactly the same. Each fixed the proportion at 30 to 35 per cent., and both were astonished by the result." The fact was that, owing to the protection accorded to the wool-growers, the iron-masters, and the duties on dye-stuffs, the cloth manufacturers had no real protection at all, but never suspected it. M. Alby thinks, therefore, that whatever may be the immediate course of the legislature, protection will before long have to be definitively abandoned in France, as unnecessary and ineffective.

THE FUTURE OF PROHIBITION.

The overwhelming defeat of the Prohibitionists in Massachusetts, Maine, and Minnesota, together with the continued German defection from the Republican ranks in New York, must give the leaders of the "National Anti-Dramshop Party" unpleasant food for reflection. Of course we do not mean to confound the question of license in New York with that voted upon in the other States we have named. The questions are, indeed, different in the minds of intelligent people, but we doubt very much whether the mass of voters drew many refined distinctions on the subject. Probably most of those who voted saw on the one side the natural right of man to liberty and the pursuit of happiness, and on the other an ascetic party of moralists determined to interfere with these rights; and voters in New York were confirmed in this feeling, no doubt, by the knowledge that some of the most prominent Republicans, while giving themselves out to be desirous of victory merely on national grounds or grounds of general public interest, were really at heart hoping to use their triumph for the furtherance of the cause of prohibition. Throughout the canvass it was very apparent that Republicans were on delicate ground, and the difficulties of their position were used with great advantage by their adversaries. It was very obvious that whatever doubts might exist as to the policy of the Republicans, there was no doubt whatever that whoever voted for the Democrats voted for "free rum." In Massachusetts, where the question was nominally also between Republicans and Democrats, but actually between prohibition and anti-prohibition, the total rout of the partisans of the former has given renewed evidence of the fact that a clear majority of the dominant party are opposed to prohibition. The Worcester Convention, it is true, went the other way; no discussion of the liquor question was allowed, and Mr. Sumner was put up to make a great speech on "national issues." But when it came to voting, the tables were completely turned. "National issues" disappeared from the scene, the Fifteenth Amendment was as clean forgot as the Eleventh or Twelfth, the negro, the payment of the debt, the very existence of the nation itself, every thought that had been supremely agitating the mind of the country for the last ten years, was in a moment as completely obliterated and dismissed as if it had never existed. Everything centred about the question whether the next Legislature was to be prohibitory or license. The result shows that the Prohibitionists are in a woful plight in their stronghold of strongholds. In Maine and Minnesota the attempt of the party to organize itself and procure some share of the governing power has proved a complete failure. It is not six months since the National Anti-Dramshop party surveyed the field and portioned out its work; it is not three weeks since Mr. Wendell Phillips said, "The three questions of the hour are labor reform, the emancipation of woman, and prohibition." Certainly as to the last he was right.

But the conflict is by no means over. It has been raging too long and too fiercely, and too many strong wills and acute intellects have occupied themselves with it. And indeed the matter is in itself too important to be decided by one popular election. What the Prohibitionists are in the habit of declaring as to the frightful results of intemperance is so sadly true that the welfare of every family in the United States may be said to be at stake in the settlement of the question. And it is to be remembered also that those who demand the absolute cessation of the sales of intoxicating liquors have placed themselves of late years on ground which is much firmer in the eyes of some people than that formerly held by them. They have in a great measure abandoned their old moral argument that a law on the subject was necessary in order to "abolish sin," and employ now as their chief weapon the argument that a prohibitory law is essential to the protection of society. Drunkenness, they say, is the natural parent of violence and crime. The riot, debauchery, and thriftlessness which it begets—these may be matters of which the State should take no cognizance; but if society may not protect itself against lawlessness, it has no rights whatever; and it can be shown, with the greatest ease, that drunkenness produces every kind of lawlessness. This specious argument has the great advantage of being in appearance strictly utilitarian—addressed to the facts of the case—and it is used with great assiduity by the Prohibitionists in every canvass. No one need delude himself with the idea that they will now abandon it. They are in a minority, and in a defeated minority, but they bide their time. Let their successful rivals make a false step, and they will find victory turn to ashes in their grasp.

The great question is, How will the Anti-Prohibitionist victory be used? and in determining this the chief field of experiment will be Massachusetts. The general impression seems to be that it will be used badly, partly because such victories have always heretofore been used badly, and partly because of the general distrust which pervades all classes as to beneficial legislation of any kind. So many proofs are given us from year to year of the total untrustworthiness of the political class in every State of the Union, that most people shrug their shoulders when they hear politicians' promises of better days to come. It has come to be regarded in Massachusetts as part of the natural order of things that in odd years the Legislature passes a prohibitory statute, in even years a license law; that each in its turn proves to be such a worthless piece of legislation that the people cannot endure it, and that its authors must, year by year, be hurled for a twelvemonth into the pit of obscurity from which, a twelvemonth earlier, they had emerged. And those who take this view are borne out by the past liquor legislation in Massachusetts. Every license Legislature has passed a law which was merely a cover for unrestricted drinking, either because it was badly enforced, or because it was not intended to do anything more than open the dram-shops. On the other hand, every prohibitory statute, of late years at least, has been so enforced as to involve its authors and supporters in hopeless ridicule. Not even the state police, specially created to strike terror into the hearts of the liquor dealers, has had any appreciable effect on the trade. They have enforced the law where they thought the influence of the Republican party would not be affected; where they were afraid of this, the most reckless publicity failed to attract their attention. If we judged from the past alone, we might certainly infer that the future was not full of hope.

But, from another point of view, there seems some reason for hope that we are not far from seeing the end of this wearisome and demoralizing agitation. It is true that the next Massachusetts legislature is not likely to be in the mass much better than that of last year or the year before, though here and there one or two shining exceptions stand out from the dull level of its general mediocrity; yet there is some evidence that the public at large will not suffer the addition of another frivolous statute to the long list of fatuous enactments which have disgraced the State. In the last few years, side by side with the indifference and apathy of large numbers of persons, has grown up a more intelligent and earnest interest on the subject in the minds of those who must in the long run decide it. The convincing proof of this was the appearance of Governor Andrew on the field. If he had lived, and returned to political life, the recent history of Massachusetts might have been somewhat different. And he is only a rather more signal instance than others we might mention. Clergymen, editors, and all reformers cease at last to look upon the question as an idle or foolish one, and may be expected in the future, we imagine, to devote their attention to the practical consideration of the evil and its remedy. What the evil is we know well enough. The remedy which is wanted is stringent legislation, which will give the public assurance that the sale of liquor is in capable and honest hands, and that the moment the sale becomes in any case a nuisance, the right to sell will be taken away. The only way to reach this end is to give the arrangement of all details into thoroughly trustworthy hands—in other words, to take it out of the hands of politicians. In the case of the last license law passed in

Massachusetts, an attempt was made to vest the licensing power in a board to be appointed by the Supreme Court; but this excellent plan was prevented by the politicians. The matter was arranged so that license commissioners should be chosen by the people directly. The result was that the nomination of commissioners fell at once into the hands of the managers of the party caucuses; and so in some portions of the State strict license boards were chosen, while in others anybody was licensed who applied, and the scandal became so great that a prohibitory Legislature the year afterwards was the consequence. This preposterous example will not, we trust, be followed now. The politicians are not to be trusted in the exercise of judicial discretion, such as is called for in this matter. The only way in which a fair trial can be given to the principle is by establishing in some way a board composed of men of ability and character, who will give the subject their undivided attention, and make a "license" not a stigma of reproach, but a badge of respectability. Governor Andrew used to say that if he could have the "State Constabulary" for a year, he would so enforce the liquor law that those who wished to drink would have to emigrate, and we have no doubt he would have done it. If Massachusetts only had now another Andrew who could enforce a license law in the way it ought to be enforced, we should be in a fair way to see the last of one at least of Mr. Phillips's "three great questions." In Massachusetts the problem, one way or another, is to be solved, and the country looks to her for its solution.

"THE BIBLE IN THE SCHOOLS."

Judging from what has happened in Cincinnati, and what is happening in New York, and what we see signs of in various other places, the common-school system, which may fairly be called the corner-stone of American polity, is in some danger, if not of destruction, of the loss of much of its value, owing to the angry passions which have been roused by the question known as "the Bible in the schools." It would naturally seem to an enlightened pagan, to "the two Hindoos," for instance, who are now said to be travelling in this country, that the propriety of reading a few passages from the sacred book of the Christians every morning in the schools of a community of which the vast majority of the people are Christians, and that book a repertory of the sublimest moral maxims, and of tales which, whether true or false, are inexpressibly beautiful and touching, could hardly throw the parents of the children, and their friends and neighbors, into the wildest excitement, and threaten to break up the whole State machinery of education.

But, then, if we took the pagan apart, and explained to him that not only had the Christians never come to any general agreement as to the source from which children should receive their religious instruction, whether from their family or the State, but that the sacred book had through a series of events, called the Protestant Reformation, been converted from a storehouse of doctrine, reproof, and instruction, into a kind of party ensign or standard round which the thickest of the sectarian battle had raged for two centuries, it would all become quite plain to him. The cause of the trouble we are now witnessing about "the Bible in the schools," really lies in the fact not that the Catholics think that any harm would result to their children from hearing passages of Scripture read to them—they would never think of objecting to the citation of the same words or ideas from any other source—but that the reading of the Bible by laymen, without note or comment, has become, in their eyes, a sign or test of Protestantism—a spiritual biting of the thumb at their church by its enemies. Since the great split in the church in the sixteenth century, the distinctive mark of Protestantism, as everybody knows, has been, not an acknowledgment of the right of each man to put his own construction on the language of the Bible—this no Protestant sect has ever acknowledged—but of the right and duty of each man to read it as much as he pleased, and a solemn belief that from such reading much spiritual benefit is sure to accrue. The Catholic conviction has been, on the other hand, that from such unauthorized reading by unlearned persons there must result much injury both to morals and doctrine, and at all events the loss of that unity which may be said to be of the essence of Catholicism.

In the battle which has raged since the Reformation, the mass of the combatants have ceased, as is not uncommon in such cases, to think much about the origin of the quarrel, and a great deal about the ensign under which the fighting has gone on. Hence the Catholics have got into a way of talking, and indeed of thinking, about the Bible as if it were a prolific fountain of wickedness; and the Protestants, on the other hand, as if there were a mystic virtue in the mere paper and binding of the book. A layman reading a Bible seems to a devout Catholic to have the devil behind him directing him and interpreting to him; the Protestant, on the other hand, tells stories of men whose lives were saved in battle by having a New Testament in their breast-pocket, to receive and stop the hostile ball or sabre-thrust; and a lodge of Irish Orangemen never open one of their meetings, and begin cursing their fellow-citizens, and uttering threats and denunciations against them, without reading a chapter of the Scriptures, with, considering the circumstances, an amusing solemnity.

Now, what is the duty of the State with regard to education, if it have any duty at all? Is it not to take facts as it finds them, and get the children of the community educated—if not in the way the majority think best, in the only way possible? Catholics, with their feelings about the Bible and about state schools, are *facts*, and have to be dealt with as facts. If it be true that a Catholic boy who is taught to read and write is less likely to commit crimes, and more likely to prove a good citizen, than if he did not know how to read or write, and he refuses to be taught if we insist on reading the Scriptures to him every morning, is it not our duty to teach him to read and write at any rate, and to give up reading the Scriptures to him? The Bible read to persons who think you are reading it to them as an act of hostility, cannot possibly do them any good, for they will not listen to it; and it cannot afford any pleasure to the Almighty to have his word read as an act of *vis major*, and for the torment or annoyance, or to the moral or mental detriment, of a large body of his creatures. Nor can any good result from the mere reading of the Bible without reference to its effect on the audience. No Protestant feels about a chapter of it as a Catholic feels about the mass: that you get all the benefit of it by merely being within hearing of it, whether you understand it or not. This would literally be bibliolatry, with which Protestants are often charged, but to which they have never, to our knowledge, pleaded guilty.

Then comes the other question, and perhaps the more important one—suppose we succeed in reading the Bible in the schools, are we sufficiently sure of the good effects of our reading even on Protestant children to warrant us in keeping the Catholics in a constant state of irritation, and furnishing them with a constant incentive to intrigue and agitate for the overthrow of our whole educational system, and for the appropriation of large sums of the public money for the sole and separate use of their own sectarian schools—a consummation they have nearly reached in this State? Is it well ascertained that the official reading of the Bible in school-hours, and as part of the school exercises, and as the forerunner of an irksome and weary day, is a good mode either of increasing children's reverence for it or fixing its teachings in their memory? Is not the experience of every country dead against the mixing up of secular and religious instruction, as tending to make the latter mischievous without improving the former? Do any countries turn out such an amount of atheism and materialism as those in which the religious instruction of children plays the largest part in their school life, and is most completely taken out of the hands of parents—we mean the Catholic countries of Europe? Is there, in the matter of religious teaching, any possible substitute for the home, the church, and the Sunday-school; and does anybody know of boy or girl who ever acquired a religious impression of the least value or permanence anywhere else?

We believe there is only one answer to be made to these questions, and if there be but one, and the Bible-reading in the schools be a real cause of offence to Catholics, Jews, or even infidels, and be calculated to drive them away from the schools, toward the expenses of which they contribute, or to endanger the school system, the part of wisdom and the part of Christian charity, let us say, would seem to be to give it up without fighting over it, and running the risk of making

a concession which should be a means of conciliation, wear the appearance of a trophy won in battle. They greatly mistake the character, needs, and capacity of the Catholic organization who flatter themselves that Protestants have only to persist and the storm will blow over. The Catholic Church exists to prevent such storms from blowing over, to stop all compromises on a certain class of questions, of which this is the chief. The mere keeping alive of the controversy is a piece of church work, to which a whole army of men is devoted; nay, there is nothing probably they less desire than the abandonment of the Bible reading, for its continuance paves the way for that better thing for them, the establishment, with state funds, of schools of their own.

Moreover, zealous Protestants need not fear that they will be held accountable by the Almighty for not reading the Bible to people who do not want to listen to it. Unless we are greatly mistaken, each person is responsible—first of all, for his own reading, and, secondly, for the persuasion, simply, of such others as come under his influence. Nor need they feel too great a weight of care about the children of Catholics, Jews, and infidels. In this they imitate some of the worst weaknesses of His Holiness the Pope, who, not so long since, thought proper to rob a poor Jew of his son. When the Creator of the universe permits the existence of so many of these people on the globe, allows them to marry and have offspring, and enjoy a reasonable amount of such happiness as the world has to bestow, we may be sure he will not be hard on the rest of us for teaching their children the rudiments of knowledge, without insisting on their listening to our reading of the Word. There is, also, one would say, enough in the consideration of our own shortcomings to make us at least tolerant—for we are bound to say that we are acquainted with but few Protestants whose character would not need a touch or two to bring it to perfection. Of course we do not mean to say that Protestant concessions on this point will cause Catholics to give up their efforts to procure an apportionment of State funds for religious schools of their own, though we trust the time will never come when Protestants will not resist the appropriation of public money for any such purpose by every means in their power. With regard to this, there must be no wavering; but it will always make a difference whether we oppose it as the champions of impartial secular education or education with a good Protestant tincture in it. p.463

THE VANDERBILT MEMORIAL.

All of Mr. Vanderbilt's acts have been in a sense private acts; which consideration has not, however, exempted all of them from public criticism—some of it, certainly, not gracious. The fact is that many of "the Commodore's" acts have touched the public, more or less nearly, in a spot which is tender. When a gentleman's hand is discovered to be pretty regularly in the general pocket, he will inevitably find himself the subject of public remarks; and this though it be his own proper good that he seeks, and seeks with energy and industry and admirable consistency. So, then, though he may have paid for it himself, and has set it up on his own railroad station, got by his own hand, we do not apologize for saying an abusive word or two about the "Vanderbilt Memorial Bronze," which henceforth charms the eye at the Hudson River Railroad Depot in St. John's Park.

There is about it in general and in particulars a curious appropriateness, a fitness to the exploits and fame it is to celebrate; this at least the artist may claim as an advantage that his work has over most modern sculpture of the memorial or any other kind. It crowns with monumental incongruousness one of the most vulgar-looking of all staring brick buildings. The brute utilitarianism—not without its own perfection—which is expressed by the big brick-and-mortar freight-depot, is made the more obvious by the attempt—abortive though it be—to crown the ignoble substructure with something noble and fine. But it merely suggests the noble and fine, without being such in any degree; and the attempt makes ridiculous what before was at worst only disagreeable. Thus unfortunate in its position and general effect, our bronze is equally so in its detail; and if it is not on that account less happy in its appropriateness, it certainly is not therefore more to be admired. Audaciously or ignorantly, it disregards all laws—of harmony, of grace, of perspective, or of anything else. "The Commodore" himself, larger than life, stands in a niche in the centre of the work. The figure, stiff and without dignity, is dressed in the fur-lined or fur-lapelled overcoat, which is understood to be the usual wear of the original. At either side, extending for a rod or two, is a sheet of bronze, filled up, in what may be called the higgledy-piggledy manner of grouping, with the simulacra in bronze of various objects, representing symbolically facts and events in Mr. Vanderbilt's career. There is the image of the humble boat in which, in the years when he was poor but honest, he carried passengers from the Battery over to Staten Island. There, near it, under a head of steam that she never knew in life, is one of the vessels of the Pacific Mail line, in which, in later years, he transported many more passengers, with much less comfort and much less safety, from this city to the Isthmus and California. There, also, may be seen the vessel which he magnificently gave the Federal Government when the rebellion broke out, and when it was rather more unprofitable to keep a vessel in her dock than it was to give her away to anybody who would take her. There, too, are the figures of bee-hives, which ingeniously typify the industry and devotion to business of a man who never served the country at large, nor the State, nor the city, in any public office; nor ever spent the time which is money in advancing the cause of any charity; nor in promoting education, which the self-made man may despise; nor in fostering the arts, which can always wait. There are the railroads and the river-boats, which are witnesses to an energy and a business sagacity which before now have bought whole legislatures, debauched courts, crushed out rivals, richer or poorer, as the unmoral, unsentimental forces of nature grind down whatever opposes their blind force, and which have given Mr. Fisk and other gentlemen a lesson, which even they have not yet wholly mastered, in watering stock to the discomfiture of small stockholders of all ages and both sexes. In short, there, in the glory of brass, are portrayed, in a fashion quite good enough, the trophies of a lineal successor of the mediæval baron that we read about, who may have been illiterate indeed; and who was not humanitarian; and not finished in his morals; and not, for his manners, the delight of the refined society of his neighborhood; nor yet beloved by his dependents; but who knew how to take advantage of lines of travel; who had a keen eye for roads, and had the heart and hand to levy contribution on all who passed by his way.

Perhaps some of our readers may have had the fortune to go to California or to Europe in steamships of which Mr. Vanderbilt had the control. They know, then, with how much respect the travelling public ought to recollect him. The accommodations on board the vessels, the food that was served, the condition as to seaworthiness of the ships themselves, and the efficiency of the officers and crews, the way in which the traveller was cared for whenever, by act of Providence, one of the steamers was wrecked or delayed, will be fresh in the memory of everybody who, by seafaring, has ever contributed of his substance to increase Mr. Vanderbilt's store. Others of our readers have perhaps put their earnings into the stock of the recently consolidated Central and Hudson River Railroad; or have paid passage-money on those well-managed roads; or have tramped a mile or two through the snow at midnight to "make connection," and thus assist the Commodore in "fighting" some other "big railroad man" who wanted a certain part of the public all to himself, and probably may have needed to have it for the sake of saving a road which the Commodore wished to capture. And no doubt others may have been "cornered" by "the old man" in Wall Street; or have gone with him before certain of our judges with whom he has acquaintance; or have ridden on ferry-boats with well-armed friends of his, to the number of fifty or sixty, who were crossing the water to levy war on the Erie cash-boxes and Mr. Daniel Drew; or have called on him with subscription papers at the beginning of hard winters; or in some other way have personally had a taste of the qualities in him which Bishop Janes! and Mr. A. O. Hall, and Mr. Horace Greeley now ask us to honor.

Are any of us honoring them? Courage, tenacity, a capacity "to toil terribly," energy—these are of course sure to secure a certain amount of what may be called respect, whether they are found in the butcher or in the noble dirty-white animal which follows at the butcher's heel. But are not some of us honoring them as we see them employed in the careers of our "kings of the street," and "railroad men," and "giants of the stock exchange," and "king pins of the gold room?" Uncharitable judges have charged the Board of Brokers—who, yesterday was a week, had a burlesque "unveiling"—with only pretending to laugh at Mr. Vanderbilt, whom, say these censors, every one of them envies and admires, and would imitate if he could. But there is something essentially laughable in the spectacle of a man's putting out his own cash to pay for civic honors to himself. Read of such things in the dull annals of the later Roman empire—how his fellow-citizens came to the most noble So-and-so, and gravely informed him that it had been voted that a statue of him should be set up in the Market Place, and how the distinguished man as gravely made answer that the honor alone was

enough—was too much, and that he must beg to bear, himself, the money charges of erecting the memorial—thus read in musty history, the thing provokes a smile; and how else should it be when we have before us in the flesh the public-spirited citizen who is willing to pay such homage to virtue? Nevertheless, the censors we have mentioned are not, we imagine, so far in the wrong in their view of the brokers' character and views; and should we go too far if we widened the scope of the charge, and made it cover not the Wall-street men alone, but the whole people? Do we not as a people, if not admire, at least not execrate, nor even practically at all visit with condemnation, the acts of men like Drew and Vanderbilt, and, to go a step lower, the Fisks and Goulds? Perhaps those who live in great commercial centres lay too much stress on the evidence which seems to make in this direction. Yet it was in a country of hay-fields, and small shops, and fishing smacks, and little congregations of a hundred or two hundred souls that Butler was sent to Congress. And he was sent because he was "smart."

There is too much truth in the statement that the tendency to-day in this country is to count up our list of peculiarly American virtues as consisting of audacity, push, unscrupulousness, and brazen disregard of others' rights or others' good opinion; that we make no sufficient objection to a display of unmitigated and immitigable selfishness, if only it be a splendid display—if only it be crowned by success, by the acquisition of wealth or power. Yet we are not going to say that this is all the truth; or at all events, that as yet there is more than a tendency among us to this condition of mind; nor that other tendencies are not developing which will in good part neutralize this one. That, after all, is our best hope—to set in motion as soon as possible as many as possible nobler tendencies of thought, and feeling, and better ways of looking at life. Prevention is better than cure—is in fact, if one may say so, the only perfect cure. Meantime the negative mode of procedure—that of scoffing at the so-called successful men—has its uses too.

ENGLAND.

LONDON, October 28, 1869.

LORD DERBY died last Saturday, and I must devote a few words to the memory of a man who, with all his shortcomings, enjoyed to the last a singular degree of popularity. Both parties regret his loss, and there is not a paper without some words of regret for the gallant old statesman whom we have lost. People are popular for widely different reasons, but the popularity of Lord Derby is a rather curious phenomenon. He was not popular on account of engaging manners, for to say the truth he had more than an average share of the haughtiness of the genuine aristocrat. He kept his followers at a distance, though retaining their esteem. Nor did he win popularity by consistent advocacy of any uniform policy. He began life as an ardent Whig, and ended it as the Conservative leader; and though a staunch Conservative, he was a consenting party to the ingenious devices by which Mr. Disraeli tricked the Tories into passing a democratic measure. Neither was he popular from exhibiting any true genius for statesmanship. His last words in the House of Lords were a pathetic protest against the irresistible advance of the reforming spirit; his ignorance of finance and of political economy was proverbial; and in short, though a dashing skirmisher, he had no pretensions to be a political general. Yet Lord Derby was popular, and for reasons which have really some weight. His antagonists admired his gallantry, and no one doubted his chivalrous sense of honor. He was a straightforward, hard-hitting debater, who met his enemies face to face, and never struck a foul blow; he had the humorous vein which always pleases the public fancy, as was illustrated by his well-known retort to the Duke of Argyll, when he struck out a proverbial saying, "It amuses him and it doesn't hurt me;" and it must be reckoned amongst his claims to general favor that he kept race-horses, and, which is more to his credit, presented the singular phenomenon—daily growing more singular—of an honest man on the turf. It must be added to his graces that he was a good classical scholar, and so kept up a tradition which is gradually dying out amongst English statesmen. A few men still venture upon classical quotations in Parliament, and Parliament always tries to prove that it can construe them by hearty applause; but the device is growing somewhat old-fashioned. In short, Lord Derby was a good type of the results of that kind of education which is imparted to the English nobility at Eton in the practice of field sports and in political contests. He was brave, honorable, ignorant, and generous; a scholar and a gentleman, and, if not exactly a statesman, a vigorous player in the game of politics. We liked his pluck, his eloquence, and his dash. It will be well if the new school of politicians are as disinterested and free from all taint of corruption and time-serving; but, as Becky Sharp observed that she would have been a good woman on ten thousand a year, they will perhaps say that they too would have been honorable if they had been earls with large landed estates, and placed far above all dependence on office, either for money or influence.

His death will have little political significance. His time had gone by, and age had tamed his rhetorical fire. When I last heard him speak, the performance was rather painful than exciting; it was evidently beyond his power to do more than rise at intervals from a dead monotony to some likeness of his former self. The elevation of Lord Stanley to the House of Peers will not, I think, produce any great effect. There has long been a very queer contrast between him and his father. "If my father knew anything," he is reported to have said, "he would be a very able man." The difference between them was the inverse of that which ordinarily exists. The old man long retained the fire and restlessness of youth; the young one was always grave and self-possessed, and distinguished by cold common sense, without any sparks of what we call genius. Great expectations were entertained at one time of Lord Stanley's abilities; but I fear they are not likely to be realized. He has shown the failings more conspicuously than the virtues of his temperament. It is no secret that he has but little sympathy with the hot-headed members of his party; and it might be hoped that he would act as a useful restraint upon them—holding them back from an obstructive policy, though continuing within the limits which his birth and family connections had imposed upon him. The result has been different. He has hesitated enough to excite the distrust of his followers, but not enough to refrain from accompanying them into their worst follies. Mr. Disraeli used him to give a certain air of respectability to his proposals, and I fear that his character for statesmanship has rather suffered in the process. He has defended measures which it was obvious that he did not approve in his heart, and has shown that the coolness of his head could not prevent him from sacrificing as much as genuine bigots to party necessities. He will be more independent in his present position; and has undoubted merits as a good administrator and a man of solid information; but he does not seem to have the power of exciting the sympathies or conciliating the confidence of any party; and I doubt whether he will rise to be more than a useful minister or a sensible critic of hostile measures. There is a certain chilliness about him which damps any rising enthusiasm.

Meanwhile, we are now at a period when men's opinions change rapidly, and those who die are rapidly forgotten. Great questions are coming up every day, which excite an interest in political affairs such as has not been equalled for years. Next session promises to be most unusually exciting. There is plenty of room for the "coming man," though we have not as yet determined who is to appear in the character. Our present leaders have their hands full, and cabinet councils at an unnatural time of year testify that they are preparing for the coming campaign. The Irish land question will, of course, occupy a prominent place, and there are abundant indications which indicate already its extreme difficulty. There is, indeed, this difficulty at the bottom of it all, whether any conceivable concession will do much to conciliate Ireland. Last Sunday, as I was crossing Hyde Park, I plunged into the middle of the Fenian demonstration for obtaining the release of the prisoners. I cannot, however, give you any accurate report of the speeches, nor even any account of the success of the meeting. There was a procession, with a variety of flags—the stars and stripes amongst others—and a few excited orators on chairs and benches. But the Fenian element was utterly swallowed up by the spectators. It was a fine day, and huge masses of Cockneys fairly swamped the genuine Irish. Everybody seemed to be cracking walnuts and smoking pipes, and generally having a very good time in the best possible humor; no policemen or soldiers were visible; and, in short, I seemed to be present at a popular picnic instead of a rebellious demonstration. I had not the good or ill luck to penetrate to the kernel of the crowd, or discover any new lights upon the subject.

But, if Fenianism in London is a very inoffensive kind of phenomenon, Fenianism, and the feelings which it represents, are very serious in their native country. Mr. Gladstone's letter, explaining the impossibility of releasing the prisoners—and, I may add, expressing the unanimous opinion of the English—has been received with a chorus of derision by the Irish papers. Indeed, their articles have been so seditious that the *Pall Mall Gazette*—which, it is true, has a

leaning towards strong government—has been demanding their prosecution. You are, I fancy, tolerably familiar with the characteristics of Irish eloquence, and will not care for new illustrations. It is enough to express their general line of argument, which is simply that this is the last occasion on which Irishmen will appeal to their oppressors by constitutional means, and that the next messages will be conveyed to us by means of powder and shot. How much of this is mere bluster, and how far it corresponds to the general feeling of the country, I do not know. There can, however, be little doubt of the prevalence of a very uncomfortable state of mind. I heard, a day or two ago, of a very intelligent Irish gentleman in the neighborhood of Dublin who refused an invitation to spend Christmas in England, on the ground that he could not leave the ladies of his family alone at so critical a time. He said that the feeling resembled that which preceded the rebellion in 1798, and looked forward to very unsettled times, if not to an actual outbreak. I lay no stress upon this, but the uneasiness of Irish feeling is obvious. Agrarian outrages continue, and in parts of the country the houses of the gentry are provided with revolvers and rifles, and prepared to stand a siege or at least repulse an attack. However exaggerated these statements may be, it is obvious, I think, that the Irish people are very generally disaffected; that the disestablishment of the church is taken as a concession to fear, and not an act of spontaneous justice; and that there is a strong desire to try a further application of the same remedy. The party of "irreconcilables" is as strong there as in France. The immediate question is, of course, the land; and we can only ask whether it is possible for English ministers to propose, in a House of Commons consisting in large part of landed proprietors, any measure which will have any chance of success and at the same time any chance of appeasing Irish agitators. It will undoubtedly be said, and with much truth, that whatever is granted, short of taking ourselves off entirely, more will be asked; and this reflection will be made by a large party into a sufficient pretext for doing nothing at all. The Liberal school will maintain that we must do justice, improve the position of the people as much as possible, and trust to time to efface hostilities gradually. Meanwhile, the immediate prospect is unpleasant.

The Temple controversy continues. Dr. Pusey raves at Dr. Temple's heresy. The Dean of Ripon (a well-known Evangelical, Dr. McNeile) declares that Dr. Temple is bad, but that Dr. Pusey is as bad as two Dr. Temples. The first, he says, gives us a cup openly marked poison; the second an equally poisonous cup, marked syrup. It is a good and joyful thing to see brethren dwelling together in unity.

FRANCE.—THE BEAUMONT DUELS.

PARIS, October 29, 1869.

SEVERAL small incidents have created here within the last fortnight a somewhat lively sensation, and are tending to prove the unity of public feeling upon certain points of social interest. The one that has made the most sensation is the duel of Prince Metternich with the Comte de Beaumont. This is only the continuation of a scandal that has now lasted nearly a month, and divided public attention with politics and the Pantin murder. About the same moment when the corpses of the unfortunate Kinck family were discovered in the Chemin Vert, there came vaguely news of a duel that had been fought between the Comte de Beaumont and the Vicomte de Halley Claparède, in which it was said the latter had been dangerously wounded. Little by little the whole tale was unwound and became matter of notoriety and comment, and it was known that the lovely Madame de Beaumont was the cause of the duel fought by her husband, and which first duel was in a few days followed by a second one with M. de Maugny, who was also wounded.

In order to make the foreign reader understand the real importance of what has happened, it will be necessary to go back a few years, and give a short description of the state of French society and its various modifications. Up to the fall of the Orleans monarchy in February, 1848, society in Paris had been, according to the tradition of two centuries, above all, intellectual, and, according to the habits since the Restoration of 1815, remarkably simple, and even severe, as to both manners and morals. When 1848 had thrown down everything, "society," you may say, ceased to be. People went into the country, shut themselves up, believed they were ruined, and in no way whatever did they give signs of any desire for amusement. When the empire came (with certainly the reverse of a good reputation in the way of morality), what lay before it socially was a blank. The Orleanists, Legitimists, and Republicans of fair standing joined together in this respect, and only congregated amongst themselves. Salon life, upon a large scale, was dead, and what outlived was bitterly hostile to the empire. Louis Napoleon married, and, as far as French society went, married ill. A Spaniard, utterly unintellectual, and, relatively even uneducated, seemed a terrible anomaly to people who still hold to the notions of the *grand siècle* in this respect. It was found impossible to create a social "world" in Paris; almost impossible to find a "household" for the Empress. The foreigner was had recourse to; and at Compiègne the invitations were chiefly accepted by English, Spanish, Italian, and Polish people, with a large make-weight of Mexicans, Chilians, Brazilians, and other outlanders. There were few or no Russians or Germans.

After the war of 1859, the Emperor, wishing to imitate his uncle in all smaller details, begged for the Prince de Metternich as ambassador, and his request was granted. From this moment dates what is now known under the name of *la grande cocodetterie;* the inauguration of whatever was noisy, vulgar, silly, vain, obtrusive, and tasteless in the domain of fashion and art. Then came Worth, with his five and six thousand dollar dresses, and Thérèse with her indecent songs, and Offenbach with his travesties of everything elevated or noble in the past, whether of history or poetry. Then came the reign of Madame de Metternich and the few women who had no objection to associate themselves in the sort of amusements she introduced. Of all that followed it is not easy to speak, for the details would be indelicate even under the most guarded pen. Suffice it to say that the words *cocodès* and *cocodettes* became synonymous in the minds of the Paris population with the kind of persons who are not generally spoken of in respectable houses. At race-courses and theatres the *cocodettes* were frequently insulted, and people of good breeding and good principles got to say, "What an example does all this give to one's children!" But the worst was to come: the higher and better portion of French society, which had held firm against the empire, came to a sort of social compromise, never went to court or to Compiègne, but fraternized with those who did. In this way many young women whose mothers and aunts lived only in their family coterie, became more or less the fellow-pleasure-seekers of the *cocodettes*. The fairest of all was Jeanne de Beaumont, as she was called, sister to the wife of Marshal McMahon, born Mlle. de Castries. She married, about three years back, the young Comte de Beaumont, formerly an officer in the army. A handsomer couple never were seen; he, tall, dark, with a most manly bearing and expression; she, slight and fair, delicate-featured, and graceful as a fawn. "*Est elle ravissante cette Jeanne de Beaumont?*" were the words that you heard upon her passage, wheresoever she passed.

The most severe never thought harshly of Madame de Beaumont, but said what a sad pity it was that so perfectly charming a creature should be so frequently in the society of women (and men) of the species she frequented. However, it was urged in excuse that "good" society in France was really too dull, and that the "fast" set were, at all events, amusing. M. de Beaumont (as he has proved) was not a man to support the faintest breath upon his wife's fair fame, but his attachment to her was strong, and as she was high-spirited as an English girl, he did not oppose her desire for amusement. One day, however (these are the facts given to publicity), Madame de Beaumont's correspondence with several of the most famous *cocodès* being found by her husband, he disapproved of the *tone* in which they ventured to address his wife. Hence one duel, and then two and three duels, and, it is now asserted, a fourth. Hitherto, M. de Beaumont has severely wounded all his adversaries, and very nearly killed Prince Metternich, having cut the artery of his arm. The entire public sides with Comte de Beaumont in all this, both from the extreme disfavor into which latterly the *grande cocodetterie* has fallen, and (in the last episode) the exceeding discredit which, in every sense, hangs to the name of Metternich. But the particular moment in which all this has occurred gives to it its particular importance. At the very period of time when the Empress is offending public feeling by her strange flitting to the East, and when the bad examples given by the rich and influential of this world are said to have had their share in turning the brain of the wretched murderer of the Kinck family (making him believe that money was omnipotent), at this identical hour breaks out the Beaumont drama, and the repute of a family much respected and of the most charming of Parisian beauties is tarnished by their contact with the very worst of the leaders of the *cocodetterie*. It is for this reason that the several duels of M. de Beaumont have had a greater *retentissement* than they would otherwise have had. People see another link in the chain of social degradation, and say, "There! see to what the empire has brought French society!"

Correspondence.

THE WOMAN'S PARLIAMENT.

To the Editor of the Nation:

Sir: A writer in the *Nation* of Oct. 28 says: "A regular and permanent parliament is to be organized by women, having committees to prosecute distinct investigations," and adds that, "as it cannot legislate, it will be simply a debating club, and, therefore, a little ridiculous."

If distinct branches of investigation are to be prosecuted, it will not be simply a debating club; and, even as such, it would not be ridiculous, debate being necessary when reform is intended. He asserts that all arguments upon the subject of woman's rights are exhausted, and that those who advocate the emancipation of woman have got to the point where one party cries, "I say it is," and the other replies, "I say it is not." Here the reader asks, "What is it that is, or that is not? Is it the emancipation of woman?" The writer explains thus, "Take, for instance, the question, Would a woman make a good lawyer?" thus running the question into one of woman's capacity for a particular profession which has no particular connection with a right to vote. He adds: "The world craves facts, and will not budge an inch further till it gets them;" in which statement the woman's parliament will heartily concur, its organization being for the purpose of showing that woman's suffrage should be a fact.

He states that the advocates of woman's rights are trying to overthrow the relations of the sexes, and to break up the ties of home. Will he explain how society can be thus revolutionized by the simple fact that women will be admitted to vote for their representatives?

He says: "The success of co-operative housekeeping would, if managed by women, produce more effect on the public mind than forty parliaments sitting for half a century each." Women might succeed in co-operative housekeeping for a century, yet not obtain the right of suffrage, even if they demanded it. The parliament has its own work to do—that of enlightening both men and women upon the subject; and it would be well if there were a parliament in every State, and a debating club in every village, in the country, to show men that they are treating women with injustice, and to arouse women to the consciousness of the state of subjection in which they are living.

One reason why the writer doubts whether women should obtain political rights is, that "there runs through many of their public utterances an undertone of comedy, which makes a painful impression in view of the seriousness of the work in which they profess to be engaged." If, in the Woman's Parliament, it should be said that, as woollen and cotton goods, and boots and shoes are not so well made now as thirty years ago, men should therefore not be allowed to vote, there might seem to be an undertone of comedy in the remark. Yet it is gravely suggested that suffrage should not be accorded to woman, because "*they say* cookery has greatly declined. Doctors differ; another "they" says that cookery has improved. Let the fact be brought to the test, and let every woman who can make a good loaf of bread, and can cook a beefsteak well, be allowed to vote. Let those who cannot be left to the present "aimlessness and listlessness of their lives." Will this satisfy their critic?

If the arguments put forth against women's emancipation often awaken in them a sense of comedy, it is more than balanced by the deep undertone of tragedy felt by them on reading a sentence like the following, quoted from an article upon "France," in the same number of the *Nation*:

"Human thought is not compressible absolutely. All that the hard hand of power can achieve is to block up the nobler issues of its nobler currents. It can be forbidden a whole generation to live publicly—that is, to enjoy the invigorating, healthy life of a free community, to which every public event is a natural portion of existence. But the mental energies that would take part in public action and public thought cannot be annulled; the only plan is to give them some food. Instead of healthily, they are *un*healthily fed, and in that work the Jesuit is a master."

Jesuits may forbid a generation to enjoy the healthy life of a free community; but all men forbid it to all women; and having done so from generation to generation, demand that they shall, out of their low subjection, rise to the highest rank as lawyers and merchants, in order to prove that they have capacity for freedom.

"Politics," Dr. Arnold said, "are the most natural and grandest occupation of the human mind. Deprive a nation of them, and the public thought is rapidly degraded." Women having always been deprived of this grandest occupation of the human mind, every careless writer fancies he may laugh at her efforts to participate in this natural occupation, instead of honoring such efforts, as he should do, even if there be reiteration and declamation in her earnest appeals to whatsoever there may be of justice in the mind of man, her present master. X.

[If several weeks had not elapsed since the article to which the above is a reply appeared, we would let "X.'s" letter pass without comment. But most of our readers will probably not remember with sufficient distinctness what it was the *Nation* said to understand how completely wide of the mark our correspondent's observations go. It is, however, nearly enough to say that the article in question did not treat of the efforts now making to secure the suffrage for women; it treated of the efforts now making to abolish what Mr. Mill calls "the subjection of women," and to put them on a footing of complete equality with men both in rights and duties, both in the household and in the forum; and the "subjection of women" being a part of the very framework of modern society, as Mr. Mill shows, to abolish it is to "revolutionize society." This, "X." will excuse us for repeating, is exactly what the champions of women's rights seek, and what in our opinion they have to seek, if they move in the matter at all. Woman's suffrage is merely a means—one of many—of attaining their end. "X." will pardon us, also, for observing that it is nowhere "gravely suggested" in the *Nation* "that suffrage should not be accorded to women because they say cookery has greatly declined." What was "gravely suggested" was that the general belief that the art of cookery had declined was producing an effect on the public mind prejudicial to the theory of woman's fitness for the various employments and occupations now monopolized by men. The suffrage, let us add, is not as constantly in our minds as it seems to be in "X.'s." We do not believe female voting will bring on the millennium, or convert women into saints or sages. We are too familiar with the spectacle of rascally male voters to indulge in any illusions on the subject; but we are deeply interested in all attempts to give women something to do and to live for besides marriage, and therefore are anxious to have them choose the wisest methods of bringing about whatever social changes are necessary to this end.—Ed. Nation.]

THE ADVOCATES OF THE WOMAN'S CAUSE.

To the Editor of the Nation:

Sir: Every cause has its champions, but those of the woman's cause are the oddest. It is interesting and amusing to notice the perfect *naïveté* with which many of them trace effects to causes. One writes an article on "Imprisonment for Insanity," telling of a woman whose cruel husband placed her in an asylum when her mind was unimpaired. The narrator draws the conclusion that such things occur because women can't vote. Another draws a picture of the "Social Evil and the National Health," and affirms that if women had the ballot they would be healthier. To all cases of ill-treatment of women they tack on this moral: Let women vote, and evils—social, physical, political, and moral—will be abolished this sphere. They trace certain effects to existing states of society with which they have no more connection than pork has with pig-iron. Now, it is this kind of advocacy which is one of the greatest weights upon the cause in this country. What it wants is educated, intelligent, thinking supporters. It needs men and women who can reason as well as assert. But if such a one offer his support, no matter how loyal he may be to the principles, if he does not fall in heartily with those who rant rather than reason, those who call themselves the leaders turn upon him, and undo all his work by personal abuse. The cause has no more efficient champion than Wm. Lloyd Garrison; yet how quickly the *Revolution* forgets this when he dares to say a word against that paper and its method of work. It is to be hoped that the new journal which is talked of will be an organ of a higher order than the one now existing. It is to be hoped that it will contain logic as well as assertion; that its articles will be candid discussions, not personal attacks; that reason will take the place of extravagant prophecies, and that common sense will find some place. It should be devoted to such a class of advocates as would take thoughtful views of the subject, and present them to thinking people. Soon the cause would gain the kind of support which it finds in England, and which makes it so strong there. But as long as men and women who can think clearly, and to the point, are kept in the background because they are "too conservative," and those who resort to wild theories and denunciation rather than discussion are placed in the front rank, the cause is in poor hands to be successful. K.

Notes.

LITERARY.

Mr. Carleton announces that he is about to publish "Strange Visitors," which contains communications from the spirits of thirty-six such famous authors as Irving, Thackeray, Byron, Humboldt, Charlotte Brontë, Mrs. Browning, Willis, and Humboldt. "A sensational spiritual book" it is described as being, which means, doubtless, that some book-maker has concocted it out of his own fond imaginations, and that it is meant for sale on steamboats and in the back-country.——Mr. E. Mulford is the author of the work mentioned by us last week under an incorrect title. It is really entitled "The Nation: The Foundation of Civil Order and Political Life in the United States," and Messrs. Hurd & Houghton, as already announced, are to publish it. Mr. Mulford, we are given to understand, is a graduate of Yale and an Episcopalian clergyman, resident in Connecticut. He is at present without a parish, by reason of continued ill-health for some years, and has devoted himself to his favorite branch of study; but he has not, so far as we learn, ever published anything. This work, if—as we sincerely hope it may—it should worthily fill the field its author has chosen, will do good service, for the people are not many, even among those who make most noise about the rights of man, and of woman, and the duties of governments, who know anything whatever about such subjects. There is a large class among us who seem to think that to quote the Declaration of Independence is to solve all questions of government, from settling the *Alabama* claims or the tenure of judicial office down to the grading of a city street. These, let us hope, Mr. Mulford may do some good, even though it should be necessary to catch them young and teach them while yet they are in high schools and colleges.——Messrs. Roberts Brothers will republish "The Pope and the Council," by "Janus," of which we spoke last week in these "Notes." The same firm's "Midsummer-Night's Dream," in Konewka's beautiful silhouettes, is delayed till December 1. Messrs. Roberts Brothers also announce Dr. Hedge's new book, "The Primeval World of Hebrew Tradition."

—"Carl Benson," writing in the *Turf, Field, and Farm*, tells about one of Tennyson's poems a story which we suppose based on good information, and accurate as well as true. The poet dreamed once that he was riding in company with two friends of his, members of the Sterling Club, across a bare, bleak, and desolate heath. By-and-by they came upon an inn which was in ruins. There a ragged hostler took the horses, and a shaky, seedy waiter led them into a parlor drearier and dismaller than even the worst of English country taverns. "Now that we are here," said one of the party, "we must call for something to drink, for the good of the house. Waiter, bring us some ale." To this order the shabby waiter responded solemnly in the negative: "As much smoking as you please, but no drinking;" and he added the reason: "This is hell." At this unexpected and startling announcement Mr. Tennyson awoke, and keeping in mind his "vision when the night was late," he produced "The Vision of Sin," which is perhaps fully as good as all but a dozen or so of his pages, and we do not know that the vigorous stanzas embodying the tavern part of it are not as good as any of the rest. The philosophizing and moralizing part is good too, however, being in the ornate style disused latterly by Mr. Tennyson in favor of the elaborately simple style, and disused rather too much, perhaps.

—Oxford slang is the subject of an essay in the November *Macmillan's*, which contains half a dozen or more samples of the slang in vogue for the moment among the undergraduates in the university. It is not the regular university slang; that may rather be described as a collection of useful technical terms—"smalls" and "greats" and "plough" being legitimately enough used in university parlance to express things peculiar to the university life. The slang the writer treats of is that which is used by the young men as young men, and which, unlike the mere slang of the place, influences the slang of non-university mankind. Trivial and foolish enough it seems when examined in cold blood at this distance; but if the sight of it shall induce any poor youth to retrace the steps he may have already taken in the downward career of educating himself into inanity, the present writer feels that he will not have written in vain. It appears that when our jocose Oxonian sees that something unusual has happened, that something is worthy of particular remark, he immediately "troubles" his neighbor for that thing. Thus, if the weather is very warm, he says to his friend, "Oh, I'll trouble you for the heat." It is with the same astonishing fatuousness, though apparently with less, that when he sees you with a meerschaum singularly good or singularly bad, he says: "I'll trouble you for your pipe." If you have just received a legacy, or made a good book on the Derby, or come well through an examination, or had any other piece of good fortune, you have been "in the swim." This originally was piscatorial and local—"the swim" being the part of the stream where fish abound and where one has but to drop a hook to catch something. To be "out of it"—which is not to be "out of the swim," as might be supposed—is to have had bad luck. To "bosh" a man is to balk or annoy him in any way. You "bosh" a man when you keep a sober face at the end of his funny story; you "bosh" his chance of sleep by playing some loud musical instrument in the room next his chamber. When you "have a crib on" to do so and so—as to have "a crib on to go to the Derby"—you have arranged a comfortable, quiet party for that purpose. A man's "crib" is his sanctum, his private quarters, into which he admits only whom he pleases, and to have a crib on a thing is, therefore, to take care that no outsider is let in. Thus it is with the genesis of most slang: it is very apt to be bold metaphor indiscriminately applied. It is when it is indiscriminately applied and the persons who employ it are "funny by formula," that it becomes so nauseating—almost nauseating—as it is pretty sure to be.

—One of the acknowledged social uses of co-operation is to inspire mutual trust among men, and the want of this confidence is, perhaps, the chief obstacle to the extension of the co-operative principle. In less civilized countries than Western Europe and the United States, there appears to be a larger degree of faith in human nature, and we find co-operation, as in the Russian *artel*, of long date, and not a merely recent expedient. In China it is very widely employed among all classes, and the details of its application among the common people have a very direct interest for us, who are now absorbing a Little, which may some day become a Lesser, China. These are given in a very lucid notice, "Sur les Petites Sociétés d'Argent en Chine," by G. Eug. Simon, French Consul at Ningpo, which is made the leading article in the (Shanghai) "Journal of the North China Branch of the Royal Asiatic Society" for December, 1868—a publication, let us remark, which is always learned and, however late in reaching this country, always interesting. It would be difficult, without tables, to describe the workings of the *Hoeï-Tsien*, whose principal object is, says M. Simon, to avoid the burden of fixed, interest-bearing debts, and which contrive to procure at once all the capital that a man needs, while permitting him to repay it by degrees with merely nominal interest, or even without any. They are formed by the action of some necessitous person, who summons others of the same lot in life and general wants to a little feast, at which he explains his desire for assistance—to borrow, we will say, one hundred taëls. His associates number ten, say; the society will then probably last for eleven years, during which each one will in turn receive the same loan, and from the beginning will have paid at each annual reunion a sum representing interest and some portion of the principal, graduated according to the order in which he enjoys the loan. Each beneficiary in turn bears the expense of the annual meal, which naturally is not an extravagant one. There are certain sureties placed to cover the loan, but there is seldom a failure to meet one's payments, and, as M. Simon remarks, before the society is formed it has abundant opportunity to examine the enterprise which calls for the loan, and to decline assistance if not satisfied. In the Sou-Tcheou Association, to give a partial example, at the first meeting the founder collects his hundred taëls in the following proportion: No. 2 gives him 15.5; No. 3, 14.5; No. 4, 13.5; No. 5, 12.5; No. 6, 11.5; No. 7, 8.5; No. 8, 7.5; No. 9, 6.5; No. 10, 5.5; No. 11, 4.5. The second beneficiary collects the same amounts from the same members, except, of course, that No. 1 furnishes the 15.5 previously contributed by No. 2. When No. 3 is to have the loan, No. 2 assumes his (smaller) quota; No. 3 afterwards assumes that of No. 4, No. 4 that of No. 5, No. 5 that of No. 6, etc., No. 11 alone paying a constant quota ten times in the eleven years. The repartitions remain the same throughout, and foot up one hundred; but it is evident that all the members are not taxed alike. Other societies mentioned by M. Simon (he enumerates seven different ones) are more equitable in their adjustment. We may take some comfort in the thought that such a system of co-operation is among the habits of our trans-Pacific emigrants.

—The dean and chapter of Exeter have disregarded the wild advice that has been so plentifully administered to them, and have accepted as the bishop of that diocese Dr. Temple, the divine whose orthodoxy has been denied by some and doubted by more of his fellow-clergymen because of his having been an "Essayist and Reviewer." Many of our readers will be interested in seeing what is the specific evidence of heterodoxy that is

urged against the new bishop. Dr. Pusey, in an unfortunate moment, and in an unfortunate mood far too frequent in him, has written a letter, in which—after denouncing Dr. Temple in a fashion which has an almost unaccountable charm for polemics, even though they may be of high ability and the best character—he cites from Dr. Temple's essay the passages which seem to him poisonously heretical. These are two. One occurs in the course of an argument designed to show that the moment of Christ's coming was most opportune; that he came just at the period in history when his advent produced the greatest possible effect: "But the one Example of all examples," he says, "came in the 'fulness of time,' just when the world was fitted to feel the power of his presence. Had this revelation been delayed till now, assuredly it would have been hard for us to recognize his divinity, for the faculty of faith has turned inwards and cannot now accept any outer manifestations of the truth of God. Our vision of the Son of God is now aided by the eyes of the Apostles, and by that aid we can recognize the exact image of the Father." This, Dr. Pusey says, "involves a denial of miracles!" The other passage relied upon by Dr. Temple's opponents is one in which he argues that the Bible is all the more suited to the nature and needs of man in that it is "not drawn up in precise statements of faith or detailed precepts of conduct;" and, further, he says that conscience, faithfully enlightened by all the means in our power, must be held to be the supreme interpreter of the Scriptures, which were given us "to evoke the voice of conscience," and not to silence it. Accepting that principle, says Dr. Pusey, the Atonement may come to be rejected, or the doctrine of future punishment may be taken wholly out of religious beliefs. Possibly; but still it is Protestant doctrine and long has been, and we must make the best of it.

—It is no wonder that Dr. Pusey's attack has defeated his intention. The "Evangelicals"—who are not famous in England for wisdom, and whom the mere name of "broad" or "high" terrifies out of all sense or reason—say to themselves that Dr. Temple may be "broad;" that he did at any rate contribute an essay to a dreadfully "broad" book; but that, after all, if it is a question between Temple and Pusey, they will take Temple by odds. At all events, he is not the Pope of Rome, nor the Scarlet Woman, nor the Man of Sin. He meantime has behaved himself with great good sense ever since the disturbance began, and has, we should suppose, made friends. But his accession will not diminish the Ritualist willingness to see church and state separated.

—There is no hope, we suppose, that there will be any end of the controversy about Byron and Mrs. Leigh till after Mrs. Stowe has printed her volume, and after that, also, has undergone its due amount of discussion *pro* and *con.*; but the latest of Mrs. Stowe's adverse critics, in his latest appearance before the public, has brought forward evidence that will have the effect of making most people wait with patience for what more may be forthcoming on Lady Byron's side, for he so much strengthens the case for Lord Byron and Mrs. Leigh that we may say that there is a general disbelief that their defence can be invalidated. The *Quarterly Review*, containing the seven letters from Lady Byron to her sister-in-law, with which our readers are familiar, has gone into a second edition, and thus an opportunity has been given the reviewer to make some reply to criticisms which have been made upon his article since its first appearance. It is true, he says in his postscript, that there was a remarkable fitness to the case as it stood, in the letters which he quoted. They seemed to touch the *nodus* exactly, and this has been made the ground for illiberal insinuations—as that the letters were forged, we suppose. But has it not occurred, he asks, to the critics who have insinuated this charge, that this fitness, at which they affect surprise, is one of the natural and inevitable results of truth? The letters, he adds, have long been known to be in existence; he had seen them, and they are now in legitimate custody, and their authenticity is vouched for by two noblemen, whose names can be given if necessary. The *Pall Mall Gazette* does give them, and they are the Earl of Chichester and Lord William Godolphin Osborne. Furthermore, the reviewer states that he is now, as he was not before, in a position to assert that when Lord Broughton, acting in behalf of Byron, sent in to Mr. Wilmot Horton, acting in behalf of Lady Byron, a list of all the conceivable offences one or more of which might have caused the separation, he did specifically put down the crime now alleged to have caused it, and received a definite answer to the effect that it was not the cause. Then, again, he points out that Lady Byron had said that insanity would have palliated the criminality or viciousness of which she complained, and which had determined her to leave her husband. But the insanity of one, the reviewer says, could not have been accepted as palliative of the crime of two. Here he seems not very strong. His better ground is that Lady Byron and Mrs. Leigh remained friends; and, likewise, that Lady Byron's agent, acting in her name, specifically declared, as we may say, what Lady Byron's treatment of Mrs. Leigh had also declared by implication—namely, that she had no fault to find with her. May not this curious list of "all conceivable crimes" have given Lady Byron a hint for the charge which she afterwards made—made when, as many think—and they, some of them, her personal friends—she was liable to hallucination?

—Meantime, we should add that Dr. Lushington, who is the depositary of what may perhaps be called Lady Byron's earlier and truer secret history of the separation, has not said one word on the subject. This is not because he is so old as to have lost the use of his faculties, nor because he has ceased to take an interest in contemporary events, for he is reported as being still active-minded. Nor does he shun conversation on the subject; only he declines to say anything as regards his own connection with the affair. This is regarded, and perhaps not improperly, as confirmation of Mrs. Stowe's charge. But it is, of course, not necessarily so to be regarded. Lord Byron was not Dr. Lushington's client, and Lady Byron was. It is not his business, he may argue, no matter what Lady Byron may have said to him, to come out, and—as he may probably put it—contradict his client's later statements for the sake of vindicating the name and fame of a man for whom not unlikely the aged lawyer has no respect on moral grounds, and not so very much on any other. Nor need we call it probable that, supposing the charge of incest to be as old as 1816, he would think it best to say so—having been bound as he was to secrecy. In either case, be the charge against Byron true or false, in keeping silence he keeps inviolate the rules of professional etiquette and honor. His silence may imply that confirmation would be given if he spoke; or it may imply a foresight that the true state of the case would be safe enough to come out under discussion; or it may imply a belief that he can do Lady Byron no good by proving her the familiar friend, or the pretended familiar friend, of a person whom she knew so guilty. For our part, we incline to the belief that considerations of professional and personal honor will prevent Dr. Lushington's saying anything.

MR. JAMES'S "SECRET OF SWEDENBORG."*

We regard this as one of the more remarkable books of the day. It is an elaborate, earnest essay, endeavoring to reconcile philosophy and theology, in much the same line of thought which the author followed in his books entitled "Christianity the Logic of Creation," and "Substance and Shadow," but, as it seems to us, is much more clear and satisfactory.

Mr. James tells us that "this essay comprises an article which appeared in the *North American Review* for July, 1867, and a large amount of additional matter. He states that "he had not space in the *Review* to do more than enter upon a theme previously so unwrought," and modestly apologizes for not having time to treat it more exhaustively. Yet it seems to us he has so thoroughly and so copiously stated and restated and argued his subject as to leave nothing to be added.

The author commences with the statement that the fundamental problem of philosophy is the problem of creation. Does our existence really infer a divine and infinite being, or does it not? Being in itself cannot, of course, undergo increase or diminution, nor can it create what has absolute being in itself. God can create only what is devoid of being in itself, and the flat opposite to the Creator—what *appears* to have being, but is really only a phenomenal existence. "How, then, shall the infinite Creator give his finite creature *projection*, endow him with veritable selfhood or identity, and yet experience no compromise of his own individuality?" Mr. James shows the inadequacy of modern philosophy to solve the problem. Kant did nothing towards it by his old recipe of Idealism—the invention of a *noumenal* world, or the world of "things-in-themselves." Kant did not, any more than the philosophy which went before him, discriminate satisfactorily the objective or absolute or creative element in knowledge from its subjective or merely contingent and constitutional element. "He saw that things were phenomenal; but as he did not see that this infirmity attached itself to them wholly on their subjective or constitutional side, while on their objective or creative side they were infinite and absolute, he was bound to lapse into mere idealism or scepticism, unrelieved by aught but the dream of a noumenal background." "The sum of the Hegelian dialectic is to confound existence with being."

* "The Secret of Swedenborg. Being an Elucidation of his Doctrine of the Divine Natural Humanity. By Henry James." Boston: Fields, Osgood & Co. 1869. Pp. 243.

Swedenborg's ontology puts a new face on the whole matter. Nor has the human or moral creation any more objective reality than nature. It is purely conscious and subjective, not a finality. There can be no infinite unrepresented by a finite. But this finite is only representative—only a shadow or reflection of absolute being which is God. Our human consciousness is, however, the projected material on which the Divine Being works, as the sculptor shapes his clay and inspires it with his idea. And the true idea of creation is *spiritual;* it is a redemptive process, "exhibiting such a sheer immersion and obscuration of creative substance in created form as will ensure the eventual transfiguration of that form with all divine perfection." This, according to Mr. James, is the doctrine which Swedenborg teaches, and which he illustrates by his spiritual visions and his unfolding of the spiritual sense of the Scriptures. "Swedenborg," he says, "rectifies the basis of philosophy—affirming an absolute as well as an empirical element in consciousness, an infinite as well as a finite element in knowledge. He provides a real or objective, no less than a phenomenal or subjective, element in existence; an element of unconditional being as well as of conditional seeming; a creative element, in short, no less than a constitutive one.

This discrimination furnishes the key to Swedenborg's ontology, his doctrine of the Lord, or Maximus Homo, or Divine Humanity, which Mr. James interprets to mean simply the incarnation or active presence of the divine love and wisdom, or the Christian life, in human society. Mr. James rescues this doctrine from the charge of Pantheism by showing that being in God is not, as Hegel has it, a logical *evolution* of not-being or the creature; that the creature is not *continuous*, as it were, from the Creator—has not an absolute or objective, but only a phenomenal and subjective existence. Nature and man are a ground in the sphere of consciousness on which the redemptive or spiritually creative work of the Divine Being takes place; and this redemptive work is not to be limited by our ideas of time and space, which have no absolute existence; still less is it a supernatural work, but is coeval with the creative wisdom and love, the essence of which is objective—not loving itself, but going forth into its creatures and forever communicating itself to them. "Our natural creation without our subsequent redemption would be a great blemish upon the divine name." "The male and female man, the *homo* and the *vir*, constitute the machinery of that redemption—the one representing the universal or created element, the other the individual or creative one, and their marriage constituting human society or fellowship, in which the redemption of our nature is complete." The one is a *descending*, the other an *ascending* movement of the divine life in man. One is nature, the other history. "History resolves itself into the existence of the church on earth; and the existence of the church means the purgation of human nature by divine power;" or as the author says in another place, "the only church which Christ avouches is a living society, brotherhood, or fellowship of all mankind, which will disallow all distinction or privilege among men but that which grows out of the largeness and the zeal of the social spirit in their bosom."

In the historic order, however, it was necessary that the church should exist as a basis, in religious forms, of this universal fellowship, and that it should have a *quasi* authority. It has been of great service in keeping alive the sense of moral and religious obligation, but as a visible or ritual economy its worth has been only representative, preparing the way for the development of the social sentiment, in a Christian fraternity. Its assumption that good and evil in man are absolute and final has no foundation. The worst sinners are those who appropriate their goodness as belonging to themselves and not to God. Nor does it consist with Swedenborg's or his commentator's system that evil in man should be an absolute reality. To appropriate good and evil to one's self as finalities, and as constituting a ground of God's acceptance or displeasure, is what Swedenborg says is typified by Adam and Eve eating of the tree of good and evil. The moral consciousness is but a means towards the divine life in the soul. Morality is the badge of human nature, or what man has only in common with others, and not in distinction from them. And heaven and hell, as states of the soul or of society, have consequently no absolute but only a relative existence.

The necessity of revelation is insisted upon. By revelation is not meant knowledge. "It is concerned with truths which are utterly beyond the original compass of the intellect to devise, however perfectly it may come afterwards to reflect them." This view of revelation seems to follow logically upon the doctrine already stated, that man in himself, or, as Swedenborg says, the *natural* man, is nothing except as the divine love and wisdom flows into him. The author considers the biblical accounts of the birth, life, and resurrection of Christ as essential as the historical basis of the doctrine of the divine humanity; yet interprets the incarnation in the broadest and freest sense, as meaning the presence of the Christian spirit in human society. "Christianity itself may be styled a formal proclamation of the exhaustion of religion as a ceremonial, and its revival as a life." "The human mind, or natural and historic order, is itself only a process of revelation of the creative name."

It is difficult, in so brief a space, to give a very thorough abstract, even, of this book, or do justice to its statements and arguments. We do not feel sure that we have even sketched an outline of its main features.

The reader is struck with the earnestness as well as the liberality of the author's philosophical and theological views—all drawn, as he tells us, from Swedenborg's writings. Whether Mr. James's doctrine is purely Swedenborg's, or in fact his own liberal interpretation of Swedenborg, is more than we can venture to conclude. Certainly, we find Swedenborg very plainly asserting doctrines which seem to us very narrow, and by no means according with the generous and broad estimate Mr. James makes of his theology—although, to be sure, there are numerous passages to be found in the writings of the great seer, the liberality of which it is difficult to make consistent with those we allude to. For instance, in his "Divine Providence," he says that "after death a man is no longer in a state to be reformed or regenerated. He remains such as his life or ruling love has been" (Sec. 17); that "the adult who does not come into essential liberty and rationality in the world can never come into them after death, for then whatever is the state of his life which has been acquired in the world, such it remains to eternity" (Sec. 99); that Socinianism and Arianism are profanation; and they who believe those doctrines "are let down into hell among those who deny God. These are meant by those who blaspheme the Holy Ghost, who will not be forgiven either in this world or in that which is to come" (Sec. 231, p. 155); that Idolaters and Mohammedans are saved, while Unitarians are not (255); that Socinians are excommunicated from the church (256). These and other passages that might be cited from Swedenborg's writings Mr. James would surely find it difficult to explain away or to reconcile with the doctrine which he himself continually presents, that Christianity is a life, and not a dogma; and with the extremely liberal views of evil and of hell given in Chapter XV. of his book.

And here we cannot avoid noticing the remarkable fact that Mr. James, who claims to derive all his doctrine from Swedenborg, should be in utter opposition to the Swedenborgian Church—he denouncing this Church as the most narrow and sectarian of all organizations, and the churchmen in turn excommunicating him as a heretic. This his readers would do well to bear in mind. We, for our part, should suppose it not impossible that so profound a thinker, and so earnest an expounder of Swedenborg, might prove the leader of a new movement in his Church.

In the appendix to this book, the reader will be edified and amused by some racy talk about the Church of the New Jerusalem. In dealing with all that he considers Pharisaic and sectarian, Mr. James always warms into wit and eloquence. In Note A, from page 207 to 214, we have an admirable specimen of his power in a vein somewhat different from the lofty and abstract style to which he confines himself in the body of the book.

The Last Athenian. Translated from the Swedish of Victor Rydberg, by William Widgery Thomas, jr., late United States Consul at Gothenburg, Sweden. (Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers. 1869.)—Mr. Thomas's translation of this work is prefaced by a note addressed to him by Miss Bremer, and written a few days before her death, in which she describes it as "the best and most genial historical novel ever written in the Swedish language"—which it very possibly may be. But we have not found it very interesting or very suggestive reading. To make a historical novel worthy of much attention, a great deal more is necessary than a knowledge, however accurate, of what one may call the local color of the period which is described. With such knowledge Mr. Rydberg appears to be supplied; but to our thinking it would come into play more advantageously if he were to employ it in some other field than novel-writing. For such writing, he has not any great natural vocation. True, he tells his story fluently; he is never at a loss for reflections on matters theological and philosophical, which, if neither original nor profound, are not the less on that account lively and readable; and he writes conversations of which neither the matter nor the manner is less than pleasing, but which have the curious defect of failing to interest the reader in the interlocutors.

Mr. Rydberg is describing the last struggles between paganism and the

Christianity of the Church; and he does it from the point of view of one who, if he is found in the religious ranks at all, is probably in the extreme liberal wing of Protestantism, and has more sympathy with the conquered pagan than with the conquering Church. He draws some not very edifying pictures of the cruelty, the rapacity, and the hypocrisy of the Christians of the fourth century; and if he does not succeed in awaking any warm sympathy for those whose cause he espouses, it is not, one feels, because he does not wish us to give it; and perhaps it may not be because we think we ought to withhold it from them; but, as we have already said, simply because in his hands they remain nothing more than abstractions. Very probably, Mr. Rydberg might write essays on subjects connected with and suggested by his present theme which would be very good reading. To us it seems doubtful whether it is worth any writer's while to try to build upon them historical novels, which, as novels, should have any qualities to be admired. To the novelist, the "times that try men's souls" ought not to be of so much importance as the fact that men's souls are tried, and the individual results of such trials; and in selecting historical themes and characters, he is necessarily beset by difficulties which have always proved nearly insurmountable. In fact, where is there a fine historical novel which is not inferior by much to all of the really great novels; and where is there one which is not surpassed by the other works of its author, supposing him to have written other works? The rule seems to be that the further you depart from history in historical novels the better novel you have. And a corollary from this rule would seem to be that you would do best to let history alone entirely when you sit down to novel-writing.

Die Stellung des Menschen in der Natur, im Vergangenheit, Gegenwart und Zukunft; oder, Woher kommen wir? Wer sind wir? Wohin gehen wir? Von Dr. Louis Büchner. No. I. (Man's Place in Nature, in the Past, Present, and Future; or, Whence came we? Who are we? Whither are we tending? New York: B. Westermann & Co.)—The author, best known to the public by his excellent work, "Kraft und Stoff" ("Force and Matter"), which has lately reached a tenth edition, endeavors in this book to solve the "question of all questions"—that of our origin—which has so zealously engaged the minds of the learned for the last thirty years, and which has given rise to so many scientific theories and controversies. As in his previous works, so in this one, Dr. Büchner relies not on speculation, but on facts, such as have been elicited by the researches of Huxley, D. Page, Darwin, Schaafhausen, Häckel, etc., etc. Philosophical views regarding the true position of man in nature are nearly as old as our history, but the reason why they have not universally gained ground in earlier centuries is because they were deficient in the necessary empirical proofs. The brochure before us opens with an account of the seventeen skeletons found in the year 1852 in the French country-town of Aurignac, and minutely described at that time by the learned palæontologist Bartet, whose investigations proved that these skeletons, together with a number of stone implements found in the same place, were at least more than six thousand years old, and probably vastly older. Notwithstanding the fact that already, in the years 1833 and 1834, similar discoveries had been made in the so-called Belgian Heights by Spring and Schmerling ("Recherches sur les ossements fossiles, découverts dans les cavernes de la Province de Liége"), there was a general reluctance to believe in the existence of prehistoric mankind until numerous later discoveries in Germany, Holland, America, Switzerland, etc., left no room for doubt. The difference between this fossil race and our own must have been palpably greater than that between a Caucasian and an Australian bushman, and man has evidently undergone a very slow mental and physical development from the not impossible original of an ape or a gorilla. Of this question Dr. Büchner will speak in the second number of his work; the whole will consist of three numbers, and we hope as soon as it is completed to bring it again to the attention of our readers, and more particularly.

Think and Act. A Series of Articles on Men and Women, Work and Wages. By Virginia Penny. (Philadelphia: Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger. 1 vol.)—Miss Virginia Penny has earned the sober gratitude of women and of men interested in the lot of women by the labors of many years in the hardest and the least remunerative fields of service. She is no orator, politician, or manager, but a delving, drudging worker. With a patience that only the most profound faith could have sustained, and an industry that only a deep enthusiasm could have kept from flagging, she has devoted herself to the task of collecting and assorting facts bearing on the subject of women's work and wages. What work women did or could do; the amount of training demanded for it; the number of hours daily that must be devoted to it; the conditions and circumstances attending on its performance; its effect on health, spirits, and disposition; the average amount of its remunerations; the prospect it opened; in short, every particular that was interesting or important in a practical point of view she endeavored to ascertain. A portion of the vast amount of information thus obtained has been already published in a volume that has no doubt attracted less attention than it deserved, and met with a sale utterly insignificant as compared with that of volumes we might name, written in a much less worthy spirit in the same general cause.

Miss Penny's views on the whole question of woman's rights are of the broadest and strongest. She claims as much as anybody claims. She thinks laws should be made for the protection of their persons and property. She advocates the opening to them of all occupations. She insists on fair wages being paid them for their labor. She asks for them the privileges of the ballot-box, and trial by their own peers. In a word, she wishes to see them possessing equal rights with men—domestic, social, educational, industrial, civil, and religious. But she has a very keen perception of the difficulties that stand in the way of these desires, and of the vast work that is to be done by women themselves before they are likely to be gratified. Her present volume embodies the results of deep reflection and extensive reading on the subjects she treats. It consists of ninety-five short essays, in a space of three hundred and seventy-two pages. They are not especially brilliant or attractive in style, but they are interesting; and better than all—we are afraid some will say *worst* of all—they are sober, wise, and important.

Too Bright to Last. A Novel. (Boston: Fields, Osgood & Co. 1869.)—Georgina Sackville, the heroine of this novel, is sent into Wales on a visit o her uncle, in order to get her out of the way of a lover whose attentions her mother is not willing to encourage. But even in Wales Georgie is fated to get into mischief. She falls in love with a middle-aged Welsh farmer, who has neither wealth nor good looks to recommend him, nor much else that we can see, except that, being in the hands of a novelist fatally given over to a cheap kind of romantic sentimentality, he has a well-thumbed volume of the "Faerie Queene," a "rare old copy of Falconer's Shipwreck," and a dog named "Dolce," which name he pronounces with an unimpeachable accent. He lives in an old farm-house called Pant-y-dwr, which, with its inmates, is described with a good deal of that sort of feeble realism which in one's better moments leads one to think with sorrow of the hard and ill-requited toil which the exigencies of the modern novel force upon its producers. It must have been easier work in the days when, with plenty of romantic names, and a facility for unlimited sentimentalizing, the novelist was well-nigh equipped, and had not to go painfully hunting up new and undescribed localities, and picking up here and there stray scraps of inadequate information, in order to bring his book at all up to the requirements of the market. This hard-handed farmer, who "drinks tea out of his saucer," and has a female servant who swears "by George," the heroine loves and marries, after undergoing two years of steady opposition at the hands of her friends. Then she goes to live with him on his farm, and for a little while becomes the brightness of his life, though not without finding her own by times a trifle dull. Very soon, however, she gets a bad pain in her side, and returns to her mother, where, in the course of a scene with her old lover, she drops down in a swoon, and dies untimely. So far as we can see, there is nothing about the novel which should have made it worth any publisher's while to reprint it. Not only is its plot slight and trivial, but its style is far from good, and its characters, without exception, thoroughly conventional.

German Tales. By Berthold Auerbach. With an introduction by Charles C. Shackford. (Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1869.)—Auerbach's reputation, which, so far as the American public is concerned, was made by the publication of "On the Heights," seems to us to have been not at enhanced by the subsequent translations from his works. The first series of "Village Tales" contained, it is true, some interesting and careful pictures of peasant life, and gave the reader a fair specimen of their author's earlier manner—a manner which is by many still thought to be his best. We ought not, either, to forget to mention with praise the pleasant story, "Edelweiss," an excellent translation of which, by Miss Ellen Frothingham, was issued by Roberts Brothers early in the present year. But good as both of these were, it is probable that they attracted readers less on the ground of their own merits than for the reason that they are by the author of "On the Heights." Even that novel, worthy as it is of very high praise, did not owe all the attention it excited solely to its own excellence, but gained a certain notoriety from the quarrels of its rival publishers. From whatever reason it was taken up, how-

ever, we suppose it found very few readers who were not well pleased with it.

The stories of the present collection will probably be found uninteresting by most readers. They are, however, full of that homely wisdom, which is one of Auerbach's most marked characteristics, and which forms such a singular contrast to the half sentimental sort of transcendentalism which also distinguishes him. All his life, apparently, he has had the same ideals of character and the same ethical problems before him. There is a strong family likeness between Dr. Richard, Dr. Gunther, and the physician in "Edelweiss;" the Countess Bella finds her prototype in Annele of the Lion; and as for Erich, we get him both in the "Lunterbacher" of the "Village Tales" and in the Rudolph of the present series. It is, perhaps, a mistake of the printer, but it looks to us as though Mr. Shackford, who was the translator of the Boston edition of the "Villa on the Rhine," had himself made the odd but very accountable blunder of calling Rudolph "Eric," on occasion of translating a speech which inevitably recalls the latter hero.

One Poor Girl: The Story of Thousands. By Wirt Sikes. (J. B. Lippincott & Co.)—We are at a loss to know how much of this story is truth and how much is fiction. The author assures us in the preface that it is true in the incidents and particulars; fictitious only in the arrangement of its events. But whether the incidents and particulars are true of this one girl, or are simply gathered up from many lives and personified in one, is a question. The "arrangement of events" may be an arrangement of such a miscellany of events as makes the story valueless as illustrating the experience of individual women. What thoughtful people want now is fact, not fiction—fact as it is found in its natural association, not fact as artificially arranged for effect on the emotions. That the precise story of Susie Garland is the story of thousands it would on some accounts be very pleasant to think; for then the lot of thousands would be happier than it is now. Thousands of poor girls are exposed, provoked, tempted, persecuted, led through scenes of suffering, and thrust into haunts of shame; but thousands are not fortunate enough to be watched over by a good providence in the shape of a noble young gentleman, of artistic capacity, who steps in at the right moment, and finally takes the poor child to his bosom, for better, for worse. The story is harrowing and unhealthy, and the excessive coloring and scenic grouping make the painful realities in it seem unreal, so that it may be seriously doubted if the cause which we imagine he may have meant to serve will be in any respect the gainer by Mr. Sikes's labors.

Soimême: A Story of a Wilful Life. (Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1869.) *Aspasia.* By C. Holland. (Philadelphia and New York: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1869.)—We notice these books together because they are issued by the same publishers, and are likely to reach the same destination in the Sunday-school libraries. Beyond this, and the fact that they are both autobiographies of young women, they have nothing in common. "Soimême" is not the best sort of a story, but to read it could do harm to nobody, since its style is pure and its moral and its moral tone alike are good. "Aspasia," however, is certain, if read at all by young people in whom the critical sense is yet undeveloped, to be positively injurious. It is full of stupidity and conceit, its style is beneath criticism, and altogether it is as disagreeable a specimen of the so-called religious novel as it has lately been our fortune to meet. Fancy a heroine who remarks that she don't think she loves the man she is about to marry because "an occasional unguarded expression in his conversation and his letters, and the general tone and spirit which seemed to underlie his whole life, had fastened the conviction on my mind that the substratum of his character was exceedingly porous, and that it needed to be broken up by the ploughshare of grace before much real good could be expected from him;" and who afterwards, when her father has failed in business, and contrary to her expectation, her unregenerate lover has proved constant, addresses him in this fashion: "'Morgan Goodspeed, do you offer me your heart and hand without reserve, and prompted only by the purest emotions of love?'

"'I certainly do,' he replied; 'and I think my constancy of purpose, as evinced during the past three years, is a sufficient guarantee of my sincerity.'

"'It is,' I replied, 'and I accept you.'"

Even this is better than a great deal that is to be found in it.

Manual of the German Language. By W. Grauert, A.M. Two parts in one. (New York: E. Steiger. 1869.)—This hand-book, which endeavors "to avoid the defects of both the synthetic and the purely analytic methods by an *organic* development of the forms of words and sentences," and, within a small compass to offer abundant material for translating exercises and conversational purposes, requires the completing and correcting hand of a competent teacher to be usefully employed in schools. Otherwise, it would, on account of its careless execution, omissions, and not a few errors, prove a very fallacious guide. These defects present themselves on the very first pages. The first paragraph gives the "Pronunciation" of "Vowels" without a preceding alphabet, and is followed by words for exercise, composed, of course, in great part of the unmentioned and thus unknown consonants. Then comes a list of "Consonants," embracing only those the pronunciation of which differs from that of the corresponding English letters. This is not only variously defective in its explanations, but also entirely omits to explain or even to mention the *sz* among its compounds. The first rule "on the accent," "All derivative words have the accent on the root syllable," is illustrated by one word, *Gedanke*, without an accent, and without the mention of the root. The first word of the first "Reading Exercise" is printed plainly, though intended to be spaced (italicized). Among the first rules we find, "The *Nominative* and *Accusative Singular* are alike in all nouns, excepting those in *e* that are of the masculine gender," which is not correct; witness *der Graf, den Grafen, der Prinz, den Prinzen.* On page 13, we read, "Except . . . the compounds of *Muth*, which are feminine," which is very lamely expressed if the comma be a misprint, and, if not, a false rule; for we say *der Hochmuth, der Freimuth, der Gleichmuth*, etc. Obviously, then, the book demands a careful revision.

A Manual of Elementary Chemistry, Theoretical and Practical. By George Fownes, F.R.S. From the tenth revised and corrected English edition. Edited by Robert Bridges, M.D. (Philadelphia: Lea. 1869.)—This is not a book suitable for a beginner; but as a compend of the chief facts of descriptive chemistry, in one volume, it will be found convenient. The general accuracy of the English edition is sufficiently ensured by the names of the editors, Drs. Bruce, Jones, and Watts; yet in a matter of importance it is a thing of course that we should prefer original authorities. In a reprint, the chance of errors in the numbers is considerably increased. Perhaps as good a test of the amount of care bestowed upon numbers in such a book as can easily be applied is to look out a hundred things in the index. We have done this, and have found eight referred to the wrong page. The facts inserted have been selected with ordinary good judgment, and, in the organic part, with somewhat unusual skill. The account of the physical forces is not so good, and several matters of prime importance to the chemist are not mentioned; such as Ohm's law (without the knowledge of which a battery cannot be intelligently used), and Thomsen's researches into the heat of combination (which frequently enable us to predict the occurrence or non-occurrence of a reaction). The classification of the metals which is adopted involves the separation of elements very much alike, not merely by putting them into different classes, but by separating these different classes by the interpolation of other classes of metals of quite another nature. Thus, thallium is here removed from the alkaline metals by all the metals of the earths, by zinc, cadmium, copper, and mercury. Between cadmium and iridium (metals intimately related) come thallium, gold, all the platinum metals, tin, titanium, lead, and the iron metals. This is most confusing to a person who wishes to refer to the book, and it might have been avoided by dividing the elements, first of all, into artiads and perissads.

Dr. Bridges has done very little more than read the proof-sheets. He has added fewer than a dozen unimportant notes, and has not done what little was necessary to bring the work up to the date of his reprint. We do not see, therefore, why his name should appear upon the title-page, when those of the two gentlemen to whom the book owes its value (in large measure) do not.

The Young Pupil's Arithmetic, Objectively or Synthetically Arranged. By D. H. Cruttenden, A.M. Fourth edition. (New York: Bradstreet. 1869.)—*The Objective or Synthetic Arithmetic; in which the Science is Learned from the Art.* By D. H. Cruttenden. First course. (New York: 1869.) Second course: *The Subjective or Analytic Arithmetic; in which the Science is Applied to the Art.* By D. H. Cruttenden. "Science is knowledge, subjectively or analytically arranged" (Bacon). (New York: 1869.)—The best of these arithmetics is the primary one, of which a good use might be made; but they are all full of crotchets. For example, the youngest children are to be taught the Roman numerals immediately after the names of the numbers and before they have learned the decimal nota-

tion. In both addition and multiplication, the *zero table* (that is, *nothing* and *nothing* are *nothing*, and *nothing* times *nothing* are *nothing*, etc.) is given first of all, although these formula have no meaning except as extensions to non-number of the relations of numbers. The author's peculiar views of the philosophy of language crop out everywhere. Thus, for *frustum* he prints *frustrum*—a form which may have been in use in the Middle Ages, but which suggests the prism's being *frustrated*. The books are also full of etymological definitions, of which the following are fair specimens:

DEFINITE. *e*, belonging; (*i*) *t*, to that which; *fin* is bounded, fenced, limited; *de*, out, exactly.

SUBJECTIVE. *ive*, state of, condition of; *t*, that which; *jec*, has been put or cast; *sub*, under, down. That is, *something used as a basis or foundation*. See *objective*, in Dict.

The first dozen pages of arithmetic No. 3 contain more than fifty such definitions. Indeed, these dozen pages before the first rule contain nothing but definitions and divisions, and will, we venture to say, put the pupil into an *ive-t-jec-sub*, or state of being cast down. We must not be understood as saying that any arithmetical term is allowed to go without any other explanation than such etymological ones. But the regular definitions are sometimes a little curious. Thus, we are aware that the words *subjective* and *objective* have been used in various and contradictory senses; but is not the meaning of *subjective*, explained in the following definitions, something new?

"SUBJECTIVE arithmetic presents, first, the science of arithmetic, and, second, the different modes of using the science.

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Elements of Anatomy: Designed for Academies and High Schools. By Elias Loomis, LL.D. (New York: Harper. 1869.)—Scientific accuracy and precision of statement, together with logical connection and the absence of merely amusing and trivial matter, are the characteristics of this treatise. It is a book from which a boy may derive some solid advantage. Its appearance, too, is unstudied but tasteful.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Authors.—Titles.	*Publishers.—Prices*
A. K. D., Contradictions: or, High Life at Edgerton	(D. Lothrop & Co.)
Adams (W. H. D.), The Queen of the Adriatic	" "
Browning (Mrs. E. B.), Lady Geraldine's Courtship, illustrated	(Chas. Scribner & Co.)
Bartle (Rev. Geo.), Scripture Doctrine of Hades	(J. B. Lippincott & Co.)
Elam (Dr. C.), A Physician's Problems	(Fields, Osgood & Co.)
Evans (Miss A. J.), Vashti; or "Until Death Us Do Part"	(Carleton)
Eyster (Miss N.), Tom Harding and his Friends	(Duffield Ashmead)
Fair Harvard	(G. P. Putnam & Son)
Hagenbach (K. R.), History of the Church in the XVIIIth and XIXth Centuries, translated, 2 vols	(Chas. Scribner & Co.)
Hentz (Mrs. C. L.), Robert Graham	(T. B. Peterson & Bros.) $1 75
Jones (Rev. Harry), The Perfect Man	(D. Lothrop & Co.)
Lectures delivered before the American Institute of Instruction, new series	(Inst. of Instruct., Boston)
Miller (Mrs. Hugh), Cats and Dogs	(D. Lothrop & Co.)
Morris (C. D.), Compendious Grammar of Attic Greek	(F. J. Huntington & Co.) 1 75
Smythies (Mrs. G.), Popping the Question, swd	(T. B. Peterson & Bros.) 0 75
Schuyler (A.), Principles of Logic	(Wilson, Hinkle & Co.)
The Christian Year. Collects for Christmas, Easter, etc., illuminated	(Duffield Ashmead)
Thackeray (Miss A. I.), Story of Elizabeth, with other Tales	(Fields, Osgood & Co.)
Walker (W.), Fruits and Flowers	(J. B. Lippincott & Co.)

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The Week.

THE principal topic of the week has been the desirableness and probability of a return to specie payments. A decision of the Supreme Court has already shown coin contracts to be legal, and there is a widespread belief that a solution of the greenback difficulty will be precipitated by another decision of the Court in cases now before it, declaring the Legal-tender Act unconstitutional, or, at all events, simply justifiable as a war measure, and making all debts payable in coin, except where the parties to the contract clearly contemplated payment in greenbacks. Mr. Spaulding's "History of the Legal Tender Paper Money" has drawn from Attorney-General Hoar an expression of opinion that the issue of the legal tenders ought to have been regarded as a war measure, and the irredeemable currency laid aside when the war was over, just as the volunteers were laid aside; but whether he says this as a lawyer, or as a citizen simply, we do not know. What Mr. Boutwell's opinion about the matter is we are unable to say. Of course he wants to get back to specie payments like everybody else, but seems still to adhere to the idea that the road to it lies through continued bond-buying, a conversion of the public debt at lower rates of interest, and we know not what beside; but it must be admitted that this is a long road.

There are three purely human ways of getting back to specie payments. One is to collect gold enough in the Treasury to pay off every greenback now outstanding; but, pending this process, gold would rise tremendously in price, owing to the withdrawal of so large an amount from circulation; the prices of other commodities and duties on imports would rise with it, and the resulting public clamor would surpass anything seen in these latter days. Moreover—let not this be forgotten—returning to specie payments in this way, say within a year, would mean neither more nor less than the discharge by the Government of about $350,000,000 of its debt at one stroke. Another is the contraction of the greenback circulation by the destruction of a certain quantity of them by the Government as fast as they come into its hands. This might be done slowly, and would also be tantamount to the payment of a certain portion of the debt; and it would result at last in raising the purchasing power of greenbacks very close to the gold level. It would also, at last, bring the amount of greenbacks outstanding down to a point at which the Government might offer to redeem with a comparatively small sum of gold in its possession. This plan has been already tried, however, and broke down under clamor. It of course lowered prices in greenbacks—that is, raised the purchasing power of greenbacks—but it also raised the value of outstanding debts, and was therefore violently opposed by debtors; it lowered the (apparent) value of goods of all kinds, and was therefore opposed by large holders; and it produced a generally depressing effect on the imagination of all persons with accumulated wealth, by making them seem to themselves poorer than they thought they were; and it therefore had to be abandoned. The third plan is the total repudiation of the greenbacks, which would be a revolting swindle, and cause a frightful convulsion, but would bring gold back pretty fast. A civilized people will not do without a currency, and, if it have nothing else, will buy gold and silver for that purpose, which, let us observe, is exactly what we shall have to do to get back to specie payments, except that faith in the ability of the Government to redeem, if called on, would keep a large amount of greenbacks in circulation, and thus save us the necessity of purchasing a similar amount of coin.

There is still another method of getting back to specie payments, which we approach with a certain awe, and which may be called the Neo-Platonic method, from its resemblance to the miracles worked by certain thaumaturgists of that school. Its most prominent apostles have been, we believe, Messrs. Sumner and Greeley. It consists in returning to specie payments by *willing* them, or, as they concisely express it: "The way to resume, is to resume." Some of the profane have endeavored to hold this up to ridicule by comparing it to the doctrine that "the way to fly is to fly." All we need say about these scoffers is to express the hope that they may not be cut off before they have become conscious of the unseemliness of their conduct. Mr. Sumner and Mr. Greeley, we are sure, forgive them and pity them; but human forgiveness is hardly enough.

The adoption of the Judiciary Clause of the recently proposed Constitution for this State, while all the rest of that instrument was defeated, we attribute directly to the address made to the people by the members of the bar. More than half the voters—probably it would be safe to say, more than two-thirds of them—had not read a word of the Constitution, and were in utter ignorance of anything more than that the Democratic Convention had condemned it; that it was good regular Republicanism to vote for it; and that it took away the disqualification in the case of negroes. But a number of respected lawyers of both parties expressed their decided opinion that the Judiciary Clause ought to be adopted. Now, the men of ordinary intelligence are few who will not take a lawyer's advice in matters of this kind, or who will think that anybody's advice but a lawyer's carries any weight at all. In spite, therefore, of the Democratic order of the day, and in spite of a piece of rascality on the part of some corrupt Republican wire-puller in this city, by which many voters were cheated at the polls and could find no ballots to cast in favor of that clause, it is adopted by a clear majority of several thousands, and this though the Democratic majority in the State is 20,000 and more. This ought to be a lesson to the bar, which must see that all it needs is courage and concert in order to terrify the most unscrupulous unjust judge on the bench—unless, indeed, he may be the representative of the thieves of one of our police-court districts, and even in such cases there would be hope, while in many others there would be certainty of success. Another thing to be observed in the returns is that General Sigel ran more than 9,000 votes ahead of his ticket, and this he did not so much, we are well assured, because he was a German, as because he was in favor of the German fashion of imbibing lager beer. Most of his 9,000 votes in excess of the other candidates represent Germans, who have been and are

only Democrats temporarily, and whom the Republicans can have at any time.

As amusing a thing as has occurred for a long while in connection with the New York Custom-House is the "resignation" of Mr. J. T. Blatchford, the Deputy Collector. This gentleman is accused of participation in the drawback frauds, and on hearing of them a fortnight ago he took to flight, and has been ever since, and is now, a fugitive from justice. But knowing the ways of the place, or feeling satisfied that the authorities would not be hard on a poor fellow in trouble, he appears to have felt satisfied that his place could not, or would not, be filled up till he formally resigned it; so he sent in his resignation last Monday through a friend, and *it has been accepted.* It is very good of him to resign, and very creditable to him that before he left he did not rob and murder Mr. Grinnell, his superior officer. But then if he had, he would have been dismissed. The *Tribune* and other papers say that there are also suspicions of frauds in the Weighmaster's department, and indeed, if there be any corner of the concern in which nobody supposes there is fraud, we shall be glad to hear of it.

The Committee of Investigation appointed to enquire into the alleged frauds in the Methodist Book Concern have, after sitting for forty days, rendered their report, and acquit everybody of malpractice except those connected with the bindery, in which, they say, there has been "great mismanagement" and "serious losses." The *Christian Advocate*, however, commenting on the investigation, describes the mode of conducting it in terms which deprive the report of most of its value. The committee seem to have fallen into the error so common amongst clergymen and simple-minded laymen, that if one wants to get at the exact truth of a matter, he had better avoid the procedure of courts of law, and ask such questions as occur to himself of such witnesses as he desires to examine. The result was that the committee "sat as an inquest—without formal presentation of charges or complaints—carefully ignoring the existence of parties, and, therefore, refusing to allow the person implicated the privilege of a formal defence." A decision arrived at under these circumstances can hardly have much weight with the public, and it cannot be too strongly impressed on persons charged with the conduct of such enquiries that the system of attack and defence, examination and cross-examination, pursued in courts of law, is not a device for the confusion of the unwary, but is acknowledged, after an experience of a thousand years, to be the best mode of getting at truth, through oral testimony, that the wit of man has ever devised; and that the rules of evidence, as observed in courts of law, are deductions from principles in human nature whose soundness has been tested by almost endless observation. The committee ought to have followed the rules of legal procedure throughout. On the *Advocate's* account of their course, we do not feel that we know more about the fraud than we knew before, and it is most unfortunate that over a matter of such grave concern, not simply to the Methodist denomination, but to the American people, any doubt should be left hanging. In fact, few people will now regard the enquiry as anything better than a "whitewashing" operation.

Just north of the dividing line between Dakota and Minnesota, at the foot of Lake Winipeg and on both sides of the Red River of the North, is what is called the Red River country, or Prince Rupert's Land. Its inhabitants are a few Scotch, English, and Irish settlers, and with these a much greater number—perhaps some two or three thousands—of half-breeds. These latter are of mixed French and Indian blood, and for generations they have lived by trapping and hunting, their largest game being a sort of buffalo called the forest buffalo, smaller than ours and ranging in smaller herds. The whites are traders and agriculturists, the climate and soil both being favorable to agriculture, and the country needing only a market to be of considerable value as a farming district. Within the year, the Hudson Bay Company have for a consideration transferred this Territory of the Northwest to the Dominion, and of course without saying with your leave or by your leave to the settlers. And of course, too, the Home Government gave itself small concern about the opinions of a few thousand remote colonists. That is not the British official way of treating colonists, who in British eyes are perhaps one degree less respectable than the "natives" and "foreigners" into which classes respectively, as has been wittily said, the true-born Briton is apt to place all un-British people, colored and white, outside of his native island. The Red River people, however, have views of their own as regards their political rights, and declare that they will not put up with a government composed of old hangers-on of the Hudson Bay Company, and Canadian politicians, and that they will have local self-government, with representatives and an executive of their own, and a system of common schools endowed with public lands. In pursuance of this policy, a body of them marched on McDougall, who had just entered the territory as Governor, and as they were coming in insurrectionary guise, McDougall rapidly retraced his steps, and is now supposed to be on our side of the line and to be breathing war. Of this, however, there would seem to be no danger and no need. Nothing can be done in the way of campaigning till spring, and then the trouble of fighting the hunters—if they choose fighting—with a British flying column would be immense, costly, and bloody. But the winter will give all parties time to cool down, and the affair will in all probability have a peaceable ending. The Scotch, English, and Irish settlers are understood to be not unfavorable to the contemplated government by the Dominion's agents, but the French and half-breeds are otherwise minded.

Elsewhere, also, the Dominion finds troubled waters. Newfoundland has rejected confederation. Nova Scotia hates it worse the longer it lasts, and is petitioning for liberation from the bond. The Premier of the Dominion cabinet is assailed as a noted "corruptionist," and as being incompetent for any public office by reason of a vice which periodically unfits him for all work. Business is dull, and the number of bankrupts increases, while labor leaves the country for the United States. The Government at Washington is understood to have no notion of renewing the reciprocity treaty, and the Canadian advocates of independence and annexation are hoping that the American Congress will stand firm, for they see that commercial distress makes for their side. Meantime, it is reported that the Canadian political leaders have been told by John Bright that if they can get ready to cut the British connection in five or six months, instead of five or six years, as had been suggested to him by one of them, the English ministry will like it all the better. That Mr. Bright speaks the general mind of his colleagues on this point is inferred from various notorious facts, as the withdrawal of troops from the Provinces; the saying of Mr. Gladstone that the guarantee of the debt to the Hudson's Bay Company was the last English guarantee that Canada need expect; and—quite as significant as any other—the speeches of the Governor-General, who openly advises Canada to stand alone. Then there is not a province of the Dominion in which there are not newspapers openly advocating independence, though they say nothing about independence as a halfway-house to annexation, which it most likely would speedily turn out to be. It would seem as if the Dominion might well wonder "what it was begun for, if so soon 'twas to be done for." There never has been a much more rickety political structure raised, and so most discerning people have seen from the beginning, for it was the child of the greed of Canadian professional politicians, than whom there are few worse, and of British ignorance both of the Colonies and the United States, which was then expected to go to pieces momently and leave a free field for the "Kingdom of Canada"—as in those days it was proposed to call it.

Some worthless person recently set a-going in an equally worthless paper the report that the *Nation* was shortly to be merged in the Sunday *Leader* of this city, the principal organ of the Tammany Ring, and edited, we believe, by our well-known Mayor, Mr. Oakey Hall. To New Yorkers the story is sufficiently ludicrous to let it pass without notice; but as we have received enquiries about it from one or two subscribers in other parts of the country, it is perhaps as well to say that the *Nation* will not be merged in the *Leader* at present, nor at any time without six months' notice to its readers, and a handsome consideration from the treasury of the Ring to its present

proprietors. Perhaps we may also insist on a paving contract, but we shall decide nothing hastily. The only possible foundation for the story we can think of is our having broken with the Papacy last year, for non-payment of our stipend as the American organ of the Propaganda—a fact which we frankly revealed at the time, when detected by a subscriber in the covert advocacy of Popish doctrines.

The Government, after having kept the Spanish gun-boats under surveillance for two months or more, has at last seized them, as we ventured some weeks ago to predict it would do. They have been libelled, too, by the District Attorney, on the ground that they are intended to be used against Peru, with which Spain is technically at war, though a shot has not been fired in the quarrel for two years, and a revolution has occurred in Spain in the interval; and no officer of this Government believes, we venture to assert, or has ever believed, that they are to be used against Peru. They are well known to be intended to be used against Cuba, and this is the reason why they were seized; but there is no mention of it made, of course, in the libel, because Cuba is only known at present to the United States Government and courts as a Spanish island. There has been a proposition made, however, to insert Cuba in the libel, as a "colony, district, or people," to use the words of the statute, with which the United States are at peace. This would, however, be simply an indirect, sneaking way of recognizing Cuban belligerency, instead of doing it openly by proclamation, and would be a much grosser offence against international usage. We doubt if this little dodge will find favor with the Attorney-General.

The question who is to be King of Spain does not seem to make much progress. The majority of the Cortes have had a caucus over the matter, at which Prim and other ministers made a frank offer of the young Duke of Genoa, now at Harrow under Matthew Arnold's care; but his youth seemed to constitute in the eyes of a large number of the deputies an insuperable objection to him, and he failed to get what the constitution requires—a full majority of the Cortes, and what Victor Emanuel requires, a full two-thirds. Prim made an explanation of the difficulties attending the work of selection. Montpensier is a Bourbon, and Marshal Serrano is said to have sworn publicly that no Bourbon should ever again reign in Spain. Prince Napoleon is all France has to offer, and he is a Bonaparte, which for Spaniards includes all that is bad. England has only Protestants, and Prussia the same. Portugal has refused; and the princes of the other Catholic States, except Italy, are objectionable on moral, mental, or religious grounds, and there remains only the House of Savoy, which is Catholic and liberal, and has already done much for constitutional freedom.

There is probably nothing in the situation in Spain more discouraging than the finances. M. Figuerola, who has just gone out of office, and we believe come back again, submitted his budget before he went, and it is a gloomy document. The deficit for the financial year, which is hereafter to end on the 31st of December, three months later than usual, is simply $25,000,000 (gold). He proposes to make ends meet next year by cutting down the salaries of the priests 30 per cent. and the pensions of all pensioners 20 per cent., and "other expenses of the Treasury" proportionately. The revenue has increased, it is reported, during the past year $63,000,000, which, considering the state of the country and the disturbances in Cuba, is something wonderful; but neither this nor the reduction of salaries will suffice to fill up the gap. So all the remaining crown and ecclesiastical lands are to be sold, and the army to be reduced from 85,000 to 70,000 men. This is very fair, and it is a pity that such a programme should not end here. But it is also proposed to tax the interest on the public debt 20 per cent., which, particularly as this burden will mostly fall on innocent foreigners, who compose the vast majority of the unfortunate creditors of Spain, will simply be a swindle of the first order. Italy talked, two years ago, of resorting to this mode of raising the wind, but there was sense enough and decency enough left in the Chambers to avoid it, and the result is that Italian credit is better than it was at one time. Austria has also done it, to her vast detriment. The effect of this cheating has been such that no foreign loan stands a chance on the European money markets which does not contain a stipulation that the interest shall be free from all government taxes. The Portuguese are now trying to sell a three per cent. bond in London at 31, but although the interest will thus be between nine and ten per cent., they have to give a guarantee on this point. Calling a forcible reduction of interest a "tax" does not deceive money-lenders as to its real nature. A private debtor might just as well reduce the interest due on his debts, and call it a drawback for charitable and religious purposes.

There is talk of a split amongst the French Liberals, and not only talk, but there *is* a split, though perhaps not a formal one, the "Irreconcilables" forming themselves more and more into a distinct party, with no policy apparently beyond making the Emperor as uncomfortable as possible. They have returned Rochefort in Paris, who stands at the head now of a new sect of "Nonjurors," who refuse to take the oath of fidelity to the constitution as a qualification for any public office. Rochefort gets over the difficulty by taking the oath, and announcing his intention of not keeping it; but how Ledru Rollin—who is also once more talked of for public life—will manage, does not appear. The plan of the "Nonjurors," of which Louis Blanc, Felix Pyat, and one or two others are said to be the authors, is to return nonjuring deputies, and have them insist on their right to their seats under the sovereign authority of the people electing them. There is an absurdity in this somewhat like the claim of the Confederates during the rebellion to the character of belligerents and the benefit of the writ of habeas corpus at one and the same time. But in spite of the "Irreconcilables," it is plain that the great body of the French Liberals have made great advances in political training, see the folly of street fighting, and are determined to fight the battle with the Empire out with the tongue and pen. One of the last good stories about the Court is that the Government has demanded and received from Sainte-Beuve's executors all his private papers, for the purpose of getting at his correspondence with his intimate friend, the Princess Mathilde, who hated the Empress, and is believed to have made her and her doings at Court the subject of savage satire and even pencil caricatures in her private letters.

The French Protectionists are, in the meantime, hard at work for the abrogation of the treaty with England. M. Pouyer-Quertier, the great manufacturer, who is at the head of the movement, has been getting up a gigantic demonstration at Rouen, the principal seat of the cotton manufacture. In one of his speeches he heaped ridicule on the wine interest of Bordeaux, which stands firmly by the treaty, by showing, from official sources, that whereas a Frenchman drank 100 quarts of wine in a year, and a Prussian 57, and a Spaniard 32, an Englishman drank only one quart, and indeed, according to more recent statistics, only one pint. The wine interest, however, is not to be disposed of with a laugh or a good story. It holds half of France firmly in its grip, and having got a taste of cheap clothing and tools, and of foreign markets, is not likely to give them up without a struggle.

Of the nature and extent of the movement in Dalmatia, owing to the character of the country and the literary and political isolation of the wild mountaineers who are engaged in it, but little is known. The ostensible cause of the insurrection is hostility to the military conscription; and though it was odd that this should cause an outbreak for the first time, and odd, too, that the Dalmatians, who have a natural fondness for soldiering, and have, under the generic name of "Croats," supplied Austria hitherto with some of her best troops, as well as sailors, should suddenly become so enamored of peaceful pursuits. This explanation was at first generally accepted; but the sympathetic disturbances in Bosnia and Herzegovina, Turkish provinces peopled by the same race, and the fact that the insurgents appear to be well-armed and supplied with ammunition, are now taken to indicate a Panslavic origin for the rising. The Austrian troops, owing to the nature of the country, have hitherto met with nothing but checks, and heavy reinforcements continue to go forward; and the worst of it is, that the expenses have to be paid with borrowed money.

THE WAY THE INCOME TAX OUGHT TO BE COLLECTED.

As the meeting of Congress draws near, the question of the continuance or discontinuance of the income tax begins to attract more and more of the public attention. It is more and more evident, too, as the discussion about it proceeds, not that the popular feeling is opposed to the tax, but that it is rapidly becoming an object of determined hostility to a large number of politicians.

The objections to it are two in number: that it is oppressive and inquisitorial, and that it gives rise to a great deal of fraud. As regards the first, it must be admitted that all direct taxes have the disadvantage of being presented to the taxpayer undisguisedly as taxes, and nothing else. They are neither mixed up with the price of commodities nor put in the guise of encouragement to native industry. They offer, in fact, not the slightest room for deception, either on the part of the government or of the citizen, and they do call the attention of the latter, in a brusque and abrupt way, once a year to the cost of being governed. Now, as a good deal of the hardship of paying taxes at all—certainly to persons possessing more than $1,000 a year, the only class which the income tax reaches—lies in the impression the taxes make on the imagination, it is a strong objection to a tax that it impresses the imagination powerfully. Five per cent. of a man's income taken from him in the shape of additions to the price of his food or clothing or house-rent would not trouble him nearly as much as the same amount demanded from him in a round sum once a year by the collector of the revenue. But, then, we have yet to see any reliable testimony that the present income tax troubles the popular imagination. We hear no complaint of it from anybody, except from the advocates of some other mode of raising the same amount of money. Those whose sole desire with regard to taxation is to have the total amount cut down, have, as far as our knowledge goes, no more objection to the income tax than to any other tax, while a great many of them have less, inasmuch as they believe that a greater proportion of the amount taken from the taxpayer reaches the Treasury than of any other Government due. The collectors do not report any unusual unwillingness to pay it; perhaps fewer deliberate attempts are on the whole made to evade it than any other; and the corruption and abuses which mark its collection have thus far been much inferior, both in number and gravity, to those of the custom-house or other branches of the internal revenue. In fact, we do not know where to look either for any real sign of special popular hostility to it, or for any special reason for popular hostility to it.

The second objection, based on the amount of fraud to which the tax gives rise, has just this amount of foundation: that the income tax tempts a greater number of people to evasions and concealments, and, in the present condition of our revenue service, makes a greater amount of concealment and evasion possible than any other. But, in practice, it is quite safe to say there have been more frauds, more downright lying, cheating, and stealing done in the custom-house and in the collection of other branches of the internal revenue—the whiskey tax, for instance—in one year, than in the income tax during the whole number of years it has been in operation. In using its yield as a test of public morality, it must be borne in mind that the most moral and upright man makes, consciously or unconsciously, a distinction between evading a tax which has been plumply and plainly demanded of him by the collector and one for which the collector never applies. Between two such taxes, man, as he ought to be, would see no difference, and the receipts in one case would be as large as in the other; between them, man, as he is, does see a difference, has always seen a difference, and has shown it in his conduct. Therefore, as a matter of fact, whatever has been done by way of evading the income tax, even if the loss to the Government had been the same in quantity, would not indicate the same amount of immorality as the evasions of other direct taxes or of custom duties. In both of the latter, cheating means prepared and deliberate cheating, including every degree of falsehood, from simple equivocation to downright perjury, on the part both of officer and taxpayer.

If this be true, it points to the real and great defect of the income tax, which is, that too much of the work of collecting it is left to the taxpayer, too little done by the Government. More of it, indeed, is left to the taxpayer than is left in any country in which it or anything like it has been tried, more than human nature will stand, or ought to be expected to stand; and all this in the teeth of the notorious fact that the very constitution of society here renders it more difficult of collection than in any European country. In the first place, our population is nomad, to a degree unknown in any other; that is, the proportion of it which every year changes its place of abode, and which lives in hotels and boarding-houses, is larger than in any other country; and this flux and reflux, and want of settled domicile, not only increases the collector's difficulties, but diminishes the taxpayer's own sense of the moral obligation of the tax, if it does not, indeed, banish all thought of it from his mind. In the next place, there is probably no country in the world where the number of annuitants, or persons living on fixed incomes, bears so small a proportion to the number of those whose gains are uncertain, and vary from year to year. The injustice of levying at the same rate on the income of the man whose receipts depend on his health and strength, and on that of him who draws his revenue from invested capital, has long been a subject of bitter complaint in England; but to this injustice another is added here—or, if not added, is very glaring and oppressive here—that of levying at the same rate on the receipts drawn from a well-established business and those drawn from speculative undertakings, the result of which is still doubtful. The number of persons whom this inequality affects here is greater than a European would think possible. The general result is that the proportion of our people who find it difficult to estimate their incomes, either in accordance with the literal requirements of the law, or their own sense of what is fair—and this last standard will always affect the returns of a large number—is among us very great.

Now the remedy for all this seems plain enough. The state of society here being what it is renders necessary, if possible, more perfect and efficient collecting machinery than in Europe. The habits of the people require that less of the work of assessment should be left to them than is left in Europe, while, on the other hand, the stronger and more pervading sense of interest in and devotion to the Government would render the proper kind of assessment and collection more productive here than it has ever proved anywhere. The multiplicity and rapidity of the changes of fortune and changes of places of abode, and the general indifference to the relation between means and style of living, to which Europeans attach so much importance, which are marked characteristics of American society, not only require that our assessors should be men of unusual skill, sagacity, tact, discretion, and judgment, but that they should be permanent officers, entirely devoted to their duties and thoroughly acquainted with the people of their district, and competent, therefore, not only to detect discrepancies in returns, but extract proper explanations of them. No returns should be left to the taxpayer's own judgment or honesty or memory. The list of questions now suggested to the assessor should not be idle forms merely; they should be asked; and the assessor should be a man of such training and manners as to enable him to ask them inoffensively and to judge of the correctness of the replies, and should know enough of individuals resident within his district to decide whether further scrutiny was necessary, and, if so, how much. A glaring difference, for instance, between a man's style of living and his income as returned by himself, he should always be called on to account for, and account for satisfactorily: and the failure of a man keeping up an expensive establishment to return any income whatever—of which there are many cases in New York—should be made the subject of thorough examination. Of course, this process would keep assessors busy, and it would need assessors of a very high order; but it would enormously increase the revenue, particularly in the large cities, both by frightening dishonest men and enlightening honest ones.

As matters stand, the wonder is that the tax, especially in large cities, is as productive as it is. The assessors are, in the first place, appointed without the smallest reference to their fitness for their duties, and they are removed before they acquire familiarity with them. Nearly every assessor in this city, for instance, was changed last April, just as the work of the year was beginning; and the same was doubtless the case everywhere else; and the income tax, which is a full third of the internal revenue, was raised under the supervision of raw

hands, who knew little of their duties and nothing of the taxpayers of the district. The consequence was, of course, that not the least pains was or could be taken to verify returns or in any way test their accuracy. Imagine a private firm conducting its business in this way, and imagine the state of mind of a Secretary of the Treasury who believes that this is the proper way to conduct the national business.

THE WAY IT OUGHT NOT TO BE COLLECTED.

The remedy for this state of things was of course obvious. Every man in the country knows what it is as well as he knows what ought to be done when the cashier of a bank is found to be dishonest or deficient in arithmetic. The Special Commissioner of Revenue has pointed out plainly in his reports that the mode of officering the revenue service was a source of enormous loss to the Government, which he estimated at twenty-five per cent. The assessors in this city, where the duties are unusually onerous, were not only not selected for their fitness, or retained in office for the sake of their experience, but were not even required to give attention to their duties. A large number of them—we will not say all—had other business of their own, to which they devoted by far the larger part of their working hours. We remember one case, in which a person enquiring for the assessor of a rich and populous up-town district in order to get his decision on a point of some importance, was informed that he was there only one hour in the morning and one hour in the afternoon, the rest being spent in his own office down-town, and his work being done by that peculiar class of helpless and unhappy-looking people called "deputies."

However, when it was found that the income tax was not yielding in the large cities what it ought to yield, one might suppose that means were at once taken to improve the machinery of collection. Nothing of the kind; the machinery was just left as it was, the only effect on it of Grant's accession being to aggravate its faults. The tax was, it was admitted, "inquisitorial," and therefore likely to be unpopular. It is as much as any ordinary man can bear to submit any detailed account of his private affairs to an official of any kind, much less to an official of the kind one usually finds in the subordinate positions of the national service. So, by way of making this inquisitorial feature of the tax not only more effective but less offensive, and thus bringing recalcitrant and dishonest taxpayers up to the mark, the newspaper reporters were set to work. The assessors' books were thrown open to them, and they were encouraged, if not invited, to lay every man's returns in black and white before his neighbors, so that he might be tempted by the fear of their tongues, or the desire of imposing on them, to rate his income as high as possible. For individual feelings, for the "natural and inalienable right" of everybody to keep his affairs to himself, unless called upon to reveal them in a judicial controversy—a right, too, which a government should not only respect but encourage—there was no regard whatever; for the demoralizing effects on manners and morals of converting the whole community into a horde of spies or detectives, and of multiplying the gossips and busybodies, whose numbers and activity make them already one of the scourges of civilized society, there was no regard whatever. There was at first some little murmuring and hesitation about the practice, both on the part of the press and the public, but the public was speedily reconciled to it by the papers at first judiciously confining their revelations to the large incomes. Men of large incomes are few; those who want to know how much they have are many; away, therefore, with their delicacy; let the people have a look at their cheque-books.

Last year, however, one paper reduced the system to perfection by publishing everybody's income return as it stood on the assessors' books. In other words, the work of verifying and rectifying the assessment was handed over bodily to the editor of the newspaper, who took his pay for the work in the increased sale thus secured for his valuable sheet, and encouraged the public to regard as a scoundrel any man whose income did not appear in the list, or did not accord with his neighbor's notion of what it ought to be. The mistakes in the list were of course innumerable. Men's names and the figures of their returns were printed wrongly, and hundreds of men had of course special reasons to give for seeming discrepancies between their means as indicated by their style of living and as indicated by their sworn returns. But those who felt themselves wronged had only one remedy, and that was a letter to the editor, to be also published in the valuable sheet, thus still further increasing its sales; and the poor devils were cordially invited by the editorial Rhadamanthus to step up briskly to his bar and give an account of themselves. In other words, the business of the United States assessors, in this district at least, the most important in the Union, was all but completely transferred to private individuals, who undertook, for a few thousand dollars, to blackguard the weak and timid into paying more than they ought to pay, and to frighten the fraudulent into paying as much as they ought to pay. The process was enough to bring tears into the eyes or blushes to the cheeks of anybody who had correct ideas of how the work of government ought to be done, of the purposes for which the Almighty endowed man with his reason and judgment, and who reflected that the country contains ample materials for as scientific, able, and honest administration as exists or could be devised anywhere.

The great newspaper supplement to the Treasury Department, it appears, however, has not been found sufficient. We are informed, we do not know how correctly, that the retention of the income tax, as a means of enabling him to continue his bond-buying, forms part of Mr. Boutwell's policy for the coming financial year. We presume, therefore, that it was in preparation for an announcement of this fact that the word went out a few weeks ago that the Treasury, by way of making the collection of the tax more efficient hereafter, was about to send out detectives to look into the income returns of last year, and investigate all suspicious differences between men's apparent and returned revenue. Now this would be a perfectly legitimate operation if, after all possible pains had been taken to render the ordinary machinery of the assessor's office efficient, the public was believed to be still evading its duty. But considering that no pains have been taken to render it efficient—that the assessors' offices are filled by political hacks, who hold office from day to day, and do not even make a profession of fitness for their work—the appearance of detectives on the scene to help them is insult added to injury.

The duty of taxpayers with regard to these detectives is obvious. As long as they confine their operations to picking up gossip or poring over the assessors' books, there is, of course, nothing to be said. But if they come to any private citizen, either to make enquiries about his last year's income, on which he has already paid his tax, or to get information about the means of neighbors who have paid theirs, the duty of that citizen—a duty he owes to private and public morality, and to the cause of administrative reform—will be to show him the door, with such expressions of indignation as religion and self-respect will permit. If the machinery for the collection of the tax cannot be improved, the tax itself ought certainly to be abolished as soon as the exigencies of the revenue will permit.

WHAT LABOR REFORM MEANS.

The thirteen thousand votes cast at the late Massachusetts election for the "Labor Reform" party, and the respectable number of delegates elected by it to the Massachusetts Legislature, suggest to any one at all interested in the investigation of political problems a good many interesting questions. This is the first election since the formation of the National Labor Reform League in which the new party has had any opportunity to show its strength, and if one judged simply from the platform and the recorded vote, one would be led to suppose a very strange state of things as existing in Massachusetts, the like of which it might not be unfair to imagine would soon show itself in other parts of the country. We say a very strange state of things, for it would certainly be strange to find that thirteen thousand voters in any State of the Union were in favor of making the establishment of the principles enunciated in Mr. Chamberlain's platform the basis of action for an independent party. If there are thirteen thousand men in Massachusetts who spring into political life at the sound of such a slogan as was raised by the Labor Reformers in October, what numbers must there not be in Pennsylvania, Ohio, New York, and the thirty or forty remaining States, all ready to spring to arms at the same war-cry! The platform of the Massachusetts Labor Reform party, de-

claring for repudiation and the eight-hour delusion, and seeming not wholly averse to a general distribution of real and personal property among the laboring population, commanded thirteen thousand votes in a single State. How much does it command in the country at large?

The recent history of "labor reform" in Massachusetts is as follows: A year since, at the municipal election in Boston, some crack-brained enthusiast determined to see whether "the great heart of the people" could not be stirred on the labor question by the nomination of a "workingman's ticket," and accordingly one was put in the field, bearing the name, if we remember right, of the same Mr. Chamberlain who ran this year for Governor, as candidate for Mayor. The platform was as curious a political production as we remember of late years to have seen. One of the planks was "the immediate abolishment of all industrial corporations which refuse to adopt the co-operative principle." The appearance of this ticket caused a good deal of merriment in Massachusetts at the time, and some people thought it must be a local device for the purpose of splitting the votes of one of the regular parties. But it was not. It was the result of a genuine political movement, which certainly at the time met with the most signal defeat. Nobody voted for the "Workingman's Candidates," except those who had been engaged in nominating them, and the whole affair would have been probably entirely forgotten, had it not been for the sudden reappearance this fall of a much more effective workingman's movement in the hands of the Labor Reform party. In order to understand the reason of this it is necessary to recall some of the proceedings of the Massachusetts Legislature of last Winter. Hardly had that Legislature assembled, when there came before it as petitioners a society known as the "Knights of St. Crispin," who, representing themselves as a charitable organization, desired to be incorporated in order that they might hold property. This seemed a harmless request, but it was necessary to examine into the nature of the society before granting it. On examination of the articles and by-laws it appeared that the "Knights of St. Crispin" were a boot and shoe-making fraternity, intending to extend over the whole country, having subordinate "lodges" in the various States, provided with mysterious officers, known as the "S. K., K., F. S., R. S., C. S., T., U., A. U., I. S., O. S.," three trustees, and an unlimited number of members. All this seemed harmless enough, as did most of the other provisions; and with the exception of a remarkable want of grammar in the construction of their sentences, the Knights of St. Crispin would have seemed to the Legislature an eminently deserving body, had it not been for one unfortunate article, which was this:

"ARTICLE IX. No member shall take any person to work at any part or parts of the boot and shoe trade who has never worked at any branch of the trade at least twelve calendar months, without the permission of the lodge of which he is a member; provided, that this shall not be construed to prevent a father learning his own son."

The peculiarity of this article was that it would establish an hereditary caste of boot and shoe makers, into the mysteries of which no outsider would ever be allowed to penetrate. It would prevent all apprenticeship, except by permission of the various lodges, but as fathers might still teach their children the trade, the "Knights of St. Crispin" would be the means of introducing into modern industrial pursuits one of the most odious kinds of aristocracy ever known—aristocracy not designed, as most aristocracies are, to exclude a particular portion of the rich, but intended to shut out from the means of daily sustenance those very down-trodden classes whose elevation and support were its chief pretence. Such an organization as this it was wholly impossible to charter, and it was so represented to the applicants. They were asked the meaning of Article IX., and they said with great *naïveté* that the labor market was already stocked to overflowing, that the supply was always "too great," and the only way to check the evil was to create an artificial society—in other words, to prevent any more people from learning the trade. But the Legislature was obdurate. The charter was refused.

And now began the labor reform agitation. We do not say, of course, that the agitation would not have taken place had not the St. Crispin charter been refused; but unquestionably the refusal of the Legislature precipitated matters. To the constant causes of discontent furnished by high prices, high rents, high taxes, and low wages, was added a new and distinctly political grievance—the refusal of the dominant political party to grant a workingmen's petition. From that moment until the day of the election it was evident that something striking was to take place. A ticket was at length nominated, filled with utterly unknown names, and announcing principles which not even the Democrats had had the hardihood to publish. To every one's amazement, thirteen thousand men gathered to its support. On an examination of the vote, it seems that the St. Crispin organization did not throw the whole of it, but in some cases voted the regular tickets. In certain portions of the State, however, and especially in that portion best known to the world as "Butler's district," comprising such towns as Salem, Lynn, Marblehead, and many other "shoe towns," the labor ticket was enthusiastically supported. Twenty or thirty labor members were returned to the Legislature, and the impression that a new party had at last come upon the scene rendered complete.

To laugh this vote away by saying that it is simply the work of discontented shoemakers seems to us very idle. Suppose it was the work of discontented shoemakers, is it any better for Massachusetts, or the country at large, that so many thousand men should feel themselves bound to vote for such a platform as that set up by these labor reformers, because they are discontented shoemakers? A vote that can be called out on such a barren pretext as that which existed in the present case, is such an ignorant vote as to be a serious danger to any republic. That a perfectly just refusal on the part of a Republican legislature to allow caste to be established in a democratic society should be made the ground of such a platform out of pure spite, does not incline one to think hopefully of the future. But suppose the St. Crispins were not chargeable with the result, or only in part. Then it is worse, for, as we began by saying, we see in that case no conceivable reason why the same manœuvres may not be repeated in every State of the Union, and why it is not established that a very dangerous party, capable of exercising an enormous influence for evil on the future of the country, has not sprung up almost without our knowing it. If the laboring population of the country can really be induced, without any cause whatever, to band itself together against the rest of the community, we have reached a serious pass. But we prefer to believe that the chief cause of the Massachusetts agitation was the St. Crispin affair, and if so, a most serious responsibility will rest on the next Legislature of that State. Undoubtedly the application will be renewed, and undoubtedly the presence of the Labor Reform members will add great strength to the petitioners' cause. Unless Massachusetts has strength enough to resist their importunity, the country at large will have to thank that State for introducing one of the most dangerous innovations into legislation which modern times have known; an innovation compared to which eight-hour laws would prove child's play.

Once but grant the St. Crispins a charter in one State, and we shall have them incorporated in every other in a remarkably short space of time. And this done, there is no reason in the world why similar organizations in other trades should not obtain legal recognition, or why the "guilds" of mediæval times should not be reproduced with all their evils augmented and none of their good retained. For it was never the object of those organizations to do more than protect themselves against aggression. They did not make the nefarious attempt to erect themselves into close and hereditary corporations which is now made in Massachusetts. They never excluded apprentices. And if this is what the trades organizations of our day require, they ought to be taught by some means that what they require will never be granted.

MEN AND THINGS IN WASHINGTON.

WASHINGTON, November 20, 1869.

THE diplomatic corps, as a body, is no doubt infinitely bored by being obliged to live in the city of Washington. There is nothing surprising in this, but it is a little curious that the national pride of Americans, apt as it is to be sensitive about most parts of the national domain, would scarcely be stirred to resent the most outspoken avowal by a foreigner that he found Washington intolerably tedious. There is, however, a certain difference in the way of looking at the shortcomings of the capital. Americans commonly regard it as a centre of

corruption and intrigue; foreigners only know that it is dull. This is its unpardonable sin. There is not a theatre, except by courtesy; there is no art, no music, no park, no drive, no club. Good dinners are rare indeed, and good wines are, for the most part, held firmly in diplomatic hands. But this is after all only the least difficulty; for, although these wants interfere greatly with a foreigner's personal enjoyment, they do not necessarily narrow his range of influence and information. The worst annoyance of all is that society itself exists only in disjointed fragments, and that there is no established centre of intelligence and social activity. If a diplomat wishes to mix with congressmen and senators, or with the persons of note who are incessantly passing through Washington, it is ten to one but that he must hunt them to their separate retreats, and after cornering one in a lobby, or running another to earth in his office, or his bed-chamber, or at his favorite bar-room, each and every one stands at bay when approached, as though he had something to lose in this rare contact with a gentleman, and nothing, at his time of life, to learn or to hope from cultivated society.

The diplomat is not the only sufferer from this condition of things. The Washington lobby, a difficult and somewhat dirty subject, alarming to timid people and annoying to every one, may perhaps call for a separate notice, as it is too serious for a parenthesis; but it is quite true that as the lobby is an institution which always must exist, and, what is more to the purpose, always, when decently constituted, ought to exist, unless the Government proposes to govern without reference to the people governed; so, if the Washington lobby is a disgrace to the country, the reason is to be partly found in this same disintegration of society which shuts the door of influence to what is sound and respectable at the capital, and leaves it open to what is low and blackguard. There is no room for social influences to act, but low agencies can act anywhere, and the Government is practically rolled in the kennel because it has no weapon to drive its tormentors away. As a mere suggestion, and not with any wish to insist on the idea, it might do good to enquire whether the leading lawyers and editors, the merchants and manufacturers, the political leaders, and all respectable and well-to-do citizens whose business or whose pleasure leads them frequently to Washington, might not find it to their advantage if they would combine and establish there a cosmopolitan club, if only to assert a social influence which might assist their private purposes. Once supply an arena on which society and politics can meet on equal terms; where senators and cabinet ministers, congressmen, diplomats, judges, lawyers, editors, the more respectable reporters, protectionists, free-traders, planters and spinners, clergy and laymen, can meet face to face and learn to know each other, and one may perhaps decide the question whether what is respectable may not after all prove strong enough to make itself respected and put blackguards under a ban. A lobby put to this test might at all events be externally improved and taught to be decent. Meanwhile, the fact remains beyond dispute that Washington as it stands is somewhat disreputable, and, what is with many persons a greater fault, it is abominably dull. Or, as a quotation is occasionally useful to convey an idea in stronger language than seems altogether proper in a directer form, readers of Mr. Disraeli's novels may remember how, when the enthusiastic Tancred, fresh from the Holy Sepulchre, arrived at the residence of the Queen of the Ansarey and complimented her majesty's prime minister on his large experience as a traveller, he was startled at hearing the following response: "The Prince of England has expressed himself with extreme exactitude and with flattering grace," replied Keferinis. "I have indeed visited all the Syrian cities except Jerusalem, which no one wishes to see, and which," he added, in a very sweet, calm tone, "is unquestionably a place fit only for hogs."

The diplomat, however, though planted in a position which may offer peculiar advantages to hogs, has still advantages of his own which an American critic habitually underrates. Granting that the diplomatic service has at no time held any monopoly of wisdom, and that some of the class have even been suspected of dulness by their contemporaries, it is still true that their education has made them trained and formidable critics. Now and then, too, there appears at Washington some foreigner of exceptionable force; some Dane, or Russian, or Turk, very quiet, very gentlemanly, very agreeable in conversation, extraordinarily quick to find an opponent's weak point and to work on it; a man who has few prejudices, political, religious, or social, and so much knowledge of the world as to appear to have no prejudices at all. Such a man has ideas of his own, in regard to which he does not "take the public into his confidence," as Mr. Disraeli said was done by Mr. Reverdy Johnson. He manipulates the Chairmen of Foreign Affairs and measures his strength with the Secretary of State. He studies the system of government, and rates it according to rules of his own; and finally he goes away to repeat the experience at some new court, after failing perhaps in the object of his mission, but carrying in his head a definite and final opinion as to the value of the American political system. Perfectly impartial, as he may easily be, in regard to men and institutions, he has yet one great prejudice which is always found to be the basis of his reasoning. He absolutely disbelieves in theories of society and government. In Washington, however, he has found not only the central administration of one of the most powerful nations in the world, but behind this a *theory* of government.

It must be remembered that Europeans have been pestered to death with these theories, and France, which is the home of all diplomats, whatever their allegiance may be, has tried almost every known system, and has found them all fail. To establish a firm equilibrium between the powers necessary for government; between the representative assembly and the representative chief; or, as Americans would say, between the law-making and the law-executing authorities—the legislature and the executive, has been the dream of Europe for a century past. Hitherto, every experiment has failed. Either the legislature has swallowed the executive, or the executive has suppressed the legislature, and each result has in its turn proved intolerable. There is scarcely a government in Western Europe which is not incessantly shifting its basis and redistributing its powers. The diplomat, to whom this story has become inexpressibly tedious, discovers at Washington that the American Government was very carefully constructed to meet this precise difficulty by means of a system of balances which he is expected to accept as perfect. This is much to ask of a man whose life has been passed in learning the instability of all balances, and the impossibility, or at least the non-existence, of an exact equilibrium; but the suggestion has at all events the advantage of lending a spice of interest to a residence otherwise dull, and it affords a certain amusement to a clever foreigner to feel sure that he has the word to this prodigious charade which is performed under his eyes on a stage where he sits among the actors like a fine gentleman of Shakespeare's day. It is not surprising that he is a sharp critic when one reflects how profoundly ignorant he must believe the performers to be. To him the drama and its development appear almost as certain as a mathematical formula; the characters seem as familiar as the heroes of Corneille; the nation that, during an indefinite series of generations, throws itself alternately from the corrupt arms of a single man to the still more corrupt embrace of a number of men, is a sight as well known as a Greek chorus to a school-boy. President and senate; dictator or oligarchy; which is first to suppress the other? With a drama so put on the stage, neither diplomats nor any other persons have a right to think Washington dull. It is true the play is somewhat long and the number of acts is unconscionable, but a similar tragedy when performed in Rome was longer still, yet not without interest to the bystander.

Granting that this diplomatic creed is quite a mistake, and that there is no reason why power may not be distributed in such a way as to remain within fairly understood bounds, there is still a great critical advantage in using so sharp an instrument as this, provided it is used with skill. In old times, when the government was framed, the same style of speculation was universal in America. Hamilton and Madison, and all the other framers of constitutions, were incessantly recurring to it. But the popular bugbear of that day was the sword of the military chieftain; and with the gradual disappearance of all cause of alarm on this score, the public ceased troubling itself about balances of power. The diplomat himself acknowledges that all fear of usurpation by the executive has passed away; but this does not embarrass him in the least, since his theory only excludes the idea of stability, and it necessarily follows that if the executive does not encroach on the legislature, the legislature does and must encroach on the executive. He starts, therefore, with a perfectly clear and, right or wrong, a thoroughly philosophical standard, by which to measure men and events, and also with a sublime and absolute impartiality towards every shade of active party interest, since there is not even a political faction which acts with any reference to his favorite dogma. All are on the same plane in regard to his eye, and all substances are soluble in the single acid which he uses. There is some excuse for thinking such a critic formidable.

A little illustration will serve to show how his system works. Supposing the precedent to be established that a mere act of Congress may put a State—like Virginia, for example—out of the Union, and keep it out during will, this proves, indeed, that the central government is rapidly gaining power—a fact which no one questions; but it does not show which branch of the central government is to profit by it. Power must lodge somewhere, and, except in the executive and the legislature, there is no place where this new power can lodge. One of the two must eventually absorb it, and the stronger will be the successful one. At the beginning of a new administration it is advisable to know how much strength it has. A foreigner would ask whether the President is likely to advocate any distinct policy of his own; whether he will not deem it prudent to let the Senate guide his foreign relations, and the House dictate his financial opinions; whether he has not already abandoned his executive patronage to Congress, and allowed his hands to be fettered in regard to removing these officers whom Congress has appointed; whether he has adopted the rule of evading responsibility and throwing it upon the legislature; whether he acts as a leader, or follows as an agent; whether he represents the people, or whether Congress is the true representative. If these questions are met by the reply that Congress does not stand very high in esteem; that its "rings" and selfish combinations of interests, its inability to

manage the great power it has gained, and its absolute want of members gifted with any power of control, threaten the ultimate loss of its strength, the response is, that if personal qualities are to turn the scale, it may prove that absurd or ignorant legislation may be less mischievous than administrative mistakes, appointments that shock the moral sense, or even than voluntary social contact with notorious rogues; petty blunders which incessantly lower the tone of administration, unless redeemed by some bold assertion of large principles, and some courageous acceptance of high responsibilities. And, if met here by the suggestion that the new administration will, in fact, adopt this latter course, the diplomat diplomatically rejoins: "C'est ce que nous allons voir!"

ON THE POSITION OF WOMEN IN ITALY.

I. LEGHORN, Nov. 1.

IT has been justly asserted that consciousness of equality is an essential condition of good manners. The question then arises, What is to be considered the proper footing for beings who are not equals, who were made irreparably unequal by nature, and who, consequently, cannot have such a consciousness? The inequalities of talent, health, and beauty, however severely they may make themselves felt in a man's career or in a woman's private life, are prudently and generously ignored in society. The poor in spirit meet those that are less blessed avowedly on terms of perfect equality; and if the ugly woman does not always treat her beautiful sister in-Eve as her equal, this is due to the frailty of human nature rather than to any fault in the laws of society. Talent and beauty not being gifts in man's giving, society has instinctively enacted that their absence should not be resented nor their presence too persistently acknowledged. Demonstrative hero-worship, as well as demonstrative courtship, is apt to be rude (implicitly, at least) when practised in the presence of mortals, however legitimate both may be elsewhere. But there are inequalities which affect society so forcibly that they cannot possibly be ignored or forgotten. Such are the inequalities of age and sex. Both are irremediable. The youth, it is true, becomes an old man, and the ratio of two different ages decreases in time, while their algebraic difference remains the same. But the difference of sex can neither be philosophized away nor even attenuated by time. In fact, Time would lose his reputation of a gentleman if he had any tendency to effect this. As the primordial *fons et origo mali*, the difference of sex is the most irrepressible of all social facts. It crops out everywhere. It spoils and mocks all political theories, all social or socialistic schemes. The most thorough-going disciple of Fourier, after having scratched out everything from the palimpsest of history, would find it lurking in the very watermarks of his long-sought *tabula rasa*, resisting his erasions as nothing else had resisted them, and thus crossing his neatest delineations and spoiling his grandest designs.

What, then, is to be done with it? How is this fact to be viewed and dealt with by intelligent human beings? Do our ideas of liberty and equality apply to one-half of mankind only, or, at most, to each half separately? Love, being limited, even in Mormondom, cannot exhaust the question. It is interpersonal, not intersexual. Where, then, shall we find rules for a *modus vivendi* between sex and sex? Patriarchal slavery has been tried and found wanting. Of "strong-minded" fastness, too, we have a fair experience. The former resulted in fear, the latter generates dislike; both lead to estrangement between sex and sex. But we know *a priori* that, between these extremes there must lie a medium-line somewhere, where the maximum of freedom coincides with the minimum of indecorum. And we also know that the exact site and direction of this line cannot be found either by intuition or *a priori* reasoning, but must be found *experimentally*.

As yet, very little has been accomplished in this respect. The great woman question is constantly under discussion, but the sociologists (a hybrid word may well pass here) who have engaged in its discussion do not appear to be animated with the true spirit of modern science. They stand before the corked bottle, disputing about the quality of its contents. It may contain beer, or it may contain wine. The arguments adduced in favor of either supposition are often clever and profound, and an immense deal of ink and oratory is bestowed on the subject. But would it not be simpler to uncork the bottle and taste what is in it? For, after all, it may be neither wine nor beer, but soothing syrup or nitro-glycerine. And that is precisely the reason why all practical experiments are deprecated by the advocates of the *status quo*. They are afraid of disturbing the eternal order of things; which implies that they can have no faith in the existence of an eternal order, and also that they overestimate their own power and responsibility in these matters.

One of the first advocates of women's rights was Hippel, a contemporary and compatriot of Kant, who wrote, about seventy years ago, a very sensible book on the "civic equalization of women with men." But, although the contest has long since been transferred from German to Anglo-Saxon ground, it is now as much as ever a *querelle allemande*. There was a time when the emancipation of the Jews could be opposed on the ground that they might monopolize all the wealth and state power of the nation; and there are still Tory-minded squires on earth who would oppose national education because book-reading peasants might abandon the plough. Selfishness and fear inspire these champions; and fear, we know, is eloquent, and contagious too. What has Hope to say amid such croakers? Her arguments sound weak and flat, because, after all, she knows as little about the future as her opponent. But in this ignorance lies her strength, and not to make the most of it would be bad fencing. The advocates of women's rights forget that they have nothing else to do but to insist on their own and everybody else's ignorance as to women's mission, and women's capacities, and as to the possible consequences of women's emancipation. No other plea or argument holds good.

To enlighten ourselves on this dark subject, we should begin by allowing women the same educational opportunities which we enjoy ourselves, and then fearlessly throw open the professional careers to them. This may open a new era in history, or it may lead to nothing. At all events, there would be an end to all grievances, and, what is more important, we men and women should, for the first time in our lives, have a chance of learning the real extent of women's capacities, about which we now can have but hazy ideas, incapable alike of being proved or disproved. To those who persist in thinking that this experiment would unhinge the world—that modesty and decorum would vanish from our homes, and that our babes would be left dying in their cradles while their mothers were solving quadratic equations—one might calmly reply that, if such a state of things could be brought on by human agency, the sooner mankind died off from this planet the better.

But if it is idle to discuss what would or might happen, if women did what they do not do, and were what they are not at present, it is by no means uninteresting to observe and analyze their actual doings and their present status in different countries. We may at once discard all that refers to political rights, no *magna charta* having yet been granted anywhere to the other sex. But the social and legal status of women is well worth studying, as it affords a fair measure for a nation's moral and intellectual development.

Of the legal status of women in any country we may form an estimate by studying the laws on marriage and on married women's property. Without entering deeply into the matter, we can see at a glance that, in this respect, women are better off in countries where the Roman Catholic religion is supposed to be the national religion, than in Protestant countries. Long before the institution of civil marriage in Italy and Austria, the married women of these countries enjoyed all the legal advantages of their French sisters; and if a similar state of things may be found in some provinces of Northern Germany, this can be traced to the influence of the French law at the time of the Napoleonic invasion. In England a married woman can hardly be said to have the right of holding property. A tinkering legislation has granted her the optional privilege of making special settlements, contrary to the spirit of the Anglican Church; but if she neglects doing this, the husband has the benefit of the doubt. The same state of things exists in the four north-eastern provinces of Prussia, and (I think) in the Scandinavian countries. Such a similarity of law and custom in all the pre-eminently Protestant countries on one side, and in all the so-called Roman Catholic countries on the other, cannot be a mere accident, and must be capable of being explained by the spirit and customs of the two churches.

Now, the Roman Church has always been tyrannical, but it uses metaphysical fetters rather than physical ones. It chains the mind, but pays a liberal indemnity to the body. If you will only sign the compact with old Mephistopheles, you may do whatever else you like, and you are sure to have a pleasant time of it. Having made marriage indissoluble, and having thus enslaved the woman to her church as well as to her husband, the church could well afford being liberal towards her. It allowed her an amount of freedom and independence unheard of *in partibus infidelium*, and, what is more, it gave her—not as an optional boon, but as her due, whether she made a settlement or not—the inalienable right of holding property, just as if she were *femme sole*. It might be said that if the

priest is liberal towards his fair penitent, it is because he courts reciprocity, and that the married woman's property is so jealously protected because the church is the heir-apparent of many of her pious daughters. But whatever the motives which first prompted the establishment of these rules and maxims, the facts remain the same. Roman Catholic women gain liberty, and lose no property, by marrying; and, if their marriage is metaphysically indissoluble, it is the more easily dissolved practically.

In Protestant countries, on the other hand, the sacramental ground on which marriage rested having been destroyed, marriage became dissoluble *de jure*, and would, in the natural course of things, have been sublimated into a purely civil compact, had not the Reformed Church tried to save its semi-sacramental character, first, by stereotyping the emotional paraphernalia with which the marriage ceremony is naturally surrounded, and which are very dear to northern hearts, and, secondly, by slyly introducing into it the patriarchal element under the form of community of property. The Protestant churches never sought to influence the private life of families, and never cared to force their wedges into every house-door; consequently they had no special reasons for propitiating and bribing womankind, whom they have always treated with cold severity and often with gross injustice.

The English (and, it may be hoped, the German) marriage laws are now expected to undergo a revision. In Italy and Austria marriage has recently become what it has long been in France, a civil compact, so that henceforth ecclesiastical views and laws can have no official value or importance in this matter. We may assume at once that within a very short time marriage will have altogether ceased to affect the legal status of a woman, and to interfere with the exercise of her rights as an individual.

But here the prospects of equality end at present. On descending from the legal into the social sphere we find nothing but disparity, exclusion, and oppression. Not that the advantages are always on the side of the men. In England, for instance, the whole realm of domestic life seems given over to the petticoats, who wonder why men go to their clubs when there is no room for them (certainly no privacy) in their own houses. In Germany, on the other hand, women have to suffer (though they do not know it) a good deal from the selfishness and egotism of their pedantic husbands and brothers. But France, with her lady students and *bachelières-ès-lettres*, with her postmistresses and *vivandières*, seems far ahead of her northern neighbors, and her women deserve credit for having gone so far with so much grace and dignity. A French woman would appear well in any public career, because she is not shy and does not mind publicity. What is more, she is not *conscious* of being bold, her boldness not being the result of conquered shyness. It is quite certain that of all blue-stockings the *bas bleu* is the pleasantest, the least awkward, the least hard-minded specimen. French heroines, too, stand well on their pedestal. A British Joan of Arc or a German Charlotte Corday are unreal entities, difficult to realize.

But what shall we say of the social position of women in Italy?

Filicaja has ascribed all the woes of Italy to her *dono fatale di bellezza*. One would naturally expect that in a country which has so long been the world's sweetheart and pet child, and whose beauty and gentleness must have imparted something soft—partly childish, partly feminine—to the character of her population (men included), the social position of women would be lower still than it is in countries where men are more manly, equally selfish, and less vicious.

We shall see how far this is true, and we will endeavor to show why it is not true to a still greater extent.

Correspondence.

MR. HENRY C. LEA AND THE QUARTERLY REVIEW.

To the Editor of the Nation:

Sir: In the October number of the *Quarterly Review* there is a somewhat elaborate notice of my "Historical Sketch of Sacerdotal Celibacy." While making my acknowledgments to the reviewer for the generally favorable tone in which it has pleased him to speak of my labors, I must beg leave to protest against his assumption that I have intentionally omitted to own my obligations to my predecessors: "We should have liked Mr. Lea better if he had dealt more handsomely by former writers and more frankly by his readers." This is the last charge that I should have anticipated against myself, as I have always made it a point to cite my authority for every fact, at the risk of overburdening my pages with foot-notes.

As a justification of this somewhat personal allegation, the reviewer appears to rely upon my not having alluded in my preface to the "Introduction of Compulsory Celibacy," by the brothers Theiner, and on the absence of references in my text to Milman's "Latin Christianity," he having observed but one citation of that work.

Oddly enough, on the next page, he withdraws the imputation as regards my treatment of the brothers Theiner by assuming—justly—my ignorance of the language in which their work is written. In fact, I am not only unacquainted with German, but I did not even know of the existence of their book until I saw it referred to in a review of my own volume in the *Nation* of June 27, 1867.

It may seem singular that I should be thus unfamiliar with the labors of my predecessors, but it is the result of my manner of working. At an early period in my historical studies, I found the danger of trusting to second-hand authorities. For years, therefore, my effort has been to accumulate around me all the authorities requisite for independent research. I have thus paid little attention to the labors of others, and have made it a rule never to trust a citation or a reference where I had the means of consulting the original authority, so that I could myself judge of the spirit as well as the letter of the matter referred to.

This may likewise serve to explain the paucity of my references to the "History of Latin Christianity," which are, I believe, only two or three in number. I have so profound an admiration of the vast learning, the admirable impartiality, the Christian spirit, and the literary skill which render that work one of the glories of English historical literature, that I know of no book to which I would more eagerly acknowledge obligation. Every statement made on the authority of Dean Milman, I feel sure, has been credited to him; yet possibly his book may have suggested trains of thought which could not fairly be ascribed to him. I have a vague impression, for instance, that a passage of his set me seriously to work to investigate the influence of Manichæism on orthodox asceticism—an investigation which earned for me the rebuke of a sapient critic in the *Saturday Review*. To have quoted Dean Milman in this or any similar connection, however, would manifestly have been to attribute to him opinions which possibly he did not share.

I have so much respect for his memory that I feel especially sensitive at even an implication of want of frankness towards him. It is, therefore, a peculiar pleasure to me to know that he entertained no impressions of the kind. In 1860, I had ventured to point out some errors which I had observed in his work, by which he assured me that he had profited in subsequent editions; and shortly after the publication of my book, in acknowledging a copy of it which I sent him, he says:

"I have now read the greater part of your volume, which has been forwarded to me in the country. From the acuteness and accuracy of your corrections of my book, I might have expected careful and extensive reading. But I must acknowledge that I hardly expected to receive, from your side of the Atlantic, a book which so completely exhausts a most important question in ecclesiastical history. Indeed, I hardly supposed that your libraries would furnish such a range of original authorities as you have had at your command. It is an admirable and singularly well-timed book. Full, comprehensive, as far as I can judge (and I may hold myself to have the right to form a judgment), and in its fair and candid tone as remarkable as in the care and industry with which it has been prepared. I must say that I feel great satisfaction and not a little pride in finding that my conclusions, in the 'History of Latin Christianity,' so entirely concur with yours. I find no point on which we do not coincide in general principles, and in the facts which lead to the establishment of those principles. You have the advantage of concentrating all your labors on one great point—my history embraced so wide a range that each separate branch of it was necessarily somewhat vague and incomplete. Allow me to add this—and in my view I can add no higher praise—that for at least half the volume I could not discover what your special religious views and tenets may be. . . . At all events, the United States may be proud of one who combines German industry with strong practical English good sense, justice, and honesty."

This surely is not the tone of one who conceived that he had been dealt with unfairly.

If your space and your readers' patience permitted, I should like to go over the various minor criticisms in which the reviewer indulges—apparently for the purpose of discharging his duty to the "ungentle craft" by showing that a critic necessarily knows more than his author. Some of his points are well taken; in others he is mistaken; but all are of so trivial a character that I should esteem myself fortunate if, in a work which treats of the minutest details of church history in almost every European country from the Christian era to the present time, I had made no more serious blunders. Unluckily, I cannot claim such virtual freedom from error, and I could point out to my reviewer several mistakes of greater moment than any which his vigilance has detected.

Henry C. Lea.

Philadelphia, November 16, 1869.

MR. JAMES AND THE SWEDENBORGIANS.

To the Editor of the Nation:

Sir: In your notice in the *Nation*, for Nov. 13, of Mr. Henry James's "Secret of Swedenborg," you say that the Swedenborgian "churchmen" excommunicate Mr. James as a heretic. The language you use conveys the impression that they arrogate to themselves an authority over the souls of other men to which they, to my certain knowledge, lay no claim.

It is indeed true, that a considerable number of the receivers of the doctrines taught by Swedenborg have formed themselves into church organizations, and it is also true that they have thereby incurred the hostility and contempt of Mr. James. But as these organizations are purely voluntary associations they deal only with their own members, and even them they do not pretend to admit into or exclude from the Lord's Church. That is a matter over which they are fully aware they have no control. They sometimes expel a disorderly member for the same reason that a well-regulated club expels members whose conduct interferes with the welfare and comfort of the other members; but as Mr. James has never joined any of these organizations, he cannot even be expelled from membership in them, much less be excommunicated in the ordinary acceptation of that term.

It would, of course, be strange if there were a warm feeling of friendship between Mr. James and those whom he so bitterly abuses, and so far as this feeling is lacking, he may be said to be excommunicated from sympathy with them. And so far as they think he mistakes and misrepresents the teachings of Swedenborg, it may be said that they regard him as a heretic. But they are not agreed in the opinion they hold of him, and have never formally condemned him.

The difference between Mr. James and Swedenborgians in general is this: He, like them, professes to accept Swedenborg as a teacher of truth, but while they regard this truth as of such importance to the world that it should be promulgated by organized and persistent efforts, he desires to have it taught only by means of such occasional literary productions as the book of his which you have noticed. They believe, too, in the value and utility to themselves and to their families of meetings for religious worship and instruction, and of the sacraments of Baptism and the Lord's Supper, all of which he seems to look upon as of no account. It is very much as if a company of men desiring to erect a beacon for the benefit of mariners should build a light-house, provide it with a lantern and a keeper, and labor assiduously to supply it with oil and keep it in repair, instead of contenting themselves with letting off an occasional rocket. If, in the performance of this task, they adopt rules and regulations for their own government, and solicit help on the ground that they are doing a good work, they could hardly be called unreasonable. The question is, whether what they are undertaking is worth the trouble. Mr. James admits that it is, for he calls upon the whole world to study the works of Swedenborg. How can the world get those works to study unless somebody takes the pains to translate and publish them? Mr. James himself could never have written his works about Swedenborg had it not been for the patient labors of the very people he reviles as bigots. Nor will those books reach one-tenth the number of persons that are reached by the publications and missionaries of the Swedenborgian church organizations.

I ask the insertion of this explanation in justice to a small but earnest and devoted band of men who are working for what they believe to be the good of their fellow-men, but who are often misrepresented and ridiculed because their motives and position are not understood.

A Swedenborgian.

THE EFFECT OF MR. PEABODY'S SOUTHERN SCHOOL FUND.

To the Editor of the Nation:

Sir: In your issue of November 11 appeared an article on "Self-made Men as Public Benefactors," to the greater part of which I think your readers must heartily subscribe. Will you allow me, however, to express my surprise at that portion of the article alluding to the connection of the public-school system of the South with the late George Peabody's munificent donation for its encouragement and assistance, and to endeavor to rectify a mistake which may arise in the minds of many in regard to the intention and use of this fund? The writer of that article has been strangely misinformed as to the object of, and immediate good accomplished by, the gift, and more particularly concerning the effect this assistance has had upon the people among whom the fund has been and is to be distributed. A detailed account of the condition of the South at the close of the war is unnecessary. Educational matters presented, indeed, a discouraging aspect. The prejudice against common schools was strong, and taxes could with difficulty be collected, on account of the impoverished condition of the people, especially for the inauguration of a comparatively new enterprise like that of public education. The Peabody fund came at this season of darkness and despondence. Dr. Sears, a man of large experience and sound judgment, was appointed by the trustees as their executive officer. That no delusive hopes might be raised among the Southern people, he took special pains to inform them by letter and in person that the fund was designed for those communities or associations, and *those only*, which would make an effort to help themselves. This information he accompanied by addresses in various places on the subject of popular education, calculated to arouse the public interest and stimulate the people to take the preliminary steps, that they might receive the aid offered on that condition. Especially did he advise and promise aid for the establishment of normal schools throughout the different States. In no case was the intention expressed or implied of incurring in any city or town *all* the expenses attendant upon the introduction of free schools. In accordance with this plan but little help has been given to cities, but the greater part of the amount thus far expended has been used to assist country districts to organize common schools for both whites and blacks, for either race as the necessity seemed to require. Normal schools which, without such encouragement, would have struggled for years for an existence, have been enabled to gain a sure footing, and are accomplishing, in a most efficient manner, the training of teachers for the grammar and primary grades of instruction. And, instead of creating a feeling of apathy and dependence among the people, the contrary is true, viz., that the interests of public education have received an impetus, the influence of which will be felt for years to come, and that the people are gradually becoming more anxious and better able to help themselves. M.

Nashville, Tennessee, November 20.

COOKERY AND THE SUFFRAGE.

To the Editor of the Nation:

Sir: The comment upon a letter addressed to you in the *Nation*, November 18, is that your "correspondent's observations go completely wide of the mark." As the letter (in the *Nation*, October 28) to which your correspondent replies begins by objecting to the Woman's Parliament, because "nearly as much has been done for the cause of woman, as the advocates of woman's rights understand it, as can be done by talk simply," and ends by mentioning "all these things [change in usages, want of capacity in persons living in subjection, unhealthiness of factory girls, etc.] as points that are weighing against the woman's rights movement," it seems strange that the reader could be completely mistaken in supposing some allusion to be made to suffrage, that being the right most directly claimed by Mill and other advocates of women's rights.

As one of "these things weighing against the movement" is the supposed fact that "cookery has declined" in consequence of other occupations having been opened to women, there seems to be a suggestion that cooking and voting are to be weighed in the balance. The reason why the "subjection of woman" is considered necessary to the continuance of home-life and present social usages is still left unexplained.

The comment goes on to say: "We do not believe female voting will bring on the millennium, or convert women into saints or sages." There is not, probably, a person in the United States so foolish as to believe it will. Women are not dreaming of apotheosis when they ask for equal political rights with the men (many of them "*rascally* voters") who now govern them without their consent. This is a moderate claim, being a just one, yet it is waived aside with patronizing wishes that they may choose wise methods of finding "something to do." "Poor captives, we sincerely hope you will acquire the art of carving the bones of your rations into pretty chains and crosses." X.

[We have no desire to lay more stress on the "cookery" argument than it will bear, and assure our correspondent in the most solemn manner that there is in our minds no necessary connection between good cookery and voting, or bad cookery and disfranchisement. All we say, or meant to say, about it is that the decline of cookery—the one art of which women may be said to have retained all but undisputed possession—does help to prejudice in the minds of a large portion of the community their claims to be admitted to all callings on a footing of equality with men, because the only clear proof of the right to do things which the world has ever accepted or will ever accept is

the capacity to do them. The suffrage will do women no good if they, in acquiring it, do not acquire also additional strength and skill of all kinds; nay, it will do them harm, for it will give man an additional reason for tyrannizing over them. Bad cooks, for instance, would, if enfranchised, be driven like sheep to the polls by brutal husbands and employers, while good cooks would be waited on tenderly to the polls by grateful, admiring husbands and trembling and anxious employers, and their political opinions listened to with respect—as those of persons of proved capacity.—Ed. Nation.]

Notes.

LITERARY.

Some forty or more of the politico-economical essays by "A. Curiosibhoy," which have been appearing in the *World*, all of which have been very clear and many of which have been clever, are to be put into book-form, and will be widely circulated.——Messrs. T. B. Peterson & Co. announce T. A. Trollope's novel, "The Garstangs of Garstang Grange;" "A Marriage in High Life," by Mrs. Grey; "Hans Breitmann in Church," by Mr. C. G. Leland; and "The Family Doom," by Mrs. E. D. E. N. Southworth. This last-mentioned author has in preparation "Wives and Widows; or, The Broken Life."——As a cyclopædia is not a work to be invested in lightly, and without examination, there are probably a good many persons who will be obliged to Mr. T. Ellwood Zell for the specimen copy of his "Popular Encyclopædia" which he announces for sale at a merely nominal price. It comprises forty pages, ranging anywhere from the first to the six hundredth, and conveys a perfectly fair idea of the quality of the entire work as issued thus far. It should be the means of extending widely the support of a very laudable and costly enterprise, which for comprehensiveness and accuracy of execution will merit all the favor which it is likely to receive.——Messrs. Milton Bradley & Co., of Springfield, Mass., propose to add one more to the list of magazines for children. At the beginning of the coming year they will publish the first number of "Work and Play," which is to be devoted especially to the "occupations and amusements of The Home." What these are in the opinion of the publishers, the prospectus proceeds to state. For Sunday there will be curious Bible questions and Bible enigmas. For week-days there will be instruction in croquet, acting charades, puzzles, rebuses, and tableaux vivants. Then there is to be a Kindergarten department, and "Our Little Artist's Department," which will contain popular lessons in drawing; finally, there are to be stories and sketches in plenty.

—The editor of the *Historical Magazine* is a law unto himself as regards the time when his periodical shall appear, and it is only now that we get the numbers for last June and July. He is a law unto himself in other matters too, and we take it that in all the country there is no magazine or journal of any kind which is at once more honest and more independent than the one he edits. These are not so common characteristics of the press in any country that it is not often in order to make public recognition of their existence in such journals as do exhibit them. We are not, we need hardly say, always in accord with the *Historical Magazine*. We are somewhat deficient in sympathy with its mode of looking at the late war, for instance, and its perturbation of soul when it lights upon laudations of Massachusetts. But no doubt it is doing a very good work in the way of historical criticism, and surely there is need enough that such work should be done; and we may all rightly be thankful to the men who do it, even though they are of tempers not the sweetest, and do not merit the praise that a good French critic suggests as the one that the historical student, to be a good one, must deserve, namely, that he be a man who cannot find it in him to desire that any historical fact should be otherwise than it is. "Not to desire or admire" is what our zealous editor of the *Historical Magazine* has never learned. But to come to the thing for the sake of which we began this note. The number for July states that when Judge Campbell of South Carolina was in Washington, endeavoring to arrange terms for the peaceable separation of his State from the Union, President Lincoln drew up a proclamation in which his assent was given. Shortly after the breaking out of the war the manuscript of this document was taken from Mr. Lincoln's private office by "a gentleman having free access" to it, and was by him deposited "with a high official" of the State of South Carolina. The proclamation announced that the Executive of the United States, rather than plunge the country into civil war, acquiesced in the dismemberment of the Union. Accompanying this, the story goes on to say, was the "proof" of an editorial article, a column long, with corrections supposed to be by the President's hand, in which the words of the proclamation were cited, the justice of the act of the Executive was vindicated, and the approval of the American people challenged for it. But just in the nick of time came the repulse of the *Star of the West* in Charleston Harbor, and the Northern heart was "fired" as well as the Southern, which it was intended to fire. But the "gentleman" and "the high official" ought to produce the papers. The *Evening Express* of this city, which first published the statement now given by the *Magazine*, vouches for the veracity of the former.

—Education in Pennsylvania, both popular and collegiate, seems to have received a new impulse. The common-school system there, which was so long in taking root, and which has really only been about fifteen years in *full* operation, is admitted on all hands to have worked marvels. Pennsylvania, compared in political tone and material enterprise with what she was in 1854, when her present voters and business men were boys going to school, is hardly the same State. Perhaps no State in the Union better exemplifies the value of the free-school system as an economic force and a moral and political renovator. The friends of education in the State and elsewhere will look with interest for Prof. Wickersham's next annual report. The expenditures last year were $6,200,268, being upwards of a million dollars more than the year before, and a larger sum, if we mistake not, than has yet been expended by any State in the Union for free education. More especially noteworthy in Pennsylvania just now is the increased interest manifested in collegiate education. New institutions are starting up, and old ones are broadening their bases. If these new ones are only to increase the already too long list of "one-horse colleges" which curse that State, the addition will be no benefit; but it is only just to say that they give encouraging promise of doing something more. The "Lehigh University" at Bethlehem, erected by Asa Packer's munificent gift of a half a million of dollars, has been opened for students, though it can hardly yet be said to be in "the full tide of successful experiment." Its course of study, as set forth in the prospectus, shows a proper sense of what a university ought to be, and its president, Dr. Coppée, is a man of many accomplishments. Seven professors and four instructors, however, for the less than a half a hundred students with which the school begins, and the ample and costly buildings—Packer Hall, 205 feet in length, with depth and flanks in proportion—are not the certain prophecies they may seem to some to be of large and early future success. If, however, Mr. Packer will add another half-million to his gift—as perhaps he will—the institution may justify the highest hopes of its most sanguine friends. The governorship of Pennsylvania is a small honor in comparison with that which would come from the foundation of a great university. But perhaps the most promising of all the educational movements now going on in Pennsylvania is that of leading Philadelphians to give new life to the university of that city. It is proposed for this purpose to raise half a million of dollars by voluntary subscription; to sell the buildings now occupied, and erect new ones on a large and elegant scale outside of the city; to erect an observatory, procure a fine library, and, in short, to do all that is necessary to be done; to give to the city and the State an institution of learning worthy of their traditions and great wealth and power. Already one hundred and fifty thousand dollars have been subscribed, and Mr. Stillé, the new provost, and others interested, are hopeful of raising the rest.

—Another Pennsylvania institution of learning, Swarthmore College, so called from the residence of George Fox in England, has just been opened for pupils, and formally inaugurated. It has been built by and is under the care of the so-called "Hicksite" Society of Friends; it is about ten miles southwest of Philadelphia, and in that plain Quaker region is quite a pleasing specimen of modern architecture. It opens with 180 pupils, of both sexes, who are to recite together, to live under the same roof, and eat at the same table. It is a bold experiment, in full keeping with the spirit of the age, but it is commenced under the most favorable auspices. No difficulty will probably be experienced for the first year or two, while the pupils are comparatively children; but when the Freshmen become Seniors, and the boys and girls become ladies and gentlemen, then will come the crucial test. The President of Swarthmore is Mr. Edward Parrish, a man of science, whose writings on practical pharmacy have made him well known on both sides of the water. Mr. Magill, late sub-master of the Boston Latin School, is the chief of the faculty. Among the professors and care-takers are women of liberal accomplishments, and who are, in the best sense of the word,

ladies. The inaugural exercises as reported were impressive. The President's address reads well. It is sensible and unpretending. Mr. Dorsey's assurance that Swarthmore should be made, "in all respects, equal to the first colleges in the land," was doubtless meant well, but showed that he had hardly measured the difficulty of the undertaking. To build a big college edifice is an easy thing; to make a great institution of learning is quite another matter. Let us say here that the planting on the lawn of an oak grown from an acorn said to have been brought from Swarthmore, in England, was a little bit of sentimentality which does not remind us strongly of the simple austerity of the typical Friend; and the presence on the ground of the photographic camera, all ready to hand the planting group down to posterity, was not in the very best taste.

—King's College, in Bristol, a town of Southwestern Virginia, was not very long ago the Bristol High School, and so it ought to be yet, but the Legislature has been prevailed upon to do what all our legislatures are only too ready to do, and now we have a new institution chartered to deal out degrees, and to be a pretentious, worthless college, the fruitful mother of humbug, instead of an honest and respectable grammar-school. It is a comfort, perhaps, to be assured as we are that "exercises in spelling and reading, composition and declamation, form a part of the regular course of instruction," and that "in no case will a diploma be conferred without a due acquaintance with the English language." It is comfortable, too, to know that "it is not proposed at this institution to make study easy; but rather to make students to agonize in thought." In order to bring about this end, "we treat a young man's head as something different from a piece of sponge." "Our aim is to avoid the fossil," also, on the one hand, as well as the sponge on the other. When we add that in Bristol "the citizens are generally church-going," and that the college buildings are "situated on an eminence south of the town beyond the din and bustle of trade," we have said enough. It would be too hard a thing to say that these sham colleges are worse than no schools at all; for the school is all but impossibly bad that is not better than none; but why, if we have poor schools, need we make them worse and ourselves ridiculous by giving them names that do not belong to them? It is a peculiarly American vice.

—Mr. A. J. Bloor writes to us to say that the essay of his of which we spoke the other day as a "huge pamphlet," is not so large as we said, but that it contains rather less than one-half of the 126 pages that we said it contained. We were already familiar with the essay in question, and at the time of our writing about it did not then read it, but looked at the end of the book for the number of the last page, which we found to be 126. It escaped our notice that Mr. Bloor's "Architectural and Art Societies, etc.," was not the only paper bound up in the pamphlet. So it is true that sixty-odd, instead of a hundred and twenty-odd, is the number of Mr. Bloor's pages. As to another statement made by Mr. Bloor, to the effect that several good judges have praised his book, and must have thought that it *does* contain matter of "special and everyday interest," which we said it perhaps did not—we can only say that we do not find our opinion greatly changed. We took a peculiar interest in Mr. Bloor's subject, but, putting ourselves in the place of people less specially awake to its importance, we came to the conclusion that much as some few persons care for art societies, the persons are very few who do so care; that, in short, the general and everyday interest in them is extremely small.

—We ventured, some months ago, when Dr. Livingstone's fate was still uncertain, to express the hope that he was carrying out an intention already given to the public, and would ultimately emerge upon the scene of Mr. Baker's discoveries, and settle the remaining questions as to the sources of the Nile. A letter of his to Sir Roderick Murchison, under date of July, 1868, has just been published, and amply confirms our surmises. He had ascended the Valley of the Loangwa—a northern tributary of the Zambesi—to the great table-land at its head, and found himself in a country of relatively small but interesting lakes, with a trend to the north and west. Here he encountered a river, the Chambeze, flowing northward, and into and out of four lakes, changing its name as often as it reappeared, and, from its direction, likely to empty into Lake Tanganyika, or else to pass not far to the west of it. One native account of it was that it emptied directly into a certain Lake Chowambe, which Livingstone conjectures to be the Albert N'yanza of Baker; another, that it reached Chowambe after passing through Tanganyika. The flooded state of this elevated plateau prevented the Doctor from at once putting the truth of the matter past doubt, and his letter closes without the much-to-be-desired information. It leaves us, however, quite confident that if health and life are spared him, he will explore the debatable ground to the west and northwest of Tanganyika, including the southern border of the Albert N'yanza. He advances, under correction, the opinion that the Nile sources must now be reckoned as beginning from nearly the 12th degree of south latitude—that is to say, about on a line with the northern limit of Lake Nyassa, or nine degrees further south than Mr. Baker had estimated, but agreeing pretty accurately with the position assigned to them by Ptolemy.

—The death is announced of Guglielmo Libri, an Italian scholar, whose reputation as a mathematician is high among mathematicians, but whom the unlearned world may remember only for the misfortunes or faults which, now some twenty years ago, brought him to conspicuous ruin. While in the prime of young manhood, Libri passed through the experience which has formed a part of the lives of so many of the generation of Italians which is just about to pass away; being exiled, in 1831, as a political offender, he betook himself to France, where he was already well known. When he was but twenty years old he had been made a professor of mathematics at Pisa; but not feeling fit for the place he went to Paris to pursue his studies further, and there he made the acquaintance of many of the leading men of science in Paris. On his second advent, then, he found an easy way open to him, and being a man of social capabilities he was soon a great favorite. He had a way of making enemies, however, as well as warm friends, his rashness and courage being in excess of his discretion, and his pride in his race having more than once come into collision with French vanity or French pride. For example, in his "History of the Mathematical Sciences in Italy," he patriotically claimed for his own countrymen several scientific achievements to which the French lay claim. Moreover, Guizot, who was a great patron of his, rather imprudently created two offices—the Inspector-Generalship of Public Instruction and that of the State Libraries—and gave them both to Libri. His new appointments provoked envy, and his conduct in office was not of the wisest—so far as worldly wisdom, and worldly wisdom in France, is wisdom. In his zeal he enraged many careless functionaries, and thus added to the number of his secret enemies. These were all obscure men, except Arago, whose enmity, says the London *Times*, "had something professional and personal, as well as political, in it." By-and-by, somebody sent in against him charges that he had been stealing books from the national libraries. Guizot paid no attention to this accusation; either he did not believe it, which is altogether likely, or he may have thought that if it were true, it was an exhibition of that mania for collecting books which has brought more than one eminently respectable man to thefts which none of them, who was never found out, ever repented. Is there a case recorded where stolen books have been restored to their rightful owners, as "conscience money" so often is? Besides, Guizot knew that Libri had just made an offer to give his private library to the country, on the one condition that it should be known as "The Libri Collection." At all events, he did nothing with the charges. But soon Louis Philippe fled; Guizot went into private life; and Guizot's and the King's enemies and successors in power were all Libri's political enemies, and some of them hated him bitterly for private reasons. Arago and certain others pushed the old charges, and after—as Libri's friends say—having driven him out of the country by threats of personal violence, they had him tried and condemned, by default, to ten years' imprisonment. Libri may, perhaps, have done ill not to stand his trial; or it may have been better that he went away, for it is probable that he might have been found guilty at all hazards; but there is no doubt that his condemnation shortened his life, and made these latter years of it bitter. There were two parties about evenly divided as regards him, the one asserting his guilt, and the other, containing some of the best and ablest men in France, firmly believing him perfectly innocent. Certain it is that his prosecutors said hosts of things against him that he disproved completely. They made oath that he had stolen books which, on examination, were found in their places on the shelves; that he had stolen others which, as it turned out, had for years been in foreign collections; that he had taken still others which it was proved had been stolen by other people. Then, too, the residence of the accused man was entered by persons without warrant or authority, who took in and took out what they pleased. Evidence like this and witnesses like these are no foundation for the judgment that was rendered; and the trial, whatever may have been Libri's faults, was a disgraceful one. However, Libri was ruined; and though he convinced many that he was a man most cruelly and unjustly treated, he never quite held up his head again, and, in any case, his fate is one of the saddest and most impressive in recent literary history.

THE ENGLISH DOCTRINE OF IDEAS.*

JAMES MILL'S "Analysis of the Human Mind" has long been known as one of the most original and characteristic productions of English thought. It now appears in a second edition, enlarged by many long notes by the author's disciples, who are to-day the most eminent representatives of the English school. These notes are chiefly of interest as forming the clearest exposition of the present state of opinion in that school, and of the changes which it has undergone since 1829.

It is a timely publication, because the peculiarities of the English mind are so sharply cut in James Mill that it will help to awaken that numerous class of general readers who have become impregnated with the ideas of Stuart Mill's logic into self-consciousness in reference to the intellectual habit which they have contracted. A philosophy or method of thinking which is held in control—the mind rising above it, and understanding its limitations—is a valuable instrument; but a method in which one is simply immersed, without seeing how things can be otherwise rationally regarded, is a sheer restriction of the mental powers. In this point of view, it is a fact of interest to the adherent of the English school that it is not a particularly learned body, and that its more modern leaders at least have not generally been remarkable for an interior understanding of opposing systems, nor even for a wide acquaintance with results the most analogous to their own which have been obtained in other countries. It is a familiar logical maxim that nothing can be comprehended without comparing it with other things; and this is so true in regard to philosophies that a great German metaphysician has said that whoever has reached a thorough comprehension of a philosophical system has outgrown it. Accordingly, we think that we discern in English philosophers an unconsciousness of their own peculiarities, and a tendency to describe them in language much too wide; in consequence of which the student has to gather the essential characters of their thought by a comparison with different systems, and cannot derive any real understanding of them from anything which lies wholly within their horizon alone.

This somewhat insular group of thinkers are now often called Positivists. If this means that they are the philosophers of exact experience, it is too much to say of them; if it means that they are followers of M. Comte, it is too little. They seem to us to be what remains of that *sacra schola invictissimorum nominalium*, of which the English Ockham was the "venerable beginner." Many pages of this "Analysis" might, if somewhat changed in language, easily be mistaken for Ockham's.

The chief methodical characteristic of their thought is "analysis." And what is analysis? The application of Ockham's razor—that is to say, the principle of reducing the expression of the nature of things and of the mind to its simplest terms by lopping off everything which looks like a metaphysical superfluity. By mental analysis the English mean the separation of a compound idea or sensation into its constituent ideas or sensations. Thus, they would say that the sensation of white had no distinct existence; it is merely the concurrence of the three sensations of blue, red, and yellow. So, James Mill says that virtue is the habit of associating with the actions from which men derive advantage the pleasures which result from them. It is plain that such analysis reduces the number of distinct constituents of human nature. The same thinkers reason in a manner entirely analogous when they are not dealing with the mind at all; and in general their method may be described as simplifying existing hypotheses and then endeavoring to show that known facts may be accounted for by these simplified hypotheses. In this way, a highly elegant and instructive system has been created; but it is not pre-eminently scientific. It might be scientific if these philosophers occupied themselves with subjecting their modified theories to the test of exact experience in every possible way, and spent their time in a systematic course of observations and measurements, as some German psychologists have done. But that is not their business; they are writers. Their energies are occupied in adjusting their theories to the facts, and not in ascertaining the certainty of their theories. This cannot be said to hold good fully in the case of Mr. Bain; his books are largely occupied with correcting and limiting theories; but so far he appears quite different from the English school generally, to which, however, he certainly belongs. Desultory experience is what they all build on, and on that basis no true science can be reared.

James Mill's psychological theory is this: All that is in the mind is sensations, and copies of sensations; and whatever *order* there is in these copies is merely a reproduction of the order which there was in their originals. To have a feeling (a sensation, or the copy of one), and to know that we have it, and what its characters are; or to have two feelings, and to know their mutual relations and agreements, are not two things, but one and the same thing. These principles are held to be sufficient to explain all the phenomena of mind.

The beauty of this theory appears when we consider that it is as much as to say simply that *ideas* in *consciousness* are concrete images of *things* in *existence*. For a thing to exist, and for it to have all its characters; or for two things to exist, and for them to have all their relations of existence to each other, are not two facts, but one. A book which thoroughly follows out such a hypothesis is a great contribution to human knowledge, even if the hypothesis does not satisfy the facts. For it clears up our conceptions greatly to understand precisely how far a simple, single supposition like this will go, and where it will fail.

The theory is of the most markedly English character. Though it is a single supposition which cannot logically be broken, yet we may say that its chief points are these three:

1. Every idea is the mere copy of a sensation.
2. Whatever is in the mind is known.
3. The order of ideas is a mere reproduction of the order of sensations.

That every idea is the copy of a sensation has always been recognized as the chief point of English psychology. Hume expresses it in the clearest language, saying that the difference between an idea and a sensation is, that the former is faint and the latter lively. This involves the opinion that all our ideas are singular, or devoid of generality; that is, that just as every existing thing either has or has not each conceivable quality, so every idea is an idea of the presence or absence of every quality. As Berkeley says, my idea of a man "must be either of a white or a black or a tawny, a straight or a crooked, a tall or a low or a middle-sized man." Accordingly, it is obvious that one of the difficulties in the way of these philosophers is to explain our seeming to attach a general meaning to words; for if we have nothing in our minds but sensations and ideas, both of which are singular, we cannot really take a word in a general sense. So, if I compare a red book and a red cushion, there is, according to them, no general sensation *red* which enters into both these images, nor is there any idea of a general respect, color, in which they agree; and their similarity can consist in nothing whatsoever, except that they have the same general name attached to them; and there is no possible reason for their being associated together under one name (which these philosophers can consistently give) than one at which James Mill hints, and which follows from his principles—namely, that the corresponding sensations have been frequently associated together in experience. This was perfectly appreciated in the days when nominalism was actively discussed, but now the nominalists do not seem to look it in the face. We will, therefore, put some passages from the present work in juxtaposition, to show that James Mill did feel, obscurely perhaps, this difficulty. "Every color is an individual color, every size an individual size, every shape an individual shape. But things have no individual color in common, no individual shape in common, no individual size in common; that is to say, they have neither shape, color, nor size in common" (vol. i., p. 249). He here speaks of things; but as things are only sensations or ideas with him, all this holds good of ideas. "It is easy to see, among the principles of association, what particular principle it is which is mainly concerned in classification. . . . That principle is resemblance." "Having the sensation . . . . what happens in recognizing that it is similar to a former sensation? Besides the *sensation*, in this case, there is an *idea*. The idea of the former sensation is called up by, that is, is associated with, the new sensation. As having a sensation, and a sensation, and knowing them, that is, distinguishing them, are the same thing; and having an idea, and an idea, is knowing them; so, having an idea and a sensation, and distinguishing the one from the other, are the same thing. But to know that I have the idea and the sensation, in this case, is not all. I observe that the sensation is like the idea. What is this observation of likeness? Is it anything but that distinguishing of one feeling from another which we have recognized to be the same thing as having two feelings? As change of sensation is sensation; as change from a sensation to an idea differs from change to a sensation in nothing but this, that the second feeling in the latter change is an idea, not a sensation; and as the passing from one feeling to another is distinguishing, the whole difficulty seems to be resolved, for undoubtedly the distinguishing differences and similarities is the same thing—a similarity being nothing but a slight difference" (vol. ii., p. 15). Evidently, if a similarity is a difference, the line of demarcation between the two is to be drawn where our lan-

* "Analysis of the Phenomena of the Human Mind. By James Mill. A new edition, with notes, illustrative and critical, by Alexander Bain, Andrew Finlater, and George Grote; edited with additional notes by John Stuart Mill." 2 vols. 8vo. London: Longmans. 1869.

guage happens to draw it. But to ascertain why two similar sensations are associated under one name, we must recur to his general law of association, which is given in these words: "Our ideas spring up or exist in the order in which the sensations existed, of which they are the copies. This is the general law of the 'Association of Ideas'" (vol. i., p. 78). "Resemblance only remains as an alleged principle of association, and it is necessary to enquire whether it is included in the laws which have been above expounded. I believe it will be found that we are accustomed to see like things together. When we see a tree, we generally see more trees than one; when we see an ox, we generally see more oxen than one; a sheep, more sheep than one; a man, more men than one. From this observation, I think we may refer resemblance to the law of frequency, of which it seems to form only a particular case" (vol. i., p. 111). This is what he says upon the subject of similarity. As an attempt at analyzing that idea, it is a complete failure, and with it the whole system falls. Stuart Mill is gravely mistaken in supposing that his father's rejection of resemblance as a guiding principle of association was an unimportant part of his theory. Association by resemblance stood in the way of his doctrine that the order of ideas is nothing but the order of sensations, and to grant the mind a power of giving an inwardly determined order to its ideas would be to grant that there is something in the mind besides sensations and their copies. Moreover, upon nominalistic principles similarity can *consist* in nothing but the association of two ideas with one name, and therefore James Mill must say, with Ockham, that such association is without any reason or cause, or must explain it as he attempts to do. The doctrine that an idea is the copy of a sensation has obviously not been derived from exact observation. It has been adopted because it has been thought that it *must be so;* in fact, because it was a corollary from the notion (which its authors could not free themselves from) that ideas were in consciousness just as things are in existence. It thus forms a striking illustration of Wundt's remark that the chief difference between modern attempts to put psychology upon a basis like that of the physical sciences and earlier speculative systems, is that speculations are now put forth as results of scientific research, while formerly facts of observation were frequently represented as deductions of pure thought.

The same thing may be said of the doctrine that to feel and to be aware of the feeling are the same thing. James Mill plainly cannot conceive of the opposite supposition. With him, therefore, it is a mere result of defective reading. It is not only not supported by exact observation, but it is directly refuted in that way.

The English school are accustomed to claim the doctrine of the association of ideas as their own discovery, but Hamilton has proved that it is not only given by Aristotle, but that, as to its main features, the knowledge of it by the English was derived from him. This, therefore, does not constitute a valid claim to the scientific character; yet it is the only claim they have. At present, the doctrine has received a transformation at the hands of Wundt of the most fundamental description. He has solved the perplexing questions concerning the principles of association by showing that every train of thought is essentially inferential in its character, and is, therefore, regulated by the principles of inference.* But this conception is also found in Aristotle.

The "Analysis" is written in an unusually forcible, perspicuous, and agreeable style—a character which belongs to most of the English philosophers more or less, but to none in a higher degree than to James Mill. One wishes that such a master of language had a doctrine to enunciate which would test his powers more than this simple English psychology. The fewer elements a hypothesis involves, the less complication and consequent obscurity will appear in its development.

* This idea is fully explained in his very important and agreeably written "Vorlesungen über die Menschen- und Thierseelen."

THE MAGAZINES FOR DECEMBER.

THE magazines of the month are each the last number of a volume, and in the case of each special pains seems to have been taken to make the last number a good one, and as still greater pains will be taken to begin the year with a flourish of trumpets our magazine literature is just now at its highest average level. And, on the whole, if it is seen to be not particularly weighty it is nevertheless not so bad, whether relatively or absolutely considered. Perhaps as compared with English periodical literature ours wears the air of being written for young people rather than older, and for women rather than men. But one can see, too, that it improves from year to year, and that here, as well as abroad, it tends more and more to become the recognized means of expression for the freshest and even the most important thought of the time. Here in America the masculine mind is still so largely occupied with politics and trade that the daily press is far stronger and more masculine than the more literary monthly press, but it is plain that we are in the way of improvement. Take the *Overland Monthly*, for instance, our latest contribution to the world of magazines, strike out the poetry, which often, sighing softly, seems to suggest the absence of desired woman from the society of the Pacific coast, and we have a man's magazine, not too thoughtful, perhaps, but not too sentimental either, and in general vigorous and healthy. And if the Eastern magazines are as yet too feminine in tone, nevertheless we are to remember the class of "Ladies' Books" and journals of the fashions which they have driven from the prominent places of the field and have to a great extent superseded.

The *Galaxy* for December has the usual merit of the *Galaxy*, and is lively and of current interest. Mr. Albert S. Evans contributes an article entitled "On the Red Desert," which details in a readable way, though with fun of a rather stereotyped kind of levity, the experiences of a pair of travellers in a far Western wilderness, where to lose a trail is to lose one's life by thirst and hunger, and to keep the right course is perhaps to be massacred by the Indians, and where water is felt to be a prime necessity of life and a luxury beyond telling.

Dr. Draper's "Breath of Life" is a discourse upon the constitution of the atmosphere as a physical force, and physiologically as the air we breathe. There is in the way in which it is written a sort of generality which prevents it from going into the best class of the writing that popularizes the learning of scientific men; but it is interesting, and sometimes, in spite of the manner of their presentation, the facts themselves make a vivid impression. The connection between an excessive proportion of ozone in the air and the epidemic influenza or catarrh which often lays up half the people of a village appears to us newly stated. It is to an excess of the same element in the air of the pine barrens that Dr. Draper seems inclined to attribute the freedom of the piny woods from malarial diseases, and it is thus perhaps that the barrens with their antiseptic air are favorable to consumptives.

"A November Afternoon" is one of the painful stories that we suppose Mrs. Harding Davis will go on producing till she ceases to write at all. She gives us a happy ending, to be sure, in this case; but throughout the tale there is nothing but the irritating of inflamed nerves, the display of a miserable self-torture. There should be no doubt that clever and well meaning as this writer is she does to her readers the harm that any one must do who encourages self-indulgence in morbid feeling, and also the negative harm, less directly perceptible, of making us accustomed to the sight of grief and pain more or less causeless and resultless and unedifying. This "November Afternoon" is not without its author's characteristic power; but it is an unreasonable, ill-constructed thing too—perhaps not essentially worse in this respect than all the rest of Mrs. Davis's works, but more obviously worse. If you will at any hazard have your personages about all raw, with the skin off them that they may exhibit hypernatural sensitiveness, you evidently have from the beginning foregone a certain amount of strict naturalness and lost irretrievably the chance of making them quite human, or very pleasing and profitable as companions. Feebler by much, but showing slight traces of being tarred with the same stick, is Mr. Edgar Fawcett's story of "A Marriage and a Theory." It aims, however, to teach the wholesome lesson that the husbands of old maids and the wives of old maids' favorite male friends are respectively a little better and a little worse than nature.

Mr. Grant White begins in this number of the *Galaxy* a series of articles on journalism which promise well. We think we agree with him almost entirely in what he says in this one, but perhaps he would not agree with us in believing that on the whole journalism in the United States every day gets honester and in every way more respectable. There was a time when we had here some papers more ponderously decorous than is now the fashion, but side by side with them we had an influential press of intolerable scurrility and weakness. We are not so fearfully polite as we used to be in the palmy days of the *National Intelligencer*, but we are persuaded that never before did the country generally so clearly know and so thoroughly appreciate the honest and the dishonest portions of the press. Where now are our Jefferson Bricks? They exist, but their old places of power know less and less of them. To particularize—and we wish Mr. White could feel at liberty to do a little more of this—what now is the influence of the New York *Herald?* The Englishman is very stupid with an hereditary stupidity, and an hereditary desire to "misunderstand American institutions," who to-day attaches the importance to the

opinions, or rather the expressions, of that journal which his father was attaching to them thirty years ago. But, as we say, we feel like agreeing with Mr. White in most of what he says. He perhaps permits himself to cherish an unattainable ideal of the excellence of the journalist; still ideals of that kind have their virtues and uses as well as the kind that many have thought preferable. Or is it that the pitch of perfection which he desires is not unattainable? Absolute impartiality, he says, is the highest conceivable attainment in journalism: "If we could be sure that any one newspaper gave us an absolutely faithful report of all the events of the day, uncolored by party bias or personal feeling; if we could be sure that in its discussion of these events no other end was sought than truth regardless of consequences to parties, to schools, to corporations, to individuals, and, last, not least, to the interests of the owners and editors of the paper itself, we should all buy that paper." But would we? We fear the owners and editors of such "a second sun to our day" would have to put themselves to the immediate making of a set of subscribers who should be without personal feeling or party bias, and who should seek no other end than truth, and who should be regardless of consequences to church, school, party, corporation, or individual. And this not because the average reader demands that he be pleased at the expense of honesty in the pleaser; but in the nature of things he must deceive himself more or less, and be partial. Impartial journalism means nothing less than impartial humanity; impartial subscriber as well as editor. The absolutely honest editor would stand a poor chance of recognition as such. What good is it to a man who sees all things green that I give him white light to see by? Suppose, now, that there be in existence at the very present moment this absolutely impartial journal! who would know it except the conductors of the same, and perhaps one or two other perspicacious persons?

"The Cardinal D'Andrea" is a brief account of the last days of the Cardinal, by his private Secretary. The writer says roundly that Cardinal Antonelli caused D'Andrea to be murdered—by poison, as we make it out—on account of his liberalism. We do not know how much dependence is to be placed on the word of the Secretary, who is anonymous, but there are not a great number of people outside of the pale of the Church who would not say that very possibly the Cardinal-Minister may be quite capable of the act laid to his charge. The Secretary makes out no case, however, and good as his opportunities may have been, it is little more than giving the dignity of print to a street rumor. Mr. Anthony Trollope's "Josephine de Montmorenci" is another of his "Editor's Tales," and the things in it may very likely have happened as related. But that much one says of Mr. Trollope's acknowledged fictions. Of this story, however, we may say what after all would not be said of the novels, that there is nothing of it unless it is a narrative of facts, and that it is both dull and unpleasing. The *Galaxy* poetry for December is not particularly noticeable. "H. H." has a piece, "The Old Gate," which is sentimental, but is quieter and less passionate, and more on the level of sharable sentiment, than is usually the case in the work of this clever and poetical writer. "Latter Spring" is by Rose Terry, and is less definite in the execution than in the conception. But this is all the better, for the idea is not much, and in the details of the execution there is something good.

Putnam's, we see, is hereafter to be published by an association of which it is announced that Mr. W. C. Bryant is a member, and Mr. P. G. Hamerton and Mr. Karl Blind are announced as being among its contributors. The latest number contains four articles that are of more interest than the rest of the magazine—namely, "The Sovereignty of the Seas," by Mr. A. A. Low; "The Unestablished Church;" "Dumb Guides to the Pole," by Professor T. B. Maury; and a translated article, entitled "Contemporary French Literature," which is by Élie Reclus, and completes an article begun last month. There is a little French padding, too, in the shape of "Recollections of Childhood," by Father Hyacinthe, written when he was sixteen years old. They are verses not without natural feeling, but intrinsically are not worth reproducing. Mr. Low, in his article, argues in favor of the United States Government's granting subsidies in the English fashion to American lines of ocean steamers, and seems to make out a case. It is worth while, however, to remember that we have before now subsidized American vessels, and have seen the money sunk in the sea by the carelessness and mismanagement of the recipients of our assistance. Moreover, the English device of subsidizing is an old one, adopted in the infancy of steam navigation, and it is well to remember that, at present, England inclines to disuse it. "The Unestablished Church" is less marred than the same author's preceding article on the same subject, by a sarcasm so fine-drawn as to be without the effect which it was intended to produce. It is not only more satisfactory in this respect, but is more cogent in its statement of the case against our New York Roman Catholics, and exposes very well the disingenuousness of the *Catholic World*, which never fights fairly, and which affects a tone of fairness that is even more distasteful to candid readers than the cool assumption and dogmatic disregard of facts which characterize so much Romanist writing. It deceives some people, we suppose; but there are not many people who have any strong belief that, inside or outside the order of Paulists, our American Catholicism is going to be ever so much more liberal than the Syllabus. Apart from its being "wrote sarcastakul" to a somewhat unpleasing degree, "The Unestablished Church" is good reading; and in these days when there are signs that we are to have a systematic attack made upon our common-school system—on the very foundation of our form of government—it is worthy of wide perusal. It would do good if it did no more than call careful attention to such utterances as these. Here are two of the principal errors, of the damnable errors, of our time, as his Holiness the Pope has solemnly said and as a large majority of our American Romanists are perfectly willing to say after him. It is deadly to believe and maintain:

"47. That the most advantageous conditions of civil society require that popular schools, open without distinction to all children of the people, and public establishments destined to teach young people letters and good discipline, and to impart to them education, should be freed from all ecclesiastical authority and interference, and should be fully subjected to the civil and political power for the teaching of matters and opinions common to the times.

"48. That this manner of instructing youth, which consists in separating it from the Catholic faith and from the power of the Church, and in teaching it above all a knowledge of natural things and the objects of social life, may be perfectly approved by Catholics."

Then comes the *Tablet*, and asserts the same thing positively:

"Education itself is the business of the spiritual society alone, and not of secular society. The instruction of children and youth is included in the Sacrament of Orders, and the State usurps the functions of the spiritual society when it turns educator. . . The organization of the schools, their entire internal arrangement and management, the choice and regulation of studies, and the selection, appointment, and dismissal of teachers, belong exclusively to the spiritual authority."

And even more outspoken is the *Catholic Telegraph*, of Cincinnati:

"The secular school system is a social cancer, presaging the death of national morality, devouring the little sense of religion that Protestantism instils into its believers. The sooner it is destroyed, the better. It will be a glorious day for Catholics in this country when, under the blows of justice and morality, our school system will be shivered to pieces. Until then, modern Paganism will triumph."

It is not at all too soon for Protestants of all sects, who all without exception believe in republican institutions, and believe that a good Roman Catholic is not a good citizen of a republican State, to consider whether our common schools had not better be so thoroughly secularized that there shall be no excuse for Roman Catholic agitation in favor of separate denominational schools. As the *Tablet* and the *Telegraph* say, the common school is the enemy of the Roman Catholic chapel; "it is the greatest enemy," says the Bishop of Newark, "of the Catholic religion and of all dogmatic truth."

M. Reclus's remarks on Mr. Swinburne's M. Baudelaire will not greatly please some of our native admirers of those two gentlemen. It is well done, however, and is worth several pages of screeching:

"His intellect," says M. Reclus, "quaint and refined, but poor and sterile, blossomed into its *Fleurs de Mal* only by inoculating itself with several diseases, and nourishing itself on poisons. He was a sort of perverted Byron, broken loose from the rhetoric classes, and loudly proclaiming the holiness of revels, with appetite whetted for Sardanapalian debauchery. But he had not sufficiently taken into account the extreme delicacy of his health. Too many cigars, and too much brandy, some sleepless nights in which he endeavored to outdo Paulus, sufficed to ruin the stomach and make an incurable dyspeptic of the poet. In the meantime he felt it necessary to create for himself a name, a 'Satanic name,' calculated to make the *bourgeois* turn pale. To comply with the desires of an inexhaustible pride, he had at his disposal only mediocre talent, but he made up the difference by throwing in his honor. Not being strong enough to immolate other people to a ferocious vanity, he offered his own life for its rations. Unable to be illustrious, he resolved at least to conquer notoriety; unable to attain the glory of Victor Hugo, he would have rivalled Lacenaire if his nerves had not been too feeble; he would willingly have run the gauntlet of the *Cour d'assises;* to be looked down upon by forty centuries, he would not have disdained to mount a scaffold. Imitating the beggar, who earns a living by displaying his sous, he climbs on the stage, ratatoos on his drum, and exclaims, shaking his rattle: 'Gentlemen and ladies, I have the honor to inform you that in my person you contemplate the most complete specimen of a scoundrel that exists. I am infamous and ignoble, the dirtiest kind of poltroon. Be kind enough to believe me; but I console myself for my own vileness in despising yours, and by hating the human race.' Baudelaire passed all his life in calumniating himself, in lavishing the most

villanous lies concerning his character, in the hope that, being taken up by public scorn, he should pass as a terrible fiend. In spite of all, the unfortunate only obtained an ephemeral success of curiosity; people set him down as eccentric, and forgot all about him, and scarcely an idle tongue repeated the news when it was announced that he had died in a *maison de santé*."

"Dumb Guides to the Pole" continues the examination of Captain Bent's theory of a northeast passage to an open polar sea, and considers the evidence of its correctness which is afforded by the habits of birds of passage. The more we hear of this theory the more we incline to accept it as correct, and to believe that the Arctic mystery is not very far from a solution. This article is less zealous than its predecessor. "The Lady Cinella" turns out to be given over to animal magnetism; "Keene Delights" is about the Adirondacks, and is readable; "The Foci of the Social Ellipses" is rather strong in its statements and too much troubled by "the cause," which is, perhaps, less urgent than many people think. The poetry is of no value, though Mrs. Stoddard's is not bad as versification.

Mr. Parton has never written any better than in his discussion in this month's *Atlantic* of the evils of rotation in office. It is not often that it is possible to give him praise so nearly unreserved as we are able to give him in this instance. He makes a very clear and telling exposition of the folly of our present system of hiring public servants. But he may as well keep on hammering. The average farmer, whom he says he has hunted for in vain, is extant, he may depend, and it will be hard to make him see that a salary of six or seven thousand a year is not enough for Chief-Justice Chase, for example, who has no hard work to do, but only has to sit still and listen to lawyers' talk. And then there are our innocent city friends. One of them in Boston we hear asking if the latter half of Mr. Parton's article and the former are not in direct contradiction; because if it is true that the United States pays so little to its officials, how is it that there is such a press of candidates? Does any one imagine that the pressure would not be as great or greater if the uniform rate of pay for Federal officers were one dollar and a quarter a day? The rush would be fiercer, probably, and the individuals making it would be worse in character, and their unfitness and dishonesty would be greater, it is likely, than at present. As usual, Mr. Parton is good at statement, but unreserved praise we never expect to give him in this life. Here is a scrap of his philosophy—the same which underlies all his teaching, and makes it the hopelessly vulgar thing it is:

"In the United States a man is a fool who does not sacrifice to the acquisition of wealth everything except health and honor; since wealth alone gives a platform upon which a happiness can be established."

The other articles in the December *Atlantic* are fairly good. "The Dead Level" is some lively abuse of the present age by Mr. F. Sheldon, of whom we have rather a better opinion than to believe that he is much more than half in earnest. "Mr. Bruce" is a pleasantly told story, but it is slight and it is improbable. The one sister might have forgotten Mr. Bruce so entirely as she did, but that two should have done so is not so easy to understand. "The Foe in the Household" is brought to an end, and even to the end is a clever and new but sorrowful story—one that it is not good to read; "John" is about the Chinaman in California, and is very civil to him; "The Increase of Human Life" we commend to Mr. Sheldon's perusal; "Under the Midnight Sun" is by Dr. Hayes, and is not exciting; and no more is Mr. Bayard Taylor's "Vineyard," nor Mr. Hale's "Brick Moon." The literary notices are good, particularly the first three of them.

The Rev. Mr. G. B. Bacon opens the December *Hours at Home* with an article on "The Spiritual Muse," that is to say, on the songs and hymns of the Spiritualists, and expends on those productions, no one of which was ever by any chance other than foolish and worthless, more than is very profitable of cheap wit and fun-making. "The Childhood of Joseph Addison Alexander" tells of a prodigy of boyish ability and learning, but is so enthusiastic in its expressions that, as usual, one doubts and wishes that biographies were revised by enemies after the friends had written them. This, now, is a statement that has a eulogistic look: "It is impossible to point to the time when he did not know his letters." Perhaps 1492 would do. He hardly had his alphabet on his tongue's end at the moment of his birth, we suppose. "Twenty Minutes Under the Knife" is by Mr. Mortimer Thomson ("Doesticks"), and relates actual experience. It is a little unnecessarily brutal; but is not very badly so. Mr. P. A. Perrin writes instructively and not intemperately of Father Hyacinthe and "The Throes of Catholicism." Prof. Wells contributes the solid article of the number in an essay on Roumania and its people; and Dr. Sanford B. Hunt in his talk about "Comfort in its Relations to Physical Culture" is interesting, and, as we have been accustomed to think, sensible. But he makes some bold remarks, for which he is solely responsible, as to the relative beauty of Raphael's Madonna and dozens of American women that we may meet in Broadway. Some of our Massachusetts prohibitionists who hate wine and lager beer will not be pleased to be told that Dr. Graham with his ice-water and bran bread is responsible for a good deal of the recent consumption in New England, and that New England is a region whose climate demands a full and generous diet. Besides these articles there are others by Professor Schele de Vere, Mr. R. H. Stoddard, Dr. Bushnell, and others. Dr. Bushnell first asserts that the ideas and expression of the Scriptures are so imaginative that they can only be apprehended by the imagination, but cannot be well apprehended by the mere understanding, which, no doubt, is in a measure true. Then in his impassioned way he goes on to assert that all words are faded metaphors, and that no exact formulation of religious truth is possible, if only for the reason that words themselves are so highly metaphorical. That is to say, that metaphors cannot become wholly faded out—which for all practical purposes is untrue. That the Bible is a gift to our imaginations is beyond a doubt, but that as a rule of conduct, say, it is plain enough for the most unfigurative mind, is also beyond a doubt.

Lippincott's has for its one good article Mr. G. T. Lanigan's "Coming Crisis in Canada." He declares that England is quite ready, and even anxious, for separation; that Sir John Young, the commissioner who freed her from the Ionian Isles, was made Governor-General in order that he might gently shove Canada up to the point of determining on independence; that from one-quarter to one-third of the newspapers of the Dominion are in favor of it; that the politicians of the Administration are secretly willing to take the step, and only wait for public opinion to pronounce itself; finally, that he (Mr. Lanigan) believes that before this time next year "the maiden flag of a new Anglo-Saxon republic of infinite possibilities shall have been given to the American winds." In "An Actuary's Story" Mr. Edmund Kirke comes up again into magazine literature, whence he had for some time disappeared. "Shall he be Educated?" praises the negro's thirst for schooling, and supports the praise with statistics that look very well; there are two short stories by women, both with good feeling in them, and not too much else. There is some out and-out bad poetry; there is a sketch of travel in the East; and there is a curious piece about the "Yam-Eaters"—who are the Mississippians. The writer shows that he has received the full weight of the impression that the dreary pine regions of the South make on the stranger, and that he has considerable power of reproducing it on his reader. But he is master of a singular gift of eloquence. This is what he has to say to the Mississippi at Vicksburg:

"He rolls his vast flood southward, as if forgetting the Hill City, to a point due westward; then doubles grandly backward, then eastward; flows in a slow and solemn march toward the soldiers' cemetery beneath the hill, where he turns again southward, chafing his mighty flank as if in affection, almost against the serried graves, and chanting an eternal requiem to the asserters of his freedom; hews his giant highway in the hillside; then sweeps before the city in the pride of his greatness.

"I stand upon the brow of the ancient East. Across the partitioning flood of the Mississippi it scowls down at the youthful West, and wrinkles its ugly, sallow brow in the impotent rage of senility at beholding the ample and placid forehead of the young giant across the river. The East clutches again for a moment the sceptre of barrenness which had been wrenched from its gripe, and in its expiring moments creates its ugliest and most monstrous—Vicksburg."

The "Vicar of Bullhampton" proceeds, and now we have got the regular allowance of two sweethearts for the hero, and two lovers for the heroine, and the heroine is going to marry the one she is not fond of, and the hero is going to marry the unsuspecting girl he is not so fond of either, but with whom he has become entangled—all in the inveterate manner of Mr. Trollope. The wonder is how he continues to keep his public, and indeed there is a rumor that money was lost by the publishers of his last novel.

Authors.—Titles. BOOKS OF THE WEEK. *Publishers.—Prices.*

Alexander (C. F.), The Sunday Book of Poetry	(Sever, Francis & Co.)	
An American Family in Paris	(Hurd & Houghton)	$1 50
Bennet (Dr. J. H.), Winter and Spring on the Shores of the Mediterranean	(D. Appleton & Co.)	
Björnson (B.), The Happy Boy: a Tale	(Sever, Francis & Co.)	
Chaplin (Mrs. J. D.), Out of the Wilderness	(H. A. Young & Co.)	
Colange (L.), Zell's Popular Encyclopædia, No. 14, swd	(T. Ellwood Zell)	0 50
Flint (Dr. A., jr.), The Physiology of Man	(D. Appleton & Co.)	
Hyacinthe (Father), Discourses	(G. P. Putnam & Son)	1 25
Hedge (Rev. F. H.), The Primeval World of Hebrew Tradition	(Roberts Bros.)	1 50
Mayo (Rev. A. D.), Religion in the Common Schools, swd	(Robt. Clarke & Co.)	
Neal (J.), Great Mysteries and Little Plagues	(Roberts Bros.)	1 25
Palmer (Sir R.), The Book of Praise: Poetry	(Sever, Francis & Co.)	
Spielhagen (F.), Through Night to Light: a Tale	(Leypoldt & Holt)	2 00
Tocqueville (A. de), American Institutions	(Sever, Francis & Co.)	
Thackeray (W. M.), Men's Wives, swd	(D. Appleton & Co.)	0 50
Vogel (Dr. A.), Practical Treatise on the Diseases of Children	(D. Appleton & Co.)	
Weeks (Helen C.), White and Red: a Child's Story	(Hurd & Houghton)	1 50

The Nation.

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The Week.

IN the South on Monday last began the elections in Mississippi and Texas, in both of which States the contest has been very hot and very personal. The Dent party in Mississippi got out a most virulent little pamphlet showing up the inconsistencies of the Alcorn candidates, and, of course, there are plenty of them to show up in the cases of men who have been undergoing the amount of political instruction which the Mississippians have received during the last four years from their various teachers. Dent, on the other hand, was attacked as everything that was personally as well as politically bad. In Texas, Hamilton, a plausible renegade, and a man of no standing among his acquaintances, though he was a most shining Republican in the days of the Andrew Johnson heats, was run against General Edmund Davis, and in this campaign, too, the fighting has been of the severest kind, and largely personal. "General Davis caught Jack Hamilton at Rusk," says one of our Texas exchanges, "and scalped him cleaner than a whistle." "At New Braunfels," says the same paper, "McAnderson was told in his teeth that he lied, and on Wednesday night he was told again that he lied. We will point out some of these lies," etc., etc. "After Hamilton's defeat," says another editor, who has more good-will for Davis than command of Scripture or natural history, "he will be compelled to exclaim, 'Rabbits burrow in the ground and birds build their nests in the air, but I have nowhere to lay my head.'" Another gentleman informs the world how Hamilton's son-in-law importuned him to commit forgery in order to screen him—the son-in-law—from prosecution as a fraudulent assessor.

In Virginia we have what looks like a total demoralization of the Republican party. It has been called together in convention, not for the purpose of making nominations or anything of that kind, but to condole with itself over the loss of the State, and, as now appears, in order that a certain set of men, headed by a Mr. Porter, might get control of it by using the prejudices of the negro delegates. The sessions were of the stormiest kind, and the regular upshot of them was the adoption of an address which makes the reader think that every Virginia Radical Republican's head is impervious to sense, and the party completely blind to the changes in political opinion, or else that some of them are knaves, such as have had too much to do with the Republican party in every Southern State, and the rest are wild men. After a secession of some thirty members, about a hundred and twenty demanded of Congress the setting aside of the late election and the continued exclusion of the State from Congressional representation. No one says that there is not some danger, and has not been some hardship for Virginia Unionists, but they are crazy if they think that the day for Congressional interference with their State is not gone by. The minority of the convention made a temperate setting forth of grievances, but advise the admission of the State. Such is the facility of the negro, and his openness to personal influence, that the seceding thirty were afterwards joined by thirty or forty more, and now the party would seem to be about half for and half against the policy of exclusion. But the latter half is the gaining one.

In Tennessee, the Senter Legislature has of course rejected the Fifteenth Amendment, and is already ill-spoken of for corruption. In Alabama, the Amendment has been adopted. In South Carolina, a colored member of the Legislature has moved that belligerent rights be accorded to the Cuban insurgents, and there was to be a great debate upon the subject on a day named. Anybody can predict the character of it. In the North, we hear of two or three Cuban petitions that are carried about, but little interest is aroused and the popular heart continues to beat regularly, and to trust in Mr. Fish and Mr. Hoar to save us from putting ourselves in a false position. As for affairs in Cuba, no Cuban army turns up yet, no Cuban government, no battles—nothing but desultory murderings and more systematic burnings of plantations. Where *is* the Cuban army or government?

The utter baselessness of the charge that the Spanish gunboats were intended for use against Peru begins to dawn on the public mind, and we hear no more of the sapient suggestion that they should be libelled as being intended for use against "a people, district, or colony"—to wit, the Cuban insurgents, with which the United States are at peace. It seems to have been forgotten by the originators of this grand idea that the "people, district, or colony" have to be recognized belligerents before we can tell whether the United States are at peace with them or not, and as yet this Government knows nothing of anybody capable of waging lawful war in the island of Cuba except the Spaniards. There is little doubt that, after a short detention, the gunboats will be released, there being absolutely no case against them. There has been a document extracted from the archives of the Department of State within the last few days which, indeed, ought to stop the proceedings at once, being neither more nor less than an elaborate argument, from the pen of Señor Garcia, the Peruvian Minister, addressed last winter to the Secretary, showing that there was no war between Spain and Peru, that a formal treaty was not necessary to the restoration of peace—a prolonged cessation of hostilities, without any intention of renewing them, being all that was needed to prove that peace existed; his object being to get the Government to release and deliver to him two iron-clad gunboats which Peru had shortly before bought from persons to whom the United States had sold them. The argument fits the present case better than if it had been made for it, and, indeed, makes it look a little ridiculous.

The Philadelphia *Morning Post*, a furious Radical paper, three weeks ago rated Mr. Moore, the Collector of the Port in Philadelphia, very severely for not having used the Custom-house more thoroughly in the late election. "People who say," said it, "that it is enough if a man in Mr. Moore's position attends to his duty and transacts the public business honestly, do not understand what they talk of. *What is the use of appointing Republican officials if they do not help Republican principles?*" (The italics are the *Post's.*) "If honesty and even ability be enough, then an honest Democrat might as well be

in Mr. Moore's place, and all his clerks might as well be Democrats," etc., etc. Two days later (Nov. 8), a correspondent having written in defence of Mr. Moore, the organ made answer, and said:

"A correspondent has written to us that Collector Moore is a respectable and upright citizen. We did not say that he was not. To gratify our correspondent, we now say that he *is*. *But what have his respectability and honesty to do with the administration of the Custom-house*, or his services to the party? Our charge is that the Custom-house was a spiked Republican gun in the late canvass, and therefore a Democratic gain, and talk about 'respectability' is merely an evasion."

In commenting on this (Nov. 18), we accidentally misquoted one sentence by substituting "ability" for "his respectability," and drew attention to the whole as a specimen of the way in which "one tribe of politicians"—not Democrats either, but "moral" Republican politicians—regard qualifications for the public service. The conclusions we drew were as plainly complimentary to Mr. Moore as it was possible to make them without saying outright, "Mr. Moore we consider a good man." In fact, nobody who has ever taken the trouble to read anything that has ever appeared in the *Nation* on the subject of civil service reform could doubt what our opinion would be of a collector who occupied himself exclusively, as it appears Mr. Moore did, with the honest and faithful collection of the public revenue. But the Philadelphia *Bulletin* seems to have got it into its head that we had in some way reflected on Mr. Moore, and makes a little defence of him against us, which has not unnaturally given some people the impression that we had attacked him.

It would seem that the people of Prince Rupert's Land are more numerous and more united than was at first said. They number about twenty thousand, and the latest news from the Red River—which comes to us through anti-Canadian Minnesota, to be sure—represents them nearly all, of no matter what nationality, as being in favor of resisting the Dominion. They demand the submission of the question of annexation to a popular vote; the right of electing their own legislature; of passing bills over the gubernatorial veto; of establishing a homestead and pre-emption law; and, finally, of maintaining an Indian policy similar to that which now obtains, and which appears to be well adapted to the needs of the district, for there is never trouble with the aborigines. The settlers hold Fort Garry with a force of six hundred men, and have appointed a provisional governor. Many of the Scotch and English inhabitants are said to be passively in favor of the insurgent authority, though they do not commit themselves. On the other hand, Canadian militia companies are offering themselves to the Dominion government to suppress the rebellion. As the road to the scene of the war that perhaps is to be, is many months long, and as the winter is coming, we may guess that it is the officers of militia and not the men of the rank and file that are so free with offers of service. The Canadian militia law binds pretty much the whole able-bodied male population, but the officers are generally young fellows with little or nothing to do, who amuse themselves with exercise, athletic or otherwise, and with imitating the gentlemen of the regular forces who may be stationed among them. Sir John Young will hardly do anything to bring on bloodshed, and it will be a wonder if he does not think the demands of the rebels, or whatever we are to call them, highly reasonable, American as they are.

Meantime, of course, there is some tall talk on our side of the line, although generally the press has been sensible. But the temptation of encouraging a rebellion, joined to the temptation of possible "territorial expansion," is of course too much for the heads of some of us, and that there will not be found speechmakers to address us on these topics is past hoping. No man could be fitter for such an occasion than Mr. Ignatius Donnelly, a type of much, or most, that is bad in American politics. Our readers may recollect him as the man who made the most foul-mouthed and disgusting speech that a civilized assembly ever listened to; and some of them will recollect their pleasure when the gentleman's constituents refused to re-elect him. "Minnesota should be heard at this crisis," Mr. Donnelly says, and what she ought to say is that our Government sympathizes in the liveliest way with all resistance to oppression; that Grant must not permit the red-coated soldiers of England to cross our territory; that the shores of the Red River should be thrown open to unrestrained American settlement, and that before the year is out we may see the stars and stripes floating over Vancouver's Island and Puget Sound.

To what this leads—the unchecked desire to make this the greatest of all countries by making it the biggest—we may see in the San Domingo matter. It is generally understood that two distinguished officers of the regular army have been sent to that island to negotiate a transfer of it, and possibly of the Haytien Republic also, to this government. Why, who can tell? It may probably be true that we should be the better for a naval port in those waters, but it was supposed that we got that when we bargained for St. Thomas; and, at any rate, it is not as giving us a naval port that large classes of people desire San Domingo. They want the land, or think they do; and that the people are as good-for-nothing a set as ever lived to extort forced loans from foreign traders and cut each other's throats, is a matter that they care nothing about. That we should have a San Domingo Ring in Washington, and another in the island, and a new horde of ignorant voters further to corrupt our politics, gives our manifest-destiny men no concern. The only amusing part of the business is, that while Salnave is talking of turning over Hayti to us, and Baez of disposing of the Dominican part of the island, and our Congressmen are getting their speeches ready to fire off next week, neither Baez nor Salnave controls much more than the ground he stands on. Salnave has lost his last vessel, his officers are deserting him, and he gives out word that he has undermined Port au Prince, and will blow it up before he will surrender. Baez, for his part, has to fear that General Vil Lubin, who is becoming master of Hayti, will turn his attention to Dominica by-and-by, in which case Baez, with a good half of his subjects disaffected, will have both civil and foreign war on his hands, when, no doubt, the United States will be a very convenient ally.

We have received too late for publication a letter from Mr. E. M. Gallaudet, denying, on the strength of long personal acquaintance, that the late Mr. Amos Kendall was "ill-tempered," as we said he was, and adding that he gave large sums of money in his latter years to divers churches and charitable institutions. We regret having said he was "ill-tempered," for it was a generalization from rather a slight basis, and we ought to have mentioned his donations to religious bodies as a set-off to what we said about his cumulative turn, though we honestly confess we think very little of donations as indications of character.

An attempt was made in the *Tribune* office last week to assassinate, in the cowardliest way, Mr. A. D. Richardson, a well-known and able contributor to the periodical literature of the day, and he still, at the present writing, lies in a critical condition. The assassin is a Mr. McFarland, whose drunkenness and cruel treatment of his wife had led to her procuring a divorce from him, and for some time previously placing herself, though, as it appears, with a scrupulous avoidance of all cause of scandal, to some extent under Mr. Richardson's protection —he making no secret of his intention to marry her as soon as the divorce was procured. We know nothing of Mr. Richardson's share in bringing about the separation except from the newspapers, but conclude from the warm expressions of sympathy which reach him from a large number of friends that his course has been in all respects not only unexceptionable but praiseworthy. There is now a general cry of horror and indignation from the press, and loud calls for the infliction of condign punishment on McFarland. But, then, it is not improper to ask, why, considering the indulgence with which juries and the public have for some time past treated all murders and attempts to murder, in cases where it could be shown that a woman's reputation or a man's claim on her affection was concerned, should it be considered so wonderful that a man, whose mind has been deranged by drink and misfortune, should come to the conclusion that he was justified in killing anybody whom he suspected of alienating his wife's affections from him? The country swarms with half-crazed husbands and lovers, who read the law reports, and who see that nobody is ever punished for any outrage if he can only show that his feelings about some woman led him to com-

mit it, and they are naturally enough kept by these examples in a state of constant tigerish preparation for crime. We have no desire to palliate what McFarland has done on this score or any other, and hope he will get his deserts; but we must say that it is rather hard on him that his victim's happening to be a well-known literary man should lead to his having measure meted out to him which the behavior of the public in other similar and very atrocious cases warranted him in *not* expecting. A notorious murderer of the same class as McFarland, but a far worse man, is now high in the service of the Government, and has recently received warm expressions of admiration from several editors whom we will not name. It is difficult to see how the *Tribune* can justify the way in which it has worked the affair up into a "sensation," and tried to make Mr. Richardson out a hero or martyr.

A striking illustration of the way a man is sometimes brought to grief by fondness for moral reflections is to be found in the letter of the New York *Tribune's* London correspondent (Nov. 24), describing Mr. Peabody's funeral. Being in Westminster Abbey, he felt bound to philosophize on the surrounding tombs, and, seeing the well-known Howe tablet, he gave vent to his feelings in this wise: "Immediately opposite the grave was the memorial tablet, inscribed as raised by 'the citizens of Massachusetts' to Sir William Howe, who led in the siege of Boston, and offered to the colonies that amnesty on condition of laying down their arms which not all the darkness of their prospects at the time could induce them to accept." Had he stopped at the word "Howe," he might have escaped under cover of a slip of the pen or misprint; but the fates would have it otherwise, and the editor here, apparently being very unfriendly to him, never revises his letters. The "citizens of Massachusetts" have faults, and have been guilty of some follies, but they were never such imbeciles as to put up a memorial tablet to a general whose military career consisted principally of a feeble and inglorious attempt to subjugate them. The tablet, as nearly all intelligent Americans who have ever heard of it or seen it know, is to George Augustus Lord Howe, who fell at Ticonderoga in 1758, fighting *for* the citizens of Massachusetts in the old French war.

The New York *Times* was not satisfied with us for doubting its St. Petersburg correspondent's story about the projected triple alliance between Russia, France, and Austria. Yet all we said was that few people who had paid much attention of late to European politics would believe it, and we said this in as modest a way as seemed to us consistent with strength of conviction. We may add with humility that we continue to be of that opinion still. The proposed alliance is to be hostile in its nature, as is proved by the stipulation it is to contain for the maintenance of a certain armed force by the three powers for a certain fixed period, and the leaking out of such news would make a regular panic on the exchange at Paris, Berlin, and London. But thus far there is not a sign of even tremulousness among the brokers. Moreover, all the general reasons for thinking there is nothing in it seem to us to have increased in strength within the last fortnight, both in force and numbers. The *Times*, after rebuking us in a manner that made us writhe piteously, now cites the *Pall Mall Gazette* against us. We have read what that journal says with attention, and still remain unshaken. The *Gazette* is very well informed, but it has certain weaknesses, one of which is periodically recurring fits of the blues about England's relations to the Continental powers. It is suffering from one of them just at present, and finds no difficulty in stringing together materials for a dismal account of the things the great military monarchies are going to do to her, and the sad plight she will find herself in after they have done certain other things to one another. At the same time, we have no doubt whatever that the *Times'* correspondent is trustworthy and well-informed, nor that he has some foundation for his story, but we have known very knowing men to be taken in on such points before now, and prefer ourselves to trust to the force of circumstances rather than to anybody's information. We advise the *Times* to make an entry in its diary on this matter under March 2, 1870, and again June 2, 1870, and on those days come back to it, and castigate us. We shall not flinch.

Mr. Edmund Ashworth, who made such a damaging attack on "the Revivers of British Industry" some time ago, has come back to the charge. He shows that the imports of French silk into England have risen from $15,658,490 (counting the pound sterling at five dollars) in 1860, to $51,073,500 in 1868. The export of British silk goods to France in the same period fell off nearly $550,000. How, he asks, does this happen? The raw material is about the same price in London as at Lyons; the English manufacturers have cheaper coal, mills, and machinery. How, then, is it that Coventry, Spitalfields, and Macclesfield cannot compete with Lyons? Mr. Ashworth says it is owing to the derangement introduced into business by the trades unions. He cites cases showing that they drove the manufacture of gros-de-Naples from Coventry and Macclesfield to Lancashire; another, in which they drove the manufacture of jet cords from the same places to Lancashire; another, in which they prevented the revival of this same manufacture in the same places; another, in which they drove a fancy velvet trade to Germany; another, in which they prevented the establishment of the manufacture of figured poplins in Macclesfield. He shows that every ship-building firm on the Thames has, owing to the same causes, failed or closed since 1851, except one, which employs only 200 men instead of 1,200. A considerable portion of this is gone to the Clyde, but France is taking a great deal of it, particularly the orders of foreign governments. Mr. Ashworth warns the trades unionists that if they continue their interference with the relations of masters and workmen in the present style, there will soon be not much left of British industrial supremacy. The curious feature in this controversy is that both the English and French protectionists say they are losing horribly by the treaty; which raises the puzzling question, What has become of the money? Who gets it? It is not lost in the Channel.

The session of the French Chambers was opened on Monday in due course by the Emperor in person. There was nothing very striking in the Imperial speech, as telegraphed, and the reforms it announces as forthcoming have long been known; but some of them are important. The mayors of communes, for instance, are henceforth to be elected instead of appointed by the Government, which will stimulate local interest in politics, and deprive the Government of one of its most useful and subservient tools. "Fresh prerogatives" are, it is said, to be granted to the councils-general of departments. It is difficult to know what this means, but if it be a concession to recent popular demands, it means the enlargement of the field of discussion so as to embrace politics, and the release of the councils from total dependence on the "initiative" of the prefects. The other reforms promised are of less importance (though of hardly less utility), as they are not things on which the Imperialists have ever made much of a stand.

The Empire may be said to have gained a good deal during the crisis of the last few weeks, owing to its steady abstinence from repressive measures—a piece of wisdom of which the Emperor himself is said to be entitled to all the credit. The violence of the Radical press has worked its own cure by frightening and disgusting the public. Rochefort himself has even become tiresome and ridiculous—a good deal of his popularity and success having been due to his skill in saying cutting things without bringing himself within the meshes of the law. Now that he is allowed to say what he pleases, he is found to be simply a smart reviler, with neither knowledge nor force behind his hate, and the public has begun to laugh *at* instead of with him. A remarkable article on French politics has appeared in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, from the pen of Ernest Renan, in which, while admitting that the Bonaparte dynasty has acquired absolutely no hold on the French heart, and has committed innumerable mistakes—that, in short, there are no such persons in France as Bonapartist "legitimists"—he nevertheless argues strongly in support of the possibility and probability of France's finding repose, constitutional liberty, and peace under the present Emperor or his son. He likewise makes some very striking suggestions as to the effect of universal suffrage in depriving Paris of the political supremacy it has so long enjoyed, and making it impossible hereafter for the mob of the capital, even if successful in overthrowing the Government, to impose its will on the provinces.

GOING BACK IN RECONSTRUCTION.

THERE are rumors from Washington and other quarters of a desire or intention on the part of a certain section of zealous Republicans this winter to take severe measures with regard to Georgia—in short, to put her completely back under military rule, by way of punishing her for the crimes, disorders, and general spirit of disobedience to the law by which she is said to be afflicted. Georgia, as our readers may remember, is neither in nor out of the Union. Indeed, her condition is perhaps the most singular in which any political community ever found itself. She fulfilled all the conditions of admission which Congress prescribed by an act passed for the purpose, June 25, 1868; General Meade officially certified the fulfilment of some of these conditions; the fulfilment of the remaining one—the ratification of the Fifteenth Constitutional Amendment—was duly proclaimed by the President, and the Georgia Representatives were therefore duly admitted to the House. It only remained to admit her Senators, but they were refused admission because, in the interval, the Legislature had expelled its colored members, its right to be the sole judge of the qualifications of its members having been formally acknowledged in a telegraphic despatch to General Meade signed by the members both of the Judiciary and Reconstruction Committees of the House. The Senate, therefore, deliberately disregarded the act of June 25, and refused to admit the Georgia Senators on the conditions therein prescribed, and by mere resolution prescribed other and fresh conditions, one of which was that the Legislature should lay aside its claim to judge in all cases of the qualifications of its members. No reasoning in support of this extraordinary performance was ever produced. Mr. Stewart, of Nevada, wrote the majority report of the Judiciary Committee, but nobody but himself would sign it, which was not surprising, as it was simply a piece of wild declamation. Messrs. Conkling and Frelinghuysen, however, adhered to its conclusion, which was that the Georgia Senators ought not to be admitted, taking their stand apparently on the discretionary power of the Senate in judging of the qualifications of *its* members, while Mr. Trumbull made a minority report, containing an argument on the other side, which has never been answered, and is, as it seems to us, unanswerable. Since then matters have remained unchanged. Georgia is in the Union to all intents and purposes, except that she has no representatives in the Senate. Legally, there is not the smallest flaw in her claim to be considered a State in the Union any more than in the claim of New York.

It is now proposed, however, it is said, to put her out of the Union in fact as well as in form, by placing her under "military government," the reason being that the people of the State are saucy and turbulent, and that the revenue and police officers find it difficult to discharge their duties properly, and that, in short, life and property are not as secure as they ought to be. It is quite safe to say, however, that the condition of the State in these respects is no worse than either North or South Carolina or Tennessee, and is probably not one-quarter as bad as that of Texas is likely to be for the next fifteen or twenty years. Indeed, the only reason that exists for not dealing with North Carolina and Tennessee as it is proposed to deal with Georgia, is that in these States negroes were not excluded from the Legislature before the State had been formally and completely admitted to the Union. It is, however, hardly necessary to argue against the right of Congress to expel a State from the Union and put it under martial law because a majority for the time being is not satisfied with the local administration of justice. Those who believe Georgia is in the Union do not need to be convinced that she cannot be put out of it in this way.

But those who do not believe she is in it, and who now propose to put her back under military government, would do well to explain to us what they mean by "military government," and in what respect such a government would differ from that now in existence. It is all very well to talk of giving General Terry "absolute control" of the State, but what is meant by his "absolute control?" Real military government—that is, a government of military officers, with a force of soldiers and police at their disposal sufficient to make the roads safe, bring robbers and murderers to justice, enforce the collection of the taxes, and drive rogues and vagabonds into honest industry—would, as we have often said, have been, in our opinion, an excellent thing for the South for four or five years after the war. Both blacks and whites would have profited by it enormously. But no such government was ever instituted at the South. The government the Reconstruction Acts set up, for all social purposes, differed from civil government only in name. The Governor of the State was called a general, and the State a district, but in all else things went on as before. Sheriffs hunted down malefactors, civil courts tried them under the laws and constitution. Indeed, the only marked way in which the Reconstruction Acts affected the machinery of civil government, was by the exclusion of most of the intelligent, educated men in the State from all share in working it. The Union men who took office and went into politics were by no means the best of their class, and they were reinforced by persons from the North, to a large number of whom doubtless injustice was done by Southern and Democratic papers, but who certainly, as a body, were not persons whose advent was any gain to the South. The fact is, that the state of things we established at the South, pending the reconstruction of the States, has probably been one of the worst ever witnessed. To call it a military government would be an insult to the army. No soldier would, if left to himself, tolerate it for a moment; and that its results have not been worse than they have been reflects the highest credit both on whites and blacks, and especially on the blacks. It has consisted, as everybody who has seen it knows perfectly well, in the committal to the most ignorant, the poorest, and least reputable of a great community of the administration of its justice and of its finances, and indeed of the work of legislating for the exigencies of ten millions of people emerging suddenly from a bloody civil war and a social revolution. No such experiment could succeed, or will ever succeed. The Almighty decreed that it should not when he gave man his reason, and provided that it should regulate human affairs. That the disorders of every kind which afflict Southern society should be great is no wonder; the wonder is that they are not greater; and to talk of punishing them, and removing them, by remanding a State back to this state of things, is like remanding a man to the bar-room to cure him of drunkenness. As long as we keep up a government at the South which men of intelligence and character and wealth at the South despise and detest, and which has not even that lowest of all governmental claims to respect—brute force at command—instead of putting an end to turbulence, we sow the seeds of it.

We do not blame the authors of the Reconstruction policy for the results of their policy. It was just and expedient that the prime movers in the rebellion should be excluded from all share in the management of affairs while the basis of society at the South, and the relations of the revolted States to the Union, were undergoing revision. But to persist in keeping up this abnormal state of things, and, above all, to thrust back into it any State which has even partially made its way out of it, would be the height of folly and wickedness. Congress may be fairly defied to make society at the South either sober, orderly, industrious, or law-abiding. It may pass what acts it pleases, and things will remain as they are till the individuals of which Southern society is composed are improved; and the work of improving them does not fall either to General Terry or the Reconstruction Committees. Providence has reserved that for laws whose operation began with the creation of man, and will only cease with his extinction.

THE ŒCUMENICAL COUNCIL AND THE PROTESTANTS.

THE ludicrous attempt of the Rev. Dr. Cumming, of London (of all men), to get a hearing before the Œcumenical Council on behalf of the Protestant world, though its first result was a smart snub for the Doctor, seems to have made some impression on the Papal mind. The Holy Father has addressed a second letter to Archbishop Manning, informing him that, although enquiring and disputatious heretics will not be allowed to take part in the discussions of the Council, all access to the sources of truth is by no means to be denied them. They may come to Rome, if they please, during the sittings of the Council; nay, they are invited to do so, in order that they may, while there, have the benefit of arguing their beliefs with eminent divines, who will always be ready to reason with them and refute them, and thus, if it be possible, open their eyes to the error of their ways.

In the Protestant world, in the meantime, the excitement about the Council seems to grow as the day of meeting draws near. Amongst both Protestants and liberal Catholics on the Continent, and especially in Germany and France, there is a good deal of alarm lest the action of the Council should introduce confusion into the relations of church and state—a not unreasonable fear, considering the strong hold which the church still retains on the peasantry, and the reaction in her favor which, according to the best observers, has taken place among the *bourgeoisie* of the French country towns—a class which, thirty or forty years ago, was all but infidel. This anxiety is not unnaturally intensified by the fact which has just been brought to light, that the prelates of what is called the "Latin world"—that is, of countries speaking languages derived from the Latin—will outnumber three to one the prelates of the Teutonic nations in the Council. In other words, the clergy of those countries whose political and social training is most defective will have an enormous preponderance. Their social ideal is, in most respects, so different from that of men bred in Anglo-Saxon or German communities that it is not unreasonable to fear from them as thoroughgoing a support of the Syllabus as the Papal authorities may desire. Should they have their way, the Catholics of the German world would be placed in a position of great embarrassment.

On the other hand, there are great numbers of Protestants who secretly cherish the belief that some great gains to Protestantism, properly so called, would probably accrue from the excesses of the Council, and therefore hope, rather than fear, that the more violent and ignorant men may have their way in it; and Dr. Merle D'Aubigné, as well as others of the evangelical school, are in favor of some counter-organization of the Protestant world, or, at all events, counter-movement, by way of preparation to profit by the Council's mistakes, or foil its strategy—by way of showing, in short, that there is arrayed against it a force of living men, holding distinct beliefs and cherishing distinct aims, and not simply airy and impalpable entities like "progress" or "the spirit of the age."

We think there is ample warrant for the belief, however, that whatever the Catholic Church may lose by the excesses of the Council, Protestantism is not likely to gain much, if it gains anything. The growth of Protestantism by means of converts from Catholicism ceased, as everybody knows, two centuries ago, and there is not the least likelihood that it will ever be renewed. Catholicism since then has suffered enormous losses on the European Continent. A man of education in France, Germany, or Italy, who, though born and bred in the Church, retains any faith in it, is one of the rarest of animals; nevertheless, Protestantism finds few or no recruits amongst such. When a man withdraws his confidence from the Catholic Church in our day, he does not, as men in the sixteenth century did, feel the need of belonging to some other religious organization—of having at his command a teacher and sacraments and religious sympathy or fellowship. For all these things he finds substitutes in literature, in art, in philosophical speculation or social enjoyment, or philanthropic efforts or political agitation. He looks on the men who fell on the battle-fields of the religious wars in defence of the right to listen to long sermons from preachers of their own choosing, to take the sacraments in both kinds, and to read the Bible as much as they pleased, with admiration indeed, but it is the admiration one feels for Galahad or Lancelot; his sympathy with them is poetic sympathy, and he lingers over their story as one lingers over a picture or a relic. If the men who totally disbelieve in the Church, deny her authority, and laugh at her doctrines could be marshalled now into a new religious organization, the Reformation as a blow against the Papacy would sink into comparative insignificance. But no such marshalling of dissidents is any longer possible. They are no longer known by their creed or garb or manners, but by their staying away from all public worship. We suspect whatever damage the Council does the Church will show itself, therefore, not in a swelling of the Protestant ranks, but in swelling the ranks of that immense body of men and women whose attitude toward religion is one neither of faith nor fervor nor obedience, but of suspense or indifference. Most of them still hope that something to take the place of their old faith will yet make its appearance in the spiritual void into which they are marching; but many more are fully satisfied with the visible world and its joys, and have lost all curiosity about its secret.

On the other hand, there is no denying that no matter what indiscretions the Council may commit, Catholicism will continue to make, as it is now making, heavy gains—not enough, doubtless, to make up for all its moral losses, but to keep up for ages to come a great show of material strength. It owes and will owe most of these gains to the fact that we are passing, in the moral and intellectual world, through what it is the fashion to call a "transition period." The frequency with which the phrase is used, as a clumsy mode of accounting for things difficult to explain, or defending things difficult to defend, has made it somewhat of a laughing-stock to thinking men. All periods are in a certain sense—indeed, in most senses—"transition periods;" but there is this that is peculiar about the present one, and which makes it a transition period *par excellence*—that the world may be said to be throwing off the authority of one set of ideas without acknowledging the authority of any other. From blind confidence in a certain set of guides, men are passing, not into confidence in a new set, but into an absolute disbelief in the need of any guides whatever. The result is what Matthew Arnold calls "anarchy," and other people call "progress," and which, whatever it be, is marked by such an amount of vigorous speculation as was never seen before, upon all the bases of social and political life, marriage, property, family, the tests and sanctions of morality—nay, the very existence of morals; and one of the striking features of this speculation is that it is carried on, not like the philosophizing of all former periods by a few thinkers in their closets, doling out their sermons to select circles of disciples or admirers, but by a vast multitude of both sexes, and all conditions and degrees of mental and moral culture. On every stump in our day we find somebody with a plan of social regeneration, and at the basis of nearly every plan lies the doctrine that the past must be broken with utterly and irretrievably, and that experience is a sorry guide, and that immediately in front of us lies the promised land.

It is in the confusion thus created; the rapid growth in many quarters of deep contempt not simply for authority but for the elaborated conclusions of human reason; the widespread inclination to launch mankind on the unknown sea of the future on little *a priori* rafts composed of prayers, short poems, moral apothegms, platform addresses, preambles and resolutions, intuitions and sentimental secretions—that the Church of Rome now makes most of her gains. Amidst this general rocking to and fro she stands firm; within her borders there is calm; she alone professes to know things for a certainty; she is sure that the bases of civil society, as at present constituted, are the right bases. Within her jurisdiction, marriage and property and family are eternal; man's origin and destiny are fixed and ascertained. She thus supplies one of the great demands of the age—rest, not from religious doubt only, but from social disturbances and disorganization. There are thousands on thousands of men in every country, who, though they may not be drawn to her bosom by religious yearnings, seek in it refuge from the communist, the woman's rights champion, the intuitional democrat, the twaddling agitator of every kind and degree; men to whom the world, as the reformer hopes to see it or is trying to make it, would be utterly repulsive, and who cannot believe that movements headed or propelled by such multitudes of half-taught and undisciplined people can end in anything but ruin. To this class she opens wide her doors, and they are crowding in, sure of a welcome, and of tender regard for their most respectable prejudices and their dearest interests. The Pope is greatly troubled by the general license of speech and thought, and well he may be; but it does not work him mischief wholly and solely. Probably there is no platform tirade against the rule of authority and things as they are which does not incline one person to fly to the Catholic altar, or make one already there cling to it more firmly, for every one in whom it rouses a spirit of contempt for the past or wild and unreasonable expectation as to the future.

THE NEW UNITED STATES JUDGES.

The recent history of the Supreme Court of the United States furnishes an excellent illustration of the manner in which, in a mixed

government like ours, the political balance of various departments is in the long run maintained. Thirty years ago the Supreme Court, and indeed the judiciary generally, stood as high in the general estimation of the public as it is given to mortal authority ever to stand. No doubt of its purity lurked in men's mind; no political bias was believed to influence its decisions; it was looked upon by the common consent of all parties as the one great landmark, the one great bulwark of society which was sure to withstand all storms, and to secure the nation whose laws it administered in the blessings of life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. But this impression was not destined long to continue. From the moment that the popular mind had become fully convinced that the great question of the hour was the question of slavery, it became evident that the prestige of the judiciary had received a severe shock. A court, it seemed, which had been reverenced for impartiality and justice, was unable to apprehend the utter injustice of compulsory servitude. Judges who had been held up to the people as models of wisdom rendered decisions whose folly the most uninstructed could discern at a glance. A co-ordinate department of the entire government was in the hands and at the beck of a fraction of the people.

We do not say that this change of feeling was right, but merely that it took place. The Supreme Court, from having been the most honored, became in a few short years the most despised of American institutions. The Court had not changed. The fatal Dred Scott decision, which finished the work in popular eyes, might have been rendered with as great unanimity in Washington's time as in Buchanan's; but in Washington's time the people cared nothing about the matter, while in Buchanan's time they cared deeply. But however that might have been, the prestige of the Court was gone. Then came the war, and the fierce passions which it excited served to increase the contempt in which all judicial processes were beginning to be held. The raising of armies, the levying of taxes, the summary arrest of the seditious, the recognition of the existence of a civil war—all these things became in the mind of the dominant party necessities; and in the way of all these stood that terrible obstacle, the Supreme Court. From day to day no one could tell what decisions it might not render. It might declare the Legal Tender Act unconstitutional, and plunge the whole country into ruin; it might decide that conscription was unlawful, and prevent the raising of armies; it might declare the very war itself unconstitutional. Against all such chances the people were obliged to prepare themselves. And they made their preparations in two ways. They resolved silently that the decisions of the Court should not stand in their way, whatever they might be; and they began, by means of Presidential appointments, to change the complexion of the bench itself. Whenever a Democratic judge resigned or died, a Republican judge was put in his place. And so the Court sank lower than ever in public estimation. What would have happened if it had really rendered any important unpopular decision during the war, it is hard to say. Perhaps we may infer the consequences from what took place after the war was ended. Then began those fierce struggles over the Reconstruction Acts which have only just been brought to a close, and in which the very existence of the Court was for a time threatened. Would the Supreme Court declare those acts unconstitutional? What was to be done if it did? There was introduced into Congress a bill designed to degrade still further, and to bring into greater contempt than ever, the unfortunate Court—a bill making a two-thirds majority necessary in adjudging any law unconstitutional, but leaving it in the power of a bare majority to declare a law constitutional. This monstrous proposition failed, but another almost as bad passed—the bill taking away from the Court the right of appeal in a case in which it had actually been already exercised.

But now the Court had touched the lowest point in its career, and the wheel began to revolve. The war was over. The object of destruction was gone, and the spirit of Conservatism reigned in its stead. To build up what had been thrown down, to restore order, to bring back harmony and justice into the affairs of the country, became the important problems of the hour. The agency best calculated to assist in the work was the judiciary; and it became evident that the hands of the Court must be strengthened. The executive, which had, during the war, been all-powerful, had given way before the legislature on the return of peace; and the judiciary, which had hitherto been the sport of both, began at length to assert its ancient rights. The relations of the States to each other and to the Union, the questions of currency and taxation to which the war had given rise, the questions of private rights, which had of late been settled by the strong arm of military power, all these came back again into its grasp. Popular respect for the judicial function began again to appear. Partisanship in judges, which during the war had seemed a virtue, once more took on its hideous natural aspect. As Congress and the President fell, so the Court rose in regard and esteem. The balance is at length in a fair way of being restored, and one more illustration furnished of the inherent excellence of the system of checks and balances which lies at the root of American politics. Thus one day may the future historian of America record for the instruction of generations to come the lessons of the recent history of our judiciary. Thus will he note how in the revolving years the ship of state rights herself. But his record is our task, his study our daily work, and how far he is to be enabled to read the past as we would have him read it depends upon the exertions of the actors now upon the stage.

A great deal may still be done to retard the natural readjustment of the powers of government by designing or foolish men, and we are very soon to see how far those now in power at Washington are able to comprehend the true use of their authority. By an act of Congress approved on the 10th of last April, the Supreme Court of the United States is hereafter to consist of the Chief-Justice and eight associate judges, and under this provision a new associate Justice is soon to be appointed. By section second of the act, nine new circuit judges are to be appointed, who are to possess within their respective circuits the power of Supreme Court judges. The object of the act is a good one. It was unquestionably passed for the purpose of giving more time for the discharge of its duties to the Supreme Court. But the practical effect of the act will be bad or good according to the character of the new appointments. Never before in the history of the country has the President had such an enormous power placed in his hands as this. Hitherto the changes in the Supreme Court have been so slow that if a President could find a single appointment to make during his term, he was well pleased. But here at one blow the President can create ten new judges, one of them a judge of the Supreme Court, and the rest judges of a tribunal which is superior in authority to all but the Supreme Court. The present organization of the United States courts is as follows: The United States are divided into as many circuits as there are judges of the Supreme Court, and into a large number of districts, each State generally forming one district, though some of the larger States, as, for example, New York, are divided into two or more. In each of these districts sits a district judge, while the circuit court in any circuit is composed of the Supreme Court judge allotted to that circuit, together with the district judge for that district. Appeals may be taken for almost all cases from the district to the circuit court, but it is much more difficult to carry a case up to the Supreme Court, as the sum involved in the suit to entitle a party to appeal must be a large one; practically, therefore, the circuit court is a court of last resort for most suitors. By the second section of the act of April 10, the circuit courts in each circuit are to be held, 1st, by the Justice of the Supreme Court allotted to the circuit; or, 2d, by the new circuit judge appointed under the act; or, 3d, by the district judge of the district sitting alone; or, 4th, by the Justice of the Supreme Court and the new judge sitting together; or, 5th, in the absence of either of them, by the other, together with the district judge. That the circuit will be held chiefly by the new judge can hardly be questioned. This, as relieving the Supreme Court, was the chief object of the act. It will readily be seen that we speak within bounds when we say that to give the President power to appoint nine new circuit judges is to clothe him with an authority such as no President, since Washington, has enjoyed.

It is a gratifying proof of the increased respect in which the Supreme Court is held that we do not hear of any attempt to foist upon it, under the provisions of this act, a partisan judge. There seems to be a general agreement of opinion that no such appointment should be made.

The reiterated assertions that the Attorney-General is to have the place show the general feeling about it. The present Chief-Justice has been "in politics" quite enough to sicken the palate of the most radical disbeliever in the "judicial mind." If Judge Hoar is appointed, the appointment will be an admirable one, though the vacancy in his present office is more likely to be filled by a worse than a better Attorney-General. On this account we should be sorry to see him appointed. But the important matter is that these ten new officers whom the President and Senate will appoint in December should be first of all judges. We do not care whether they are Republicans or Democrats, or Old-line Whigs, or annexers, or anti-annexers, or woman's rights men, or anti-woman's rights men—the first question is, Are they judges? Will they decide cases, regardless of fear or favor, in accordance with law and conscience, or will they truckle to the dominant party of the day, and render decisions in accordance with the popular clamor? If they are of the latter class, the administration of Grant will one day stagger under a heavier load of obloquy than its most grievous political mistakes can ever render it accountable for; because in this case it will not be able to plead the excuse which has served its turn under other circumstances, that the outcry of party supporters was too great to be resisted. There is now no outcry. There has been even a singular silence as to those new judgeships—a silence of which Grant may avail himself to his lasting fame and the country's permanent happiness.

A HINT TO OUR FEMALE AGITATORS.

We shall be told that we are deficient in sympathy with one of Mr. Wendell Phillips's three great "questions of to-morrow;" indeed, we stand a chance of being a good deal worse miscalled than that, even; but should we therefore refrain from speaking out our honest convictions? It will not be denied, we imagine, that among our inalienable rights is the right to "a free platform." If it were not for contradiction and other similar freedoms, how should the world and we reformers have much speech with each other? or, in fact, we among ourselves? We say, then, that there is a certain matter as to which our female reformers—some of them—need to take a lesson from us males of the same species. They may not forget that they are reformers, but no one can deny that many of them do remember that they are female. Go into our next convention, and you shall see some lady, older or younger, getting up on her feet for the purpose of proving that woman has never been allowed to produce great works of art or of literature; that she has had innumerable laws made for her, but has never been permitted to make laws for other people; that if peradventure she has ever been more than a miserable queen-consort—has ever herself held the reins of government—she has been persistently surrounded by male counsellors, who have taken all real business into their own hands, every Elizabeth having had some insidious Burleigh; that if Bridget is one fool, Patrick is another; that woman has been made to bear men's children; in short, that in all ages she has been made man's slave, or else, if he has not enslaved her, he has been fond of her and made her his pet. And we may add that very likely all this she will prove, and with conclusiveness, and very often in a strain of eloquence as good as Colonel Deming's. But, then, there she is, while she is doing it, dressed in, perhaps, an elegant *vert nil poult de soie*, handsomely trimmed with point lace and satin; or, perhaps it will be in an imported and changeable *vert nil* and white *poult de soie*, trimmed with *point applique* lace and green satin with magnificent Chantilly Lersignie. We have seen one in velvet. And there was one with a *panier* at the Press Dinner on Saturday last.

It is not so that the anti-slavery cause was carried on, through derision, and mobbing, and murdering, and the hostility of several great religious organizations, and the contempt of the Boston *Daily Advertiser*, to its final glorious triumph. No more was the Protestant Reformation brought about by the assistance of celebrated *modistes*. *Non tali auxilio* does the eight-hour movement make such progress as it makes; nor, in brief, is it thus that any cause conquers, but rather such means retard the greatest causes. Men see this. Mr. Phillips would give Mr. Blackwell, for instance, what the Irish call "down the banks," if Mr. Blackwell were to apparel himself for convention with the splendor that some earnest young female radicals whom we could mention indulge themselves in without any rebuke from the superior officers. We men should be down on such in the twinkling of an eye. There was a sort of Astrachan cap worn some few years ago by the world's people—a shaggy black cap, without any visor, a complete cylinder but not a very long one. Indeed, it was not all of the world's people themselves who wore it, but rather the younger and more jaunty of them. Now a warm Republican who had in many ways, on many occasions, done good service to the cause of reform—a Massachusetts Republican, in fact, and of the straiter sect of the Pharisees, as we may say—moved by we do not know what considerations, bought one of these Astrachans and carried it on his head about Boston and vicinity, just as very likely one of our contributors to the *Revolution* may soon be wearing a true Tyrolienne hat, or, better still, the helmet-shaped hat of beaver or velvet—shaded with plumes matching in color—which is going to be all the fashion during December and January. She will wear it, we have little doubt, without a word of reprehension; and, indeed, if she is not envied by all the other slaves of man's caprice, we shall have better hopes of female suffrage than we are quite able to entertain now. But our male friend of reform was at once abused roundly. "Look at that hat of his," a co-worker said—a thoroughgoing friend of freedom for all, an Abolitionist whom the late Hon. Amos Kendall, our Postmaster-General, would hardly have let come within miles of any United States mail-bag—"look at that hat of his. A man who will wear that kind of a hat hasn't got his heart with us," he said; and as a matter of fact, wherever his heart was, the man with the extraordinary hat has never since, we have observed, been allowed to get his hand in with us, and could not be cheered to-day in any Massachusetts convention. So, also, the French reformers used to deal with their brethren. It would have been a bold man of the Mountain who should have ventured to wear his chapeau under his arm in the latest years of the last century. Robespierre, to be sure, was allowed to be clean and neat: but then Robespierre had rendered to Liberty unmatched services. Besides, the heads that wagged against his blue coat and his bouquet he could cut off. And then, he had his own head cut off; so, as things turned out, he might with advantage have been more dirty and slovenly perhaps. So, too, of the saints who in the early ages of our era advanced the cause of the church. For some centuries no one cared to go to leeward of a saint; and the saints not only disused water, but severely discountenanced its use, reviling it; and their dress was always peculiar. And so of the resuscitation of German national literature. Read what they tell of Jean Paul in his youth; how he would wear no wig, as did the classicists and the imitators of the French who surrounded him, but exposed his own hair, and that without powder. When Lord Byron was an object of reverence and a leader of revolt, what enemy of Pope did not turn down his shirt-collar and expose his neck? See, again, what Carlyle, or Sydney Smith, or some other writer says about the outer man of any company of reformers. One observes at the first glance, he says, an altogether different look from that worn by a company of conservative rate-payers. The hats are of various orders of architecture—of all except the stove-pipe order—and there are full beards instead of reaped chins, and heads of long hair, and coats with frogs and braids and capes. How often were not travelling Mazzinists arrested in Italy when Austria and its allies ruled the peninsula, merely on the evidence borne by the width of their hat-brims? And out of Italy—in Leicester Square, say—the Mazzinists who did not wear a slouch hat and a cloak had a lively time of it, we may depend. They were not dealt with by the men and brethren as the women and sisters are dealing with each other now.

And yet, after all, may it be that the men and brethren are and have been all in the wrong, and that the weaker vessels may be full of instruction and reproof for them? Possibly a reformer with a hat like the rest of mankind who are immediately about him, and a cut to his hair that does not strike the beholder as monstrous, and a coat that resembles the ordinary coats of human tailors, may be a reformer who is so determinedly a reformer, so self-consciously—we regret to say it—so self-consciously and self-approvingly a reformer, that he is not after all so great a worker of reforms. The man in the Astrachan cap, having goodly apparel, with a gold ring on his finger, may, after all, be the better promoter of good causes. With all his want of griminess, and though his hair be short, and he has never worn a shawl, he may really have done better service in committee-rooms, on platforms, in the press, than the iconoclast who reviles his sumptuousness, and points to the style of his own trousers or head-gear as the true proof of soundness on the main question. It was not the great moral reformer, but only a forerunner of his, let us remind our friend, who wore the camel's skin about his loins. The other came eating and drinking, and in externals was not so unlike his neighbors. Perhaps our Boston Radical—it was a Boston man, or one from thereabouts—may have the remark made to him by some sharp sister, that when the trousers or head-gear are considered as being so closely connected with the main question, there is some indication that they have usurped its place, and,

briefly, that he is, in her opinion, a weakly, feminine-minded, self-conscious, ass. Some of the women do talk in that manner, we can tell him.

Perhaps, we repeat, the women are in the right. The oratrixes of the free platform may really be setting the orators of the same an excellent example in declining to discipline each other for their sacques and paniers, and their little hats tilted forward, and their tulles and silks, and all the rest of it. We suspect that they are. We believe we are going over to their side, and that we shall say it is a sign of weak-headedness in the male reformer if he put much reliance on the oddity of his dress, and that it is even a worse sign when he does this knowingly; and that as for them, they do well to make themselves as beautiful and lovely as they can—at any rate, so long as there is a standing offer from some Western man to give a thousand dollars to anybody who will show him, engaged in the woman's rights movement, a single young woman of striking "personal attractions." But this last argument is a low one, and is rather light-minded besides. It is worthy of the brainless fop that we hear about; or that frequent, pipe-stem-legged youth, pale with billiard-playing, and staggering under the weight of his Concha cigar; or that bad man who forgets, when he talks of the women who are promoting the cause, that he had a mother, and sisters. The case may better be rested on the argument presented before the suggestion of this last one.

FRANCE.—"SEEING FRENCH SOCIETY."

PARIS, November 12.

THERE is no other place than France, perhaps, to which so many foreigners come and remain for ever *foreigners;* merely seeing the external aspects of the spot, and the worst aspects of its society; scarcely ever penetrating into the substrata of the social soil, and knowing the French population in the most superficial way. It may be said that, in the two great German centres, Berlin and Vienna, the stranger sees less even of the real home population than he does here; but, firstly, the statement itself would have to be disputed, for I do not believe that anywhere the genuine native has been used to mix so little with the stranger as in France; and, secondly, supposing the assertion to be true, what is the proportion of the "foreign invader" in any town in Europe compared with what it is in this? Probably about one to a thousand or more. Well, then, I repeat it: to no city upon the face of the civilized globe do such a vast number of foreigners come (at all seasons of the year), and nowhere do they live so utterly apart from the native; producing in the end the condition of things which I set out by affirming, namely, that of entire ignorance as to what the modifications (for better or worse) are which the French race may be undergoing.

In the United States, you perhaps fancy that because England and France are so near the two nations frequent each other and live in a sort of intimacy. No such thing. The French population of the upper and higher-middle classes adopt, since the last ten years, every English habit and custom, and in every possible manner try to shape their lives upon the model of English ones, but they do not like the English traveller in France one atom the better for this; and therein lies one of the most curious anomalies of the whole position. It is a fact that French society and English society cannot mix together, or in any degree fuse; that they do the same things differently even when they do the same things. All their modes of thought are different.

An English family comes to Paris for the winter, we will say—nay, intends, perhaps, to reside there for half the year, and expresses a real wish to "see" French society, to mix with it, and learn to know it. But the first word "see" is the right one and spoils the whole. French society will not consent to be "seen" as a "sight," and what the English man or woman means (unconsciously) is simply that they wish to "see" French society as they would "see" the Louvre or any other "sight." What happens? A French lady is asked to receive the British travellers at her house. She consents, though she begins by premising that "foreigners" can find no amusement in a Parisian *salon*, and you clearly see that while she is thus consenting she is doing it out of kindness for the person who makes the request, and that she herself does not like it. The night comes on which Madame X——— "receives," and the English family makes its appearance. The lady may be one of Albion's fairest daughters, and one of the least ill-dressed (English women have made great progress in this respect); her husband shall be one of the most amiable of men and (in his own sphere) cultivated. Before half the evening is over they have made a dozen mistakes. The masters of the house pay every attention to their guests, and present to them several of the remarkable personages who frequent their *salon*. Then it is that you see the incompatibility! Granted that both the British husband and wife speak French tolerably well (which is rare), they think all their thoughts exclusively in English. They have no thought of that which fills the thoughts of the Gaul.

M. X———, the celebrated orator and statesman, begins to talk with the English lady (whom he thinks so pretty). She asks him if he does not admire Mlle. Schneider in the "Grande Duchesse." He is forced, in spite of his politeness, to make her understand that people of good repute and standing (*"les gens sérieux"*) do not attend theatres of the kind she alludes to. She can't comprehend, and he withdraws, after vainly trying to find some subject to talk upon. Another "celebrity" comes, and with equal tact she opens fire about the "Court"—as she styles it—and the fashions set by the Empress. Worse still! She discovers, to her surprise, that her interlocutor knows nothing about all this! The English lady finds it "slow." Meanwhile, the English gentleman has been at a loss to conceive the fire and animation with which the various groups have been discussing—one, a leader of Paradol's in the *Débats;* a second, an article of the Duc d'Aumale's in the *Revue des Deux Mondes;* a third, the coming election at the *Académie Française*. When the "amiable" Britisher is brought to bear upon any one of these little knots of *causeurs*, whom he thinks so "animated and energetic," he soon throws a wet blanket over the talk, and puts it out either by showing his complete ignorance of the subject being discussed or by awkwardly starting another which is thoroughly antagonistic. He very likely stumbles upon some politician like Rémusat or Berryer (while he lived), and asks him whether he does not think Napoleon III. a "great man—the greatest man of the age?"

The upshot of the whole is that after two hours are "got through," and tea and *brioches* have been ceremoniously partaken of, the two sides feel relieved when they separate. The Parisians who have "received" tell their guests that on that same evening every week they are "at home," but they hope in their hearts that their British guests will not remember it; and the latter, as they retire, vote their *soirée* a terrible bore, and say that it is the last time they will ever undergo such an infliction. The error has been principally theirs, for the Parisian lady foresaw what would occur; but the children of Albion had come to "see' French society, without possessing in themselves a single qualification which either fitted or enabled them to understand or like it. Seeing French society as a "sight" does not answer; you must enter into (if you do not adopt) French modes of thought, and feel interest or sympathy for the subjects which cause the French mind to be set in motion.

When her visitors have left her salon, the French lady and her lord indulge in a quiet laugh, and ask themselves what link can exist between two civilizations so perfectly distinct. Yet in that French home half the servants are English; the children are washed and dressed *à l'Anglaise;* the stables know only English coachmen and grooms; and *gigots* and roast beef come to table raw and blue, under the notion that so it is done in England, whilst the oldest boy of the family (a boy of sixteen) speaks French with an English accent! Yes, the large mass of rich or respectable people in France now wash, eat, ride, and drive—nay, even speak—*à l'Anglaise*, but the subsoil—the thought—is still as ever French, immutably, despotically French. They take from the foreigner all that he can give them, but they don't take him with it. They don't like him, neither does he them. They "don't get on together." The consequence is that, as I began by saying, no "foreigner" renders to himself a true account of the improvements in the French race. These are various and numerous, but I will treat of them in another letter.

THE CONDITION OF WOMEN IN ITALY.

II.

LEGHORN, November 1, 1869.

ALL general and apparently sweeping assertions concerning a nation must be understood to refer to the majority of cases in one sense, and to the average in quality in another sense. This average itself is a mere logical abstraction, and need not have any phenomenal reality. If the mean temperature of a month is said to be 50°, it is possible that the quicksilver never stood for more than a few minutes at 50° during the whole time, and that these 50° do not represent the real temperature of a single hour in the course of the month. Yet this average number contains the truth. It is a truth *sui generis*, though.

In this sense, it may be said of Italian women that their general characteristics are of a negative nature. It is easier to say what Italian women are not than what they are. They certainly are not strong either in individuality or in spontaneity. They have neither strong convictions nor strong

feelings nor a strong will; and are, therefore, weak alike in counsel and in action. Their passions may or may not be strong, but they are certainly short; and short, indeed, is the romance of their youth. At an age when a northern belle is still at the height of her ambition and in the midst of her triumphs, the Italian woman, whether married or single, has settled down into a sober-minded, matter-of-fact person, who might be mother and protect her northern sister, or who might transact business and preside at a family council, if her cleverness were equal to her maturity, and if she took a greater interest in things not referring to the drive and the theatre. Not that she cares overmuch for these things, either. She likes them; but she is too mild in her predilections to feel strong desires and strong temptations. She has become *wise*—as the French would say—prematurely and distressingly wise; and is (let us say at twenty-five) incapable of folly or even rashness. She may yet marry, but that would be a mere matter of expediency; and if she remains single, she feels no disappointment whatever. Old maids are neither sour-faced nor sour-minded in Italy.

This intense wiseness of Italian women also finds vent and utterance in an extraordinary amount of "soft sawder;" and, as they are all great chatterboxes, it may be said of their conversation that it is apt to be extremely uninteresting. *Esprit* and wit are rarely, if ever, met with in Italian women. The sense of the ludicrous, too, is seldom to be found. Yet who can tell what faculties may lie dormant in their souls? Their short and mild schooling at the nunnery cannot have quickened, much less developed them. Occasionally you hear some good repartee, betraying quickness of perception and presence of mind. But such sparks are the result of a protracted conversational excitement. When this subsides, the fair signora relapses at once into her usual indifference and superficiality.

It is clear that persons with such negative virtues and faults, with such inertness and want of the power of reaction, must fare badly in the lower ranks of society. Nothing presses or oppresses the lady; not even jewellers' and milliners' bills disturb her domestic happiness, her husband being an easy-going man, not minding debts, and taking a childish delight in seeing his wife decked out in the loudest of fashions. Her children grow up among nurses wet and dry, and her household is too rough and primitive to give her any trouble or anxiety. Against what should she react? Against whom should she assert herself? Even in the classical days of the cicisbeo she could feel sure that in the hour of need she would be backed by her old ally the priest. But look at the Italian woman when she is surrounded with difficulties. She neither reacts against adversity nor against poverty; not even against the inclemency of the seasons. She gives in, not indeed without much lamentation, but without any attempt at a struggle. "*Pazienza!*" she says, and shrugs her shoulders. The Italian woman thus sinks, an inert mass, deeply into the ground on which she happens to be placed. She is a good mother, but she seems drowned in her own maternity. She is *toute mère*, and revels in the details of the nursery. She will receive her guests surrounded with screaming babes and swaddling-clothes, and not infrequently while suckling the youngest. A nurse sits idling in the next room, but the screaming brats are neither hushed nor sent away, whatever may become of your conversation.

Again, how does she meet the exigencies of the seasons? She neither lights a fire nor spreads a carpet on her brick floor, but vegetates through the *bruma nivalis*, an uncouth bundle of shawls and wrappers; while, in the dog-days, she seeks comfort in the opposite extreme, and reposes, lightly draped, in her well-darkened boudoir from Sunday to Sunday, when the church-bell rouses her to action, and she goes forth in her most flaring colors (I have seen red gowns in July) to meet her pious sisters at mass. *Spectatu veniunt, veniunt spectentur ut ipsæ.* Bereavement and the sight of death unnerve her altogether. In Rome and elsewhere, the women often leave the house when some member of the family has died. May not the undertaker look after the dear departed? But the bereaved widow and the orphan daughter do not run away in search of solitude and retirement. They go to stay with their relatives or neighbors, where their sobs are drowned by a cackling chorus of good-natured yet unsympathetic comforters. Such scenes remind one of the choruses of women in Italian operas, who stand round the bereaved heroine, singing old saws and waiting until she is ready to swoon. All this is at least harmless. The dead cannot be recalled to life. But unfortunately the Italian woman shows the same want of self-restraint in the sick-room when all is not lost yet, though the cold shadow of death is felt to be drawing near. She is well meaning, of course, and tender-hearted, but she does not appear to advantage on such occasions; and it may well be said that, with the exception of some well-trained professional nurses, the Italian woman is a fussy, worthless, and often mischievous attendant in a sick-room. From all this it is easy to guess what the effect of privation and poverty must be on the minds and habits of Italian women. A German or an English or an American woman, however poor she may be, seems to have certain innate ideas and traditional standards which brace up her energies and enable her to keep her head above water. She can hardly afford soap, but she will not give up washing for all that. She battles on, and strives to realize some, at least, of her ideas concerning domestic comforts. The Italian woman has no ideas whatever on the subject, and cannot, therefore, fight for them. Overawed by fate, she languidly gives in and never dares attempt to mend it. She forswears whatever is not absolutely necessary for the maintenance of life, or whatever does not afford some gratuitous pleasure. The children like wading in the gutter: why should she buy shoes for them or darn their stockings? Why should she even darn her own or mend her clothes when nobody in her neighborhood objects to rags? These women, though not always ugly, are extremely repulsive, especially those of the towns. By whichever sense you may perceive their presence, you feel repelled, and even far beyond the range of this presence their shrill, harsh voices send a tide of chopping air-waves after you. As to their homes, they are worthy of such presiding angels. It is useless to describe them; they are filthy and cheerless dens.

In the country districts the same low type of womankind prevails. Yet their barbarism is less repulsive, perhaps because it shows itself under forms which reveal man's guilt more unmistakably than woman's weakness. One sees at once that, in these rural regions, the woman has altogether become the victim of man's selfishness. She digs the field and hoes the clod, while her husband or brother sits gossiping in the village café; and in the mountains one often meets groups of ragged women carrying heavy loads on their heads, while their smartly dressed mates walk by their sides, smoking and chatting. Take any fishing village on the coasts of central Italy; let it be four or six miles from the nearest town or railway station, and you may feel sure that all the fish is carried thither on the heads of women.

It is strange that, in a country where the differences of rank may be said to be almost evanescent among the men, these same differences should become so marked and prominent among the women. The Italian lady need not look up to her husband, and in some respects may look down upon him. But the Italian woman of the people is an unmitigated barbarian, vastly inferior to her male companion in intelligence, education, manners, in gait, habits, and aspirations. He may be a good-for-nothing, idle, and ignorant fellow, but he can look smart and intelligent. He is fond of dandy boots, too, and you can see at once they would fit him, if he could only afford them. But his wife is, and looks, an inferior being, whom he may have loved for a moment, but who soon becomes his yielding, submissive victim. Even among the children of the poor the same disparity, the same injustice shows itself. The boys do sometimes wear shoes; but the girls are either barefoot or in wooden clogs. This extraordinary variety of female types is a necessary consequence of the inertness, passivity, and negativeness of Italian women, which causes them to be entirely moulded by fate and accident, and unduly influenced and modified by outward circumstances. Even their virtues and pleasant qualities can be explained by the same hypothesis. It is at once clear, for instance, that women with so little spontaneity can have no strong prejudices or biases of any kind. They cannot be violent partisans as other women are apt to be, nor great hero-worshippers either. Most of Garibaldi's priestesses were daughters of the North. And this absence of bias and prejudice makes Italian women naturally fair and reasonable. Even nervous and hysterical women have nothing of that chaotic flightiness which often disfigures female thought and talk. It is truly refreshing sometimes to exchange a few words with one of these cool and even-minded women, who, in spite of their utter want of education, can listen so well and answer so rationally.

But something far more important follows from this coolness and even-mindedness; something which affects the ethics of Italy. And let it be said at once here that the Italian woman is, in point of morality, the very reverse of what she has been supposed to be ever since the days of Byron. She is eminently *sage* (to quote once more this delightful French term). I should call it virtuous, if virtue did not imply something like a struggle against temptation. But the daughter of Italy has but a short youth and a still shorter romance. While this lasts, she is of course like any other young woman—a Juliet *in posse*, who might elope with a duke or with a groom if she were not, during this time of danger, kept under the most rigid control by her parents. Neither this control nor the need for it lasts

long; and, when she regains her usual freedom, she is generally found to be quite fireproof, and behaves with becoming ease in men's society.

Byron wrote from Venice to an enquiring friend at home, that, although he knew a great deal about domestic morality in Italy, he could not well communicate it, because nobody in England could understand or even believe him. He was right. *Cavalieri serventi* and conniving—nay, grateful—husbands are things difficult to understand; and the wife's virtue, under the circumstances, is difficult to believe in. But these things have long ceased to exist. They may still occupy the morbid imagination of credulous tourists. But they are things of the past, and, it should be added, never were, while they lasted, national institutions, but a morbid excrescence of Italian civilization, affecting only the aristocracy. Moreover, it was the profligacy of the husbands that invented the ingenious institution of the *cavalieri serventi*, and the neglected wives could hardly help accepting it. Now, the Italian ladies have got rid of their cavaliers, and do not seem to miss anything, while their husbands are as vicious and as profligate as ever, and must be held, as much as ever, responsible for the incredible amount of vice and self-indulgence which still disgraces Italy.

Of course, this does not exculpate the other sex entirely. The Italian woman is yielding, but she neither tempts nor is tempted. She accepts the forbidden fruit, not because she cares much for it. The streets of Italian towns are remarkably free from the opprobrium of the nocturnal trade (which is the more remarkable, as the streets are the common lounging places till late at night), not because there is any lack of prostitution, but because the women neither like nor understand the trade.

Altogether, the Italian woman must be pronounced to be a serious and sober-minded person of frugal habits and moderate in all she does or feels. She is, therefore, singularly free from vice. Even the half-savage peasant woman in whom we have recognized such a low type of female humanity is, in this one respect, vastly superior to her male companion. There is something almost manly in this moral equilibrium and repose of Italian women, and the effect is rendered more striking still by the undeniable femininenes of Italian men. Generally speaking, the Italian man is frivolous, fickle, vain, passionate, fond of gossip, more interested in persons and personalities than in things and principles. He is fond of small things, of toys, of lapdogs, of children; and he is all this for life, and not merely during the short honeymoon of his youth. Look at that bearded cavalry officer who beats the pavement so terribly with his dangling sabre; he leads a little Maltese dog by a red silk string. If he has to go far or if the day is hot, he will take a cab, and loll back languidly on its hard cushions in a lady's attitude. You meet him again on the promenade, and now on horseback—a place where he ought to feel at home, but where, nevertheless, he always seems to be in difficulties. His poor beast would go admirably, if he would only let him. But there is no end of kicking, rearing, prancing, snorting, and all this for the benefit of an admiring nursemaid who happens to pass. You can easily see that this is no mere chance; for whenever a new woman heaves in sight, the same equestrian antics begin again.

A gentleman once explained to me the mysteries of an Italian income-tax schedule whose blanks I had to fill up. On coming to the rubric headed "age," he whispered to me with the most touching good-nature: "You need not be particular about this; you may write what you like." Judges indulge sometimes (and this is no bad trait) in a good cry when they can acquit a man unjustly accused. And deputies burst into tears when they have made each other hysterical by personal obloquy and slanderous insinuations in a parliamentary discussion instituted *ne detrimentum capiat res publica*.

Some men wear stays; some few wear ear-rings; all are fond of jewellery. Italian men embrace and kiss each other on saying farewell, or on meeting again after a long separation. Their style is flowery, their oratory stilted; both are hyperbolic. They are gushing, and would like to jump at conclusions, if fear and caution did not seize them by the coat-tails. These traits, though small in their anecdotal shape, reveal qualities which must have had some cumulative effect on the relations between the two sexes. It is impossible that men, whose average types exhibit similar foibles, should be the heroes of women, though they may become their husbands. Perhaps this acts as a corrective for the insignificance of Italian women, and prevents them from *out-womaning* themselves. Where vanity and coquetry are indulged in by men, the women cannot think it worth their while to do the same. And so it is, in fact, in Italy. The horseman may pose when a lady passes by, but she will hardly look at him in return, much less pose for him. The whole demeanor of Italian women in the streets shows ease and unconcern, and a striking absence of affectation and coquetry. They must, of course, assume a defensive attitude in the streets, considering how little deference or even respect is shown to them by the men; but it is probable that, in doing this, they require but little dissimulation.

On the whole, the two sexes in Italy seem to stand nearer to each other than elsewhere, and to have less prestige in each other's eyes. Whether the question of women's rights will ever be discussed or solved in Italy, is doubtful. Italian men, otherwise so liberal and unprejudiced, seem singularly averse to this discussion. It may be intellectual laziness or a kind of *blasé* habit of mind, but they prefer taking an intuitive, common-sense view of such questions, and can find nothing worth discussing in them. They smile and often laugh at the extravagances of the foreigners who show such zeal in the matter. The Italian is a politician, but no socialist and no doctrinaire. Nevertheless, it is probable that Italian women will gain many points without any discussion and public agitation. The whole state of things seems to point that way, and usages will be sanctioned and acquiesced in where innumerable obstacles stand in the way of the discussion and enactment of laws.

Correspondence.

MR. HENRY JAMES AND THE SWEDENBORGIAN CHURCH.

To the Editor of the Nation:

Sir: Your correspondent, who signs himself "A Swedenborgian," does not deal candidly with the public. He knows, quite as well as I do, that I complain of his sect not for professing *to play* New Jerusalem, but only for professing *to be* it. I have not the least objection to his organizing "meetings for religious worship and instruction, and for the administration of the sacraments," when, and where, and how he pleases; and he knows this perfectly well. What I object to is, his pretension to pass off this meeting upon unwary imaginations as a more acceptable homage rendered to God than that rendered by any other sect. "The New Jerusalem" is an image used in symbolic Scripture to designate God's accomplished or regenerative work *in human nature itself*, and has not the slightest relevancy, therefore, to any mere *persons*, actual or potential, under heaven. In assuming this hallowed name to themselves accordingly in their ecclesiastical aspect, the Swedenborgians are either in fun or in earnest. If they are only in fun, as your correspondent would make it appear, the fun is unseemly, and may easily mislead the simple. If they are in earnest, then I submit that no words can be too pointed to characterize their irreverence and folly. And this is just what they are, very much in earnest—"A Swedenborgian" to the contrary notwithstanding. They are not a harmless gathering for the purpose of playing New Church, but of *being* it, to the prejudice of all other churches. If they were really content to simulate and not to be the New Jerusalem, no one would more freely allow and fully enjoy the joke than I. But they claim actually to be this grand reality in visible form, and by no means merely to simulate it, and hence they boldly disallow all other worship than theirs as having any divine sanctity. It is all very well for your correspondent to talk of "light-houses." But suppose his light-house, the moment it began to scintillate, should do its best merely to squint obscuration upon all other light-houses, would you not say at once that a more preposterous light-house was never invented, or one more utterly worthless to the mariner? Surely, the meaning of a light-house is not to diminish but increase the light that already exists; and when, therefore, a light-house can find nothing better to do than to discredit other light-houses, we may be very sure that the little light it has is not light from heaven.

But even thus I should have no quarrel with the Swedenborgians. They may organize themselves, for aught I care, into whatsoever ecclesiastical form of rigor or frigor they please, provided they do not at the same time degrade any name that belongs of right to humanity. This, however, is what they habitually do, and this is all I complain of them for doing. They lead the unwitting public to suspect that Swedenborg himself was a man of low sectarian aims. In claiming the prestige of his venerable name and labors for their organization, they give the public to suppose that there is at least something, much or little, in his books to countenance their pretension; whereas, there is not a jot or syllable which wears that complexion. They systematically do their best to make the public believe that Swedenborg himself was a man of the shabbiest ecclesiastical cut, and never conceived of the church—while yet he announced it as a divine *novelty* in the earth, for which all history waited and panted—

as an actual and most intimate life of God in the lowest persons and places of human nature, but only as a new or improved *ritual* administration of the divine name. It is solely for the dishonor they thus do to Swedenborg before the world that I denounce them *to* the world. I have, to be sure, a boundless private antipathy to their narrow sectarian ways; but I should never open my lips in public concerning them provided they were content to put their ecclesiastical organization and practice before the public upon its proper merits, and did not seek to justify it by the association of Swedenborg's untarnished name and fame.

I am, Mr. Editor, truly yours, HENRY JAMES.

CAMBRIDGE, MASS., November 26, 1869.

MR. E. MULFORD.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In your allusions to Mr. E. Mulford, you have unintentionally committed certain blunders concerning him and his work. In the first place, he is not a retired clergyman, neither is he in ill health, and, better still, he is not from Connecticut. It is unnecessary to allude to Mr. Mulford's personal antecedents, as we presume your mission will be to deal with his forthcoming work. Until its appearance, we beg you to stay your biographical hand. TRUTH.

Nov. 27, 1869.

[As we had our facts in regard to Mr. Mulford from a personal friend of his, who thought we did wrong in saying that he was "not known to us," and who volunteered to enlighten us, we had great hopes of not going wrong in his case. But here we are rebuked again, it seems; and compelled to notify all persons who have been basing upon our statements any delusive dreams to wake at once to the realities of things.—ED. NATION.]

Notes.

LITERARY.

MR. WILLIAM GOWANS, of this city, has added a fifth volume to his "Bibliotheca Americana"—a series of truly valuable reprints relating to the early settlement of this country, the authors, in every case thus far, having composed their works on the spot as residents, and having been eye-witnesses of what they relate. The latest is "A Character of the Province of Maryland," by George Alsop, for four years an indented servant in Baltimore's colony, in return for the cost of his transportation thither and his "keep" during that period, and who published this work in 1666 in aid of emigration. It accordingly gives a very favorable account of the new state, and draws a contrast, probably not exaggerated, between the degraded condition of mechanics and apprentices at home and the same class in Maryland. In other respects, it is remarkable chiefly for a certain vulgar humor in the writer, whose diatribes against Cromwellians and the Commonwealth read much like border-ruffian editorials on the immorality of New England. These occur *passim* in his prose chapters, and are done into verse in some supplementary pieces joined to letters to his kindred—"from the chimney-corner upon a low cricket, where I writ this in the noise of some six women," he says at the end of one. Best of all is Alsop's separate "Relation of the Customs, Manners, Absurdities, and Religion of the Susquehanock Indians in and near Mary-land." His lively account of their cannibalism and savage tortures must have counteracted much of the good effect of his "Character," and was rather oddly bound up with it. The editor of the reprint, Dr. Shea, has added explanatory and other notes of considerable interest and not a little erudition. Mr. Gowans, on his part, does a sensible thing in printing a good edition of five hundred copies for popular consumption, and a very few on large paper for bibliomaniacs. We wish his example might be followed by others.

—As New Year's draws nigh we have the customary announcement of new journals and magazines. As important as any of these projected periodicals is a monthly magazine, to be edited by Mr. Edward Everett Hale. The *Christian Examiner* is to be given up, and *Old and New*—which is the rather unfortunate title of the magazine—will be to some extent the expositor of Unitarianism. But it is intended to make *Old and New* a journal for the widest possible circulation among families, and to this end it will have social and literary articles as well as religious and educational, and will enlist in its service distinguished authors of creeds different from its own. It is understood that the American Unitarian Association will push it, and if that means, as it ought, that each Unitarian clergyman will constitute himself an agent for increasing the circulation, the magazine will start off with a fair wind. But probably there is none of our sects which would be less tolerant than the Unitarian of intellectual weakness in its religious organ; and *Old and New* will have to be superior to most of the religious press, and to depend mainly on its ability. Mr. Hale's name will be taken to guarantee a good deal of this; though of course only an inspired prophet would venture to say beforehand of any of the sons of men that he is going to be a good editor. The good editor is both born and made, and is a rarer *avis in terris* than orator or poet. Another new journal that we are going to owe to a sort of Unitarians—or that perhaps we are going to owe—is the *Index*, to be published at Toledo, and to be edited by Mr. Francis Ellingwood Abbot. Many of our readers know of this gentleman, for he has been conspicuous as a "come-outer" from the Unitarian camp where doctrines are taught even by the more "advanced" of the Unitarians which are not advanced enough for Mr. Abbot. To such of our readers as are acquainted with his writings and speeches or sermons, we may say that Mr. Abbot—who is not yet in middle life—is a man of decided ability and of undoubted intellectual courage and honesty; so we do not know where the friends of what we may call religious rationalism would be likely to find an editor better able to express their views and opinions.

—There is to be at least one new magazine for children which ought to have considerable success. It may be described as a twin brother of the *Little Corporal*, or as another form of that warrior; it will appear monthly, and it will be full of original dialogues, recitations, readings, charades, and the like, which may be used in schools on exhibition days and declaiming days. This is "a new kind of magazine," the editors say, and we believe it is; at all events, we think there has not hitherto been a magazine wholly devoted to the particular field of this one. But in the field almost as soon as the *Little Corporal's School Festival* is something which very closely resembles it, and that is J. W. Schermerhorn & Co.'s *New Illustrated Monthly Magazine for the School and Family*, which is to be a "reader" fresh every month. The children get tired of their reading-books, says the prospectus: "American boys and girls are dissatisfied with the dulness and want of life" that they find in most of the readers now in use; "first of all things, children nowadays demand novelty," and yet it is not fair to ask the parents to go to the expense of frequently making a change in the text-books. So Messrs. Schermerhorn & Co. have devised the above-mentioned means of giving the desired novelty to the dissatisfied children, and of giving it at an expense that will not provoke the parents to murmurings and grumblings, for their monthly reader, which is to contain ninety-six pages, in clear type, on toned paper, and interspersed with pictures, is to be sold very cheap. One thing the prospectus says without which we certainly should not have asked for commendation of the enterprise—as now on the whole we feel somewhat inclined to do—and that is that the conductors of the new magazine, remembering that to the young all literature is new, intend to select matter because of its intrinsic value and without regard to its age. To make the children, from their first lisp, devourers of daily newspapers and magazines of current interest would be to out-Herod Herod in the destruction of innocents. There will be too near an approach to this, we fear, in "the digests and summaries of current news" which are to constitute the chief portion of the original matter. American children are politicians soon enough already; and they are even now as avid of "facts" as is at all good for them; and although it will be the older readers who will be exercised in this part of the magazine, still even they, we think, will get little good from it, and that not unmixed. Perhaps literary intelligence, such as a well-edited necrology, for example, might furnish, would be a good substitute for the proposed summary. Much might thus be done in the way of criticism of the leaders in thought and learning, and the sympathies of the pupils might be much widened as well as their knowledge extended. But we wish to say a word, too, of general adverse criticism of the forthcoming journal; we much doubt if novelty should be so sought after in reading books as Mr. Schermerhorn seems to believe it should. To teach the pupil how to read and how to speak; how to avoid the faults of pronunciation that prevail in his neighborhood and those which are peculiar to himself; how to inflect his voice and in every way read out the sense that is in the printed words; this is after all the principal object of a reading lesson, and giving the scholar information is a subordinate object. A good teacher who can add to the reading lesson something of his own, who is accustomed to make his scholars criticise both minutely and comprehensively the author in hand, and who

is a fairly good elocutionist, can make almost any reading-book answer his purpose, and will not be too anxious for a monthly change of matter.

—There has been a little talk of a disagreeable character in some quarters not of the highest respectability concerning Mr. John Fiske's University Lectures at Harvard. Some people would almost seem to think that the way to treat Positivism is to cover up one's head and forget it as hard as one can. But that is not the opinion of the college authorities, nor indeed of anybody else of intelligence. The true way to look at these expositions of what Positivism is, and what it has to say for itself and in criticism of other systems, is to look at them as parts of a whole system of lectures—a system in which figures Mr. Fiske, who is a Positivist, or an "unbeliever" if you will, but in which figures also Professor Fisher, of Yale, who is as far from being an "unbeliever" as anybody well can be; in which figures Dr. Hedge, who may be taken, we suppose, as representing evangelical Unitarianism; and in which figure also men of almost all other shades of belief, besides Dr. Hedge's, that lie between Mr. Fiske's and Mr. Fisher's. Evidently it is not with the voice of the University that Mr. Fiske is speaking; the University is not preaching any philosophy in particular; but the students may see all. It is besides to be remembered that it is not to boys but to men and women of mature years that all these lectures are delivered—men and women too few in numbers, by the way, and likely to remain few until the price of admission is lowered. The publication in the *World* of some of Mr. Fiske's lectures is another, and, perhaps, a more legitimate, ground for attacks upon him. But he is like most other men of letters in this country, and finds literature a not too lucrative pursuit. He has as good a right to sell his lectures afterward to an editor as before to a college faculty—always supposing that both the parties to the original contract were of one mind on the subject, and that is a supposition which nobody can suppose incorrect in this instance.

—We see that our principal Western seminary of learning—the University of Michigan—has begun to subscribe for the *San Francisco News Letter and California Advertiser*, and we are not without some secret terrors lest possibly we may have done something to induce in the minds of the purchasing powers of the university a notion that the sheet abovenamed is a safe companion and guide for youth. We beg leave to wash from the hem of our garment so much as a slight suspicion that we approve of the morality of the "Town Crier" and his accomplices. On the contrary, as to their moral natures, they would seem to us to be in a state of blighted ruin, if we did not reasonably suspect that they were born without any moral natures at all. They confess freely and cheerfully to malice, to envy, uncleanness, disregard of a future state, scorn of the eight-hour law, unmixed contempt for Senator Casserly and all other gentlemen of Celtic blood, contempt, mingled with pity, for all Young Men's Christian Associations, hatred of the clergy, a loathing for women's-rights men, and a serene contemplativeness when women's-rights women put in an appearance, an unaffected admiration for female beauty, a love of intoxicating liquors, a clear disbelief in the San Francisco Pioneers' Association, a willingness to levy black-mail, and, in fact, a thousand other vices and sins of an equally scarlet dye. Here is a remark or two which they made the other day to a correspondent whom they had probably appalled by some new outburst of profligacy or more violent crime:

"An unknown correspondent, mildly anxious as to the orthodoxy of this paper, thinks we might conduct it in such a manner as not to offend the most fastidious. Dear friend, we do not care how much we offend the most fastidious. If we sin against them, there are two courses open to them, they can either stop reading the *News Letter* or cease to be fastidious."

Yet we think that on the whole we must advise such of our readers as are older, and better grounded in goodness, that of the two courses which the editors point out they should choose the latter and "cease to be fastidious." Certainly, it is often very witty and entertaining. Panurge himself might "loaf" in the office of the *News Letter* with much satisfaction to his mind and heart. Its wit and impudence, and rascality and blackguardism and cynicism would give him mere delight; and for courage Friar John would applaud it. It is true, too, that, whether or not it cares at all, it very often strikes a good blow for good causes. For instance, the Californian brutality toward the Chinese it is constantly attacking, and its general services in exposing cant and stupidity and humbug must be of real and great value to the San Franciscans. We do not know if it only affects some of the vices to which it lays claim; we do not know, for example, if it levies black-mail; but whatever it does or says, it will change for the worse before we shall say of it that, wicked as it is, it is wholly bad, or that it is not very amusing. But it is disgracefully unfit literature for the young and untrained, and the university faculty might have done worse than prohibit it.

—The Anglo-Saxon man who has forgotten mediæval Florence and Venice, and has been looking down on the business capacity of "the Latin races," may turn his eyes to Notre Dame University, in Indiana, and take cognizance of a "wrinkle" which, so far as we can see, he cannot hope to surpass, nor even to equal. In fact, he may as well resign himself to despair, for in the way of "offering inducements to subscribers" there is nothing more that can be done. Oroide watches, prize strawberry-plants, sewing-machines, pianos, portraits of Grant, copies of "What Answer?" and all the other countless premiums which "any energetic and capable man" may accumulate by sending subscriptions into the offices of the various editors, secular and religious, are of no less than infinite unimportance when brought into comparison with that offered by the ingenious founders of the Notre Dame *Ave Maria*, a weekly paper. They say that from the beginning they intended that the *Ave Maria* should ask not for annual but for life subscriptions, and this "in order to secure the permanency of our undertaking." Whether the undertaking whose success was to be secured was the publication of the paper or the maintaining of the college is not made clear; but, looking at the singular device that was hit upon for getting money, we should guess that the *Ave Maria* was merely an instrument for replenishing the collegiate coffers, and was not an end in itself. "Newspaper men" are not seldom enthusiastic in their belief in "the paper." Some of the gentlemen of the press would cheerfully lie, steal, forget the Sabbath-day to keep it holy, worship graven images, use profane language, cease to honor father and mother, bear false witness against their neighbor, and otherwise trample under foot almost all laws, human or divine, for the sake of "a beat," or of "exclusive news," or of any other advancement over its rivals of the journal with which they are connected. But still there are bounds and limits; and, as we say, we doubt if it was in the interest of their paper merely that our Indiana friends took up with this plan:

"We were taken to task by some of our best friends for offering a life subscription at $20. We heeded not the criticism. We even added the promise of the holy sacrifice of the mass to be celebrated every Saturday at Notre Dame for life subscribers, with a certain number of communions on the same day—from fifty to seventy-five—by way of suffrages from the living and the dead; the same mass and communions, with indulgences and prayers, to be offered individually for departed life subscribers, as it would please our heavenly Father to call them from our midst. Experience has shown the wisdom of this measure, for a vast number have become life subscribers."

The tremendous sacrifice of the mass has been made to serve various ends since first it was celebrated, but this that it serves here is as well calculated as any other that we think of to surprise and stagger the ordinary worldly mind. Protestant publishers, as somebody has suggested, can now do no less than offer as premiums to subscribers good heavy life and fire insurance policies; and even then they struggle after their rivals in vain.

—Mr. W. Carew Hazlitt has shown himself so captious and cross-grained in many of his writings, and has such a fashion of depreciating the labors of other people who have treated of the same subjects which he has, that it is not with any surprise that one discovers him to be something of a pretender himself, and his surliness to have been the cover for dishonesty rather than the honesty with which it is popularly associated. He has recently got out a work called "English Proverbs and Proverbial Phrases," and in the preface to it he takes occasion to abuse a former compilation made by Mr. Henry G. Bohn. "He ventures," says Mr. Bohn, "to impugn and abuse my performance in every possible way, without, as it appears to me, the slightest foundation." "He commences his attack insidiously," it seems, this causelessly malevolent man; he cites Fuller's "Gnomologia" as containing 6,496 sayings, of which many, he says, would have to be taken out as not being truly proverbs; and then he adds gratuitously, "In Mr. Bohn's 'Hand-Book' there is, as may be supposed, a much larger number." And what do you do yourself? Mr. Bohn demands of him. Don't you put down as a proverb the phrase, "A Canterbury gallop," though it is to be found in all the dictionaries? And don't you put down also such stuff as "a word and a blow," and "as flat as a pancake," and "a huge loss," and "a brown study," and "a dunghill gentleman," and "a hop on my thumb"—which last, by the way, as Worcester's Dictionary would have told you, should be written "hop-o'-my-thumb?" After the insidious commencement of his attack—which, had he been

better advised, he never would have begun—Mr. Hazlitt proceeds with an attempt at the general destruction of Mr. Bohn, who, on his part, is so surprised and disgusted, and is made so angry with his assailant, that he means to sue him; and that it will serve Mr. Hazlitt right if he does, anybody will admit after reading the letter which Mr. Bohn has sent to the *Bookseller*. For the cause of Mr. Hazlitt's abuse is that common and noble one which has been at the bottom of one-quarter or one-third of all the ill language in literature. The melancholy truth is that Mr. Hazlitt has been pilfering from Mr. Bohn, has been stealing the results of that gentleman's labors; and having done him an injury, he of course at once falls foul of him. Mr. Bohn has good evidence that Mr. Hazlitt not only made the "Hand-Book" the basis of his own work, but even sent the printed pages to his printer as "copy." In the first four pages of the "English Proverbs" Mr. Bohn finds —unacknowledged, though Mr. Hazlitt pretends that he always makes acknowledgment—twenty of the proverbs first collected by Mr. Bohn; and some of them Mr. Hazlitt could not have got elsewhere, as Mr. Bohn got them from unpublished manuscripts or from sources all but unique. Then Mr. Hazlitt steals from Ray as well as from Bohn, Mr. Bohn says; often taking Ray's Greek, Latin, Spanish, and other parallels, and often taking his explanations, which those of our readers who know Ray's work will remember as a most amusing part of it. Having been guilty of this thievery, into proof of which Mr. Bohn goes at greater length than we can, Mr. Hazlitt wickedly turns round and blackens the unfortunate Bohn and his book. The "Hand-Book" he says, does not reproduce faithfully all of Ray's collection. What is more, the "Hand-Book" is not as good as the collections previous to Ray's. Then again, Bohn's book, says Hazlitt, has the grave defect of giving conflicting and even contradictory proverbs. This is a most extraordinary indictment to prefer; as if half of all the proverbial wisdom in the world were not half-wisdom, and as if scores of proverbs were not all the better for being contradicted. Bohn, too, has neglected several minor works, if we may believeMr. Hazlitt; and has left out not a few good proverbs which may easily be found in the "Gnomologia;" and has given Heywood's proverbs corruptly; and has not given half—no, nor a quarter—of Herbert's "Outlandish Proverbs," and so he goes on, in the sulkiest manner, and without the least regard for facts, till at last Mr. Bohn is out of all patience and works himself into a passion, which, as we look at the matter, has a good solid excuse, and of which we trust Mr. Hazlitt may yet feel more of the effects.

CURRENT FRENCH LITERATURE.

THE *rabies biographica* is often commented on. Judging from his "Voltaire et la Société Française," M. Gustave Desnoiresterres appears to be no exception to the rule as regards the biographer and his idol. In three successive volumes—"La Jeunesse de Voltaire," "Voltaire au Château de Cirey," and "Voltaire à la Cour"—he chronicles and paints Voltaire in his youth, in his rising greatness, and in his career at court. Yet, in addition to these, another volume—"Voltaire et Frédéric"—is announced as in press, and, measuring by the chronological progress made in the third of the series before us, a fifth would appear to be inevitable. The events of the short space of five years (1745–50) suffice to fill Vol. III., and they are nearly all of a nature to suggest that its title should have been "Voltaire the Courtier" rather than "Voltaire at Court." M. Desnoiresterres has ransacked contemporary history and literature for everything and anything—anecdotes especially—that could possibly illustrate his subject, and yet he does not appear to be aware that he makes his prince of philosophers cut a most unphilosophical figure. As presented in these pages, Voltaire never for a moment ceases to be the courtier. He courts sovereigns, ministers, aristocracy, the police, and most of all the courtesans. He writes to Richelieu (1745): "Tell Madame Pompadour that her kindness fills me with gratitude, and tell her how I praise her to you; for I speak to you of her as I speak to her of you; for, in truth, I am tenderly attached to her, and feel that I can rely upon her kindness," etc. M. Desnoiresterres does the best he can to extenuate Voltaire's hypocrisy, his cringing genuflexions in endeavoring to obtain influence that might open for him the doors of the French Academy, against which he had cast so much mud. His police spy performances in his persecution of the Travenels are, as might be expected, painted as much as possible in *chiaroscuro*. And then the Du Châtelet-St. Lambert affair. A hardy translator, indeed, would he be who could put it into English, for our modest language would hardly support the original, whose intrepidity of phrase might daunt the boldest. The chapter-heading, "Une Société Gangrenée," is eminently fitting here. The affair it relates is of a cynicism so hideous and yet so strange that it possesses the charm of a venomous serpent, and brings the frightened yet fascinated reader back to it in spite of himself. More than thirty years ago the *Edinburgh Review* commented upon the St. Lambert story, as then told, but with liberal supply of citation from the original, so hopelessly inadequate to render it was all the English at its command.

"France et Chine: Vie Publique et Privée des Chinois Anciens et Modernes," by M. O. Girard, whom we take to be a missionary priest, professes to describe not only the political, social, civil, religious, and military institutions of China, but also its philosophy, literature, science, and art. The work is over-ambitious in its scope, and undertakes to cover too much ground. For a reader desirous of obtaining a general idea of China, the book may be found useful, but it does not add to information already accessible elsewhere.

With the exception of a chapter on the voyage of the frigate *Novara*, the "Études et Essais par Émile de Laveleye" appear to be a collection of review articles, mostly on subjects of local European interest. The *Novara* was an Austrian frigate, sent in 1857 on a scientific expedition around the world. She returned in August, 1859, to find war ablaze between Austria and France. And then happened something most worthy of record: to the credit of the French Government and of advancing civilization, as soon as hostilities were declared, orders were despatched to the French fleets in all the oceans to respect the *Novara* wherever she might be met with. She was specially fitted out under the auspices of Prince Maximilian, and afterwards bore his remains away from Mexico. One of the last labors performed by Humboldt was to prepare certain instructions for the scientific commission sent out in her, of whose labors a full report was published in the "Reise der Oesterreichischen Fregatte *Novara* um die Erde." M. de Laveleye takes occasion to dwell on the subject of the United States, discussing its political system and future prospects with great fairness. We discover in him a very discerning observer and an honest and impartial judge; for in a note he says that in 1867 Americans swarmed in Switzerland, and he then proceeds to remark: "Many of these Americans appeared to be young married couples making the tour of Europe, returning by Palestine and Egypt; some had retained their Far West manners, but the majority were perfect gentlemen; what distinguished them from other travellers was that the men appeared to have more dollars in their pockets and the women more ideas in their heads.

The great apostle of the Gentiles appears to be, as they say in France, *à l'ordre du jour*. M. Auguste Trognon, the author of a history of France, crowned by the French Academy in 1865, has lately published "L'Apôtre Saint Paul: Étude Historique." It is simply the recital of the life and labors of St. Paul as gathered from his Epistles and from the Acts of the Apostles. The author announces that he has no pretensions as an exegetist, and less as a theologian. He appears to be familiar with the Greek and Latin versions of Scripture, but evidently has no knowledge of the Semitic languages. Contrasted with the high color of Renan's work, M. Trognon's recital at first appears pale, but it grows upon the reader by its judgment, logic, and eloquence.

Returning home from the United States on the eve of the last general election in France, M. A. Édouard Portalis conceived it his duty to publish his impressions concerning a nation where liberty really exists. They appear in a work entitled "Les États-Unis: Le Self-government et le Césarisme." The author counsels his French reader to go and look at the country so justly called the New World. Six months' residence there, he says, is better than ten years of study elsewhere. As the title indicates, the parallel between republicanism and imperialism forms the main idea of the work. M. Portalis discusses our form of government and its practical workings, public instruction, religion, and internal improvements. Of course there is a chapter on the Mormons, who appear to have a particular attraction for modern travellers, French and other. M. Portalis has studied our government to some purpose, and Cæsarism is not complimented by his comparisons. The Pacific Railroad excites his admiration, and he enthusiastically comments upon it as a fact quite as important in the history of humanity as the invention of printing, the steam-engine, or electricity. The Americans, he says, have realized the marvellous idea of Christopher Columbus, and have created the direct line between Europe and the Indies that he dreamed of. Again: "When I compare the conquests we desire—these of our Rhine frontiers, for instance—to those which the Americans make every day without spilling a drop of blood, I cannot avoid a painful sensation. Where, to humanity, would be the profit of such a conquest as that of the Rhine frontier? Would it produce a single city, or even a village? It would only make a

few office-holders more." The increasing number of serious works such as this one on the United States would appear to indicate that the day has passed when foreign travellers in this country were wholly occupied with the discussion of questions of personal comfort, "domestic manners," and bad cookery. The "American spittoon" may be said to have passed out of literature.

M. Paul Leroy Beaulieu gives us "Recherches Économiques, Historiques et Statistiques sur les Guerres Contemporaines. 1853–1866." Of the four parts into which the work is divided, one—"Statistical Researches on Contemporary Wars"—had already appeared as an article in the *Revue Nationale;* and another—"The Diminution of the Evils of War"—in the *Revue Contemporaine.*

Who at the present day has ever heard of Vansleb? A book concerning him has just appeared, which presents a singular instance of what might be called moral resurrection. It is "Vansleb, Savant Orientaliste et Voyageur—sa Vie, sa Disgrace, ses Œuvres, par M. L'Abbé Pougeois." The subject of this memoir died nearly two hundred years ago. He was an Oriental scholar of remarkable attainments, had been a collaborator of the Englishman Castell in the preparation of his "Heptaglotton," and had earned a reputation as an Ethiopian scholar in England and in Germany. Duke Ernest the Pious, of Saxe-Gotha, entertained the altogether original design of connecting the religion of the Reformation with that of the Church of Ethiopia, and, by the advice of Ludolf, a distinguished scholar, and Vansleb's former master, the latter was selected for the remarkable mission. The embassy ended with the altogether unexpected and—so far as the duke was concerned—utterly disgusting result of Vansleb's conversion to the Roman Catholic Church, and his entrance into the order of Dominicans. After some years of study in Rome, he was sent to the East on a scientific mission by Colbert. He had spent nearly four years in Oriental travel and research, when he was ordered home by that minister, and treated with severity and great injustice. Retiring to a small village near Paris, he shortly afterwards died there. Ludolf, jealous of his superior acquirements, had for years calumniated him, false reports against his good name circulated uncontradicted, and in the course of a few years passed into history. His memory being thus weighed down under a load of obloquy, his literary reputation suffered in consequence. Some ten years ago, a conjunction of singular circumstances brought his case to the attention of M. Champollion, under whose auspices the present work has been prepared, fully vindicating Vansleb's memory from the serious charges against him. The book is interesting not only for the story of Vansleb's life and travels and the rehabilitation of his memory, but for the account of his literary labors. Of these, his "History of the Church of Alexandria," written at Alexandria from Coptic documents, is the most noteworthy.

Stendhal is a name frequently met with in French literature. He is admiringly cited by many, and is spoken of with praise by authors so eminent as Balzac and Prosper Mérimée. Nevertheless, to many persons, all this is insufficient to account for his alleged superiority. The examination of his writings did not explain what puzzled us; and now that we have read his life and an analysis of his "art," we confess ourselves more than ever lost in amazement at his reputation. "L'Art et la Vie de Stendhal" is a work written with a facile pen and some power by one who withholds his name. The anonymous author appears to have adopted the method which Sainte-Beuve says is the best for reaching a correct knowledge of the man whose biography you propose to write. This method is to propound certain questions and answer them, if only to yourself—although these questions may seem utterly foreign to the nature of the man's works. Thus: What were his religious opinions? How was he affected by the spectacle of nature? What of him under the head of woman—under that of money? Was he rich? Was he poor? What was his manner of life? What was his special vice or failing?—every man has one. None of these answers are indifferent in aiding you to form a judgment of the author of a book and of the book itself, provided it be not on pure mathematics, and is a literary work into which something of everything enters. Our author has taken the Sainte-Beuve process, but not the implied advice of privacy in its application. In cases where the cause of death is doubtful, it is a satisfaction to obtain the scientific result of a post-mortem examination. But we have no desire to be present at the revolting spectacle, to handle the bloody knives or to hold the bucket. In the moral post-mortem he has undertaken, our writer, with the air of one totally unconscious of the existence of a separating line between vice and virtue, exhibits and dissects his naked subject *coram populo.* Finding in Stendhal those things which among ordinary people pass for indecent and disgraceful, this pearl of biographers evidently contemplates them as so many graces adding fresh brilliancy to his solid virtues. He says of Stendhal: "Il avait des sens souvent impérieux. Stendhal a toujours et partout cherché par un art exquis, à grouper dans sa vie un choix de fleurs et de sensations agréables." This moral surgeon's knife is keen and bright, and he handles it with great skill. What a deliciously French way of saying in graceful and almost untranslatable phrase that Stendhal was a voluptuary, whose sole aim in life was his personal enjoyment! Especially admirable is that "sens impérieux." The biographer goes on to say—this time in phrase translatable—that Stendhal recognized in the world but two classes of people, viz., those with whom he passed his time agreeably, and those whom he found tiresome. Stendhal, whose real name was Beyle, was of the Voltairean school of writers. Born in 1776, dying in 1842, he may be said to have bridged the period between the encyclopædic and romantic schools. He made his literary *début* in 1815 with a life of Haydn—a wholesale plagiarism from the Italian. He afterwards wrote "La Chartreuse de Parme"—a sensational novel; "Rouge et Noir"—sketchy, affected, and paradoxical; "Promenades dans Rome"—pretentious and unreliable; "L'Amour"—pronounced by the best French critics a filthy book ("un livre immonde"); and "L'Histoire de la Peinture en Italie"—a work of serious merit, in the perusal of which, unfortunately, the reader who is acquainted with Stendhal's literary history cannot divest himself of an uncomfortable feeling of doubt as to whether he is reading Stendhal or some one else. Nos. 1, 2, 3, and 4 are still reprinted and sold, and their attractions to readers are their nervous style, originality of phrase, their epicureanism and immorality. But we have other objections to the literary reputation made for M. Stendhal. There is a very curious passage of literary history connected with his name which we have never seen mentioned in any work concerning him, of which his present biographer makes no mention, and which, strange to say, has escaped the research of M. Quérard. It is this: In 1818, the *Edinburgh Review* noticed his "Rome, Florence et Naples" very favorably, and gave especial praise to his estimate of Alfieri, beginning at page 194. Besides this passage, a long discussion, beginning at page 220 of Stendhal's book, on the state of French society before the Revolution, elicited the warmest admiration of the Edinburgh critic. A few months passed by, when the *Review,* to its great amazement, discovered that the Alfieri passage, consisting of ten whole pages, was taken bodily from its own article on Alfieri in Vol. XV. Nor was this all; for it was found that the so much admired passage on French society was likewise translated from another *Edinburgh Review* article on the letters of Mme. Du Deffand which appeared in the same volume (XV.) This will do for the present. If the author of "L'Art et la Vie de Stendhal" publishes a second volume, we may have more to say on this subject.

Moral Reforms, suggested in a Pastoral Letter. By A. Cleveland Coxe, Bishop of Western New York. (Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.)—Bishop Coxe's little book on Moral Reforms, being a Pastoral Letter, is addressed exclusively to members of his own church, and he takes for granted this membership in all that he says. The topic most prominently discussed is that of "Ante-natal Infanticide," his aim being at once to urge its guilt and to show that Protestantism—that is, "not only the Inorganic Protestantism of the day, but also our own truly Catholic and Apostolic Church" (the Episcopal)—is not responsible for the practice, but that it is equally prevalent among Roman Catholic nations. It appears to us here, by the way, that Bishop Coxe, like most who write upon this subject, lays too much stress upon the *guilt* and too little upon the *injury* done to the mother herself. Whether rightly or wrongly, people will never be brought to regard this crime as on the same level as that of murder. Teach them that it is irreparably ruining their own health, and perhaps the evil may be counteracted.

Trees, Plants, and Flowers; where and how they grow. A Familiar History of the Vegetable Kingdom. By the author of "Our Own Birds." (Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1870.)—This is a nice little book, with plenty of neat illustrations and capital rustic letters, well printed and tastefully bound. It is one of the books of the period; belonging to a class already large and constantly increasing, though almost unknown a few years ago—a class designed to amuse and edify beginners in natural history, by building upon a solid scientific foundation an attractive, if somewhat airy and unsubstantial, structure. It is not, however, a "history of the vegetable kingdom," nor anything like one. The author discourses pleasantly, in familiar style, on a few subjects, seemingly taken at random, and gives them much the same kind of treatment that made his "Our Own Birds" entertaining, especially to young persons. But he writes in

rather too desultory a manner; the chapters have little or no connection, and there is no evidence of the definiteness of purpose necessary to render the book complete as a whole. Still, if his aim was only to produce what we have called a nice little book on botany, he has hit the mark; and the skipping about from one subject to another may just suit most of the readers he will be likely to have. His statements of botanical fact are trustworthy, with occasional exceptions, as at p. 84, where he calls the potato a tuberous root. It is an underground stem, as shown by its development in the ascending axis of the plant, and its bearing buds. We wish that he had not ignored the scientific names of plants; for, though there are two sides to the question of introducing them in books of this sort, the student finds them, sooner or later, indispensable, and he may as well learn them first as last; besides, they give a precision to scientific writing not otherwise attainable. The literary execution of the work, as far as prose is concerned, s very good, and the style is especially commendable for its ease and appropriate simplicity. We are, therefore, the more surprised to find such an awkward slip as—"belongs to a very different *genera*" (p. 106). Non-professional writers cannot look too closely to these technicalities. But the rhymed lines on p. 24 and p. 56 would have been better omitted. Some of the longer quotations, as those upon the aquarium and upon palms, add materially to the interest of this unambitious but really entertaining treatise.

Directory of Booksellers, Stationers, News-dealers, and Music-dealers in the United States and Canada. Complete to September 1, 1869. (New York: John H. Dingman.)—With this volume and Messrs. Rowell & Co.'s directory of newspapers, whoever wishes to form some conception of the literary activity of this country will have abundant material. Mr. Dingman's labor has been even greater than that required in cataloguing the newspapers; and we believe it to have been as conscientiously and successfully expended as if he were not the only worker in his chosen field. The mere alphabetical index contains about six thousand names, with general address attached, under which they can be sought for in the classified State lists which follow, and which add the name of the street on which the firm does business. In the appendix, the text of the American copyright law is given; an historical *résumé* of the English; the rates of foreign postage; a schedule of stamp duties, and other information, which the owner of the directory is likely to need. For the trade itself, and for all those wishing to communicate with the trade, the book is indispensable. It is well printed and tastefully bound, and in price has been brought within the reach of the smallest dealer whom it mentions.

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BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Authors.—Titles.	*Publishers.—Prices.*
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Bennett (E. H.) and Heard (F. F.), Selection of Leading Cases in Criminal Law, 2d ed., 2 vols	(Little, Brown & Co.)
Beers (W. G.), Lacrosse, the National Game of Canada	(W. A. Townsend & Adams)
Caldwell (G. C.), Agricultural Qualitative and Quantitative Analysis	(Orange Judd & Co.) 2 00
Davidson (J. W.), The Living Writers of the South	(G. W. Carleton & Co.) 2 00
Froude (J. A.), History of England, Vols. III., IV.	(Chas. Scribner & Co.) 2 50
Greenwood (J.), Wild Sports of the World	(Harper & Bros.)
Hood (Rev. E. P.), Lamps, Pitchers, and Trumpets, 2d series	(M. W. Dodd) 1 75
Hatfield (Julia), The Bryant Homestead-Book, Illustrated	(G. P. Putnam & Son) 6 00
Harland (Marion), Phemie's Temptation	(G. W. Carleton & Co.) 1 50
Lanoye (F. de), Egypt 3,300 Years Ago	(Chas. Scribner & Co.) 1 50
Memoirs of the Long Island Historical Society. Vol. II., The Battle of Long Island	(Brooklyn)
Milman (Rev. H. H.), History of Latin Christianity, 8 vols	(W. J. Widdleton) 14 00
Reade (C.), The Cloister and the Hearth, swd	(Harper & Bros.) 0 50
Rodenberg (J.), Poems, translated	(Western News Co.)
Songs of Life, Illustrated	(Chas. Scribner & Co.) 5 00
Scott (Sir W.), The Lady of the Lake	(Hurd & Houghton) 1 25
Sherwood (J. D.), The Comic History of the United States	(Fields, Osgood & Co.) 2 50
Strange Visitors: Spirit Communication	(G. W. Carleton & Co.) 1 50
Taylor (J. N.), Treatise on the American Law of Landlord and Tenant, 5th ed.	(Little, Brown & Co.)
Vincent (B.), Haydn's Dictionary of Dates, Am. ed.	(Harper & Bros.)
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The Week.

CONGRESS opened on Monday, and as usual a large number of bills were at once introduced, the most remarkable being one by Mr. Trumbull, making it a misdemeanor for any Senator or Representative to recommend any candidate for office, unless his opinion is asked for in writing by the Executive. The design of this, as explained by Mr. Trumbull in his speech—and the same idea, we may mention, is set out with great clearness in the last *North American Review*, by Mr. H. B. Adams—is to restore the balance between the different branches of the Government, which has been destroyed by the absorption of the appointing power by individual members of Congress. It is almost useless to hope for the passage of such a measure as yet, but its mere introduction shows the tendency of public opinion. Mr. Sumner has introduced a bill to remove the existing restrictions on the amount of national bank circulation, provided the Secretary of the Treasury withdraws from circulation legal-tenders of the same amount as the additions made to the bank-bills. General Butler is again at work for the repeal of the Tenure-of-Office Act, and Mr. Finkelburg proposes to establish a uniform system of naturalization, which is sorely needed. The tariff war may be said to have already begun in the Committee of Ways and Means, and the protectionists are threatening to oppose the printing of Mr. Wells's forthcoming report, as it is said to contain very unpleasant things. There is talk of their coming down a little—about $2 on pig-iron—but it is doubtful if the really orthodox will submit to anything of the kind. In fact, Judge Kelley is said to be in favor of an increase. Their concessions will be, it is rumored, on tea, sugar, and coffee.

The President's message is short and in the main good, but is wanting in clearness and decision on some of the more important points. He recommends that a law be passed authorizing the Governor of Georgia to convene the members originally elected to the State Legislature, including those since expelled, and administer the oath himself, and, in fact, decide on their qualifications. The Georgia affair has now, we frankly confess, or will have, if this recommendation be adopted, got beyond our comprehension. The State was readmitted to the Union by law; the members of the Legislature afterwards violated their own constitution, as their own Supreme Court has decided, in expelling certain members; but their right to judge of the qualifications of these members by parliamentary law and immemorial usage nobody can deny or has ever denied. Now, the remedy for a violation of a State constitution by a State Legislature lies, in the American system, in an appeal either to the people of the State or the State courts; but here comes the President and recommends that it be remedied by an Act of Congress giving the Governor of the State the power of judging of the qualifications of the members of the Legislature, and putting such persons into it as he thinks proper. What makes the muddle all the greater is that there is nothing whatever to prevent the Georgia Legislature expelling its colored members next year or the year after again; and, indeed, there is every reason to believe, if we may judge by what is passing in Tennessee, that they will do so. And what then? Another Act of Congress, and more threats of "military government"? The great difference between "a government of laws" and one of men has always been supposed to be, that under the government of laws one knows what he may do or not do, not today only, but a month hence; while under a government of men one's rule of conduct may change from hour to hour. In this Georgia matter, however, we seem likely to have something like a display of individual caprice clothed in the forms of legislation.

The President recommends a "gradual return" to specie payments, which is, indeed, the only kind of return possible; most of the declamation against a "sudden" return being like warnings against a too rapid growth in virtue; advises that the Treasury be authorized to redeem its own paper at a certain fixed price whenever presented, as a safeguard against violent fluctuations in the value of greenbacks, a perfectly valueless suggestion; the reduction of the income-tax to three per cent. (which would be as productive as five per cent. if the Civil Service was reformed), and the increase of the National Bank circulation to replace the outstanding three per cent. certificates, which amount to about forty-seven millions; the creation of an officer to be called the Commissioner of Customs Revenue (who can be of very little use as long as the present system of officering the custom-houses is persisted in); the raising of the salaries of certain other revenue officials; and an addition of "dignity" to the office of Commissioner of Internal Revenue.

One of the most important parts of the message is that which treats of foreign affairs. With regard to Cuba, while expressing sympathy with the insurgents, the President lays it down that the conduct of the Administration should be regulated strictly by the rules of international law; that the insurgent force in the island has at no time assumed such proportions as to justify the recognition of it as a belligerent; but "maintains the principle that this nation is its own judge when to accord the rights of belligerency either to a people struggling to free themselves from a government they believe to be oppressive, or to independent nations at war with each other." Mr. Sumner will doubtless read this passage with some chagrin, as his doctrine is that the compensation is due from England for the *Alabama* claims not simply for the computable material damage, but for the exercise by Great Britain of the right of judging when to accord the "rights of belligerency to a people struggling to be free." The Spanish gunboats, the President says, he seized on the demand of the Peruvian Minister, who "made representations that a state of war existed between Spain and Peru." The President can hardly have been ignorant that the Peruvian Minister also maintained last winter that a state of war did *not* exist between Spain and Peru, and that his learned argument on this subject is now on file in the State Department; and

his maintenance of the contrary thesis this year was, therefore, not worth noticing, much less acting on. In the paragraph immediately preceding, too, the President mentions that the mediation of the United States between Spain and Peru had actually been accepted, and that a commission was to meet at Washington this winter for the settlement of outstanding difficulties. Finally, he dismisses the subject of the gunboats by saying that the Peruvian minister having taken no further steps for their detention, "he did not feel authorized to detain the property of a nation with which we were at peace, on a mere executive order, and had therefore referred the matter to the courts to decide." There is, however, nothing on this showing for the courts to decide. They pass on the complaints and charges of the Government, and if the Government makes no complaint, the courts have no more to say about the gunboats than about the private property of the Spanish minister. Spain and Peru being at peace, as the Peruvian minister has ably shown, and as Spain has not ventured to deny, there is no more reason for bringing the gunboats before the courts than for detaining them on "a mere executive order." What the President says is very like the speech of a police justice who should say, "This man having been brought before me by a prosecutor who acknowledged himself guilty of perjury, and on charges which I myself know to be false, and which indeed he himself abandoned at the hearing, I have determined to commit the prisoner fully for trial, and let him vindicate himself, if he can, before a jury of his countrymen."

The Presidential reference to the *Alabama* affair, we are sorry to say, throws no light on it whatever, and we know as little now about the time and manner of its settlement as we did before. The points in which the Johnson-Clarendon treaty was defective are indeed pointed out, but then that treaty is now as dead and gone as the Pragmatic Sanction. What we want to know is, what is to take its place; and on this we get no light from any quarter. Senator Sumner's claim for consequential as well as actual damages, which he made as plain as language could make it, but which he and his friends have ever since stoutly denied he ever made at all, the President seems to revive in a vague way; and he hints at some kind of moral satisfaction from England as necessary to a proper settlement of the question. But what the nature of this satisfaction is he does not indicate. Is it an apology? If so, for what—the belligerency proclamation or the sailing of the *Alabama*, or both? Is it the intention of the Administration to ask for such apology, and do they expect to get it? and if they do not get it, what will they do—fight or wait, intending to fight? What will be proper compensation for England's share in protracting the war, and how will her share be separated from that of France, and of the Democratic party? How, too, is the indirect damage she did—such as raising the rates of insurance—to be computed? On what rule, as settled by what precedents? These are all questions the public would like to have answered, and the message answers none of them. We have had enough declamatory complaints about the matter, and enough refutation of Mr. Reverdy Johnson. Mr. George Bemis, who is in Europe, has written a pamphlet on his correspondence, in which he again slays him; but then, if Mr. Bemis were here, he would know that the public mind has got far past Mr. Johnson's treaty, and longs for something new.

The rest of the message is comparatively unimportant, containing nothing new in the way of suggestion, and we are sorry to say nothing with regard to the condition of the Civil Service, which has formed the great scandal of General Grant's administration, and illustrations of which are cropping out every day. The President alleges what is quite true, that the territory of the United States is capable of maintaining a population of 500,000,000. He might have added that at the present rate of increase it will contain more than that number within a century from this time. We shall then have 500,000 office-holders, and at each change of administration, at a very moderate computation, five million candidates for office, and about one million "men inside politics" pushing their claims; so that the new President of that period will be pursued, during the months of March, April, and May of the year of his inauguration, by seven millions and a half of males and females, of whom certainly half will make their way to the seat of government, the remainder only writing letters. Supposing him to live and preserve his faculties into the summer, the "rotating" will then begin, and at least one million of men and women will begin to whirl, some in and some out, and half a million of "men inside politics" to swear, and the result must be left to the imagination. One striking feature of that great period will be, if things go on as at present, a gigantic national lunatic asylum, for cabinet ministers and ex-Presidents, where they will be gorgeously supported at the public expense, after having distributed the offices. But we trust that, after all this vision will never be realized, and we shall shortly see in the United States fifty millions of people attending diligently to their own affairs, and employing fifty thousand honest and intelligent men and women, at good wages, and with fixity of tenure, to look after the machinery of government for them. Mr. Cox, of the Department of the Interior, is the only one of the Secretaries, if we are not mistaken, who in his report lays his finger on this great Civil Service sore, and asks for the remedy, which he does forcibly and manfully.

The principal point in Mr. Boutwell's report is his exposition of his plan for a return to specie payments. It consists, as was generally surmised, of the issue of a four and a half per cent. loan of $1200,000,000, in three classes, running for twenty, twenty-five, and thirty years respectively, and all exchangeable for five-twenties; and the concession to the Secretary of the power of contracting the currency to the extent of $2,000,000 every month. But Mr. Boutwell believes the return cannot be thought of till the larger part of the five-twenty bonds have been withdrawn from the hands of the present European holders—mostly speculators, Mr. Boutwell thinks, who would in a panic flood the market here with them—and their place supplied by his four and a half per cent. bond, which would be held in the main by capitalists as an investment. He thinks that as long as bonds are sent abroad in large quantities, and are liable to return for gold, we dare not offer to pay in specie; and he apparently looks forward to a time when "the products of industry exported shall be equal substantially to the products of other countries imported," and then, he says, "there will be no demand for specie for export." But "equal" in what? He cannot mean bulk or weight, and must mean value; but if the time ever comes when the value of the imports is "substantially the same" here as the value of the exports, trade will stop, for dealers on both sides expect to make by the transaction. Moreover, Mr. Boutwell seems to overlook the fact that gold is one of our products, and that the larger portion of it is good for nothing except to export. We must say, too, that we look on that glorious time when bonds will no longer be exported from the United States, and all our work done with our own capital, as a dream—sweet, it may be, but still a dream. Bonds will always go abroad in a steady and rapid flow as long as this country offers a boundless field for investment, and foreigners are willing to take six or seven per cent. for money on which Americans can make twenty.

The Cuban Junta are working vigorously, and petitions, got up by them, which are said to be miles long, and signed by "men in nations," are now circulated by them, calling for the recognition of Cuban independence or something. The President's reference in his message to the Cuban business is not of an encouraging nature, it is true, and neither is the approaching release of the Spanish gunboats, but then Congress is meeting, and it is in Congress that the Junta will now do most of its work. The Cuban bonds are said to be so numerous in Washington that we fear they will decline in the market, but they will in the meantime inspire many an orator. The Cuban army and government remain as shadowy as ever; but there *is* a Cuban constitution we know, for we have read it. There is news from the island of a bloody and ferocious repression of a real or suspected slave rising, and the condition of affairs is indeed such that it would be an act of mercy for our Government either to declare boldly that it will never interfere, or else interfere at once. The hope of some help from this country is just sufficiently strong to keep the interior of the island in a state of anarchy, without doing anything to create or

promote organized resistance to the Spaniards. The District Court of North Carolina has decided in the *Hornet* case that there is no such "people, district, or colony" as Cuba or the Cuban Republic known to the United States as belligerents, and though an appeal from this has been taken to the Circuit Court, the question may perhaps be considered settled. The courts see foreign affairs only through the eyes of the Executive, and the Executive has not as yet *seen* Cuba.

We have discussed the Richardson tragedy elsewhere, but we feel bound, in justification of what we have said, to add one word on Mr. Beecher's defence of himself at the funeral. If it be true that, as a newspaper correspondent, Richardson's conduct during the war entitled him to Mr. Beecher's sympathy and support under the consequences of a successful attempt to get a woman away from her husband for the purpose of marrying her himself, we are driven to the conclusion that service in the war in any capacity operates as a general indulgence during the remainder of a man's natural life. Tetzel himself never claimed anything half as extraordinary as this. Some of the brethren came very near asserting this in some of their sermons on "soundness on the main question," but we never expected anything like it from Mr. Beecher. But it is a theory that will hardly hold water. As Macaulay has well remarked, it is no answer to a charge of furious driving in the streets to say that a man behaved well at Waterloo. The war has indeed had a most deplorable effect in enabling hundreds of notorious rogues to cover up their past rascalities, but it has not created a class of "chartered libertines." Moreover, we cannot help saying that the comparison of Richardson to "a dead lion," and his assailants to "vile things," and "beetles," and "flies," and "crawling worms," was, considering everything, singularly inapt. If there ever was a case in which the public judgment on a man's conduct was loudly challenged by himself and his friends, it was Richardson's. The New York *Tribune* teemed for two days with what were really covert defiances hurled at people who thought it was not, as Mr. Beecher says, "prudential" for a married woman to transfer her affections to another man than her husband, and go with her lover to another house, and there occupy what was to all intents and purposes the same room with him, and for the man to announce in print that as soon as she got a divorce he was going to marry her. People who say that a person who so doing came to his death, died as a trespasser and wrong-doer, may be foolish, or misguided, or impetuous, but the man is not a "dead lion," and they are not vermin. The public and press were, we believe, very willing to allow Mr. Richardson to die in peace, and Mrs. McFarland to sorrow in seclusion, but when called loudly to gather round his bedside and admire him, and acquit him, they naturally grew indignant. We think one moral of the affair is, that when you see in the New York *Tribune* that the young lions of that journal are having a good roar, don't get your hat and rush out to see what the matter is. Wait till they have done. A hundred to one nothing is the matter, and in any case you will fare better in your house than mingling in the crowd around the cage.

Mr. Beecher's charge of adultery against McFarland, interpolated by him in the report of the address at the funeral, even if true, ought not, we think, to have been so interpolated without giving the public notice of the fact that it had not been uttered. But, if we are rightly informed, an attempt was made to fasten this charge on McFarland by his wife when she first began to take measures to procure a separation; and it was her total failure to produce any evidence of it which led to her resort to the Indiana courts; and of the proceedings there he had no notice. They were, therefore, whatever they may have been by the law of that State, by the moral law a mockery, a delusion, and a snare; and we hold it to be a public scandal that such divorces should be recognized as valid by any person in this State authorized to celebrate marriage. The practice of doing so reduces the law of this State, which refuses divorces except for adultery, almost to a nullity; and to the law of this State residents in the State owe what support it is in their power to give. We trust the effect of this McFarland affair will be to make ministers more careful whenever they are not well acquainted with the antecedents of parties presenting themselves for marriage.

The Woman's Rights movement has received an impulse within the last fortnight from the formation of a new association, which has held its first convention at Cleveland (Ohio), and elected Henry Ward Beecher president. It cuts loose, as we understand it, from the organization in this city headed by the conductors of the *Revolution*, which organ is now in deep disfavor. In fact, the mere mention of an "organ" at the Cleveland Convention seemed to rouse indignation, so bitter, apparently, has been the general experience with regard to this particular means of reaching the popular heart. Most of the leaders of the movement have given in their adhesion to the Cleveland organization, which is now fairly afloat; and, in the belief of many of the members, female suffrage is not far off. The "Woman's Parliament" in this city seems in a bad way—Mrs. Peirce, who was its chief projector, having withdrawn from it. The body, whatever it be, out of which the parliament was to be made, however, still meets once a week, and discusses all kinds of subjects, including specie payments. We need hardly say these debates are exhaustive, and are making the public long for the admission of women to our legislatures. The idea of a "parliament," however, seems to be undergoing obscuration—as the body is sometimes called a "council," and one lady suggested that it be called a "pow-wow," if that would "help along the cause." Unless we are greatly mistaken, the Richardson affair has been to the whole movement, in this part of the world, at least, what shipping a green sea is to a vessel, and we respectfully recommend taking in sail, sending some of the passengers below, and putting a man or two more at the wheel. As we have all along said, the woman question is, *par excellence*, a *delicate* question, and won't bear as much wild talk as many of its advocates have been in the habit of indulging in on other subjects. Marriage and the paternity of children happen to be closely connected with it, and on these subjects the "white male" is easily roused, and so is a very considerable and respectable portion of the "white female." It will be well, therefore, not to abuse him too much, because, wretched a creature as he is, and short as is the time which is to elapse before he is to be put in his proper place, he has still an immense deal to do with the ordering of society. Of course, female suffrage does not necessarily touch the marriage relation—we know that as well as anybody; but then there is an enormous number of persons who think it does, and who are as obstinate as mules.

The foreign news of the week is unimportant, or nearly so. The cause of "the parliamentary empire," as M. Guizot calls it, is evidently growing. The "Left" has issued an address, signed by twenty-six of the leaders, containing a programme of its operations during the coming session of the Legislature. It is going to call the Government to account for not convening the Corps Législatif sooner; for making such a fuss about the disorders in the streets last June, and then offering no explanation; and for the recent bloody suppression of certain riots in the manufacturing districts. It also means to propose, as reforms, an absolute prohibition of the Government practice of gerrymandering the electoral districts; the abolition of the electoral test-oath; the election of mayors; the municipal independence of Paris and Lyons; the repeal of Article 75 of the Constitution (protecting functionaries from prosecution); and complete, instead of as now limited, freedom of meeting and of the press. It also blows a powerful blast against the doctrine of "delegation," as we call it, or the "imperative mandate," as the French call it, which makes the representative the mere mouthpiece of the majority of his constituents, and bound to obey their orders. The deputies say they will not take orders from anybody, and will consult their conscience alone. This address gives great satisfaction. Ledru Rollin has abandoned the field, and the latest news says that Émile Ollivier, who, while in general sympathy with the Left, represents its peculiar hostility to personal government, has succeeded in securing the adhesion of 37 Liberals of the famous 116, and *may* now be called on in the old parliamentary way to form a ministry.

THE FUTURE OF LEGAL TENDERS.

For several years past the Supreme Court of the United States has had before it for decision several lawsuits, on appeal from lower courts, which involve the question of the constitutionality or unconstitutionality of the so-called Legal Tender Act. For various reasons, the decision of this question by the Supreme Court has been delayed. It is quite uncertain when the decision will be rendered. It is far from impossible that a long time may elapse before a decision is arrived at. There are some who believe that the question will never be decided. In the meantime, this delay piques men's curiosity; the uncertainty exercises a certain fascination over certain minds; mysterious announcements are occasionally made of an approaching decision, followed by still more mysterious counter-announcements of the grave reasons of state which still prevent the action of the Court; and the whole question is so little understood that the public mind is gradually working itself up into a state of excitement concerning it utterly disproportioned to its real importance, while many persons look forward to the fatal day of the decision with much the same feeling of half-contemptuous fear that characterizes nervous people when they speak of the coming comet or the approaching absorption of our planet by the sun. There is just now one of these periodical scares among business men, and we are in receipt of several enquiries as to our opinion of the approaching decision.

It is, however, entirely useless to renew the discussion of what the decision of the Supreme Court may be, or when it is likely to be rendered. Whatever may be the gossip of the Street or the clubs, no one can know what the Court will do. We will only again call attention to the probable effect of the decision when rendered. Of course, if the decision should be that the law is constitutional, everybody understands that nothing would be changed. It is the possible decision *against* its constitutionality that is looked forward to with so much dread. Now, what is the law that is to be decided upon? It is a law passed by the United States Congress, authorizing the Secretary of the Treasury to borrow one hundred and fifty millions of dollars (since repeatedly increased), and to issue therefor a similar amount of non-interest-bearing United States promises to pay, now known as greenbacks, and declaring that these promises to pay, these greenbacks, shall be a legal tender in payment of all debts, public or private, except customs duties on goods imported from abroad. There is no question about the constitutionality of that part of the law which authorizes the issue of these greenbacks. They are under all circumstances promises to pay, legitimately issued, and destined undoubtedly to be at some time or other redeemed or paid according to promise. It is only that part of the law which declared these promises to be a legal tender, which compelled every one to accept them in payment of all debts then existing, that is called in question. It would be practically useless to discuss that question here. Constitutional or unconstitutional, it was undoubtedly a measure of injustice and spoliation, justifiable in the minds of the public by the supposed invincible necessities of war. It was passed, and almost universally accepted. Whatever doubts may have been entertained at the time, were not generally acted upon. It was a time of severe commercial and financial depression. It was a time when very little money of any kind was in circulation anywhere. It was a time when it was extremely difficult to obtain a settlement of a debt in any money. Under these circumstances the new money was not only accepted, but accepted with avidity. Few thought that it would ever fall to a great discount against gold. Many believed that the legal-tender clause would always keep it at par with gold. With rare exceptions, every one accepted it. All debts due, all contracts then maturing, were settled in greenbacks; and, whatever the decision of the Supreme Court may be, there can be no going back to settlements actually made. But some persons accepted settlements under protest, and appealed to the courts. These are the cases now to be adjudicated. If the Supreme Court decides that the Legal Tender Act was unconstitutional, then whoever accepted greenbacks in payment of a debt contracted prior to the 25th of February, 1862 (and protested against such payment in legal form), will undoubtedly be entitled to recover the difference between the value of gold and greenbacks at the time of payment. This is one class of contracts to be affected by the decision. The next class consists of debts contracted prior to the date of the law, and not yet due, such as railroad and other long mortgages, State and city loans, etc. If the act is unconstitutional, then all this class of debts will be payable hereafter, principal and interest, in gold. There is not—there cannot be—any dispute among rational men as to the effect of the Court's decision on these two classes of contracts. Nor have recent decisions in various other courts left any doubt as to the obligation to pay in gold all contracts made in gold since the passage of the Legal Tender Act.

The only class of contracts concerning which grave doubts exist in the public mind are contracts made since the passage of the act, which are payable "in currency," or merely in "dollars," without any further specification. The fear is very widely entertained that, if the act were declared unconstitutional, all these contracts would be payable in gold. There cannot be much ground for this fear. The principle is too well established in law, that a contract is to be interpreted according to the intentions of the parties making it. No man who to-day receives a note made payable in "dollars" simply, would venture to claim that he had meant gold dollars. Nor would the claim for one moment be admitted in court, for if he had meant gold dollars, nothing was easier than to say or write gold dollars. Whoever makes a contract to-day payable in "dollars," does it with the understanding that this means greenback dollars, and no other kind of dollars. This understanding is simply an unexpressed, an implied part of the contract, from which no court will, we think, deliver a suitor. It was precisely the same prior to the passage of the Legal Tender Act. Any contract for dollars made prior to that time was made with the implied understanding that "dollars" meant American gold dollars, and no other. That understanding formed part of the obligation, from which neither of the contracting parties could be released. Congress did, by an act of arbitrary power, attempt to release persons from that obligation by the passage of the very law under discussion; and many persons, in the belief that Congress had that power, did actually submit to the law, and fully release those with whom they had contracts from their obligation, by accepting payment in greenbacks. But it is this very law, this attempted release, that the Supreme Court (a higher authority in this respect than Congress) is about, it is supposed, to declare unconstitutional. Congress could not, in 1862, constitutionally pass a law that released any one from the obligation to pay gold dollars where simply dollars were specified, because at the time of making the contract there were no dollars in existence except gold dollars. In the same way, neither Congress nor the Supreme Court can to-day do anything which releases any one from the obligation to receive greenback dollars where only "dollars" are specified, because at the time of making the contract the dollars in common use, and the only dollars that could have been intended, were greenback dollars; and because, although there were other dollars in existence, these other, rarer, and more valuable dollars would certainly have been specified, if intended. If the Supreme Court declares the Legal Tender Act constitutional, then, of course, greenback dollars remain the lawful currency, and all contracts not specifically payable in gold are payable in greenbacks. If it declares the Legal Tender Act unconstitutional, then that is a reaffirmation, a new endorsement of the principle, that Congress can do nothing to invalidate the obligations of a contract. In either case, a contract made since the passage of the Legal Tender Act, calling for the payment of dollars, is payable in greenback dollars, and in no other.

The practical position of the currency may be thus stated: Prior to the passage of the Legal Tender Act, "dollars" meant gold dollars; since the passage of the Legal Tender Act, "dollars" means greenback dollars; after the Legal Tender Act is declared unconstitutional, "dollars" will, in the eye of the law, again mean gold dollars, and all contracts will have to either clearly specify "currency dollars" or be payable in gold. If the law is declared unconstitutional, the practical position of contracts will be as follows:

1. All unsatisfied contracts for "dollars" made prior to Feb. 25, 1862, are payable in gold dollars.

2. All contracts for "dollars" made since Feb. 25, 1862, are payable in greenback dollars.

3. All contracts for "dollars" made *after* the decision of the Supreme Court will be payable in gold dollars, unless otherwise specified.

A powerful argument in favor of interpreting the probable decision of the Supreme Court, so as to make all existing contracts payable in gold, is sought to be based upon the ground that it would be a means of partially redressing the injustice done the whole creditor class in 1862 by compelling them to accept greenbacks worth only seventy-five or fifty cents in gold in payment of gold dollars. But, in the first place, the injustice then committed can never be made an excuse for a fresh and still greater injustice; and, in the second place, there is not the remotest probability of this redress reaching the persons then injured, since many of them are dead, while others from creditors have become debtors, and *vice versa*. It is, besides, very questionable whether as a class the creditors were not as much benefited by the Legal Tender Act as the debtors; for few practical business men sincerely doubt that without some such measure the debtors, as a class, would have had to go without payment entirely. It is on precisely similar grounds that the more intelligent among the creditor classes are now violently opposed to a legislative contraction of the currency. They recognize that their claims, while nominally increased in value thereby, would be entirely jeopardized by the universal weakening of the debtor class; and that as it was the policy of creditors in 1862 to submit to a real reduction of their claims enforced by an unjust law, so it will be the policy of creditors in 1870 not to seek a nominal increase of their claims by a forced contraction of the currency, nor by a perversion of the Supreme Court decision, even were the latter possible. Debtors and creditors alike may rest assured that the decision of the Supreme Court, whether for or against the constitutionality of the Legal Tender Act, will not affect any contracts entered into since February 25, 1862. At the same time, it is well to bear in mind that the transactions made in gold coin are daily increasing in number in all parts of the country, and that we are gradually drifting into a double currency, such as prevails in several of the countries of continental Europe. It behooves, therefore, all prudent business men to be scrupulously careful to distinguish in all their contracts between specie dollars and dollars currency.

"PROGRESS" IN MASSACHUSETTS.

We said the other day that Mr. George Walker, who was sent abroad some time ago to negotiate a loan for Massachusetts, had been unable to accomplish his object. He found that foreign capitalists had not that same high opinion of Massachusetts credit which once placed her securities among the best in the world. It is very much to be hoped that an opportunity will be given Mr. Walker to state publicly the precise nature and extent of the difficulties in the way of the loan he attempted to negotiate, so that the citizens, not only of his State, but of all other States, may have a few useful landmarks to guide their future financial course. It is not quite enough to know in general that the credit of a State is ruined: what we want is an accurate description and recorded plan of the road to ruin, with monuments and distances, courses and measurements, plainly marked out for the warning of future generations. Mr. Walker, we hear, has no sort of objection to make a public statement; and publicity will be all the more necessary because the local journals are apparently not indisposed to cover up the matter with ambiguous phrases, and even go so far as to deny the general fact. And there are also other reasons which make some disclosure still more imperative—reasons which are not generally known to exist, and which, therefore, as journalists, we feel bound to lay before our readers. They are, shortly, these: that it is understood that the Legislature this winter will be applied to for a new loan to the celebrated Boston, Hartford, and Erie Railroad; that it will be applied to to "modify" a contract with reference to the equally celebrated Hoosac Tunnel; and that a vigorous push will be made on the part of the "Massachusetts Central"—a corporation which has as yet no existence save in the minds of the corporators—for a few millions more. It is also supposed by the well-informed that these three will unite their energies, and, aided by an intelligent and industrious lobby, perhaps supported by a genial governor, trundle their combined log through the halls of legislation into the statute-book. We say these things are understood to be likely to happen. Of course, everything is as yet rumor, but our readers may be assured that these are no improbable predictions, but have every presumption in their favor.

To begin with the youngest of these enterprises—the Central. This railroad has for a long time been living solely on the hope of a governmental subsidy. It has no funds, or credit, or property; but it has an unlimited amount of perseverance, and last year came so very near getting the three millions it asked for that its agents will approach this winter's task with redoubled energy. The Boston, Hartford, and Erie is a different matter. We will not weary our readers with a recapitulation of their performances in the last Massachusetts Legislature. Before this we have related how the State first lent three millions and appointed a commission to watch its disbursement; how the railroad found the three millions insufficient, and the commission much more than sufficient; how it formed an alliance with the Governor; and how together they managed to oust the commission without hearing what the commissioners had to say about the matter, and to lend the road two millions more on much easier terms than those of the first loan. Of all these things we gave a full account when they occurred. Now it is time to narrate the sequel. When the commission was expelled, the road, feeling its hands at length untied, began to do what it pleased with its money, and what it did please it is not given to outsiders to know. But this much is known, that whereas its bonds were at that time worth 60, they are now selling at 46; and whereas their stock was worth 25, it is now worth 10. The fate of the other party to the bargain Mr. George Walker knows more about than anybody else. And now the rumor rises that the last loan of two millions was wholly insufficient, that the road cannot be built without a few millions more, and that, unless the State wishes to lose what it has already advanced, it must make a third loan.

The subject of the Hoosac Tunnel we approach with a certain awe. The Hoosac Tunnel is a hole which the State of Massachusetts determined to have bored through the thickest mountain in the State, some years ago, in order that a railroad might be laid down in it, "to form one more great link in the chain of communication between" the declivity on the east side and the declivity on the west side of Hoosac Mountain. These slopes are inhabited by hardy tribes of mountaineers, who, owing to the extreme height and ruggedness of the mountain and the impassable character of the surrounding forests, have never been able to form that intimate acquaintance with each other's customs which civilization requires. The State, therefore, determined to lend a helping hand, and make a line of communication which should be at once durable and safe. The mountain is five miles thick; the first loan on the part of the State was made in 1854, and in the spring of 1869 about two miles of the work had been partially completed. This was at the rate of one mile in seven years and a half, and at this rate the tunnel would be partially completed in the year 1891, or thirty-seven years from the date of the first loan. After that, of course, the finishing work would have to be done.

At first the State merely advanced money; but, finding that the money disappeared while the tunnel did not rapidly increase in size, this system was abandoned, and the State took possession of the work itself. The amount of money advanced down to December 31, 1868, was, in round numbers, $4,338,000. But by this time both the mountain tribes which had demanded the tunnel, and the Commonwealth also, had become thoroughly dissatisfied with the progress made, and it was determined to throw the work into the market, and to have it taken off the shoulders of the public by some responsible contractor. Bids were received, and the contract was finally awarded to Walter and Francis Shanly, of Montreal, who agreed, by a contract made with the State on December 24, 1868, "to do and perform all the work necessary to complete the Hoosac Tunnel, with its central shaft (being a portion of the Troy and Greenfield Railroad), in accordance with the schedule hereunto appended, and furnish all materials, and lay down and complete through the whole length of the tunnel one railroad track, and, after the completion of the tunnel and railroad track, to remove from the tunnel all materials and other things, so as to leave the tunnel and railroad track in complete order ready for use,

and to the satisfaction of the Governor and Council of the Commonwealth; the whole to be done by the first day of March, A.D. 1874, and for the sum of four million five hundred and ninety-four thousand two hundred and sixty-eight dollars." According to the last report of the Tunnel Commissioners, nine millions would cover the entire expense of the State on the completion of the work under this agreement, and the report concluded with this gratifying announcement: "The agreement concluded on the 24th of December, 1868, with Messrs. Walter and Francis Shanly, gentlemen of great skill and experience in similar undertakings, has placed in their hands, at a remunerative price, and under a guaranty highly favorable to the Commonwealth, the further construction of the tunnel and of the railroad through the same. The expectation may now be entertained that this important enterprise can be completed by the close of the year 1873, in a manner acceptable to the State and worthy the high character of the contractors." The taxpayers of Massachusetts rubbed their hands for joy, and all the journals of the State shouted aloud in exultation. The work was at length out of their hands, and a definite sum was fixed as its price.

Alas for the vanity of human hopes! It now turns out that the contractors cannot do the work for the agreed price. It will ruin them. It is quite insufficient. It is inequitable. There is a misunderstanding about certain details in the contract. And great damage was done to the work by the September floods, which, being an unavoidable accident, the State ought to repair. Now, all these difficulties seem to have been provided for in the contract by a stipulation that on default of the contractors the Governor and Council should have power to terminate the contract by three months' notice in writing. But this the contractors are unwilling to have done. What they want is a "modification" of the contract, or, in other words, they want the stipulated price increased.

Whether these various plans, or any of them, will succeed, we of course do not know. To the impartial observer, the recent history of Massachusetts finance is indeed a puzzle, though the effect of her system upon her credit is natural enough. But how far she will go we are curious to watch. Having acquired the habit of making advances to insolvent corporations, it is difficult for her to retreat without losing all that has been so lavishly advanced. On the other hand, unless she draws back now, she will be worse off than ever. Public opinion is sluggish and is accustomed to the spectacle of annual loans. Not so the Hartford and Erie Ring, the Central Ring, or the Hoosac Mountain Ring. These are active, energetic, persistent. We shall keep our readers informed of the progress of the struggle, if there is any struggle.

THE RICHARDSON TRAGEDY.

We recur to the subject of the Richardson-McFarland tragedy with sincere regret, both because it is at best a very repulsive subject, and because, since we touched upon it last week, one of the actors in it has been removed by death. We believe that, in spite of the somewhat conspicuous position occupied by Mr. Richardson in the newspaper world, the public would have been very well content—we certainly should—to pass the affair over with little more notice than is accorded to all similar outbursts of violence and ferocity, and to have left McFarland to the judgment of the court before which he will shortly be summoned, and Richardson to the judgment of that still higher tribunal before which he now stands. Owing, however, to what we will not call by any stronger name than the error of Richardson's friends, an attempt was made on the very day of the crime, and persisted in down to the day of the victim's death, to carry public opinion in favor of the latter by storm, and under cover of the smoke of McFarland's pistol to push home the conclusion that it served him right for Richardson to help to take his wife from him, and make arrangements for and announce his intention of marrying her, before judgment had been pronounced in the divorce suit (and that suit brought in Indiana), and that, in short, McFarland ought to be hanged with short shrift, and Richardson admired and cherished by the community. The unseemly publication of every telegram and every private note expressive of sympathy with him under his mortal wound, the still more unseemly outburst of fury against his assailant, and the very repulsive sensational report of the wedding at the Astor House, we might, under ordinary circumstances, ascribe simply to that diseased love of notoriety by which every movement of a certain class of newspaper men seems to be governed, and which makes them often appear to consider the minutest revelation of his private affairs to the public gaze the kindest thing they can do for their dearest friend. We feel bound, however, on the present occasion, to ascribe their theatrical performances to a more serious, and more respectable, motive, and conclude that the hullabaloo raised about this shocking affair was really meant to get a snap judgment from the public for the benefit of the dying man's memory and for the comfort of his family.

But we say the attempt has failed, and signally failed. It is not often, we believe, that a closer approach to unanimity is to be witnessed amongst the public than prevails with regard to this wretched affair, and more especially with regard to the deplorable attempts made to put a good face on it. We do not now refer particularly to the indignation excited by the marriage ceremony. The awfulness of the circumstances under which that ceremony was performed ought to have made it—no matter what the nature of Mr. Richardson's and Mrs. McFarland's previous relations may have really been—as private as possible; and, we confess, the fact that the divorce was obtained in Indiana, and not in this State where the parties resided, and that no judicial decision worthy of the smallest respect had been passed upon the facts; that there lay in jail a miserable husband with his children by his side—the only children, be it remembered, who had any claim on Mrs. McFarland's care—protesting, red-handed, against the whole proceeding, as the last and greatest of wrongs against him, ought, it seems to us, to have put the clergymen on their guard. In such cases, there are considerations weightier than any man's agony or any woman's fame. But whatever *their* fault or mistake, the presence of the reporters, pencil in hand, "working up" every detail of the ghastly scene, and noting down verbatim even the prayer, for sale at four cents a copy, with a discount to clubs of forty, put the stamp of the stage on it and damned it. Few men and few women, to whom marriage is anything more solemn and more sacred than a civil contract, we are sure, read the report, with a knowledge of all the circumstances, without feeling their blood stirred by something which, if not indignation, was not far removed from it.

We referred to this subject last week without, as we said at the time, any other knowledge of the facts than what we got from the newspaper reports, and on the strength of these we ascribed the separation of Mrs. McFarland from her husband to his "drunkenness and cruel treatment." We have since read the evidence taken in the *habeas corpus* proceedings instituted by McFarland for the recovery of his children before the Massachusetts courts, and we are bound to say that there is no proof whatever of either drunkenness or cruelty before the separation, while the testimony as to Mrs. McFarland's conduct and as to her relations with Richardson before the divorce and at the time of her leaving her husband, is, to say the least, very damaging. The worst thing brought against McFarland, indeed, was that he was poor and irritable, and that his wife was obliged to support the family by acting and literary work. His drunkenness seems to have been a vice contracted since the break-up of his family. As, however, the facts will all come out on his trial, there is no occasion—and indeed it would be hardly proper—to dwell upon them further than to say that it is in court on that occasion, and not in the newspapers, that Richardson's friends will have to vindicate his memory.

But why does his memory need vindication? Why does the public get behind the testimony of those who knew him as to his manliness, his simplicity, his courage, and his truthfulness? Why does it refuse to accept his, or McFarland's, or anybody's account of the causes which led to the separation of the McFarlands and to the McFarland-Richardson marriage as conclusive evidence that Richardson was right and McFarland wrong? Why have ninety-nine men out of a hundred of the best and purest and truest men in the community been saying during the past week either that Richardson met his deserts, or that, at all events, he merits no sympathy? Why do those who most abhor murder under any circumstances, who deny that even killing in hot blood, and under any provocation whatsoever, can be any-

thing but murder in "the dir'st degree," pause when cases such as occur, and only condemn the assassin after a struggle between their moral feelings and intellectual conclusions? The answer is easy and simple, though nobody who knew nothing of the relations of men and women except what he learned from Mr. Mill's book or the debates at the meetings of the woman's suffrage associations, would ever guess it. In giving it we have to speak plainly, and our impression is that the questions which some advocates of woman's rights are raising will never be settled until there has been much more plain speaking on the part of those who see whatever of good there is in the existing order of society. It is that there is such a thing as sexual passion; that in many women and in the vast majority of men it is so strong as to be almost overwhelming; that in all ages and in all states of society it has been as much as religion, law, morality, and custom could do to regulate or control it; that it makes a weak spot in the strongest and purest natures—a spot at which the wisest as well as the most foolish tremble and are afraid; that probably all other social forces put together have not contributed half as much to influence human character and human society, to make or mar the fortunes of states and men. Nevertheless, one might almost, as we have said, read through nearly the whole literature of the woman's rights movement, beginning with Mr. Mill's book, without suspecting the existence of this tremendous force, or supposing that its existence had much to do with the formation or maintenance of that mass of usages and rûles known as "woman's condition" in society; without inferring that the restraints put on the intercourse of men and women, the limitations placed on woman's independence by law or custom, had any better source than the freaks of an irresponsible tyranny, or were other than the arbitrary exercise by man of the authority given him by brute strength over a fellow-creature who happened to be weaker, gentler, and more submissive than himself.

This force is, however, not a thing to be got rid of by ignoring it. We may keep it off the platform as much as we please, or refer to it with scorn, as something to be repressed or even abolished by education and culture; it is sure to assert itself at all times and everywhere, and to force every people which means to live and last to adopt their manners to its working. The experience of ages as to its corrupting influence on the will; of its perverting influence on the judgment; and of the difficulty which the wisest and purest often experience in deciding where its action ceases and that of higher motives begins, have established firmly either in the jurisprudence or the enlightened opinion of all civilized, certainly of all Christian, countries the following amongst other presumptions, as absolutely necessary to the proper preservation of the institution of family in the existing state of human nature, and as only to be rebutted, if at all, by a judicial decision based on clear evidence: (1) that the party, either man or woman, seeking a divorce, is not entitled to it; (2) that a person intervening in a quarrel between man and wife, and assisting in bringing about a separation, is, if the party with which he or she sides be of the opposite sex, an object of grave suspicion; (3) that if he or she intervenes avowedly from motives of affection, and with the view of marrying the object of that affection after a divorce has been obtained, he or she is, for all the purposes of a moral judgment on the act, guilty of adultery, and *ipso facto* exposes himself or herself to whatever social penalties the community may have in store for such offences.

To all pleas based on the exceptional purity or good intentions of A, B, or C, the answer is obvious—that rules for the preservation of the family have to be general; that if exceptions were granted to everybody who chose to aver that his motives were good, it would result in making marriage the feeblest of all human associations, and would, indeed, deprive it of all moral support in the very cases in which it most needs support—that is, in that of persons of strong passions and weak moral or religious impressions—and would place children, who are the wards of society and whose interests are more sacred than those of either husband or wife, because they are parties to a contract which they have had no hand in framing, in the most terrible of situations; and we say deliberately, that it is for them—mute, defenceless, dependent, as they are—for whom we are bound, in framing and enforcing marriage laws, to care most tenderly.

THE RIGHTS OF CHILDREN.

EIGHTEEN years ago Herbert Spencer wrote a chapter on the rights of children. In this chapter, which was considered wild and revolutionary by some, in fact, a *reductio ad absurdum* of his entire social philosophy, the writer maintained that the law, "Every man has freedom to do all that he wills, provided he infringes not the equal freedom of any other man," applied as much to the young as to the mature; that the child had faculties to be exercised; that it needed scope for their exercise; that to obtain such scope it must have complete freedom—freedom coextensive, and, consequently, rights coextensive, with those of the adult. In working out the bearings of this principle Mr. Spencer dealt hard blows at the received doctrines of parental authority, rule, and care. He more than implied that the best thing parents could do for their children was to give them a good letting alone. This chapter has often occurred to us in connection with the reasonings about women's rights. It would seem at first glance as if the extreme advocates of the rights of women to share, and share alike with men, in the business affairs of society, were carrying out Mr. Spencer's doctrine in good earnest. The children are to have a good letting alone. The law of liberty may be trusted to look after their development. The principal right being the right to freedom of growth according to the natural bent of their dispositions, the new order of things will meet this requirement exactly. The parents being both out of the way, the "little individuals" will be allowed to grow in grace undisturbed. A deeper glance at Mr. Spencer's pages, however, discloses the fact that he does not propose to dispense altogether with parental supervision, but only with certain old-fashioned, coarse, and unintelligent forms of it. He says to the parents, "Hands off," but he adds, instead of hands, hearts. In a word, he vastly increases the responsibilities of mothers and fathers by insisting that their influence shall be more subtle and pervasive, and that, to this end, their care shall be more steady, more constant, more intelligent, and tender. That to this end again, their characters must be of finer mould, their culture more perfect, their manners more gracious; all of which is discouraging to the hope of foolish mothers, that they are at last justified by stern philosophy in neglecting their children.

What will the extreme advocates of the rights of women say to this? We are aware that before now critics have raised the objection that the new reforms would if carried into effect result in the neglect of children, in their consequent untidiness, unruliness, wilfulness, and ignorance; further on, in their viciousness and general demoralization; and, ultimately, in the defeat of civilization and the blighting of mankind. We are aware, too, of the reply which has been made to such apprehensions, namely, that they are groundless; that the proper care of children does not occupy all the time; that when other duties are done, there is room for those of the nursery; that women have brought up large families of children, and brought them up well, "in the intervals of business," they themselves being physicians, or teachers, or artists, writers of books, editors of papers, or tenders in shops; that, in fact, the mental freshening they got in this way was a help rather than a hindrance to the faithful performance of their domestic duties. To these arguments there are several things to reply, which, to say fully, our space forbids. We may be permitted to entertain a doubt respecting the truth of the last assertion, if laid down as a rule. We take the liberty to demur in regard to the declaration that precedes it, having seen something of the households and of the children belonging to these discursive and enterprising mothers, and seldom envying or desiring the same. We could very properly urge the old saying, that, being exceptions, the women who achieve such feats in administration at home and abroad prove the incapacity of women in general to do the same thing. Distinguished ability furnishes no rule for average, far less for under-average, ability. A reform like the one projected implicates all women and all children, as much those who want to get rid of their offspring as those who want to nurture their offspring; the careless as much as the thoughtful, the faithless as much as the faithful, the incompetent as much as the competent, the vast multitude who need to be kept at home and held to their duty by every possible argument and inducement, as much as the exceedingly small number who have faculty and spirit to spare for outside pursuits. Society is interested in the mass of experiences, not in a few special experiments. The special experiments may succeed perfectly, to the satisfaction of the most captious critics, without at all affecting our judgment on the main case. For all that appears thus far, that judgment reads adversely to the belief that the rights of women, as interpreted by the *Revolution*, for instance, are compatible with the rights of children to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness.

Without entering on a general discussion of a topic so broad and so complicated, without attempting to reach the heart of its philosophy, we will call attention merely to the obvious considerations, that a day consists of twenty-four hours; that but a portion of those twenty-four hours can be employed in active labor, especially in labor that drains the nervous system of its vitality; that if this vitality is spent in one absorbing pursuit it cannot be spent on another, and if the active hours are passed away from home they cannot be passed at home. True, it takes very little time to cast a vote; an hour is enough for the daily newspaper which prepares the voter for his office; caucuses and conventions, public assemblies and primary meetings, do not occur very frequently, and they occur mostly at night, when the children are, or ought to be, in bed. But other business cannot be despatched so easily; business that continues the larger portion of every day, and takes the life out of those who engage in it, as almost all business does, presents a very serious obstacle in the way of family nurture. The editor, for example, must be at his office daily for several hours; the lecturer must travel about the country; the author must literally slave at the quill; the merchant must journey from place to place, and must live in immense calculations; the trader must nurse his trade; the shopman must be constant at his counter, waiting for customers; the lawyer has no time to spare for babies; the doctor must be in other people's houses, and at the call of other children's parents day or night, often at the very time his own family requires his care, being so urgently in demand that he has no leisure to do anything for them; the preacher is also a minister and is unable to control his time.

As we look into it further the difficulties increase. The humbler occupations allow still less freedom. What will become of the children while their mother is sailing a boat, or driving a stage, or doing duty as a watchman, or propelling an engine, or plying the needle as tailoress, or superintending an oyster saloon? The case of poor women who were obliged to leave their children while they went out washing or sewing for the day has excited commiseration; kindness could not consent that the little creatures should be uncared for during the numerous hours, left to fall into the fire, or tumble down-stairs, or bump their heads against the table or the stove, or, at all events, to be untaught and untrained. The *crèche* was a device for making good the mother's disability. Good women stepped in to take the mother's place and nurture the infant till the mothers came for them. Perhaps the institution of the *crèche* is to be amplified and extended, so as to embrace the duty of taking care of all children while the matrons are attending to their political, civil, social, financial, commercial, or industrial concerns. Then a new department of labor will be created—that, namely, of nurturing and educating other people's offspring; an office of immense responsibility and difficulty, requiring the best material of human nature and the best training of it, the whole being, at the same time, superfluous, for the simple reason that Providence has already arranged for the contingency by giving children natural protectors and educators in the persons of their mothers, and holding them to their duty by the bonds of an affection which makes amends for many deficiencies and for which there is absolutely no substitute.

Let it not be supposed that we treat the subject with levity. It is altogether too serious for joking. The proper nurture and discipline of children is probably the deepest concern of society. Probably! It surely is; for if it is neglected, society will not go forward, and if it is abandoned, society will be broken up. Politics and statesmanship, law, physic, and divinity, finance and commerce, manufactures and trade, books, magazines, and newspapers, will be of little importance if minds are untaught, hearts undisciplined, and characters undeveloped, to use them well. We may be old-fashioned, old-fogyish, prejudiced, and besotted, but we persist in thinking that society needs good children as much as it needs wide-awake women, that family nurture is of as deep consequence as feminine activity, and that the woman who rears a brood of children healthfully and wisely, confers greater benefit on the community than half a dozen lecturers, politicians, lawyers, or money-makers. "Paradise," said Mahomet, "is at the feet of mothers." But it is not likely to be at the feet of mothers who forget that they are more to their children than to themselves, and more to society through their children than through their gifts; and it is not likely to be anywhere if mothers spend their lives as fathers are obliged to spend theirs in the heat and bewilderment of business affairs. We would deprive none of their rights; we hope that women will obtain all of theirs; but let us see to it that rights do not clash; and, especially, let us take care that they have them who have the best claim to them, and for whose enjoyment of them society has most need.

ENGLAND.—THE COLONIAL EMPIRE—EMIGRATION.

LONDON, Nov. 18, 1869.

THE Queen went into the city in great state the other day with all manner of trumpeters, and horse-guards, and loyal addresses, and enthusiastic crowds, to open officially two newly constructed works—a bridge at Blackfriars and a viaduct across Farringdon Street. I must refer such of your readers as are anxious for the details to the columns of our daily papers and to the *Illustrated London News*. There they may read to their hearts' content of the noble ceremonies of the day and the touching zeal of the British Alderman. They may also discover that the said public works are really additions to our small stock of architectural beauty—though it is true that certain great granite pillars under the viaduct showed ominous cracks the day after the opening. However, the engineers have demonstrated, according to precedent, that nobody was to blame, and that there is not the slightest danger to the safety of the edifice. Perhaps cracked granite is as good as whole. In other respects the affair went off as such affairs do, that is, with much general congratulation and mutual applause. The Lord Mayor quite touched the hearts of his constituents next day by announcing that he was to be made a Baronet for having been Lord Mayor on so auspicious an occasion; and it is whispered that great efforts were made to bring it off just before the end of his term of office, so that the new Lord Mayor might not have that enviable distinction. A truce to such scandal!

I will only add that another demonstration had been mooted by placards, which would not have been quite so agreeable. It was proposed that the unemployed laborers of the city should rank themselves on either side of the line of procession by way of a mute protest against the existing state of things in general. The poor unemployed were too loyal to insult Her Majesty by the sight of their wretchedness, and kept in their usual hiding-places, or it may be that they had too much dignity even in their rags for so lamentable an exhibition. Be this as it may, they did not appear; and the aldermen could consume their turtle-soup that evening without being forced to reflect on the misery which was only too near. Another demonstration of a similar nature attracted some attention. A petition was drawn up and exposed in public places for signature, the tenor of which is rather remarkable. It sets forth that there is at present a vast amount of distress amongst the poorer classes—a fact which is really notorious. The weekly returns of London pauperism, which had, during most of the present year, been about equal to those of corresponding periods in 1868, have suddenly shown an ominous increase. Fevers, telling of partial starvation and its consequences, have been rife; and the prospect for the ensuing winter is really ominous. Starting from this acknowledged fact, the petitioners proceed to set forth their remedy. They say that there are great quantities of unoccupied land in our colonies; that those colonies were won by the blood and toil of Englishmen, and should be used for the benefit of the country; and they conclude by praying the Queen to adopt measures for an organized system of emigration, with the view of making these lands available for our own distressed poor. Many remarks might be made upon these statements, with which I will not trouble you at length. However, the sentiment to which the petitioners gave utterance was expanded and enforced with remarkable power in a very eloquent article in the *Pall Mall Gazette*. The general tendency of the article was to express a theory which deserves some consideration. It repudiated with much force the views which Mr. Goldwin Smith advocated in his book on the empire. Hitherto, it said, we have been treating the colonies from a mean and parochial point of view. We lost America by trying to govern too much; we are alienating the colonies by trying to govern too little. Of late we have given them self-government; we have regarded the whole question exclusively from the debtor and creditor point of view; because the colonies could not be made to produce any direct returns in money, we have decided that they could make us no returns at all. We have given way to the prosaic doctrines of the Manchester school, and proved ourselves unworthy descendants of the generation which produced such men as Chatham, Clive, and Hastings, and won for the English race its influence over the world of the future. The petition of these workingmen showed no vague socialist dreams, but a noble aspiration towards a worthier conception of our duties and destinies as a race. If we were content to be nothing more but a small set of commercial adventurers, inhabiting a small island, and content with our insignificance, there was no more to be said. But we should endeavor, if we had still any noble sense of ambition, to rise to imperial views and maintain the unity of our race throughout the world. There could be no worthier object for statesmen than to bring about such a result, and to lay deeply the foundation of a vast em-

pire or confederation of the English-speaking populations. It was admitted that the task was difficult, but it was the duty of statesmen to grapple with difficulties, and not to take the most ignoble line of policy simply because it was the easiest.

I am writing without the article at hand; but such was its general substance; and I think that the sentiment, expressed with remarkable power, meets with a very considerable response. I cannot enter into the argument at large, nor point out objections to the policy thus indicated which will be at least as obvious to you as to me. I will content myself with the remark that the difference between the article and the petition is significant, though not avowed. The writer of the article took the petition for his text, and spoke as though he were simply expanding its meaning. But in reality he took a very different view from that of his clients. He, as the exponent of a large class of educated men, sees before him a grand idea of the possible future of our colonial empire. A "parliament of man, a federation of the world," may be a chimerical prospect, but a union amongst the infant nations now growing up in various quarters of the globe, with England as the central body of the system, is undoubtedly a grand, if perhaps an impossible, conception. In Australia, in Africa, and in America we have descendants, who sometimes boast of being more English than the English themselves, and it is a pleasant dream, if it is nothing more, for a member of the parent stock, that the sentiment may give rise to some political organization able to preserve peace and friendly intercourse through vast regions, and to command the respect of the world. This vision, however, whether sound or baseless, is very different from that which floats before the eyes of the unemployed laborer in London. He knows only that there is a good deal of land, supposed in some sense or another to belong to the Queen, and naturally thinks that it ought to be used for his benefit. Why, he says, when thousands of people in the metropolis are supported by poor-rates or charity, should this vast estate of which they are legal heirs be allowed to run to waste? Give each man who can't get work his share of the property, and our surplus population will find a satisfactory provision. As for any supposed rights of the colonists, or any objections that they might have to being swamped by the pauper labor of England, he treats them with a contempt such as that which George III. would have felt for the American objection to take our tea. Here, then, is the divergence of which I spoke. The statesman sees a prospect of a union between different fragments of the race founded on a mutual regard for each other's rights and a delicate balance of conflicting interests. The unemployed sees simply a chance of getting hold of a certain quantity of property which in his opinion belongs to him and his representatives, and is in danger of appropriation by the colonists. A union of any kind founded on the first conception would be in danger of an awkward misinterpretation when it came to be worked by people who entertained the second theory. And it is unlucky, though not unnatural, that the popular ignorance as to the various interests of colonies dispersed over so wide a surface is profound enough to be favorable to very dangerous misunderstandings. We have got into a chronic difficulty over New Zealand, and a plan to appropriate the waste lands of the Australian colonists might destroy something of the exuberant loyalty which they sometimes display under the present régime.

The possibility of any union or league between the various branches of the empire is so remote that it is enough for the present to indicate the existence of a sentiment which, if rather unpractical, is certainly not ignoble. Our hands are too full at present of many home matters to give it any chance of coming forth now into the sphere of the political controversies of the day. But the uneasiness implied in the desire of the unemployed for the waste lands is of more importance. Many things point, as I have more than once remarked, to the probability of an increasing emigration from England. It is an easy if not a radical cure, and the shortest way of obtaining at least a temporary relief. The long-continued mercantile depression has made itself felt very deeply and seriously. The present winter, so far as we can see, is likely to bring to the surface an amount of distress unparalleled of late years. People are looking round for relief in various directions, and this is only one symptom of the existence of an uneasy feeling. Another is the agitation for a partial reversal or modification of the free-trade policy. I do not indeed believe that that agitation, which is carried on in very half-hearted fashion, is in the least degree likely to produce any practical effects upon our legislation. All that I wish to infer is that there is a great mass of discontent, which will tell in more ways than I can trace upon the politics of the immediate future. The land laws of Ireland must produce some vehement discussions, though our oracles are still dumb as to the nature of the Government policy, and the newspapers which affect to have any knowledge fluctuate strangely in their views. I suspect that, as in the case of the Reform Bill and the Irish Church, nobody tells us what is going to be proposed, simply because nobody knows. But whatever the plan which finds favor, it must give rise to some discussions likely to spread beyond the immediate cause of action, and I have dwelt at some length upon the symptoms, which, as you will easily see, may give them a turn neither expected nor desired by many of the respectable classes.

Correspondence.

MR. JAMES AND THE SWEDENBORGIANS.

To the Editor of the Nation:

Sir: I do not wish to make your pages the vehicle of a controversy with Mr. James respecting the true interpretations of Swedenborg's teachings, and I therefore content myself with saying that, in my view, he mistakes the purport of those teachings as much as he mistakes the spirit and aims of the Swedenborgian Church organizations. But he makes one or two assertions which I must beg of you permission to formally deny.

It is not true that I, or the Swedenborgian Church organizations, have the pretension to pass off our worship as "a more acceptable homage rendered to God than that rendered by any other sect." The idea is a figment of Mr. James's imagination. Nor do we "boldly disavow all other worship than ours as having any divine sanctity." This also is an unfounded assertion. We simply maintain, as Mr. James maintains, that the religious doctrines which we profess are true, and, consequently, that other doctrines are false to the extent that they differ from ours, but we claim no superior personal sanctity on that account, knowing full well that this would be superlative folly.

Mr. James denounces us to the public as misleading their opinion of Swedenborg, while at the same time he professes to be able to set them right. I would answer him in his own words: "When a light-house can find nothing better to do than to discredit other light-houses, we may be sure that the little light it has is not a light from heaven."

A Swedenborgian.

[We devote further space to this controversy with a good deal of reluctance, and hope that Mr. James, if he feels called on to rejoin, will not introduce new matter.—Ed. Nation.]

PENNSYLVANIA SCHOOL EXPENSES.

To the Editor of the Nation:

Sir: Permit me to correct a mistake which occurs in your issue of Nov. 25, under the head of "Literary Notes," where, speaking of the Pennsylvania common schools, you say: "The expenses last year were $6,200,268, being upwards of a million dollars more than the year before, and a larger sum, if we mistake not, than has been expended by any State in the Union for free education."

The expenses of the common schools in the State of New York during the same year, as stated in the Annual Report of the Superintendent of Public Instruction, were as follows:

For Teachers' Wages	$5,597,506 94
For Libraries	26,632 34
For School Apparatus	234,528 09
For Colored Schools	64,807 59
For School-houses, Sites, Furniture, etc.	2,184,064 95
For all other incidental Expenses	933,401 75
Total	$9,040,942 02

In addition to the sums thus reported, there was expended in the support of educational institutions, and for the salaries and expenses of school officers, during the same year, considerably more than $300,000, all of which, with the exception of about $25,000 allowed by boards of supervisors for the expenses of school commissioners, was paid out of the State Treasury. The following is a statement of the additional expenses, all of which are directly chargeable to the support of a school system:

For Expenses of Department of Public Instruction	$15,000 00
" Support of Normal Schools	75,000 00
" Salaries and Expenses of School Commissioners	114,000 00
" Printing for Department	25,000 00
" Support of Teachers' Institutes	18,000 00
" Support of Academies	40,000 00
" Support of "Teachers' Classes" in Academies	18,000 00
" Support of Indian Schools	8,000 00
" Maintenance of Board of Regents	8,000 00
	$321,000,00
Add amount previously reported	9,040,942 02
Grand total	$9,361,942 02

Of the sum thus expended, about half a million was derived from the income of the school and literature funds, about twenty-two hundred thousand from the State tax for the support of schools, while the balance was almost wholly raised by voluntary taxation in the cities and "rural districts." A. A. KEYES.

ALBANY, N. Y., Nov. 27, 1869.

Notes.

LITERARY.

MESSRS. NICHOLS & NOYES announce for immediate publication "Pater Mundi," which is by the author of "Ecce Cœlum." This work, and the forthcoming "Ecce Femina," by Mr. Carlos White, of Dartmouth College, make not less than seven or eight volumes with titles of the "Ecce" sort, which would seem to be quite enough of them, though Mr. White's is rather happy considering his line of argument. Still, to find a lucky title is something like finding a four-leaved shamrock—so far, that is to say, as one's labor and trouble are concerned. As for the exceptional luck, it seems that one no sooner finds a good title than everybody else with a publisher finds one too. Messrs. Nichols & Noyes will also publish speedily a book called "The Sexes, their Relations Here and Hereafter." It is by the Rev. Mr. James Reed, of Boston, and may be expected to give us the Swedenborgian view of man's relation to woman. But there is more or less curiosity as to these; and some of our New York woman's-rights women are so diligently and successfully preparing the general public for a hearty revulsion from the favorable or rather the interested feeling which it had a few months ago, that both Mr. Reed and Mr. White may expect a good audience and more applause than a while since they could have got.——Mr. W. J. Widdleton announces a new edition, with thirty illustrations, of the poems of Edgar Allan Poe. There is to be a new and perhaps juster life of the poet, who probably has indeed suffered at the hands of his biographers; though probably, too—not to be too hard on Doctor Rufus Wilmot Griswold—the poet has himself largely to thank for his sufferings. We recommend the new biographer—or would if we had not an impression that he is in England, where, we believe, the book is to be first printed—to read the December *Putnam's*, and extract Mr. Putnam's report of how the Doctor encountered Thackeray one day, and how "the great Thacker," as the Irish gentleman called him, "sat down on him," as they say in the West, in not the greatest manner, to be sure, but still in a manner not without edification to those who recollect our American critic and his works and ways.

—We have received the prospectus of the *Index*, the forthcoming organ of the Free Religionists, of which we spoke last week, and now are able to speak of its character more definitely than we could then. Every phase of earnest thought, says the editor, will have a fair chance to be heard. No article will be rejected on the ground that it teaches theism, nor any on the ground that it teaches atheism; transcendentalism and positivism shall have equal rights of speech accorded them; spiritualism and materialism, "free religion" and Christianity, all are to meet on equal terms. Nothing more will be asked of a writer than that his article be in the new journal's general field of thought, and that it possess ability, and be fair, courteous, and of good moral tone—the editor being solely responsible for the application of these tests. What the paper's general field is to be, our readers may more distinctly see by looking at the titles and a list of seven essays which will appear in the seven opening numbers: first comes "The Genius of Christianity and Free Religion;" next, "What is Christianity?" next, "What is Free Religion?" next, "Christianity and Free Religion contrasted as corner-stones"—and not contrasted to the disadvantage of Free Religion, we may surmise; fifth is "Christianity and Free Religion contrasted as to institutions, terms of fellowship, social ideal, moral ideal, and essential spirit;" sixth is "The Practical Work of Free Religion;" and last is, "Unitarianism *versus* Freedom." These are all lectures written by the editor, Mr. F. E. Abbot, who promises in addition "short and shotted" articles by able co-operators of his—Mr. O. B. Frothingham for one, and Mr. W. J. Potter for another, who both will fill regularly a certain space. And whether its articles are original or selected, short or long, they will be "uncompromising, fearless, radical," putting faith in ideas and working for them openly and regardless of consequences, for "its only policy will be strong thought and plain speech." Yet it will not "seek to shock the religious nerve," but though "standing squarely outside of Christianity, it will aim to be just to it, recognizing its excellences, noting its defects." What, in Mr. Abbot's opinion, these latter may be, the reader unacquainted with his writings may partly gather from what he goes on to say next: The *Index* "will pay no deference to the authority of the Bible, the Church, or the Christ, but rest solely on the authority of right, reason, and good conscience." It will trust no revelation but that of universal human faculties. It will accept every certified result of science, philosophy, and historical criticism, asking no question what it proves. Thus one more new crusade opens, and there is a brave sound of "trumpets blown for wars," and we seem to hear great neighing of steeds and the noise of armorers hammering at armor over in the direction of the *Catholic World*. But the *Index* is more agile than that warrior, and appears every week instead of every month, thus having a clear advantage. Two dollars a year is the price of the *Index*, and it sets out with a capital in hand sufficient to run it for one year certainly.

—The prospectus of *Old and New*, also, we have received since our last week's mention of it; but there is perhaps not much to add to what was then said. It is apparently going to be less distinctively Unitarian than we had supposed. "Its aim," the conductors say, "is to improve the social and religious life of the American people by freely bringing forward subjects of the highest social and religious importance;" and it will have the further aim of giving to the public stories, literary essays, and criticisms by the best writers in these departments; sketches of travel and articles in physical science "by men and women who know what is known;" and, finally, a Record of Progress. In this last department, "without much attention to the merely transient squalls or tea-pot tempests," *Old and New* will attempt to show what progress the world is really making in educational matters, in social reform, in its scientific and religious associations, and in its administration of public offices. All these topics are to be discussed under the inspiration of the Christian religion as interpreted by "a broad and liberal theology;" for *Old and New* is going to recognize the truth, which nowadays everywhere compels assent, "that while the religion taught by Jesus Christ is as old as the throne of God, Theology, which is the human expression of man's knowledge of God, requires new statements with every day." This, on the whole, seems like a programme calculated to please, and there are names in the list of contributors—*volumina fallacia*—which make promise that the programme shall be well carried out. Dr. Walker, for instance, will have an article in the first number; so will Mr. Emerson; so will Mr. "Frederic Ingham;" and Mr. Sidney Andrews, who has recently come home judiciously well pleased with the Californians, will say something about the Pacific coast, and he is a trained observer and an honest reporter, and therefore worth hearing. Professor J. P. Cooke is down among the contributors to future numbers of *Old and New*, and with him are Professor Joseph Lovering, Dr. O. W. Holmes, Mr. Lowell, Professor C. C. Everett, Professor J. P. Lesley, Professor Nathan Hale, Mr. George P. Marsh, Mr. C. F. Adams, Rev. Mr. C. E. Stowe, Rev. Dr. J. F. Clarke, Mrs. H. B. Stowe, Mrs. J. W. Howe, Dr. Bellows, Rev. Mr. Robert Collyer, Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney, one of the pleasantest of writers for the young, and Mr. Horace Scudder, who also has a pretty gift that way. Four dollars a year is to be the price of the new periodical, and it will be published simultaneously in Boston and New York by Messrs. H. O. Houghton & Co. in the former city, and by Messrs. Hurd & Houghton here.

—Some malicious Philadelphian, taking his cue, perhaps, from the *World's* jester—who lately described Boston as 95,000,000 miles distant from the sun, revolving on its axis once in every twenty-four hours, etc.—has issued a representation of half the globe, including all the civilized portions, on which Boston appears as "the geographical as well as intellectual and moral centre." The idea, however, seems to us a good deal better than the execution, which is not nearly so funny as the *World's* simple statistical paragraph. Measured by private libraries, we presume Boston could not now pretend to be the intellectual centre of the United States, even as competing with Philadelphia alone. Perhaps its Public Library does not approach in the richness of one, at least, of its collections the musical library of Mr. Joseph Drexel, of Philadelphia, of which a catalogue has just been printed, containing fifteen hundred numbers, which represent almost twice as many volumes. This is said to be surpassed only by the British Museum and the Leipzig libraries. In Philadelphia itself, we remark that "centres" are changing—the Academy of Natural Sciences, the Historical Society, and the Academy of Fine Arts all moving westward. To be strictly accurate, we should say that the last is intending to move whenever it can sell out to advantage, and has fixed upon Broad Street for its future location, where it will keep company with the Academy of Music, the Union League Club-House, the Masonic Temple, and some fifty churches, actual or prospective. One institution resists removal,

though we trust it admits of progress, and that is Girard College. One rarely hears of an alumnus of this remarkable foundation, but graduates go out from it year by year, and some of these went into the army during the rebellion, and offered up their lives for their country. Recently the statue of a soldier (by Bailly) was erected in memory of them by their Alma Mater, and the making of a speech on that occasion by Mr. Kane O'Donnell, the poet and journalist, reminds us that he was one of Stephen Girard's beneficiaries.

—The living writers of English history are in a position in the like of which, perhaps, no band of eminent literary men ever found themselves before. Each must have the author's partiality for his work, and must feel something of pain if it seems threatened by the danger of sudden obsoleteness and oblivion, or if there seems likelihood that the child of his mental labor, which was to outlive him and keep his name alive, is destined to go down to the dust before its parent. And yet, on the other hand, every student of history, remembering his labors of research and of thought—remembering how difficult it was to find grounds for judgment, and how difficult, when they were found, it often was to settle upon a conclusion—must rejoice that new materials are coming to light in almost boundless profusion, that many errors are on the point of banishment, that many old doubts are soon to vanish, and that, in general, certainty and light are in a thousand places to be substituted for uncertainty and half-light and total darkness. We mentioned last spring the formation of the Historical Manuscripts Commission, and expressed a hope and belief that it would be successful, and, further, a hope that it would be able to extend its investigations over countries dependent upon England or susceptible to her influence—as India, for example, with her various literatures of the past, and Turkey, with her provinces rich in monasteries, and possibly in manuscripts. The Commission's work in England has been astonishingly successful. More than thirty ecclesiastical and lay corporations, and more than seventy noblemen and gentlemen, have placed their treasures at the disposal of the Government; and it is now proposed that the course which has had such results in England shall be pursued in Scotland and Ireland also. One family alone is said to have sent in from their muniment-room five thousand private letters, written by important personages of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. Another has contributed one hundred letters from Prior the poet, and two hundred from Stepney, Prior's friend. The present possessor of it sends in a collection made by Sir William Dugdale, and not disturbed since that famous antiquarian's death. It is said to contain many manuscripts as old as the ninth, tenth, eleventh, and twelfth centuries—among them being charters of Anglo-Saxon and of Norman kings, and of Matilda, the empress. Then there is a record in Lord Halifax's handwriting of many of his conversations with William the Third—a sort of record that we may suppose the chief of Trimmers peculiarly fit to keep, and which is doubtless interesting. The owner of this autograph did not know he owned it till the commissioners set him hunting. Among the vast number of other things, there are two hundred and twenty letters by Charles the First never before published—letters throwing light on the history of Perkin Warbeck, the "Flemish Cheat," as they used to call him, who has long been one of the mysteries of English history; letters from Henry the first Tudor, from Elizabeth of York, from Cardinal Wolsey, Catharine of Aragon, and Henry the Eighth; later letters giving fuller particulars of the Gunpowder Plot, and still later letters confirming the account of Charles the Second's having made a good Catholic end. This mass of matter, and the masses more that will be added to it, will all, of course, bear much sifting, and will get it; but we may probably look to see a recasting of more than one character in English history, and a different color given to many acts and occurrences. At all events, we may confidently expect that history will for the next generation take a more prominent place in English literature than it has in the immediate past.

—It is well enough known that when anybody wants a book of reference—a gazetteer, a dictionary of words, or of biography, or of history, or of anything else—and can get a German or a French one, he does not care for an English or an American one. But this reproach is now partly taken away. There has just appeared in England a dictionary—or half of one—which is said to be as good as any dictionary needs to be—a dictionary without a superior. It represents the life-long labor of one remarkable man and years of the labors of very many more men. Mr. Richard Cleasby, of London, was the son of a Russia merchant, and was born we do not know exactly when, but not far, on the one side or the other, from 1800. He was educated at Cambridge, and while still there discovered a strong bent towards the study of the Teutonic languages. After leaving college he travelled much in Germany, everywhere making close philological observations and recording them copiously in his diaries. These observations on the spot were afterwards of great service to him, and Jacob Grimm said of him that he knew more about the different forms of the German tongue than any one German. What others got from books or from hearsay, he, being rich and able to go where he liked, got from the mouths of the men and women themselves who spoke the various dialects. Scandinavian literature, too, he was familiar with, and Anglo-Saxon. But Mr. Cleasby was not a learned man only, but also a wise one, and having made himself familiar with Teutonic philology in general, he began to consider what particular field in it he should choose for the most thorough cultivation; for he was a believer in Goethe's maxim that if a young man would do anything great he must limit himself. He settled on the Scandinavian field. At once he began work, spending most of his time in the North, but making occasional visits to England and to Germany, to all of whose philological scholars he was known. It was not long before he determined that the production of an Icelandic-English dictionary should be his task, for thus he thought he could best serve both Scandinavian and English philology. He spared no money or pains; he made constant journeys; he hired a great number of amanuenses and co-laborers; he put himself in close communication and intercourse with the scholars of Copenhagen, and in every way addressed himself strenuously to the labor of making a dictionary which should be worthy of a place beside any such work in any language. A main feature of it was to be that it should give not only the birth and origin of each Icelandic word, but also its history as it has come down the centuries, having now one shade of meaning and now another. That this might be done, the book was to be exceedingly rich in quotations; many passages were to be cited and each word was to tell its own story. The work went on; specimens were printed which every one warmly approved; the collection of material was well-nigh over, and the method of arrangement had shown itself clearly to Mr. Cleasby's mind, who saw himself near the successful close of a long labor—a labor in which we may see a monument of moral not less than of mental strength. Just at this moment he died suddenly: a typhoid fever carried him off in the autumn of 1847. His heirs, however, showed themselves true heirs of the man as well as of his fortune, and it was soon decided that the dictionary should still be printed. Scholars in Copenhagen were employed to finish it, and in 1854 the MS., nominally complete, arrived in England. Mr. George W. Dasent, the very well-known and distinguished Scandinavian scholar, undertook to see it through the press; but soon he found that as yet it was not a dictionary, but only the making of one, and that much more work must be given to it. As years went on, he saw that he himself would never be able to bring it out, and with the permission of the Delegates of the Oxford Press, Mr. Gudbrand Vigfússon was brought over as editor. This able scholar—aided as they could by Mr. Dasent and Dr. Liddell—has not only edited with success Mr. Cleasby's work, but has added one-half to its bulk and greatly to its value from the stores of his own scholarship. The first part, from A to H, is now published, and bears the title of an "Icelandic-English Dictionary, Chiefly Founded on the Collections made from Prose Works of the 12th–14th Centuries." It is said to be excellently well printed, and it is of course costly—so much money and time having, first and last, been expended upon it, not only by the Cleasby family and afterwards Mr. Dasent, but by the conductors of the Clarendon Press. There is now, we may say, an opportunity for a good number of our wealthy men to make their respective colleges a gift so complete and so admirable that there are few which could be given or received with more entire and equal satisfaction to both the giver and the receiver.

—Sir Edward Creasy, in his "History of England," attributes the modern institution of nobility to the custom which grew up under the Roman Empire of giving the title of *comes* to certain leading courtiers of the emperor. In this view there is, no doubt, a large share of truth; but the author is not quite accurate in the account he gives of the origin of this imperial institution. The great historian, Mommsen, has discussed the question of the *Comites Augusti* in his usual exhaustive manner, in a late number of the *Hermes*. According to him, the institution originated during the Republic, with those magistrates who served "out of Rome; or, rather, out of Italy. The purely metropolitan officials never had *comites*, and never could have them; for *comes* is the travelling-companion, and, therefore, belongs to the official only in so far as he travels." Further, "as the imperial office itself was developed out of the pro-consulate, the imperial *comites* were developed out of the pro-consular. So long as the emperors remain in Italy, they have not such companions, and can have

none such, because they are essentially travelling-companions of the *rei-publicæ causa absens.*" It is not until the time of Constantine that we find *comites* with established rank—first, second, and third order, and with no relation to any *journey*. The immediate occasion for this "essentially new creation" may have been, he suggests, the circumstance "that the Empire under Diocletian, and, in a certain sense, under Constantine also, was without a fixed capital (*Residenz*), and the emperor of this period, as being constantly upon journeys, might also have standing travelling-companions."

—Pseudonyms and anonyms are attracting much attention of late. In old times the bibliographer contented himself with the bulky and ill-arranged Placcius, continued by Mylius. Now he turns for instant aid to the convenient, but, alas! not over-reliable, "Index Pseudonymorum" of Weller. For a long time Barbier was the only authority in this branch of French literature. Barbier is by no means superseded, but De Manne's continuation and supplement has already gone into a third edition; that D'Heilly's "Dictionnaire" is not useless is indicated by the publication of a second edition; and the great "Supercheries Littéraires Dévoilées" of Quérard, long scarce, is, as we mention below, in course of republication. In Italian, the work imperfectly performed by Lancetti has been executed by Melzi in the most thorough and satisfactory manner, and probably his successor need do little but add the books that have appeared since 1859, when the last volume of his "Dizionario" was published. The Germans have had no work of late specially devoted to this subject; but Weller's "Index," used in conjunction with Kayser's "Bücher-Lexicon," enables one to get the most needful information. One would think that all shame-faced Belgian men of letters must have been dragged to the light by M. Delecourt in his long "Essai," begun in the "Bibliophile Belge," and, after the death of that periodical, ended as a separate publication. The Russians who have written anonymously in the French language, and the Frenchmen who have written anonymously about Russia, have been called to account by S. Poltoratzky in the same periodical. We know of two Englishmen and two Americans who have undertaken to supply the deficiency in this branch of bibliography which has long been a reproach to our literature. The Americans, we fancy, have abandoned the task; one of the Englishmen, Ralph Thomas, has already published a convenient work on the English pseudonyms of the present century; the other, Mr. Halkett, has labored on a book of more extensive plan for fifteen years, but we may have to wait long before it appears. To tear aside the veil under which modesty, malice, or pretence hides itself requires knowledge, sagacity, and, above all, patience for long hunts through books of all sorts, and persistent questioning of publishers and men of letters. By patience, perhaps, almost all the secrets that are worth knowing may be learned; even Junius, who has given a century's sport to a whole pack of essayists, is thought to be unearthed at last by an expert in handwriting. In no other literatures than those we have mentioned has anything been done hitherto of any account; but E. Collins's "Anonymer og Pseudonymer i den Danske, Norske og Islandske Literatur" (Copenhagen, 1869, 8vo, pp. 216) promises to supply the want in regard to Scandinavian books. The chief gaps which still remain are in the Dutch, Spanish, and West-Slavic literatures, and these will perhaps be filled if the interest in the subject continues and spreads.

—Of many French bibliographical dictionaries, the names of which suggest themselves as illustrative of the remark above made, we need only mention two—Brunet's "Manuel du Libraire" and Quérard's "La France Littéraire"—and of both these writers there is now something interesting and new to be said. The first work we have mentioned has a modest bibliographical title, it is true; but many are the scholars who have been glad to profit by its treasury of knowledge. The second will tell you at a glance all you could reasonably expect to find consigned to print concerning any and every known French author, however obscure. Quérard was eminent in his walk of literature. He devoted a lifetime to his labor of predilection, and produced a book worthy of himself and his country. In assigning works to authors and authors to works, one difficulty naturally beset him, and increased as he approached the present literary period. He found works that did not belong to the names announced as their authors; others that were not written by those who claimed them; others ascribed to those who had not written them; others, again, published anonymously or under pseudonyms. This naturally suggested a special classification, which, once commenced, soon grew into material for a separate work, which he published under the title of "Les Supercheries Littéraires Dévoilées." It contained 9,430 articles—expositions of as many literary frauds and plagiarisms. An alarming number, one might say. And yet it was from this point that the work really began to grow in size and importance. Fifteen more years of labor, and Quérard was ready to commence a second edition, containing 50,000 articles. But one number was issued, when he died, and the work was suspended. Fortunately, M. Gustave Brunet came into possession of the deceased Quérard's papers, and will complete the work, to which will be added "Le Dictionnaire des Ouvrages Anonymes," by Barbier. The first volume—letters A to E—is just published, and of its 1,278 pages 153 are devoted to Alexandre Dumas. Exhibit is made of the paternity of the works bearing his name; also, the nonchalant ease with which he helped himself to what best suited him. Long citations are given, in parallel columns, from authors ancient and modern, and from Alexandre, in which the resemblance amounts to identity. The article closes with the reflection that, if ever Dumas reaches the right to a seat in the Institute, the classical arm-chair will not suffice, for he would require a bench even longer than that formerly claimed for Scribe, renowned for his dramatic pillage.

A LONDON APPRENTICE IN MARYLAND.*

Of the history of Mr. George Alsop, author of the "Character of the Province of Maryland," nothing is certainly known except what may be gathered from that amusing tractate itself. He was about twenty years old when, "consin'd by Fate within the narrow walks of a four years Servitude," he took his departure from London for the Lord Baltimore's plantations. He himself would seem to be willing we should understand that he was self-exiled, and that the cause of his leaving home was the loyal disgust that overcame him when he reflected how his revered sovereign had been treated by Cromwell and his "base Mechanicks"—by "A Drayman that knows nought but Yeast." But he discovers so good a knowledge of various evil practices carried on in "Lewknor's Lane" and "Mother Coney's," and other dubious resorts in London, and his overpowering disgust at the usurper came upon him so suspiciously late—for Cromwell died in 1658, just as our young monarchist was going aboard ship—that we may forgive ourselves for suspecting that the gentleman left the realm at the instance of some Puritan magistrate who had views of his own as to the proper method of dealing with roystering apprentices. "A handicraft apprentice" he speaks of himself as having been, or we should have been inclined to think plausible our conjecture that he had been bound to an apothecary, he has such a wealth, and so constantly uses it, of most unsavory comparisons drawn from the art of the pottinger; and they are comparisons which show minute knowledge, and run on all fours so well, that one would suppose that Alsop must have handled the pestle and been familiar with the dispensatory and its recipes. This may easily be, for his handicraft apprenticeship lasted but two years, he says, so he had time for both, and was not of a disposition to be called stable. r he may have spent a great part of his youth in school. Evidently he had been measurably educated, and no small conceit he seems to have of his acquirements and capabilities. To his prose—which is mostly in the Ercles vein, and finely bombastic, as if he had served with Pistol and admired that hero—he is always appending copies of verses, which, however, are as bare and bald as the poetry of the man of prose bombast is apt to be. But these effusions he dashes off in a few moments. "They were delivered me in the company of some Gentlemen"—he says on one occasion, speaking of two caps—"that ingaged me to write a few lines upon the purple one, and as they were friends I could not deny them; and here I present them to you as they were written." And again he says, "What you'le find will be *Ex tempore*, without the use of premeditation." We spare the reader Master Alsop's verses; but for his prose here is a specimen. His business being to tell what were the staple products of Maryland, he produces an exordium of half the length of his chapter upon "Trafique" in general, of which what here follows is a part:

"If trade should once cease, the Custom-house would soon miss her hundreds and thousands hogs-heads of tobacco that use to be throng in her every year, as well as the grocers would in their warehouses and boxes, the gentry and commonalty in their pipes, the physician in his drugs and medicinal compositions; the (leering) waiters for want of imployment, might (like so many *Diogenes*) intomb themselves in their empty casks, and rouling themselves off the key into the *Thames*, there wander up and down from tide to tide in contemplation of *Aristotles* unresolved curiosity, until the rottenness of their circular habitation give them a *quietus est*, and fairly surrender them up into the custody of those who, both for profession, disposition, and nature, lay as near claim to them as if they both tumbled in one belly, and for name they jump alike, being, according to the original translation, both *Sharkes*."

* "A Character of the Province of Maryland; described in four distinct parts. Also a small Treatise on the Wild and Naked Indians (or Susquehanokes) of Maryland—their Customs, Manners, Absurdities, and Religion. Together with a Collection of Historical Letters. By George Alsop. A new edition, with an Introduction and copious Historical Notes. By John Gilmary Shea, LL.D." New York: William Gowans. 1869.

He can, however, be direct enough when he chooses, and there is a queer alternation of an exaggerated, Owen Feltham sort of rhetoric with the plainest possible way of calling a spade a spade. Once in a while, be it said, he puts us under obligations for a new word, which, in its swelling way, is not so bad. Thus, he contemns and abhors "a common and folding-handed beggar;" and of the wild ducks in the Chesapeake he says that they come "in millionous multitudes." It may be taken, perhaps, as a proof of his having partly or wholly undergone a liberal education that he is enabled to follow the fashion of the day, and prefixes to his book some complimentary verses, by a certain "friend"—an "H. W., Master of Arts"—who dates his production "from My Study," which we fear is euphemistic. It is known that in those days there were Masters of Arts who customarily bestowed themselves in taverns not too reputable, to say nothing of worse places. And, whoever "H. W." may have been—and all trace of him is lost—and wherever was "My Study," certain it is that he had not greatly profited by his residence at the university, if we may judge by the favor of his muse.

Apothecary's apprentice or not, Alsop is, beyond a doubt, a highly entertaining rascal; he is manifestly a braggadocio or ruffler, but not destitute of parts, and any reader, however little antiquarian in his tastes, will enjoy the "Character," "wherein is Described, in Four Distinct Parts, the Scituation and plenty of the Province; the Laws, Customs, and Natural Demeanor of the Inhabitants; the Worst and Best Vsage of a Mary-Land Servant, opened in view; and the Traffique and Vendable Commodities of the Countrey. Also a Small Treatise on the Wilde and Naked Indians (or Susquehanokes) of Mary-Land, their Customs, Manners, Absurdities, and Religion."

The narration was written for Lord Baltimore and the rest of the company of Maryland adventurers; and, not improbably, it may have been done on some hint from them. It is, at all events, boldly dedicated to them. They had latterly not been finding it so easy to get Englishmen to emigrate, and would have followed the usual practice in hiring somebody ready with the pen to "write up" their enterprise for the press. This was not a task which our literary apprentice would not gladly take in hand, and, going to work with a will, he produced what seems to have been a true enough account of the state of things in the colony, and one well calculated—if we except the terrific description of how the heathenish Susquehanokes disposed of their prisoners—to advance the interests of the company. He begins by declaring, in round terms, that he who out of curiosity desires to see "the Landskip of the Creation drawn to the life, or to read Nature's universal Herbal without book, may, with the Opticks of a discreet discerning, view Mary-Land, drest in her green and fragrant Mantle of the Spring." Neither does he think that there is any place under the Heavenly altitude, or that has any footing or room upon the circular globe of this world, that can parallel the fertile and pleasant ground of his whilom residence in its multiplicity, or rather, he would say, in Nature's extravagancy of a superabounding plenty. "For so much doth this country increase in a swelling Spring-tide of rich variety and diversities of all things, not only common provisions that supply the reaching stomach of man with a satisfactory plenty," but also in uncommon vegetable growths, that "those parts of the Creation that have borne the Bell away (for many ages) for a vegetable plentiousness, must now in silence strike and vayle all, and whisper softly in the auditual parts of Mary-Land, that none but she in this dwells singular." And in respect of the animal kingdom within her borders, Maryland is eminently blessed. As for hogs, they disfrequent the houses, indeed; but they may easily be slain, and in number they are so great that upon necessity one must judge the Province to be nothing more nor less than the Gadarean territories; and if Satan were minded to enter into a drove of swine every day and urge them into the sea, his victims would hardly be missed out of Maryland. Sheep are not many; but then few persons desire them. Deer are innumerable, and there are, besides, the Elke, the Cat of the Mountain, the Beaver, the Possum, the Squirrel, the Hare, the Otter, the Monack (woodchuck), the Musk Rat, and many more, mostly good for food, "yet of no value nor esteem here," there being so much other food. Ferocious wild animals are not worth minding; they "do but little hurt or injury worth noting, and that which they do is of so degenerate and low a nature (as in reference to the fierceness and heroick vigour that dwell in the same kind of beasts in other countries)," that no one cares for them; "the highest of their designs and circumventing reaches is but cowardly and base."

In the matter of government, Maryland is simply "The Miracle of the Age." The sects are orderly and not mutinous, like Fifth Monarchy Men, nor are there ever seen there "any of those dancing Adamitical Sisters" that deserve whipping for their deportment. There is there no "Aquafortial eating" of heavy taxes; the Provincial House of Burgesses wastes no time in gilded orations, but is business-like and honest; the lawyer there "may button up his chops" if he thinks his bawling is going to support him, for equity reigns; there the constable needs no train of halberdiers; there "a man may walk in the open woods as secure from being externally dissected as in his own house or dwelling;" there the son works in the field with the bound servant; there the daughters are sensible and modest, and they have a plain wit, "so that he that intends to court a Mary-Land Girle must have something more than the Tautologies of a long-winded speech to carry on his design, or else he may (for ought I know) fall under the contempt of her frown, and his own windy oration"—Master Alsop, lightly as he turns it off, having evidently had some experiences he would fain forget. The man in servitude in Maryland is a happy being, with very good prospects. He has an ancient customary privilege to repose himself within the house three hours every day of the hottest months, and he never works on Saturday afternoons; in the winter, unless his ingenuity prompts him to hunt the deer, recreate himself by slaughtering the swans, geese, or turkeys, he has nothing to do but sit by the fire; at the end of his time his master gives him a farm, and is obliged by law to assist him. So then those persons who are perpetually saying that farm servants in Maryland are sold in open markets, and draw in carts, like horses, tell a lie "lymbeckt from their sottish and preposterous brains;" and a lie such in its enormity that "if they should search to the very Center of Hell, and enquire for a lye of the most ancient and damned stamp," Mr. Alsop confidently thinks none to equal the one above-mentioned could be found.

With artificers the case is still better than with laborers on the farms, light and gentlemanly as their occupation is; and women are especially valued, for no sooner do they reach the shore than they are at once courted into matrimony—"the best luck here," in short, "as in any place of the world besides." Men, our author here remarks, coming back to his sore subject again, have not altogether so good fortune in this kind, without—mark you—"without they be good rhetoricians." So he goes on with his persuasive tongue, telling not a few lies both of the modern and ancient stamp, no doubt, and doing them so well, considering his dislike of them, that the adventurers more than once printed his book as a means of roping in servants. We have not space to give any of his description of the Indians, which is all interesting. In that part of the book he seems, in his desire to cut a figure as one that had seen these "only hieroglyphicks and representations of the Furies," to have lost sight of business, and his traveller's tales—true enough, too, probably, bating his making the male Susquehanoke seven feet high—must have scared many a cockney more than the sea-voyage or the apprenticeship to the tobacco planter.

Dr. J. G. Shea, of the New York Historical Society, has edited this rare old book for Mr. Gowans, and his notes are a valuable addition to the text. There is in particular one very good historical note—that which makes a résumé of the history of the Indian tribes of which the Susquehanokes were one; and he gives also some detailed information in regard to them, and the more numerous but less brave and able Algonquin tribes which surrounded them.

THE MAN WHO LAUGHS.*

From the falling off which his two subsequent novels show, Victor Hugo no doubt reached his high-water mark in "Les Misérables," which, after all deductions have been made, is a remarkable and, perhaps, a great work. It certainly goes deep and has made an impression on many classes of readers that will not soon be effaced—not pre-eminently as a novel, though it has many excellences in this respect, but on account of its vast energy, its lyrical fire, its splendid descriptive passages, and a sort of epic swing and intensity throughout. But neither of "The Man who Laughs" nor of its immediate predecessor, "The Toilers of the Sea," can as much be said. They both have, indeed, something of the sort of lurid moral grandeur that characterized "Les Misérables," but they possess far less interest as stories, and show a hardening and intensifying of those peculiarities of Victor Hugo's mind and manner that make the reading of his novels, even the best of them, to some persons a kind of literary torture. His stiff and stilted dialogues; the jerky, abrupt, galvanic movements of his characters, his morbid craving for the monstrous; his epileptic tendency; his violation of dramatic law; his want of humor; his contortions when his invention fails him, and a certain incongruity that is like false time in music—these faults and deficiencies, prominent enough in all of his works, are at times painfully so in "The Man who Laughs."

* "The Man who Laughs. By Victor Hugo." New York: D. Appleton & Co.

Most American readers, we imagine, will feel the want of humor more than anything else, because in English literature humor has a functional importance like the juices and lubricating liquids in the animal organism, and because, also, in this work Hugo essays its introduction in no small measure. This want is noticeable in the author's inability to enter into or to understand certain facts and conditions of life, or certain occurrences, like the prize-fight which he describes, but it is conspicuous in the manner in which he perpetually confounds the grotesque with the hideous. The former it is impossible for him to portray. He invariably pushes it so far that it becomes the monstrous, the abnormal, and excites our disgust rather than our laughter. His hero, Gwynplaine, he would have us believe, was the most comic, mirth-provoking object the sun ever shone upon, and yet he repeatedly describes him as a gnome, a hydra, a full-blown monster. Gwynplaine was a person of noble blood, whose identity had been destroyed in youth by a species of vivisection performed upon his face, which was made to wear a broad, petrified grin. Women were horrified and could not endure a second look, and it would have been better for their unborn children had they not looked at all. But this ghastly, mutilated creature is Victor Hugo's symbol of the droll, the grotesque. He describes him as being followed through the world by the most violent and uproarious laughter. People laugh till they nearly go into convulsions. Funeral cortéges are disturbed and the mourners are obliged to turn away their heads to avoid what would be an indecent exhibition of mirth. The wretch who was the author of this mutilation, under the torture and with the death-rattle in his throat, laughs when he beholds him, and dies. So irresistible is his grin and such medicine for hypochondriacs, that he adopts the exhibition of it as a profession, and goes about the country in company with his foster-father, Ursus, and a blind girl, Dea, making a show of it for the amusement of the crowd. They travel and live in a kind of rolling-hut—a Diogenes-tub on wheels—which Ursus and his wolf, Homo, draw. In time this hut gives place to the green-box, which probably resembles one of our peripatetic daguerrean establishments, is drawn by horses, and has a stage arranged, upon which the company, including the wolf, play some rude pieces, Gwynplaine's "piquant" visage being, of course, the chief attraction. Their great piece, which night after night fills the court-yard of the Tadcaster Inn with a panting, laughter-convulsed crowd, is called "Chaos Conquered." It is a sort of drama of creation, ending in a farce, and shows again how the author fails to discriminate the true genesis of mirth. That a crowd full of motherwit and unerring animal instincts, as all crowds of the common people are, should laugh at or tolerate such a preposterous farce, such a *falsetto* farce, is too much to believe. Starting with the true enough principle that laughter is born of the unexpected, the incongruous, the author caps the climax of a scene that is meant to be in the highest degree solemn and impressive, and to fill the spectator with a feeling of mysterious apprehension as when in the presence of the supernatural, with the hideous visage of Gwynplaine brought into bold and sudden relief by a jet of light falling upon it. The shock, the revulsion of feeling which must follow such a bucket of cold water, begets, according to M. Hugo, a very tornado of mirth. The populace yells, pants, surges, and is fairly beside itself with mirth. It may be but a step or half a step from the sublime to the ridiculous, yet everything depends upon which side that step is taken. On certain sides the two spheres are worlds apart, and whoso essays the step here fails outright, as does Hugo in the present case. In other words, there are certain feelings that never alternate with each other. For instance, we are never accessible to laughter when under the influence of fear, or when filled with awe, or when experiencing the emotion of the sublime. From the pathetic the step is easily taken, almost as from the same levels, but when taken from other heights the feelings have first to be let down. In fact, if an angel were to appear before us with a clown or a gnome peeping over his shoulder, the incongruity would not be more painful or further from the comic than it is in this piece, which, according to M. Hugo, so convulsed the London crowds two hundred and fifty years ago.

The only instance in which we sympathize with the laughers in this curious book is, we suspect, just when the author would not have us sympathize with them, namely, when Gwynplaine makes his speech in the House of Lords. There is something so irresistibly grotesque and incongruous in the spectacle of this tragical buffoon, this grinning Medusa, suddenly disclosing himself in the midst of that body and proceeding to harangue them on the rights of the people, in the wildest and most furious manner, that no wonder every feeling of restraint and decorum gave way, and the old peers and young peers, the bishops and the chancellor, nearly laughed themselves out of their wigs and gowns. Our moral convictions of the merits of the situation are undoubtedly with Gwynplaine, yet nothing is more common than for the laugh to be against the aggrieved party.

Neither do we think Victor Hugo any more successful in portraying the passion of love in this work than in depicting the emotion of mirth. Few readers, we fear, will be touched by the spectacle of the billing and cooing of Gwynplaine and Dea. The conception, as it lay in the author's mind, of this frail, sightless girl loving this noble but fate-smitten being is no doubt very praiseworthy. We sympathize thoroughly with the purpose and aspiration of the artist in contrasting the two figures, and in granting to Gwynplaine the one ray of heaven's sunlight in his sepulchral life—the satisfaction of being loved by a woman, and a woman to whom his hideous deformity could have no existence—as, indeed, we may say we sympathize with the theoretical artist throughout the book; but from the working out of the passion we get no pleasure. It is indeed even nauseating. He gives the endearing expressions of the lovers, divested of all those little graces, those arch and playful moods, those cunning indirections, those soft tones and ways, etc., which mark the talk of lovers, and the result is a mere bandying of epithets. Here is a specimen:

— My life!
— My heaven!
— My love!
— All my happiness!
— Gwynplaine!
— Dea, I am intoxicated. Let me kiss your feet!

Indeed, the action of the story throughout is preternaturally formal and stiff. The last scene on board the *Matutina* is meant to be overwhelmingly impressive—the dramatic at white-heat; but it is so lacking in the vital elements of the dramatic, namely, naturalness and plasticity, that it is simply absurd, and freezes instead of melts us. As the wreck begins to settle, and there is no longer any hope, the motley, ragamuffin band kneel about their leader, with their knees in the water, and repeat after him, line by line, each in his or her own language, the Lord's Prayer. Every moment they are settling into the deep. The water reaches their shoulders; there is only a circle of heads with upturned faces serenely jabbering as the prompter proceeds. In a moment more there is no response—at least, it does not reach the ears of the doctor, for the vocal organs of the suppliants are an inch or two under the water; yet no doubt they went through with the motions, and no doubt, also, their skeletons are kneeling to this day on the motionless hulk of the ill-fated bark.

The scene is a copy, with only slight variations, of one to which our author treated his readers in "The Toilers." The hero of that tale meets a similar fate in the same cast-iron manner. Finding himself supplanted in the affections of the lady whose hand was the promised reward of his long and desperate struggle in rescuing the engine and machinery of the wrecked steamer, he proceeds to arrange the marriage and flight of the inconstant maiden with his rival, and then seeks out a well-known niche in the rocks by the sea-shore, which is left bare at ebb tide, and is a pleasant seat, but which gives swift death to a person caught there on the flood. Here he seats himself, and gazes at the vessel that bears the newly-married couple away. As the ship passes opposite and within a few rods of him, the waves are lapping his feet; presently they mount to his knees, then creep up his body, then encompass his neck. Still he gazes at the receding vessel, and still he sits unmoved. The agony is prolonged; the water rises to chin, it blots out his mouth, it reaches his eyes, and, as these are closing for the last time, he catches a glimpse of the vessel—a mere speck on the horizon—and, as the sail finally drops out of sight, a spectator would have seen only a hat floating about where the lover's head had disappeared. This, like the scene on board the *Matutina*, is perfect; the machinery works to a charm; there is not a hitch anywhere; but that it is dramatic or impressive, or anything but preposterous melodrama, is what nobody thinks but M. Hugo.

The only character in the book that has any degree of reality, or is at all dramatically shown us, is Ursus—a gusty, crusty old quacksalver and native philosopher, full of wit, necromantic lore, and practical benevolence, who simulates the bear while really he is the lamb—a type of character which Hugo draws easily and personates admirably. Ursus goes through with his part very well, except in the scene in the Tadcaster Inn court-yard the night after the disappearance of Gwynplaine, when th author imposes upon the reader the superhuman task of believing that he not only acted every part in the play, but at the same time, by his wonderful ventriloquial powers, simulated the hum and stir, the calls and cries

and hubbub, of a dense, excited crowd, so as to deceive the quick ears of Dea, the blind girl, who, it was thought, could not bear the knowledge of her lover's absence. The spectacle is painful in the extreme; and if we were to laugh, it would be at M. Hugo and not with him. Ursus supposed Dea would be deceived and believe that her lover was present, and that an audience unusually boisterous and mixed was witnessing the performance; but we are spared this last absurdity.

For the rest, there are graphic descriptions of character, but the article itself is not there. We are treated to a reminiscence or an analysis, and not to an actual, living creation; the author's own personality monopolizes most of the attention; there is no doubting what manner of man he is; and if he would or could draw a little to one side, and give these figures a chance to act and speak for themselves, most of his readers would be a deal better satisfied. Tom-Jim-Jack would no doubt have changed his name, and he and Gwynplaine, meeting unexpectedly amid the corridors of Corleone Lodge, would hardly have called each other to account in the following startling manner:

— Gwynplaine, what's the meaning of this lord's coat?
— Tom-Jim-Jack, what's the meaning of this officer's coat?
— Gwynplaine, I don't answer questions.
— Nor I, Tom-Jim-Jack.
— Gwynplaine, I am not named Tom-Jim-Jack.
— Tom-Jim-Jack, I am not named Gwynplaine.
— Gwynplaine, I am at home here.
— I am at home here, Tom-Jim-Jack.

Whatever may be Victor Hugo's merits as a writer—and they are many and great in certain directions—it becomes more and more apparent that he is not *par excellence* a novelist. His quality is lyrical rather than creative. Especially does he lack that continence and equability necessary to the artist who would average and reproduce nature and life. We feel at all times a want of good flesh and blood—of something that moves otherwise than by sudden leaps and starts, like a jumping-jack or the images of a puppet-show.

OSBORN'S METALLURGY OF IRON AND STEEL.*

THE metallurgy of iron has lately had very much thought expended upon it, yet the subject is by no means exhausted, and the number of results scientifically determined and systematically arranged is so small that metallurgists, professional or practical, all welcome very eagerly any additions to our stock of knowledge. We hoped when we saw this ponderous volume of nearly one thousand pages, by Professor Osborn, not only to find much that should be new and valuable, but a work that should correctly represent the state of the American iron industry. The least that could be expected of such a work was that it should be a careful and accurate résumé of the most important facts relating to the subject, and that it should be written in an intelligible style. In perusing the book we were sorry to find all our hopes and expectations speedily and entirely disappointed.

From the preface we learn that Professor Osborn first intended simply to re-edit Mr. Overman's treatise on iron, but finding it impossible on a "thorough examination" to make it represent correctly the present standpoint of iron metallurgy, he therefore wrote "a work almost entirely different in method and in matter." "There was, nevertheless, so much material in Mr. Overman's book which was useful," we read in the preface, "that it has been introduced and acknowledged, either by the use of his name or by enclosing the quoted matter in brackets." The "so much material" referred to comprises over three-fourths of Overman's work, making fully one-half of Osborn's, with Overman's original illustrations, as published in 1850, and we were surprised to find the numerous and well known inaccuracies and blunders of Overman retained in full.

For instance: In the original work appeared an impossible analysis of peat ashes, which was, perhaps, a misprint. But Dr. Osborn seems to have such implicit confidence in Overman as to deem it unnecessary to question any of his statements, so here (page 184) we have perpetuated an analysis of peat ashes of unheard-of composition, containing no less than 133¾ per cent. of oddly combined ingredients. An error once started is hard to stop, and this absurd statement once more revived is destined, doubtless, to meet us often. It has already found its way into the columns of a prominent technical journal, the *Engineering and Mining Journal*, where the article on peat was given in full with editorial approval.

Welter's law, that "the amount of heat liberated by the chemical combination of various substances with oxygen is directly proportional to the amount of oxygen consumed," long since proved to be inaccurate, is retained by Osborn as "one of the most useful inculcations of chemistry" (p. 245).

Overman's work contains, it is true, many useful practical details of the manufacture of iron, but is wofully deficient and inaccurate in the scientific treatment of the subject. The fact that any one should endeavor to build up a work on such a foundation does not promise well for the superstructure.

The first chapter in the book on the general principles of the chemistry of iron is, doubtless, original with Professor Osborn, at least it has never been our lot to meet with anything so remarkable in chemical or metallurgical literature elsewhere. It is, perhaps, the most incoherent, obscure, incorrect, and puerile chemical production that has been written since the days of the alchemists. With the intention of making himself intelligible to the most ignorant of his readers, he playfully calls carbonic acid the *rust of carbon*, analogous to the rust of iron. He states incidentally that heat will expel oxygen completely from oxide of iron—a statement so manifestly false as to need no refutation. On combustion his ideas are ludicrously vague. It is clear to him that carbonic oxide, being the product of the partial oxidation of carbon, is a combustible gas, not, however, because it is capable of combining with more oxygen, but because "carbon is consumable, and oxygen, as we have said, supports combustion; all the conditions therefore of flame or fire exist in carbonic oxide." Carbonic acid, being the product of the complete oxidation of carbon, will not burn. The Professor, duly recognizing the fact, is puzzled to know the reason why, for, according to his theory, it ought to be more combustible than carbonic oxide. It remains, notwithstanding, obstinate in its incombustibility, and he is forced to content himself with calling the fact "an anomaly." We can imagine, when the Professor contemplates the combustibility of hydrogen, how surprised he must be that water does not burn! He should peruse as soon as he can some elementary work on combustion, and meantime rest satisfied with the reflection that what has been already completely burnt cannot be burnt again.

The looseness of style in which the book is written is apparent on every page. For instance, on page 25 we read: "It (phosphoric acid) combines with the iron, to the great vexation of the iron manufacturer." Phosphorous, not phosphoric, acid, is meant.

On page 24: "The oxide of silicon is silica or quartz"—which is inaccurate: what is meant is, that silica is *an* oxide of silicon—"and silica is the substance silicon combined with oxygen, making silica."

The following sentence, on page 158, may be said to be well mixed: "The properly sized crucible having been taken, line the interior with charcoal powdered and mixed with water, or water and molasses, or molasses alone, previously well mixed with the coal and the latter thoroughly triturated into the mass in a mortar." Mr. Dixon, the well-known crucible maker of Jersey City, will, perhaps, be surprised to find himself quoted as saying (p. 540), "that the nearer a crucible comes to being all plumbago, the quicker it will melt."

The particulars of original experiments are fortunately very rare in the book, as Dr. Osborn seems to be incapable of judging correctly of the results he obtains. From three experiments, tried on silicious, argillaceous, and calcareous ores, he concludes that any of these ores, on being strongly heated in a crucible with a well-fitting cover, without the addition of carbon or any reducing agent, will become partially reduced to metallic iron, the amount of the reduction being in proportion to the amount of lime present. We do not give his conclusions in his own words—they are too obscure; but we have, we believe, correctly interpreted his meaning. Dr. Osborn must not expect to overthrow so easily the accumulated evidence of generations, that oxide of iron, whether in the presence of silica, clay, or lime, cannot be decomposed by heat alone.

The directions given for the analyses of ores, fuels, and fluxes are entirely superfluous. For one acquainted with chemical methods they are crude and inaccurate, and to one not familiar with chemical manipulation they must be utterly inexplicable. The Professor's own ideas of chemical analysis are evidently very vague. He divides the "wet assay," for instance, into, first, volumetric assay; second, chemical analysis. It will, doubtless, be new to many that volumetric is to be distinguished from chemical analysis.

The confusion and misuse of scientific terms is a peculiar feature of the work. On page 316, we are informed that the furnace is divided into four zones of *specific heat*, meaning specific action, for which blunder Percy is made responsible on page 326. On page 185 we read: "The specific

* "The Metallurgy of Iron and Steel, Theoretical and Practical: in all its Branches, with Special Reference to American Materials and Processes. By H. S. Osborn, LL.D., Professor of Mining and Metallurgy in Lafayette College, Easton, Pennsylvania." Philadelphia: H. C. Baird. 1869.

gravity of a cord of wood is from two to three thousand pounds." This is retained from Overman. On page 27, manganic acid is called manganese acid. For pure oxide of iron (page 143) we read oxide of *pure malleable iron*. *Determination* of substances is used for *detection* (page 117). On page 169 we hear of a protosalt being *reduced* to a sesquisalt. On pages 132 and 913, *chromic iron ore* is called *chromate of iron*.

Scientific nomenclature has been enriched by the Professor with some original terms, such as, *oxygenated* and *carby-oxygenated crude iron!* (pp. 140–141). *Quality of heat* is said to mean *temperature* (p. 243).

In the preface, Dr. Osborn acknowledges that in the chapter on the special properties of iron and its compounds he has been greatly indebted to Percy's work. Any one familiar with the able treatment of this subject by Percy will be incensed by the way his statements and experiments have been misquoted. It looks as if Dr. Osborn had turned over the leaves of Percy's book and taken sentences at random, without regard to their connection or relative importance, always altering the language to the detriment of the idea. We give a few quotations by way of illustration: We read in Percy's work ("Metallurgy of Iron and Steel." London. 1864), page 79: "By washing the residue the arsenic is separated as soluble alkaline arseniate, while pure sesquioxide of iron is left." Osborn (page 107): "On washing the residue, pure alkaline arsenic is removed and pure sesquioxide of iron remains." Percy (pp. 98–100) gives the details of six experiments on the reduction in silicate of the protoxide of iron by carbon, from which is proved that "only two equivalents of the protoxide of iron in tribasic silicate can be reduced by carbon." Osborn (page 111) did not see the drift of the experiments and overlooked the result, and has given merely a condensed account of the first experiment with this result: "Product: well-melted buttons of white iron." At the conclusion of an interesting series of experiments by Percy on the carburization of malleable iron by means of hydrogen which has passed over charcoal at a red heat, he says: "The questions suggested by this point are, Did hydrogen under these conditions take up any carbon, or was the gaseous compound of carbon which caused the carburization of the iron simply evolved from the charcoal employed?" "The question arises," according to Osborn, "Was it from the hydrogen mechanically taking up carbon, or was it from hydrogen eliminating, by some chemical affinity, the, so to speak, latent carbon of the charcoal, and thus charged with carbon, passing over to the piece and carburizing it?" Such a jumble of words may convey an idea to Dr. Osborn, but will not edify many of his readers.

In the chapter on iron ores, Dana is also misquoted. We read (p. 43): "Dana includes all these varieties" (bog-iron ore, etc.) "under the specific name of Limonite." In Dana's "System of Mineralogy," 1869, page 172, we read under Limonite: "Only *part* of stalactitic limonite, brown or yellow ochre, bog ore, and clay iron-stone belong here."

Instances might be multiplied indefinitely of this system of garbling extracts without regard to the author's meaning, but we forbear. We must not forget to mention that the element fluorine, which has up to the present time defied all efforts made to isolate it, has been recognized by Dr. Osborn. "Liberated fluorine" from cryolite, we are informed incidentally, attacked clay crucibles to such a degree that the use of cryolite had to be abandoned at the American Steel Works, Brooklyn!

The book is also sadly deficient in regard to recent improvements in the manufacture of iron. On the important subject of coking, we have, in addition to Overman's work, nothing but the single method used at the Cambria Works, Pa., for coking in heaps. The large number of coking furnaces that have come into use in the last twenty years have been completely ignored. On roasting of ores we have, in the way of novelty, merely the three methods, with illustrations, given in Petitgand & Ronna's appendix to the French translation of Percy. The many new forms of roasting-kilns in which waste gases are used are entirely omitted. Westman's kilns, introduced into this country by Mr. Hewitt, might have been at least mentioned, as the book has "special reference to American materials and processes."

Steel is discussed and dismissed in fifty-seven pages. We find here no reference to the Siemens-Martin process, and the Bessemer process as practised in America is not once mentioned.

In fact, one would infer from Osborn's book that the manufacture of iron and steel, since Overman's treatise was published, had been practically at a stand-still. An attempt has been made, it is true, to bring that work up to date, but with so little care, industry, and research that the new book is hardly better than the old.

We feel that such a work as this cannot be severely enough condemned. Reviving a bad book that should have been allowed to remain in oblivion, and taking it as a groundwork, the author has added but little that is useful and much that is false, the whole being written in a most incoherent, slovenly style.

GENERAL ROBERT E. LEE'S BIOGRAPHY OF HIS FATHER.*

On its outside this book bears the brief title, "Memoirs of the War: Lee," and doubtless most persons, would confess to a feeling of disappointment on being made aware that the "war" is the war of the Revolution, and that "Lee" is General Henry Lee, the "Light-Horse Harry" of Revolutionary fame. The book is now in its third edition; but it was in 1827 that the second edition was printed. It has, therefore, hardly been a book for our own time; and some who were readers in 1827 may now be curious to return to the old books which treat of Revolutionary matters, and read them over again by the stronger light recent events would shed back on them; but we think it likely that this edition would, like its predecessors, respond to all calls for the work for forty years to come, were it not that General R. E. Lee has something to say in it.

It would not be easy to declare fairly in what reverence "Light-Horse Harry" is held by his countrymen; but supposing their reverence to be equal with the esteem of his contemporaries, we can safely say that the feeling is of a rather sentimental nature. It is a characteristic of even the reading class of Americans to give themselves up easily to a sentimental admiration of their successful military men without minute enquiry into the details of their successes. Very few in civil life know anything about the particulars of the plans and schemes, or even battles, of Washington, Scott, and Grant; they were victorious, and that is enough. "Light-Horse Harry" had great successes in his sphere, and his very *nom de guerre* shows the sentimental quality of his countrymen's admiration for him.

His book is not an autobiography, as it perhaps might better be; it merely recounts the military history of a distant time, and exactly what that was, except that it resulted in our independence, scarcely any one now cares. There is nothing now in the book which has not been accessible in its earlier editions for many years, except the new biography of the author by his son. This, as we have surmised, may lend fresh interest to the work, General R. E. Lee being one of the most famous men of his period. In spite of his celebrity he has neither said nor written anything since the war that has been made public, and a large number of men have a certain unsatisfied curiosity to hear from him. Until now, he has apparently thought that no applause of what he might say could be more gratifying than the wonder what he would say in case he said anything; at any rate, he has kept a long silence. The way in which he has broken it will perhaps not satisfy those who were anxious for him to speak; but they will undoubtedly take what they get, gladly. We shall speak only of the biography, therefore, as being the only matter in the book of very lively interest to-day.

Unless one inclines to "smile at the claims of long descent," the opening paragraph will command his respect, William the Conqueror, the battle of Hastings, and Richard Cœur de Lion figuring in it. Launcelot Lee, the founder of the family, came over with the Conqueror, it seems, "and when the estates of the native English nobility were divided among the followers of William, a fine estate in Essex was bestowed upon him." We live in the nineteenth century, to be sure, and not in the eleventh; but it suggests itself, as one reads, that if General R. E. Lee should not recover from Government his lost Arlington on the Potomac, perhaps he may find some balm in recalling how his ancestor cheaply settled down into other men's domains.

Numerous men of mark sprang from the various branches of the Lee pedigree, to the untrustworthiness of which, however, public attention has been called in this journal. What else it contains that is not in the memoirs is mainly the correspondence of Colonel Lee with prominent men, and some letters to his son, Charles Carter Lee, a student at Harvard. We see that in his capacity as partisan commandant in charge of outposts, Colonel Lee had occasion to write to General Washington on June 21, 1778, concerning affairs about Stony Point, and his biographer thinks that his letter suggested to Washington the subsequent successful attack on that place, an account of which, on July 18, Lee communicated to Governor Joseph Reed. A note informs us that this and other letters to the same person were furnished to the biographer by the Hon. W. B. Reed, who must find much satisfaction in Colonel Lee's cordial endorsement of the patriotic labors of

* "Memoirs of the War in the Southern Department of the United States. By Henry Lee, Lieut.-Colonel Commandant of the Partisan Legion during the American War. A new edition, with revisions, and a Biography of the author. By Robert E. Lee." New York: University Publishing Company. 1869.

Governor Reed, whose character as a patriot has lately been a good deal assailed and defended. Both General Lafayette and General Greene wrote letters to Colonel Lee, speaking most warmly of him and his services; and his retirement from the army early in 1782—which, from his correspondence, seems to have been caused by pique, and a wish to be married, as well as by ill health—was undoubtedly the cause of much regret to all his comrades in arms. He then visited Stratford, the residence of Colonel Philip Ludwell Lee, in Westmoreland, on the bluffs of the Potomac, "the owner who, before the Revolution, was a member of the King's council, living in great state, and kept a band of musicians, to whose airs his daughters, Matilda and Flora, with their companions, danced in the saloon or promenaded on the house-top." Colonel Lee, who "had recently left the Southern army overwhelmed with grief and despondency, was soon happily restored by his union with the eldest daughter, Matilda." After the war Colonel Lee was elected Governor of Virginia, and while holding that office was thought of by the General Government for the command of the troops on the Western frontier, but did not receive the appointment. Corresponding with Mr. Madison on this subject, Governor Lee used these words, a part of which his biographer has put into italics: whether it was so in the original we are of course unable to say: "One objection I should only have (the above conditions being acceded to), and that is, the abandoning my native country, to whose goodness I am so much indebted. *No consideration on earth could induce me to act a part, however gratifying to me, which could be construed into disregard or forgetfulness of this commonwealth.*"

On this, General R. E. Lee comments as follows: "These extracts show that immediately after the adoption of the Federal Constitution, and during the administration of Washington, men who had distinguished themselves for their zeal in promoting it were deeply sensible of the obligations they owed both to the State and General governments, their native commonwealths, and the adopted community into which these commonwealths had been formed." In reference to Hamilton's financial measures, so unpopular with his State and section, Governor Lee wrote also to Madison: "I really see no redress unless the government itself be destroyed. This is risking too much, because great evils must inevitably flow from discord, and the people must suffer severely, whatever be the event of such an experiment." On which General R. E. Lee remarks: "Although his correspondence at this time, as well as the course of his life, proves his devotion to the Federal Government, yet he recognized a distinction between his 'native country' and that which he had labored to associate with it in the strictest bonds of union."

Colonel Lee, having been for some time a widower, married on the 18th of June, 1793, Miss Anne Hill Carter, of Shirley, on the James River, a fine farm lying just in front of McClellan's outposts when the army of the Potomac was encamped at Harrison's Landing. The first child by this marriage was called "Algernon Sydney, after the great martyr of liberty, and, according to family tradition, of the kindred of the Lees." After commanding the Federal troops sent by Government to break up "the Whiskey Boys' Insurrection," General Lee closed his public career in Congress, where, on the death of Washington, he was appointed "the public organ of his country's sorrow, on which occasion he pronounced those memorable words: "First in war, first in peace, first in the hearts of his fellow-citizens." The remainder of the biography is composed of letters written by General Lee from the West Indies, where he had gone for his health, to his son Charles Carter Lee, at Cambridge. In these letters, which are full of tenderness for all his family, he speaks only once of General R. E. Lee by name: "Robert was always good, and will be confirmed in his happy turn of mind by his ever-watchful and affectionate mother. Does he strengthen his native tendency?" The father is very ambitious for his son at college, and gives him much good advice. Among other things, he tells him to hold before his eyes, as models, Marcus Aurelius and John Locke. All these West Indian letters show that General Lee was a cultivated man and had a warm heart. On his way home, he died, March 25, 1818, at Cumberland Island, on the coast of Georgia, at the house of Mrs. Shaw, the daughter of General Greene, unhappily none of his own family being near.

This biography will make known some particulars, not to be gained from the "Memoirs," of the private character and public services of General Henry Lee. And, we regret to state, it will be found to be the means employed by General R. E. Lee to show that he is in his retirement a disappointed secessionist, claiming, in the interest of secession, that his father, who was the friend and intimate of Washington, supported the Union with a mental reservation.

RECENT REPUBLICATIONS.

Miss Alcott is one of the many women whom patriotic feeling, or feelings more or less colored by patriotism, urged into the work of nursing sick and wounded men in the military hospitals of the late war. To this fact her little volume of "Hospital Sketches and Camp and Fireside Stories" owes most, though not quite all, of its value. If it were not in a certain sense history it would be of but little importance for what it contains, though it would still be of some importance for what it promises. Assuredly, however, we should be unwilling to say that much of the book is to be taken as truly historical; except, indeed, as we see in it correctly reflected the exaggerated and passionate way in which during the war-time we were all considering the actors and events of our great drama. The negro was not and is not just what Miss Alcott loves to paint him; but most of us used to think he was; the white rebel was not necessarily so black as he is almost without any exception painted by our enthusiastic partisan; but, true enough, time was when whole communities so thought of him. In this sense, then, Miss Alcott's book is almost all history. Her lively pictures, or rather sketches, of the nurse's troubles and triumphs and services, and of the sick men's ways, we can call historical in a better sense; though it would not be well for any one to take them as sworn evidence, or to believe them, if the truth, anything like the whole truth, and nothing but the truth.

But apart from the merit of this volume as a record, it may profitably be spoken of at some length as the work of a writer not without a probable future as a worker in literature, not without some influence, and not incapable of exerting a partially bad influence. She is extravagantly sentimental, and is like a good-natured child in her way of indulging her kind-hearted impulses. We take it that it is in part attributable to Mr. Dickens's example that Miss Alcott gives herself over so often to the moving principle of the Christmas-story kind of literature—which covers the whole earth as the waters cover the sea with what we trust we may be pardoned for calling slip-slop, sweet, to be sure, but not too natural and not too wholesome. This is the principle which has produced those so many cosy rooms in which the warm firelight plays on the face of the drowsily ticking clock, and the chairs seem to extend their plump arms invitingly, and the tea-kettle hisses; in which Mrs. Podgers, or whoever it may be, waits, with the buttered toast before her on the hob, till "he" shall come in; and into which "he" by-and-by comes, a cheery old soul, who has been made late because he had to give five-pound notes all round to the shopmen and porters, and who stands beaming on Mrs. Podgers, and by-and-by produces a dirty, ragged, but intelligent street-boy, who—to make short a familiar story—is duly filled to repletion with good fare—"what cuts of turkey, and what spoonfuls of stuffing, and then what mountains of pudding that boy did eat," while our beaming friend and the matronly Mrs. Podgers chuckle and laugh—and is established in the warm corner, and finally is adopted, and "hoorays" at the wedding which soon comes off, and at which all the other little street-boys are feasted and get a shilling. Whatever may be the precise manifestation of it in particular cases, we may say in general of Miss Alcott that she hardly ever fails to make this principle the law of her world. What it is not wrong to stigmatize as a greedy, heedless appetite for a world full of rosy happiness, and that, too, of a sufficiently material nature, possesses her pretty fully; and the reader who does not overmuch like this gets a constant impression of "gushing"—as the great practitioner of it calls it—that which is all but fatal to his enjoyment; while the reader who does like it—well, he gets it; and that is fatal to his learning as soon as he should that there are better things in literature as in life than sentimentality, however sweetened.

Our author has, too, the fault of giving us her own notions in her professedly realistic accounts of the sayings and doings of others—as, for one example out of many, in the talk, on p. 31, that is put into the mouth of the sergeant. This is wrong in more ways than one, but we care only to point out to Miss Alcott that to work thus is to be a defective workman, and that she has a vicious habit to look out for. Truth to imaginative fact is a hard matter, no doubt; but truth to the facts our author is dealing with in this book ought to have been easier. And, as Scott told the youth who was doing vague word-painting by way of describing an imaginary landscape, it is necessary, if one would paint imaginary landscapes that shall seem real, first to learn to describe actual landscapes with patient observation, and with conscientious honesty no less.

Miss Alcott's vivacity—we fear in a young gentleman it would get a harsher name; her sympathies with many good things; that kind-heartedness of hers that we have been abusing—but only because we fear its

excess, in literature, enervates the springs of real benevolence; her occasional gay humor, not seldom neatly satiric; the frequent closeness of her observation; her good descriptive power; and her usually simple and pleasant English, make her a writer of whom hopes are to be entertained. We speak of her with this book as her witness.

Hans Christian Andersen's "Improvisatore" and "Two Baronesses" are perhaps curious rather than anything else; though of course he is a man who could not write seven or eight hundred pages without saying much that one would gladly read. But we think they will be found chiefly interesting for the light they throw upon the author himself rather than for anything they are in themselves. They make it evident, for one thing, that great as he is in short stories, a long one is too much for him. Everywhere in these novels there are weaknesses. Effects without good cause; causes that produce no effects; personages that are of no use; wild improbabilities side by side with the most threadbare incidents; borrowings from others, and repetitions of himself—all these abound in these two jumbles of prose and poetry. Of plot he seems never to have had any conception; and the short flights of his little prose poems for children must have further weakened his constructive abilities.

Again, in both these tales he shows us what an influence Italy had on him—or rather what an impression Italy made on him. One is reminded of the Northern barbarians, his long-ago ancestors, who wandered about Rome with much the same wonder and awe. As for Italy's influence upon him, we imagine that a chief effect which it had upon his genius was to confirm him in the notion which he seems to hold, in common perhaps with most northern poets of modern times, that profuse pouring out of poetical impressions is poetry truly so called. "Improvisatore" is made rather tedious by rhapsodies of this kind. No doubt Italy also nurtured in him, as he wandered under skies so different from those of his native north, the power of appreciating so keenly as he does the varying moods of nature. But in spite of these shortcomings, these books are worth looking at—more especially "The Two Baronesses," which contains some partly fascinating pictures of Danish life—a strange life of fishing hamlets in the shifting sand, and among a queer nobility and the burghers of the towns. They are part of the series of Andersen's complete works, by Hurd & Houghton, and are handsomely made.

Why Mr. "Ikey Solomons, Esquire, Junior" wrote his novel of "Catherine" not many of the readers of to-day distinctly remember—so well have the days passed over when the heroes of fiction regularly brought up at Newgate or Tyburn, coming thither from Hounslow Heath or the Minories. But in 1840, what with Bulwer, and Ainsworth, and Dickens with his "Oliver Twist," and the imitators of these greater lights, there was need for somebody to satirize out of family reading the refined and philosophical highwayman, and the self-sacrificing women of the town, and the generous, devoted burglar and jail-breaker. So Thackeray, a moralist of immense common-sense, a satirist enthusiastically fond of the satirist who drew the lineaments of Mr. Wild, a great hater of humbugs—except perhaps a little humbug or two of his own—resolving that Newgate, if exhibited, should be shown up drop and all; that if criminals were to figure in literature it should not be as philosophers or brave lads, but as the scoundrels or fools that they commonly are; that if seductions were to be a staple ingredient in stories, the seducer and seduced should not be represented as shining angels with unwonted delicacy of soul, but as probable accomplices in crime and weakness, and probable partners in misery—set to work and produced this story of "Catherine"—the most depressing of all his stories, unless, perhaps, we say that "The Fatal Boots" is more disheartening. The heroine is Catherine Hayes, who was burned in 1726 for "petty treason," she having atrociously murdered her husband, and being, therefore, a real heroine of the Newgate Calendar. As we have not looked up her history, we cannot say how close her latest chronicler keeps to the facts of her life, but he gives us the idea of his having handled his theme much in the way in which he produced his historical works—that is to say, using for embellishment, and to give local color, his minute acquaintance with the aspects of English life in the eighteenth century. But he worked hastily, and for the sake of teaching a certain lesson—that is, for a moral rather than an artistic end; and moreover, such of his facts as he owes to the trial, such as related to Mrs. Hayes's later years, seem to have bothered and hampered him somewhat, or he did not take pains to make his invented facts conform to these—else we cannot account for the conduct of his Sergeant Brock after that person has became the Iago-like Mr. Wood. But, as we have said, we see in "Catherine" much of its author's wonted cleverness as a historical novelist; and we see also in great strength his familiar power as a satirist of society and an observer of human nature, and no one who likes Thackeray will read this tale without the accustomed pleasure. The scene of the last interview between Catherine and Count Max is one which Thackeray has nowhere else equalled for the horrid effectiveness of its main incidents. But we suppose him indebted to the Calendar for this. We think that without doubt the publishers are to blame for having cut out the catastrophe of the story—which consisted of the contemporary details of the trial and execution of the criminals. Thackeray chose to copy these from the newspapers of that day instead of writing out an account of his own, but this he chose to do because it gave the best end to his book, answered best his intentions in writing it, and gave it a fitting and complete finish. The reason given for this mutilation of the work is that it is simply horrible. But so it should be; and so is the whole story horrible. We may add that, all things considered, the reason has its amusing points.

Most of Professor Schele de Vere's "Wonders of the Deep" appeared a while ago in *Putnam's Magazine*. There is nothing much to be said about it. It talks of pearls, oysters, coral, and other kindred things in the usual manner of cyclopædias of useful information, and probably a boy of twelve or fourteen would find it entertaining and think it useful. It might be a good book for a holiday present.

Lowell is the poet who does the "Diamond" series of Fields, Osgood & Co. its latest honor. This edition of Lowell, dedicated to Mr. G. W. Curtis, is complete so far as concerns the works already published in volumes, but wants a New England sketch or two—like "Toby Adam's Story"—which have been published only in the magazine pages, and are one day to make a book by themselves, and which will make a book that, to our mind, will be quite as worthy as any other of their author's place among the two or three English-speaking poets of our time whom lovers of poetry most believe in. Here then we have, in a very cheap form, everything that Mr. Lowell has written in verse from the days of his youthful "Legend of Brittany" down to the year-old "Under the Willows." We do not profess ourselves admirers of Diamond editions; yet bad editions of good poets have been better makers of other poets than all the "large-paper copies" that ever were sumptuous in libraries.

Emerson, too, is put within reach of very moderate means in Messrs. Fields, Osgood & Co.'s two volume edition of his essays—Emerson, that is to say, so far as he is to be found in his prose. And perhaps the saying about him that he knows better than most men what is poetry but not so well what makes a poem is true to this extent at least, that most of the poetry distinctively his he has let get into his prose as much as into his poems. Only perhaps, however. But in any case here is all of the prose of the most emancipating, so to speak, and probably the most elevating of our American writers—despite his being so often a stumbling-block and foolishness to many who respect and admire and even love him, and who owe him much.

It never has been possible, and we may say that it never will be, to make any collection deserving so large a name as a "Library" of contemporary fiction in which the works of some of the included authors will not seem to have come by intrusion into company too good for them rather than by a right of entrance not to be challenged. But there are writers whose grace rather than their strength or beauty is their charm, and whose manner and tone qualify them for admission to the circle of the great ones and princes. Such surely is Madame Sartoris, the author of that delightful story "A Week in a French Country-House"—with at least one character admirable, and new in fiction—which no one ever read who would not wish that he had not, and that it was still to read. And such is the author of "The Story of Elizabeth." Never otherwise than fresh in details, clear cut in delineation, delicate and thoughtful, her stories are as pleasing as naturalness in manner, worth in the matter, and skill of sure-handed workmanship must always make any work, whether of the highest or of a lower order. In two volumes we have almost all of Miss Thackeray's that the world knows anything about, and no one will be sorry—least of all these great novelists themselves—to see her father's daughter side by side, in Messrs. Fields, Osgood & Co.'s Household Library, with George Eliot and Charles Reade. She is of the line of Englishwomen which, beginning with Jane Austen, has made so broad and honorable a mark in the English fiction of this last century. If none of them can be said to have produced a novel of universal merit, hardly any more can we say so of their male contemporaries; and in the rank next below the very highest surely they have run their brethren harder than Dr. Todd, for example, would wholly like to confess.

We presume our general title will include "Strange Visitors" (New York: Carleton, 1869), inasmuch as this consists of "a series of original

papers, embracing philosophy, science, government, religion, poetry, art, fiction, satire, humor, narrative, and prophecy by the spirits of Irving, Willis, Thackeray, Brontë, Richter, Byron, Humboldt, Hawthorne, Wesley, Browning, and others now dwelling in the spirit world, dictated through a clairvoyant while in an abnormal or trance state." Through this channel the late Mr. Raymond addresses the New York public; Napoleon Bonaparte the French nation; Mrs. Browning her husband, etc., etc. Napoleon comes to the rescue of the Second Empire, and exclaims in spirit-French:

"*Restez-vous, mon patrie;* Napoleon shall decide aright. *No, petit garçon,* Napoleon le Grand will place you upon the highest pinnacle of peace."

Artemus Ward gives an account of his post-mortem experiences, which is neither characteristic nor funny, though the editor assures us that, during the delivery of it, "Artemus Ward's conversation and gestures were exceedingly ludicrous. He was the very personification of mirth, occasionally going to the wall, and humorously 'chalking out' his designs." Byron, in smooth but otherwise un-Byronic stanzas, says that his soul is sick of calumny and lies; while Mr. Raymond makes the best defence yet of Mrs. Stowe:

"I am told by Byron and others that Lady Byron, recently arriving in the spirit-world, and finding matters very different from what she had expected, and that she was received nowhere as the wife of Lord Byron (who, having resided there some thirty years, had formed a new and happy alliance), was stung with jealousy and vexation, and hastened to inspire Mrs. Stowe to repeat the story which had become a matter of faith with her, hoping thereby to inflict a punishment on Byron, who ignored his relation to her."

It must be, we think, at least the third edition of Rev. Dr. N. C. Burt's work, "The Far East," which Messrs. Robert Clarke & Co. send us from Cincinnati; and if it were the fourth or fifth it would not be undeservedly successful. Freshening our recollection of it by glancing over it again, we have found it answering our first impressions of it as in many respects original, and entertaining throughout, and to be recommended to all who wish to study in a realistic way the geography and present customs and condition of Egypt, Palestine, and other parts of the Levant. The book now appears on tinted paper and with an improved exterior, and may properly take a place on the holiday shelves.

No little controversy has been excited by Dr. J. G. Kohl's "History of the Discovery of Maine" in Vol. I. of the "Collections of the Maine Historical Society" (Second Series), and the author's accuracy has been assailed in many quarters, apparently with grounds. One of his opponents is the Rev. B. F. De Costa, who has embodied some of his objections in an introduction to the reprint of the "Sailing Directions of Henry Hudson, prepared for his use in 1608, from the Old Danish of Ivar Bardsen" (Albany: Joel Munsell, 1869). This editor's criticisms on Kohl, however, form but a portion of the Introduction, which chiefly relates to pre-Columbian voyages and charts, and also endeavors to prove that Hudson was by no means the discoverer of the river which bears his name, nor in any way remarkable as a navigator. Persons whose prejudices may be shocked by this opinion should take refuge in Mr. Reade's monograph on Hudson; and they will also get some powerful aid from Mr. Henry Stevens in his "Historical and Geographical Notes, 1453–1869," appended to a pamphlet on the Tehuantepec Railway (New York: D. Appleton & Co., 1869). Much of Mr. De Costa's reasoning is certainly to be set aside if, as Mr. Stevens maintains, the charts on which so much reliance is placed were simple reproductions of the coast-outlines of Eastern Asia—long thought to be one with America—which are well known to resemble in a remarkable manner those of our Atlantic seaboard.

A composite book, but a very good one, which will amuse both young and old, is James Greenwood's "Wild Sports of the World," with plentiful illustrations from the Messrs. Harper's storehouse. The author is not a mere compiler, though to be praised in that capacity. His study of natural history has enabled him not only to select judiciously from books of travel and adventure, but to discourse fluently and with knowledge of the structure, habits, and uses of the animals which pass under consideration. The elephant, lion, puma, gorilla, rhinoceros, tiger, hippopotamus, buffalo, chamois, ostrich, kangaroo, walrus, etc., etc., are among these, and much is to be learned concerning them. The United States furnishes a number of anecdotes. Mr. Greenwood's style is such as makes reading easy, and only occasionally departs from the requirements of correct taste or the sake of being "popular."

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The Week.

THE President's message, and the reports accompanying it, appear, on the whole, to have made but little impression on the public mind. The praise of them one meets with in the papers is feeble, and so is the blame. The general sentiment, as expressed by the press, seems to be that the message was a composite production—the work of many hands, and, therefore, containing no very strong or well-defined view on any particular point of public policy. It is not at all unlikely, however, that General Grant is still under the influence of the strong hostility to the President's having any "policy" which sprang up during the closing years of Andrew Johnson's reign, and that his gingerly handling of many themes is due to a sense once strong, and still uneffaced, of the danger of seeming to know more than Congress or wishing anything Congress has not considered.

The Senate's peculiar work has been upon the United States courts; on Thursday last entertaining a bill to raise the salaries of the Chief-Justice and his associates in the Supreme Court to $12,000 and $10,000 respectively. The same day Mr. Trumbull reported from the Judiciary Committee a bill to define the jurisdiction of the Federal courts in certain cases, binding them to the "decision of the political departments of the Government on political questions," declaring the validity of the Reconstruction acts to be beyond the jurisdiction of the Supreme Court, and inhibiting it from entertaining jurisdiction in any case arising under the execution of these acts in Virginia, Texas, and Mississippi. On Monday, Mr. Drake spoke at great length in favor of his bill taking away from the Federal courts all power to pass upon the constitutionality of acts or joint resolutions of Congress. His argument can hardly be said to have been listened to by his colleagues. The same day, Mr. Carpenter, of Wisconsin, introduced a bill empowering the President to retire any judge of the Supreme Court when satisfied that the latter, by accident or infirmity, is permanently incapacitated for the duties of his office. On Monday, also, Mr. Wilson presented a bill to regulate the importation of foreigners under contracts made abroad, and involving service for a term of years in this country—the first attempt at national control of the Chinese immigration.

The ninth census has been the House's chief occupation during the week, owing to the fact that the bill regulating it must become law before January 1, or fail altogether. General Garfield has very properly led the debates, and has thus far saved his bill from serious alteration, like that threatened by General Butler when he moved to make the officers of internal revenue, enumerators. Mr. Jenckes secured what appears to be a valuable amendment in the interest of mining, manufacturing, commercial, and social statistics, to be collected and arranged by experts, in addition to the enumerators. Mr. Ingersoll, of Illinois, brought up the currency question on Saturday, in a bill authorizing the Treasury to issue legal-tender notes to the amount of $44,000,000, with which to buy in and cancel gold-interest-bearing bonds. He wanted this bill referred to the Committee of Ways and Means, and an effort to lay it on the table failed—88 to 64. But General Garfield succeeded in getting a reference to the Committee on Banking and Currency, by 88 to 57—a sign, we take it, of a healthy condition of the House. On Monday, several bills for the admission of Virginia were appropriately referred.

Cuba and Georgia have engaged the attention of both Houses. In each the thrilling resolutions of the South Carolina Legislature were presented; and on Monday Mr. Ward, of New York, in presenting a monster petition in favor of granting belligerent rights to the Cubans, obtained a suspension of the rules that it might be read. This was all very well, perhaps, but in the Senate Mr. Carpenter scarcely appeared to advantage in offering a resolution that, in the Senate's opinion, the Spanish gunboats ought not to be allowed to leave the United States during the continuance of the rebellion in Cuba. What he said yesterday in support of this resolution we may consider next week. In the treatment of Georgia, both Houses followed the President's lead in preparing for a remodelling of the Legislature, the chief difference between them being that the House would act through the military commander, the Senate through the actual Governor, of the State. On motion of Mr. Morton, acceptance of the Fifteenth Amendment was insisted on. On Tuesday, the late Senator Fessenden was appropriately remembered in eulogies something more than formal, and noticeably numerous in both branches.

There is talk of the renewal of the *Alabama* negotiations, but this time in Washington, which is undoubtedly the proper place for them. Upon a matter of so much delicacy, and on which so many persons have to be consulted, there was never much chance of a settlement anywhere else. But then there is not much chance of a settlement even there unless the Administration makes up its mind as to what it wants, and means to insist on. It will not do to keep on saying that the Johnson treaty would not do; everybody admits that, and there is no further market either for exposures or refutations of him. Before the negotiations can again be opened with a chance of success, the Administration will have to say for what it desires material, and for what moral, satisfaction, and must also define "moral satisfaction." As between nations, it is a very vague phrase. Formal apologies, it must not be forgotten, for governmental acts are unknown between first-class powers except as the humiliations imposed on a conquered enemy.

General Terry has made a report on the condition of Georgia which is not very pleasant reading. He says, in substance, that in many parts of the State there cannot be said to be any government at all, that in no part of it is there any security for life or property, and to negroes in particular, seeking redress for injuries, magistrates dare not, and juries will not, do justice. Ku-klux bands rove over the State, chastising whom they will, and keeping the well-disposed and peaceable in constant terror. General Terry's remedy is the conversion of the existing Legislature into a "provisional legislature," "from which all ineligible persons should be excluded, and to which all eligible persons elected

to it, whether white or black, should be admitted," and this Legislature, he says, would "enact such laws, and invest their executive with such powers, as would enable him to keep the peace, protect life and property, and punish crime." On what General Terry bases these expectations it would be hard to say. He must either suppose that the wrongdoers will pay peculiar respect to laws passed by a legislature installed by a military commander (there are already laws on the Georgia statute-book against murder, robbery, and arson), or that it will arm the Governor with extraordinary powers, and give him an armed police or militia to enforce them. But we all know that the laws of a "provisional legislature" will count for no more with the truly wicked than the laws of any other; that great powers, without the physical means of exercising them, would simply make the Governor ridiculous; and that there is no probability that the State would supply him with a police.

General Terry's other remedy is the restoration of military government, which, he says, "is a very simple process." The restoration of a nominal military government is, no doubt, easy enough—a pen and a sheet of paper are all that is needed. But a real military government for Georgia, one that would secure life and property, would include 10,000 soldiers, and these General Terry has not got, and is not likely to have. He has now less than 300 infantry all told, besides the artillery in the forts on the coast. There is really something comic in the notion which many good people seem to entertain, that if you call the government of the State a "provisional" or a "military," and not a "civil government," and do n't let its representatives sit in Congress, the Ku-klux people will stay quietly in their beds at night, the police magistrates dispense even-handed justice, and the petty juries stand nobly by the negro. What heightens the effect of this is, that while the State was under "military government" before, these outrages were as common as they are now; and they will be common for a while after all thought of military government has been abandoned. Even the negro, for whose protection the proposed change is recommended, being something of a wag himself, will be amused when told that the government, being now called "provisional," he may sleep in peace.

A bill is now before the Senate prohibiting the Supreme Court from "holding any act of Congress whatever invalid for any supposed repugnancy between such act and the Constitution of the United States, or for any supposed want of authority in the Constitution for the same." Mr. Drake, of Missouri, made a long speech advocating it, in which, after saying a great many things with which everybody is familiar, about the impropriety of allowing five judges, or even one judge, to veto the acts of the legislature, he got down to the essential point—which is contained in the question, If Congress is to have the sole right of judging of the constitutionality of its acts, is not Congress omnipotent? No, says Mr. Drake; "this objection has no force, inasmuch as it is based on the supposition that a majority of Congress would be equally regardless of their oaths of office, their fealty to the Constitution, and their duty to the people." We suppose it must have emanated from some wicked man, probably a Copperhead; but then seeing "it has no force," and the majority of Congress is sure not to do wrong, why have any Constitution at all? Why restrain this body of sages by any restrictions whatever? Why not let them make their own Constitution every session? Indeed, why administer any oath of office? Is not it an insult to make such a body swear that it will do its duty? In old times, it used to be supposed that constitutions were made for the protection of the minority against the majority, but then the simpletons of that period were not aware that majorities never tyrannize, or even desire to tyrannize. Mr. Edmunds, of Vermont, in replying to Mr. Drake, asked "whether all history did not demonstrate that the greatest safeguard of liberty and private rights was to be found, not in the legislative branch of the government, but in the fundamental law administered by an independent and fearless judiciary?" Mr. Edmunds seems to be getting "unsound."

M. André Cochut, the well-known French economist, has a very interesting article in the last number of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, in which he states once more, and unanswerably, as it seems to us, the Cuban case against Spain, which is probably stronger than ever colony had against a mother country. There is hardly a single principle of political justice which has not been violated in the government of the island. Moreover, he alleges that the Cubans contributed heavily in money to assist the revolutionary chiefs in their arrangements for the overthrow of the Queen, and were thus entitled to expect a full share in whatever benefits flowed from the success of the enterprise. The reply of the Spaniards, of course, is that their good intentions were frustrated by the revolt, and that if the Cubans will lay down their arms they shall have justice. M. Cochut, however, suggests as one difficulty in the way of the Spanish Government in dealing fairly with the island, the heavy interest of the Spanish trading and manufacturing class in the maintenance of the monopoly of which the Cubans are now the victims. M. Cochut sees no probable termination to the present struggle, and no possible means of restoring Cuban prosperity except the autonomy of the island, and lauds highly the forbearance and honorable dealing of the United States towards the Spaniards.

The Porto Rican deputies have, however, at last obtained seats in the Cortes, and early in November gave that body an account of the condition of the island, which, according to them, is horrible. Six deputies out of ten spoke, and they all told the same story; there were no roads, no schools, no police; trials were secret, condemnations arbitrary, punishments cruel, the laws mere decrees of the Governor, the taxes overwhelming, and, to crown all, there was slavery. The new constitution for the island has been drafted, admitting it to the rank of a Spanish province.

An account of the proceedings in the McFarland divorce case has been furnished to the Cincinnati *Commercial* by an Indianapolis correspondent, from which it appears that violence to the extent of smashing furniture and crockery, besides habitual drunkenness and failure to support his family, and two or three abandonments of his wife, were proved against him by her father, herself, and Mrs. L. G. Calhoun, of the New York *Tribune*. But the proceedings were conducted as privately as possible; the only notice to the defendant, who did not appear, was the publication of the summons four times in a weekly paper of the town of Martinsville in Indiana. The State Attorney appears to have intervened to the extent of cross-examining the witnesses; but a cross-examination without any knowledge of the facts, and without any instruction from the other side, was of course of no use whatever. Whatever be the merits of this case—and we have no intention of casting any discredit on any of the witnesses examined in it—we have only to repeat, as to the value of such divorces, that to annul a contract like that of marriage on an *ex-parte* hearing, and without any notice, or attempt to give notice, to the other party, beyond publication in an obscure country paper eight hundred miles from his residence, is an enormity which Indiana may of course perpetrate as she pleases, but to which other States ought to give no countenance or sanction. We suppose there are few persons who are not cognizant of cases in which perfectly innocent, often helpless and dependent, wives have found themselves divorced in this way, without their knowledge, from rascally husbands, who, after having deserted them for the requisite year, and supplied proof of the requisite term of residence, are thus set free, perhaps to marry a paramour.

We perceive that subscriptions are being collected to assist in McFarland's defence, and judging from a little stump speech made by that gentleman to the coroner's jury prior to his committal, he evidently considers himself the champion of domestic purity, and other people are helping to confirm him in his delusion. If anything were wanting to make this repulsive affair still more repulsive, it would be the conversion of his trial into a defense of the institution of marriage, and himself into a here; and yet, we fear, we shall witness it, or something very like it. We believe he and his friends are abundantly able to provide for his defence, and we hope no indignation over the Richardson marriage will seduce intelligent and respectable people into helping

to put a good face on a cold-blooded and cowardly murder, by giving him any money for any purpose. Do not let us have in New York a revolting farce like the Sickles or Cole trial. Mr. Beecher has, by the way, retracted his charge of adultery against McFarland, interpolated in the report of his address at the funeral which appeared in the New York *Tribune*.

The *Indianapolis Journal*, in reply to the attacks, now so numerous, on the administration of the divorce laws of that State, says that "the Indiana lawyers and judges, far from encouraging divorce suits, dislike and avoid them extremely, and that persons coming into the State merely for the purpose of residing the length of time requisite to procure a divorce, have the seal of social disapprobation irrevocably placed on them." To get an Indiana divorce, the petitioner has to swear that he or she is a *bonâ-fide* resident of the State; and if he or she swears it, what, the *Journal* asks, can the Judge do? In short, it throws the whole blame of whatever scandal Indiana divorces have caused on the perjurers from other States who flock in to get them. This is all very well as far as it goes; but then who is responsible for the State's being a place to which perjurers love to resort? Surely the people of it. When they find that their laws attract vicious people it is their duty to change them, instead of calling on other States, as the *Journal* does, not to have bad men and women among their population. One little change we will take the liberty of suggesting—a denial of divorce in all cases in which both parties are not real residents in the State, and the rigid exaction of proof of personal service of the summons on the defendant. It would appear, however, that a person coming into the State as Mrs. McFarland did, for the mere purpose of getting a divorce, is not a *bonâ-fide* resident, and, what is more to the purpose, the Judge, her lawyers, and the State Attorney must have known it.

The *Delaware State Journal and Statesman*, after speaking of the *Nation* in terms which modesty forbids us to quote, mentions, by way of giving additional weight to our views on the Georgia question, that "the editor holds a Federal office by appointment of General Grant." The *Journal and Statesman* will, we are sure, be sorry to hear that there is no truth in this assertion. It describes what ought to be, no doubt, but which, alas! is not. We hold no office, and, what is worse, none has ever been offered us, nor has anybody ever "gone to Washington" on our account. To say that we do not feel this would be mere affectation, through which the simplest would see. We should, we confess, have valued some little place greatly, not for the sake of the money, but for the sentiment of the thing. We have bottled up our wrath pretty well so far, but patience on some subjects has its limits, and General Grant will shortly hear from us.

The conflict of the free-traders and protectionists in France grows faster and more furious. The treaty with England will be, next year, terminable on a year's notice, and the protectionists are making fierce assaults on it, under cover of the odium attaching to the arbitrary way in which it was negotiated and imposed on the country. By way of stopping their mouths, the Government has ordered a commission to enquire into its effects on certain branches of manufactures about which most complaint is made—namely, metallurgy and its subsidiary trades, and the cotton, linen, and woollen manufactures. But the commission contains Rouher and Michel Chevalier, who helped to frame the treaty, as well as other free-traders, and is therefore treated by the protectionists as a farce. To pacify them, the Emperor offered places on it to Pouyer-Quertier, the well-known manufacturer and agitator, as well as M. Brame, Baron Gros, and others; but as these gentlemen are only offered a voice, and not a vote, they will probably all decline. Pouyer-Quertier has done so already, with some indignation; but then he is naturally in a bad humor, having failed terribly as a candidate for the legislature, both in Rouen and Paris, people not caring much about his tariff gospel, and caring a great deal about his thick-and-thin support of the worst acts of the Imperial régime during the last eighteen years. He was plunged into confusion on the platform in Paris by being asked, after having proclaimed himself an unflinching foe of despotism, whether he had not voted fourteen times for the law of Public Safety (which enabled the Government to transport people without trial). He had to confess, and, after confession, of course there was nothing left for him but to disappear. The south is, in the meantime, coming out fiercely in defence of the treaty—Lyons, Marseilles, and Bordeaux, as the representatives of the great silk and wine interests, joining hands in support of it. The general opinion now is that the executive will do nothing more about it at present, and the commission will report nobody knows when.

The Austrian imbroglio seems to be making but little progress towards settlement, at least as far as regards the Czech difficulty. If the slaves could be got to lump their claims and pretensions, of course the trouble would soon be over. But then the Galicians claim autonomy *as Poles*, and mainly with the view of making the province a rallying-ground for the champions of Polish independence. The Bohemians, on the other hand, stand up for a revival, with the necessary modifications required by the federal union, of the historic kingdom of Bohemia, with of course a Czech government, against which 2,000,000 of Germans resident in Bohemia, and possessing a large portion of its wealth and enterprise, protest violently. Until some arrangement has been hit upon that will satisfy all parties, or at all events supply a bond strong enough to hold the empire together, if exposed to any strains, all talk of Austria's engaging in aggressive demonstrations against any other power is simply absurd.

The New York *Times*, instead of waiting, as we proposed, three or six months to see whether that "triple alliance" came to anything, insists upon trying to "corner" us before Christmas, and, after having brought the *Pall Mall Gazette* against us, now produces the *Moscow Gazette*, as cited by Dr. Abel, the Berlin correspondent of the London *Times*, and Dr. Abel himself. Now, the *Times* ought to have quoted the whole letter; we would do so ourselves if we had room, as in this way we should put the alliance on the shelf till February, at least. What it does quote proves nothing. In the first place, the *Times* does not seem to understand the position of the *Moscow Gazette*. That paper owes all its importance to its being the organ of the fanatical old Moscovite party, and that party has undoubtedly some influence in Russia; but the *Gazette* is in no sense the organ of the Government, or the exponent of its wishes. We are sorry to find that the *Times* thinks it is better informed on questions of European politics than the *Nation*. On some questions it doubtless is; on others—and the probability of this triple alliance is one of them—we aver, blushingly, that the *Times* is in error. In fact, we can think of no reason for the *Times* considering it an authority at all, except that Moscow is a great way off. Moreover—and this is the best of the story—the Berlin correspondent of the London *Times*, whom we admit to be one of the best authorities in existence on the politics of Germany, actually agrees with us and does n't agree with the *Times*. He refers, indeed, to the speculations of the *Gazette*, but only to express his opinion that there is nothing in them. He says that on the field of diplomacy "there is many a seed sown that is not destined to grow up." "People in Berlin," he adds, "indulge the hope that the Paris and St. Petersburg parties at the bottom of the scheme will either be prevented by their sovereigns from carrying it out, or, themselves thinking better of it, as was done some time ago in a similar case, eventually shrink from the perilous adventure of provoking the nation of Germany. Should these expectations be disappointed, *it is scarcely probable that Austria will be one of the interesting trio.*" We must remind the *Times*, also, that we never said that no "triple alliance" was "talked of in Europe." What we said was (Nov. 18) that "few who have paid even slight attention to Austrian and Prussian politics during the past year will credit a report of an alliance, for any practical purpose, between Russia and Austria as against Prussia." The *Moscow Gazette* says there ought to be an alliance between France and Russia for this purpose, and "hopes" there will. Dr. Abel says he doubts whether there will, and that "it is scarcely probable that Austria will belong to it."

THE RESUMPTION OF SPECIE PAYMENTS.

Readers of the *Nation* need not be reminded that, in our opinion, the discussion of the resumption of specie payments can never arrive at any satisfactory result so long as the present popular views of specie payments are adhered to. The whole theory of maintaining specie payments with a paper currency is based upon the ability of the bank or government that issues the paper currency to redeem it on presentation. Now, the only paper currency that can be redeemed at all times is that for every dollar of which a gold dollar is held in readiness to redeem it by the bank or government issuing it. If a bank issues ten millions of currency and has nine millions of gold in its vaults, and the ten millions of currency are presented for redemption, the bank must suspend specie payments. If all the gold in the United States, estimated at about two hundred and forty millions of dollars, were in the vaults of the National Banks, and the National Banks were called upon to redeem all the currency they have issued—three hundred millions—they would be obliged to suspend specie payments. If the United States Government contracted its greenback currency from four hundred and fifty millions to one hundred millions, and held its present stock of, say, ninety millions of gold, and the one hundred millions of greenbacks were presented for payment, the Treasury would have to suspend. If the Bank of France or the Bank of England were called upon to redeem one-half or one-third of their notes outstanding, they would have to suspend specie payments, just as the New York banks did in 1857 and in 1861. The ability of any bank to maintain specie payments so long as it issues one dollar more of notes than it has specie in its vaults depends entirely upon that one dollar not being presented for redemption. It does not matter whether a bank has one dollar in gold for every two or three or four dollars of its circulation; so long as it does not have one dollar in gold for each dollar of circulation, it will be obliged to suspend if the whole or a large portion of its circulation is presented for redemption. The soundness, the responsibility of the bank, its resources in other kinds of property, unlimited if you please, have nothing to do directly with its ability to redeem its circulation if presented. No one doubts the general solvency of the United States Government, yet if it had all the gold in the country in its vaults, it could not redeem its greenbacks if they were presented. The National Banks are supposed to be abundantly sound, yet if they had all the gold in the country in their vaults they could not redeem their notes if they were presented.

No one will believe this to be a serious statement. The answer will readily rise to every one's lips: if the Treasury had so large an amount of gold in its vaults, every one would know that he could get the gold for his greenbacks whenever he wanted it, and no one would present any greenbacks for redemption. Or, if the National Banks had so much gold in their vaults, who would not prefer to hold and use and carry bank-notes? Who would think of presenting them for redemption?

But our statement is a perfectly serious one. The answer which rises to every one's lips is precisely the whole popular fallacy that underlies the whole misunderstanding of the question.

Paper money in our present state of civilization is in *almost* every respect preferable to specie. For all domestic uses, paper money that can be at all times redeemed for specie will have the preference over all other kinds of money. For domestic use no one will think of presenting greenbacks or national bank-notes for redemption as long as he knows that he can have them redeemed whenever he chooses. But there is one use for which paper money is not preferable to specie. There is one use for which paper money is totally useless, and for which specie is absolutely required. That use is the payment of debt abroad. However much confidence foreigners may have in our securities, there is one security they will not take. They will not take our greenbacks nor our national bank-notes. When we have to pay them anything we owe them, they demand specie. They may be perfectly convinced that the Treasury or the banks have gold enough to pay every note twice over, but they do not want to send for it; others to whom they owe money may not believe it; others may insist upon having the gold from them; and so they must insist upon having the gold from us. We have to send them the gold, and in order to get it we have to go to the Treasury or the banks and ask them to redeem their notes, so that we can get the gold. We know perfectly well that they can redeem them, every dollar, yet that does not prevent us from presenting the notes for redemption, *because we need the gold.* The popular fallacy is just this: that no notes will be presented for redemption as long as the holders know that they can have them redeemed at any time. The truth is, that under certain circumstances the ability of the banks to redeem their notes will not prevent the notes from being presented for redemption. Unless, therefore, the banks or the Treasury hold a dollar in gold for every dollar of currency issued, their ability to maintain specie payments after resumption will depend, not upon the popular belief in their ability to redeem, but simply upon the amount of notes that holders may be obliged to present for redemption because they need the gold. In other words, the ability of the banks or the Treasury to maintain specie payments after resumption does not depend, as the "practical, common-sense" school of financiers so confidently assert, upon the popular belief in their ability to do so, but simply upon their actual ability to redeem such notes as may be presented for gold needed to export abroad. In short, the ability of the Treasury or the banks to resume specie payments does not depend upon the Treasury, or the banks, or Congress, or the will of the whole people, *but simply on the amount of gold likely to be required for export.* If the amount of gold likely to be required for export is in excess of our annual production, no power that we know of can maintain resumption. If the amount of gold likely to be required for export is even near our annual production, the maintenance of resumption would be impossible. Resumption and the maintenance of resumption will be possible just so soon as a steady annual export of specie of considerably less than our annual production gives a reasonable assurance that our growing stock on hand will suffice to meet any sudden emergency of more than ordinary magnitude. Then resumption will be possible, but no sooner.

Seen by the light of this statement, which we take to be incontrovertible, Senator Sumner's plan of resuming specie payments, by substituting national bank-notes for the outstanding greenbacks, at once appears valueless. For the substitution of one kind of paper money for another cannot increase either our annual production of gold or diminish its probable annual export. It is true, as the Massachusetts Senator asserts, that the reduction of the amount of greenbacks outstanding, of which the national banks are obliged to have a certain quantity on hand for the redemption of their notes, would compel these same banks to hold a larger proportion of specie for the same purpose, and thus gradually bring them nearer to the point where they could resume entirely in specie. But where is the specie to come from that they are to hold in increasing quantities? Will a law obliging the banks to hold it increase the supply? It is not claimed that it would. But it is claimed that, if the banks could not get the specie which the law required them to hold, they would be compelled to withdraw a corresponding quantity of their notes, and thereby get nearer to specie payments. In other words, the whole plan of Senator Sumner is disguised contraction, or nothing at all. Now, if the position taken by us at starting is correct, it must be shown that contraction will either increase the production of gold or diminish its export, or else contraction can not be claimed as an aid of resumption.

Thoughtful contractionists believe that a moderate contraction of the currency would cause increased economy, diminished consumption of foreign goods would diminish our imports from abroad, and thereby lessen the probable export of specie, and thus aid in resumption. We will not attempt to deny that contraction would cause increased economy; indeed, it would lead to some suffering and widespread impoverishment, and a largely diminished consumption of foreign goods. But does a mere diminished importation also necessarily diminish the probable export of gold? The amount of gold to be exported, roughly stated, is the amount by which our imports exceed our exports. The imports alone do not make up the difference. It is necessary that the exports continue the same. If the exports diminish as much as the imports, the balance to be covered by the export of gold would remain unchanged. Now, nothing can be more certain than that our ability to export largely depends upon a large domestic pro-

duction, that the only stimulus to domestic production or production of any kind is found in the prospect of a profitable sale, that contraction and forced economy diminish the prices of all products and diminish consequently the prospect of a profitable sale of products, diminish the stimulus to production, and consequently diminish production itself. But if our ability to export largely depends upon a large production, will not diminished production diminish our exports, and will not smaller exports of products compel a larger export of coin? It is evident that contraction will not diminish the export of coin.

We are not arguing the question of contraction generally. It is possible that our currency is in excess of our wants, and may have to be reduced, but any argument in favor of reduction must be based on some other grounds than its aid to specie payments by means of its supposed effect in diminishing the export of gold. That contraction is not necessary to produce economy is very evident from the fact that with our present expanded currency extravagance of every kind is notoriously decreasing every day, and is being followed by a compulsory economy of the most pinching kind. That without contraction prices of every article are rapidly declining need not be told to any one who has anything to sell. That without a dollar of contraction our credit abroad is rapidly improving, every one knows who reads the daily papers. We are strongly impressed with the belief that within a few years the present circulation of the country will be largely decreased, but let not contraction therefore be prematurely urged as a remedy for evils that it will not cure, or as a doubtful stimulus to subtle changes that are accomplishing themselves without that aid.

But when shall we be ready to resume? That question, of course, is not easily answered. Gold is now selling at about 123. The exports of gold this year have fallen considerably below those of last year, and for the last four months have entirely ceased. We have a large portion of an abundant grain crop, and of a liberal cotton crop at high prices, left to export. The present condition of the foreign exchanges indicates that there is no large foreign indebtedness now maturing. The importing trade all complain of unusual depression of business and a growing indisposition to import goods from abroad. There is, therefore, a reasonable probability that there will be no large coin export for some months to come. Should this presumption prove correct, and the present depression in business continue for any length of time, we shall probably find by the end of spring that we have added a large portion of the annual production of specie to our stock on hand, and are to that extent better prepared for resumption. The premium on gold is then likely to be lower. The losses involved in resumption are then likely to be less. The minds of the people, no longer looking at specie payments as a distant event, will have been gradually preparing for it. Returning thrift and economy will have increased our exportable products and diminished our importations far beyond what contraction or forced resumption could have done, and if we are, in addition, favored with good crops next fall, we may see Congress, in its session of 1870, discuss the practical measures necessary to resumption with some prospect of resumption being maintained. Until then, the whole question is likely to remain untouched.

THE BAR AND THE JUDGES.

In any very evil state of society, the blame is generally to be about equally divided among all classes of men. The evil may be more conspicuous at one point than at another; but, on a close examination, it is usually found that the stain goes very deep and reaches all orders—all departments of government. In the discussion to which the judicial corruption of this State has given rise, the invectives of the press and public have been launched altogether at the heads of the venal judges. Very little has been said about the responsibility of the bar for the present state of things. Nevertheless, a good deal may be said with justice. In other countries, and in the better days of our own, the bar, in one way or another, always assumed a position of authority and responsibility about the organization and procedure of the courts of law. It has professed to know more on these subjects than the rest of the community, and has claimed the right of being listened to as an authority on them. Thus it has dictated the selection of judges; it has moulded the reforms in pleading; it has managed the admission of its own members; in short, it has stood between the public and the courts, protecting each against the interference of the other.

Of late years, however, not only in this State, but in all the States, a totally different view of the relations of the bar to the courts has become popular, and has at length not only worked its way into State constitutions, but has now begun to be favorably regarded by many members of the very profession whose most deadly foe it is. According to this new theory, the judiciary is responsible, not to the bar, but to a vague, indeterminate, inconstant, changing body, popularly called and believed to be "the people," but, in reality, being a succession of irresponsible party caucuses. According to this view, of course, there is no longer any relation of duty between courts and lawyers. The courts, just like any other political bodies, are responsible to their constituency, "the people," while the bar has now only duties to perform toward its clients. In the old order of things, an order which still exists in theory, a barrister was an officer of court, responsible to his superior; in the new order he is about as much an officer of court as, let us say, an elective sheriff. Lawyers, knowing that they have no voice in matters relating to the judiciary, come to regard the judge somewhat in the light of an alien enemy gifted with extraordinary powers, the operation of which it is their business to elude as far as possible.

Thus far the new theory only affects the relation of lawyers and judges, without touching the essential characteristics of the bar as a learned profession. But it would be a mistake to suppose it stops here. Its next step is to change the organization of the bar. Under the pretence that justice requires that law, just like the ready-made clothes or retail apple business, should be thrown open to all comers, regardless of their ability or proficiency, the friends of the "people" next broke down, whenever it was in their power, all the conditions of admission to practice. It was urged, as a conclusive argument, that no long study was required by the State of licensed pedlars or cattle-drovers; why, then, should any be required of licensed attorneys? The people could judge, it was said, whether a lawyer was a good lawyer or a bad, and if this was so, there was no reason for any restrictions upon practice. It was in vain that it was replied that clients, as a matter of fact, found it very hard to judge between a charlatan and an efficient counsellor, or that the very persons who were least likely to be good judges were the same ignorant poor who were most likely to expose themselves to the deceptions of impostors. Nor did the advocates of the new order pay any heed to the argument—a very efficient one, if standing alone—that the entire judicial system, being a purely artificial creation, called into existence by the State for purposes of its own, was eminently a fit subject for regulations and restrictions of all kinds. We say this argument found no friends, and the reason is evident. After the bench had been thrown into the market, it was absurd to maintain a fastidious inconsistency about the bar. So, at one fell swoop, bench and bar were thrown into the arena, and judicial and professional honors became the prizes of a degraded scramble. It is true that in most States "boards of examination" were allowed to remain amid the general wreck, but how much good they have done is hardly even problematical, for they have always been rather a legal fiction than anything else. The same deference to "the people" which gave the new movement its original impulse sufficed to prevent the boards of examination from any greater efficiency than may be comprised in methodically registering and passing all applicants. It is perhaps surprising that these boards have not themselves been made elective bodies; if they had been, the dominant political party might have acquired the control of the bar as it has of everything besides. We throw this out as a mere suggestion for what it is worth.

The remaining move made by the advocates of the changes we have been commenting on, was to keep at a low point the salaries of the judges. The effect of this upon the character of the bench is obvious. Its effect upon the relation of the bar to the bench, though less evident, is no less real. The low rate of remuneration accorded the judges under the new system made it at first difficult, and at length impossible,

for any of the best lawyers to accept judicial positions, and thus one more link was severed between the judiciary and the bar. So long as the elevation of accomplished lawyers to the bench was a familiar spectacle, so long, of course, did the bar continue to regard itself as a part of one judicial whole. The more unfamiliar the spectacle, the more alien does the judiciary seem. Gradually the old ideas of mutual responsibilities and mutual duties die out. The lawyer comes to look upon himself as the carpenter or the tailor looks upon himself, and upon the bench as a political engine of oppression and wrong, which often thwarts, but may, if judiciously used, further his professional schemes. While the judges still continue pure, he uses ordinary means; when they become corrupt, he grumbles and becomes a corruptor. He has no control, no influence, no authority; he is only a lawyer. Why should he interfere? The people elects Barnard, Cardozo, and McCunn; if it likes them as well as Kent, and Marshall, and Story, let it be so. If the minds of the lawyers of this city were to-morrow opened for public inspection, who does not know the uniform type of cynical indifference which would appear to view?

For the last twenty years the courts of this State have been steadily sinking in integrity, dignity, and intelligence, until to-day there is hardly a judge within the limits of New York who is not at least suspected of corruption the moment his name appears before the public. Yet in all this time the bar has maintained a timid silence on the subject, some of the causes of which we have endeavored to point out. Although it has long been manifest to most of the intelligent lawyers of the city that unless they moved nobody would move, and the state of affairs must continue to grow worse until some terrible calamity should rouse the public to action, still they did nothing. They grumbled in private, they confided horrible tales to their wives and their friends; but as for action, that seemed as far off as ever. The consequence of their silence was that, for a long time, no knowledge could be obtained of the nature of the difficulties in the way of reform, except what came in the shape of a vague, inarticulate cry from the newspapers. But the objection to the ordinary newspaper as an organ of law reform is, that however immaculate a slogan it may set up, its accusations of corruption are so common and so indiscriminate, and it is so unsparing at all times of its vocabulary of abuse, that when the necessity for really strong language comes, no one pays any more attention to its attacks than they would in the case of an ordinary "newspaper controversy." When, in addition to this, it is remembered that the profession of journalism does not generally include a knowledge of the common and statutory law, the slight effect of the great dailies in this matter may perhaps be accounted for. But let the bar speak, and all is different. The public will always attend to the opinions of experts when the public interest is involved. And there are several signs that the prolonged and dangerous taciturnity of the bar is at length coming to an end. The appearance of the appeal by eminent lawyers on behalf of the judiciary amendment in this State, and the singular success with which this movement was attended, points to an increased interest in reform on the part of the only portion of the public who are really competent to pronounce an opinion. The projected organization of the Law Reform League within the bar points in the same direction. In 1873, according to the provisions of the new judiciary article, the question will be put to the people whether they will retain the present system or substitute that of appointment. All parties are disgusted with the present régime, and with energy and concerted action the elective system may in that year be for ever destroyed. On the other hand, if the change is not made then, the State goes on in the old road for twenty more years—until another constitutional convention meets—and then the effect of this may be imagined.

A CATHOLIC LESSON FOR PROTESTANTS.

THERE is one instructive feature of the Œcumenical Council, to which, however, it would, perhaps, be useless to draw the attention of anybody but Protestants; and that is, the striking illustration it offers of the power of organization. Catholics, of course, will not be persuaded that the force which enables an old and not very able priest to summon from the four quarters of the globe an assembly whose decisions the greater portion of Christendom will regard as the direct utterances of Divine wisdom, and a dozen sovereigns are looking for with real anxiety, does not emanate directly, and as it were miraculously, from the Almighty himself. But Protestants, whatever they may think of Romish doctrines, have long been satisfied, and with abundant reason, that the organization known as the Roman Catholic Church, such as we see it, with its great clerical army, its elaborate yet skilful discipline, its wonderful power of using all kinds and conditions of men for its own advancement, of adapting itself to all stages of civilization and all varieties of manners and antecedents, of bringing learned and simple, proud and humble, to kneel before its altars with a forgetfulness of worldly distinctions which the Protestant sects all preach, and sigh, and pray for, but have never been able to bring about, is simply a legacy bequeathed to the modern world by the Roman Empire. Mr. Maine has pointed out, in the closing chapter of his great work, the influence which was exercised on the doctrines of the Latin Church by the Roman lawyers, into whose practised and cunning hands the moulding of the ecclesiastical organization naturally passed, or, at all events, from whose minds and methods the church naturally received a powerful impress after it had emerged from the Catacombs and become the religion of the state. It was from them, too, that the clergy undoubtedly learned the art which they have never since lost—the art of government, the art which enabled them to build up on the ruins of the political empire, and without other materials than savages and slaves, that splendid spiritual empire which, because it *is* spiritual, is perhaps the greatest glory of the human race, and whose wonderful passage through fifteen hundred years of storm and change, the oldest, proudest, and, all things considered, most powerful of existing institutions, the Œcumenical Council meets to celebrate.

Now, the thing which distinguishes the Latin Church to-day from the Greek Church, and which distinguishes it from all the sects which have broken off from it, which makes it a sovereign power treating on equal terms with secular governments, instead of being a mere state institution for the spread of religious instruction, or an obscure association of believers for worship and mutual edification, is, undoubtedly, that it has from the beginning been managed by jurists, or men thoroughly permeated by the juridical spirit. Mere theologians, or mere moralists, or mere politicians, would have made shipwreck of the church as an organization long before the ninth century. The Christian religion they, no doubt, would have preserved—that had foundations to which the Roman lawyers could make no additions; but the Catholic Church, as we now see and know it, could never have passed through the Dark Ages and come down to our time if there had not always remained at its head a body of men who had inherited the great traditions of the Roman bar, its knowledge of human nature, its sagacity, its subtlety, its faith in human reason, and, above all, in cultivated human reason, as the controller and director of the affairs of men.

The Roman lawyers, it must be remembered, were not simply what the modern bar is so apt to be—a mere body of advocates enduring drudgery for hire; they were, in reality, a body of philosophers, to whom the Roman people committed, through several centuries, the moulding of their jurisprudence—that is, the application to the regulation of their public and private affairs of the best morality of the time. They were, too, almost equally familiar with legislation and administration, and passed with a facility unknown in our day from the laborious studies of the closet to the command of armies and government of provinces. In short, the Roman people, wonderful in many ways, were above all wonderful in this, that they not only emerged from barbarism mainly through their own efforts, but they, through all their storms and revolutions, never lost sight of the fact that if a state is to live or be worth living in, its ablest men must make its laws and fill its offices; that, whatever the wishes of the people may be, it is in the silence of the jurist's study, and not amid the clamor of the forum, that the machinery for carrying them out must be provided. The result was that, in spite of their complete ignorance of political economy, and their maintenance of slavery, they succeeded, without gunpowder, or steam, or electricity, in building up an immense empire, in completely assimilating the greater part of it to Rome herself in

morals and manners, and in so thoroughly permeating it with the spirit of her civilization that at this day her language forms the groundwork of that of three of the greatest nations of modern Europe, and there is not a court in Christendom whose judgments are not influenced or moulded by the opinions of the great lights of Roman jurisprudence. The Roman bar did not pass away without teaching the clergy the secret of Roman strength; and they used their knowledge and their juridical habits of thought to build up that wondrous ecclesiastical structure which to-day excites so much of the world's awe or detestation. They met the savage northern invaders in the same spirit of self-confidence which Suetonius expressed so finely in his speech to the legionaries in Britain when, with his little handful of men, he found himself opposed to the countless hosts of Boadicea—"not to mind the noise and empty threats of the barbarians; that the fate of every battle was decided by the swords of a few brave men."

It is very certain, as it seems to us, therefore, that "the army of progress" may learn a good deal from that venerable and, as many think, effete organization, the church. Human character has, within historic times, undergone considerable modification; but the constitution of the human mind remains and will remain the same as long as the race lasts. Knowledge will always be power; reason will always, in the long run, govern the affairs of men. Its doing so is one of the lines by which Providence has separated man from the brute. Human society is the most delicate of all pieces of God's handiwork; more delicate by far, even, to him who considers it aright, than the human body; and the power, the longevity, the influence for good, the share in carrying the world on to that golden age for which, whether as the Kingdom of God or the Good Estate, so many generations have sighed and have yet to sigh, which may be attributed to any one community, will always depend on the amount of cultivated reason it contains, which it brings to the conduct of its business. For communities which deliver themselves over to vain babblers, and potterers, and ignoramuses, and believe that the heights of heaven can be scaled by much speaking, there is clearly no lasting place, no great or illustrious destiny, reserved in this world of ours as at present ordered.

A PEEP INTO THE CABINET WINDOWS.

WASHINGTON, December 12, 1869.

THE liberal reformer's idea of an administration after his own heart would no doubt at the outset assume, like Voltaire's satire and Presidents' messages, that in this best of possible worlds this nation is the best of possible nations, and by consequence this Administration the best of all administrations, past or to come. But at this point the connection between the ideal and the real is certain to stop. The reformer would have said to himself that here, at the beginning of a period of sound and healthy reaction, is a new government chosen by common consent to restore peace, to sweep away abuses and corruption, to guide our great and vague ideas of national progress, and, as the result of all, to fix again deep in the popular mind the sound principles of constitutional republicanism, which have lost a little of their power, thanks to war and party politics. By a sort of natural and inevitable growth, a whole scheme of duties would develop itself regularly and consistently in the new President's mind, and, when the time came for laying it before the world, there could be no confusion or blundering; each part of the composition would be strongly sketched; harmony would rule everywhere; nothing would be wanting or out of place, nor could there be gaps, or botches, or blurs in a work where every touch was subordinate to a central idea. In an ideal President there are no mistakes of judgment, and still less any evasion of responsibilities which are the essence of government. All his words are weighed, with the end of maintaining the executive in its proper position of the chosen leader of the people in all its liberal and progressive projects. But perhaps one would take most pleasure in the working of an ideal administration; the unity and the solidarity, so to speak, of the different elements of the administrative brain; the economy of force shown in intelligent co-operation, from the President down to the errand-boys; the long and laborious discussions on what seem small points, as the disposition of a few thousand dollars in relief of taxation, or the difference of one-half per cent. in the interest of a new loan; the quick and decisive resistance to impertinent dictation from outside, as in the case of removals from office; the open and cordial reception of knowledge, from whatever source it might come; the deliberateness of reflection and decision; the unanimity when decision is reached; in short, the fixed purpose showing itself through every act to place the executive at the head of the government and the nation.

If any one who took up the President's message last Monday had these ideas in his head, he probably felt a lively degree of disappointment. Almost at the outset he would discover that the President does not propose to himself any general scheme of action, and he would be perplexed at learning that the President, so far from showing zeal for the correction of abuses, wishes to postpone all consideration of the taxes which most swarm with gross abuses, and this, too, without offering the smallest reason for postponement. The evils of the Civil Service do not even meet with so much as a word of notice, and the views presented in regard to political economy are almost calculated to upset one's faith in the progress of knowledge, and to call from another world the angry ghost of Adam Smith. Nor is this all. That the Government should express opinions which seem to a part of the public quite indefensible, is nothing very new to the world; but that it should express a variety of views on the same subject, each inconsistent with the others, and sometimes equally indefensible, is a novelty in administration. But the documents that come with the message offer precisely this spectacle. The President, for example, urges as the cardinal point of his internal policy an immediate return to specie payments by means of a sliding scale, without necessary contraction. The Secretary of the Treasury dissuades immediate resumption, but if anything is to be done he inclines to a regular monthly contraction. A reformer may be ready to agree with either, but certainly cannot follow both. The Secretary's political economy is quite as eccentric as that of his chief, but it would puzzle a professional juggler to know what he is driving at in regard to the commercial marine. The President recommends a reduction of the income tax. The Secretary's whole financial scheme seems limited to the conception of a visionary four and a half per cent. loan, and he would leave everything else, even the income tax, as it is, in order that the Government may continue to the end of time its superb operations in shaving its own notes. The Comptroller of the Currency has, on his specialty, views which are also peculiar to himself. The Secretary of the Interior urgently presses a reform of the Civil Service, which the President and the other Secretaries apparently are either indifferent or opposed to. And to crown all, while the President and the Secretary of the Treasury vie with each other in dissuading interference with the taxes, the Special Commissioner of the Revenue, with their apparent consent and encouragement, issues a most elaborate and vigorous denunciation of the tariff.

Here is certainly richness! Never was there a government which left its affairs in a looser, not to say a more slovenly condition, or troubled itself less about appearances. But the confusion has its advantages, too, and one of them is that any ordinary outside observer can without an effort look, as it were, into the windows of the Cabinet, since the windows are thus left wide open for every curious loafer to gape at. The President's message is an actual challenge to analytical criticism. One may take it to pieces like a child's puzzle. Here is the sensible and cautious touch of the Secretary of State! Yet it would have been interesting if he had expressed a little more distinctly his ideas as to the present legal status of the *Alabama* claims. There, all in a row, are ranged the other Secretaries! Every now and then one catches a nervous stroke which recalls the manner of the Attorney-General. So far, all is order; all is, if not very great, at least very good. But when one looks for the most important officer of the Government, the Secretary of the Treasury, one asks with surprise where on earth he has stuffed himself, and whence comes it that his department is in such hopeless confusion? Are the remarks on reciprocity conceived in his style? Is the postponement of reform in taxation his brilliant idea? The message recommends a reduction of the income tax, but Mr. Boutwell recommends maintaining all the taxes. Still less is the Secretary's hand to be seen in the currency projects of the message, which are in the most undisguised opposition to his ideas as contained in the report. The

four and a half per cents may indeed be set down to his credit without a sigh, but the suggestion of a Commissionership of Customs Revenue is surely a long-cherished and often-urged project of Mr. Wells. What, then, has happened to the Secretary of the Treasury? The wide space his figure should fill is left void and blank, except for the vague outline of half-a-dozen blurred and unrecognizable forms which seem at one time to resemble the President, at another some one Secretary, or, again, some face not known to Washington. Is it possible that Mr. Boutwell has of his own accord obliterated himself in this shocking manner, or has he been compelled to do so? Or, most alarming supposition of all, is this droll figure of four and a half per cent. all that really exists of Mr. Boutwell anywhere in this world; his whole and identical image; what Carlyle would call Mr. Boutwell's mysterious ME, standing in the conflux of eternities?

Whatever may be the reason, it is perfectly evident that the financial part of the message shows nothing but confusion, want of concert, and strange mixture of boldness and timidity. The boldness is most evident in the remarks on the currency, and it is curious that precisely these remarks, all share in which is repudiated by the Secretary, show more study and reflection than almost any other part of the message. The President's plan of resumption is that which Sir Robert Peel adopted for the Bank of England in 1819, with the omission of much cumbrous machinery, and the substitution of a very ingenious scale of appreciating the value of the greenback in proportion to the ordinary rate of interest, so that there could be no motive for hoarding greenbacks, the bonds still remaining a better investment for capital. There is one weak point in this plan, which is the danger of a sudden turn in the foreign exchanges; but even against this the Treasury might be easily protected. The timidity of the message is most conspicuous in the evasion of the difficulties of taxation, and the only reason for this timidity seems to be the eagerness of the party hacks to escape the issue of protection, which threatens to cause serious trouble, and perhaps a general break-up of party lines. Yet it is universally agreed by all parties concerned that this recommendation to postpone can amount to nothing. The coal and iron battle has already begun, and must be fought out, whatever side the Administration takes. The only effect of the President's course is to throw the whole subject over to Congress, and to weaken and distract the energy of the reformers, so as to make it probable that the session will be wasted in empty disputes. Still, another result may be to encourage the movement which is on foot to put an end to Mr. Wells and his commission, which expires next June by limitation, unless renewed by a direct vote in Congress.

Turn and twist all these different threads, however, whichever way one chooses, they invariably lead back at last to the same point. While in all other respects the message is a strong document, and while the Secretary of State, though standing on less favorable ground, has surprised even his friends, and seems almost to carry the Administration on his shoulders, yet, wherever the region of finance is touched, one only finds the most unconcealed proof of a lack of unity, and often of irresolution or even downright ignorance. Something has evidently gone wrong in the Treasury, or the Secretary has proved himself to lack the strength necessary for his place, since wherever he is seen his influence is absolutely negative. This internal discordance makes the whole financial policy of the President more or less a failure. Even his bold lead in the currency question is weakened by it, since it is evidently not in harmony with his other ideas and those of his chief subordinate. But, after all, the true significance of the weakness so brought to light is the question it raises, whether, in the face of coming necessities, the situation can possibly last.

FATHER HYACINTHE AS AN ORATOR.

THE discourse of Father Hyacinthe in the Academy of Music last Thursday evening (the French *conférence* is a more expressive term for what was neither sermon, oration, nor lecture) was a charming lesson in rhetoric for American orators, professional or lay, fledged or unfledged. It was marked by the absence of that constant peculiarity of American oratory—the making an effect, or, what is worse, trying to make one; for whether or not the effect is produced, the effort at effect is conscious to the speaker and palpable to the hearer. An American orator goes at his audience as an enemy to be vanquished by the force of his logic, his figures, or his facts; to be captivated by some strategy of words; or, if need be, ridden over by a tremendous charge of eloquence at the last. All through his speech or oration he is working up his effects, with his mind so intent upon these that a perceptive hearer is all the while aware that an assault is being made upon him by a succession of climaxes; and as the speaker approaches the last of these, there is an accelerated movement, as at the close of a symphony, for which the whole apparatus of sound and motion is brought to the utmost intensity of action. With rare exceptions, the American orator does not at the outset put himself *en rapport* with his audience, as people of average good sense and an intelligent interest in his subject, to whom he is about to talk because he has something to say that is worth their hearing. He begins by feeling around his audience for some point of sympathy or attack, as the case may be, and seldom loses his consciousness either of himself or of his hearers by absorption in his theme. In these respects, American oratory is intensely forced and mechanical.

Father Hyacinthe, on the contrary, appeared before an audience of three thousand strangers in the quiet, easy way in which he converses in the parlor. Hardly seeming to raise his voice above the tone of ordinary conversation, he took up the word "apology," just dropped by the president in introducing him—"*et moi aussi, mesdames et messieurs, j'ai besoin d'une excuse;*" and after two or three minutes of pleasant, animated conversation, he had an audience of sympathizing listeners, to whom he could talk, if he chose, with his hand in his pocket—feeling that he had them there also. To be sure, he had the reputation of a great orator, and the favoring interest that attaches to his peculiar position; but these put him to the disadvantage of having to realize everybody's ideal of himself, and to disappoint a curiosity that prudence and delicacy forbade him to gratify. Yet speaking in an unaccustomed place and dress, amid surroundings far from congenial to his clerical tastes, under a cruel hoarseness—saying nothing of the Pope and Council or of his own position and prospects—he held the rapt attention of the assembly, and received its enthusiastic response. What was the secret of this? That one who for years has been acknowledged the foremost pulpit orator of Paris, the bare announcement of whose name would draw thousands to Notre Dame two hours before the appointed service, and whose conférence would hold standing for another hour the volatile and the serious, the common and the cultivated, in one accord of fixed, silent, earnest attention, must have the gift of speech in its divinest qualities, would have been accepted upon the testimony of these facts themselves, had no opportunity been given here for observing and analyzing so renowned an orator. And now that he has been seen and heard in contrast with our own orators, it is difficult to say more than this—that he *does* move his hearers with a masterly and fascinating power, and (as De Pressensé has described his preaching in Notre Dame) "seems to send over them a breath that lifts them like the waves of the sea," while at the same time his own soul "is like an Æolian harp, quivering with intelligence and sensitiveness, vibrating with every breeze that blows about it."

His manner, as we have said, is easy and natural—that of a cultivated gentleman engaged in earnest, animated conversation. A musical and flexible voice, possessing that peculiar quality called sympathetic, at once charms the ear and excites the hearer to a pleasurable susceptibility independent of the words spoken; and the orator has so trained and cultivated this instrument that though it possesses no great compass, and is incapable of deep and heavy notes, a mere inflexion will give new force to a sentence, and a word or clause uttered *diminuendo* will seem to draw after it the soul of the hearer into the very depths of the speaker's own soul. This magnetism he knows well how to use, and the natural play of emotions through the tones and cadences of his voice is the very perfection of oratorical art. Father Hyacinthe uses this power to the best advantage in those two effective forms of sentence, the antithesis and the climax. His sentences are transparently clear, and so well constructed that every word is fitted to its place; and when he advances from step to step in thought, until the sentence grows to a paragraph, each clause is so adjusted to its fellows, and the whole structure is so simple and withal so rhythmical, that the mind takes it in without an effort—or, rather, is carried into it as if this were its own thinking. But in the delivery, Father Hyacinthe makes every advance of thought telling by his varied rendering of the emphatic word. Thus, in his discourse upon "Civil Society and Christianity," speaking of the original right to the soil of him who first cultivates it, he says:

"Ah! when I have done this, there is no power on earth—even though it call itself Louis XIV.—which has the right to stand up and say, as this monarch once said, 'I am the owner; you are the tenant.' No! the owner is myself. It is all mine—soil as well as crop. You cannot rend that patch of earth from me; neither can you give me a title to it. My right consists in the act of my will, which said to this field, this forest, Be mine. My right consists in the landmark I have placed in the hedge I have planted. My right! it is in the sweat of my brow, the blood upon my hands, the rude embraces with which my love and labor have seized and fertilized the land. Henceforth that land belongs to the person of man. I hold it in my own right, and God stands by me in the claim."

The finish of each sentence in Father Hyacinthe's discourses shows that they are fashioned with care, yet there is nothing elaborate or complicated in their construction. He does not write before speaking, but meditates long and profoundly, and brings everything into the best shape in his own mind. In speaking, his gestures, like his voice, obey the impulses of nature; he never studies dramatic effects.

The thought of Father Hyacinthe's discourses is not properly philosophical in its conception, nor formally logical in its method. Rather it is philosophy under the forms of poetry, and logic fused into feeling. Yet every discourse evinces a subjective order of reflection and composition in the mind of the orator. As one listens to him the method of his discourse is latent—for seldom is his argument in the form of a syllogism, or strictly consecutive—and at times he appears rather to be saying beautiful and brilliant things about his subject than developing the subject itself. Yet, as in the best musical compositions the trained ear will detect the theme running through the entire movement, so in the after-study of one of Father Hyacinthe's conférences, if not at the moment of listening, there is apparent a law of unity ordering the movement of the whole; a central theme of thought around which his exquisitely toned sentences move as progressive variations.

This was true of last Thursday's conférence. His subject was "The Conduct of Life." First defining life as essentially motion, having a point of departure, a direction, and an end, he described the heart as the *force motrice* in the life of man, a force at once conciliating and ruling between reason and sense; it idealizes and purifies both thought and sensation; the sensations mount to it, and reason descending, the two therein unite and fecundate. Reason alone cannot supply a serene emotion, a principle of consolation. In the moral order the heart is the power of loving. Above all, man is a *lover*, and therein lies his strength. He who thinks in his heart is the true man, the good man, the happy man. At this point the speaker broke forth in a fervid exhortation to love—love the family, love country, love the state, love right and justice, love the church, not as a sect, but as that divine institution which unites under one banner all the children of Jesus Christ. The heart as the motive power teaches that life should be devoted neither exclusively to temporal things, nor to heavenly things to the neglect of the earthly. As at the first, man was placed in the Garden to till it, so the Eden of to-day is our planet, which we are to subdue and enrich as an act of duty to God and a preparation for heaven. And so the heart carries religion into daily life. And this motive power tends to the realization of the brotherhood of humanity, a consummation which Father Hyacinthe eloquently described as the grand problem of the nineteenth century and of this continent.

Here was a course of thought and argument logically connected in the mind of the orator, though not after the manner of Mill; and a real philosophy, both mental and ethical, though not formulated after the manner of Sir William Hamilton. Indeed, a part of the charm of Father Hyacinthe's oratory lies in the fact that he conveys important truths by suggestions rather than propositions, and is so much the thinking of the heart. Yet it is not wanting in deep, close thinking—a little scholastic, and at times mystical, but nevertheless profound and original thinking; for while it is easy to see that to an American audience there was nothing new or striking in last Thursday's conférence, yet from *him* it was both fresh and original; and there was an intense interest in hearing from the lips of a priest of the Roman Catholic Church the declaration of the sovereignty of conscience, the sanctity of marriage, the divine ordination of the family, the spiritual unity of the Church, the universal brotherhood of mankind in freedom and equality. Despotic rule in France has taught him the art of uttering the boldest truths under suggestive forms that escape the letter of the law; and so in these significant utterances he defined his position toward the Pope and the Church without really naming either. His address before the Peace League is a fine example of this power in its hits at "personal government." All his thoughts are in harmony with the highest truths, and show the broadest sympathy with humanity, and the widest charity for all who possess the love of Christ. They seem to flow spontaneously from the heart; and this marks the third and highest point in the analysis of his oratory. Father Hyacinthe is a man of deep convictions; a thoroughly sincere man; one feels that he believes what he says, and is in earnest because he believes it. This sincerity and earnestness of feeling rise at times to a sublime fervor of utterance. As he portrayed the heart as the true motive power of life, he stood before his audience the impersonation of his doctrine that the heart creates ideas—that ideas are not gained by climbing the ladder of reason, but "descend from God, and take life and dwell within us, and make the mystery of our actual life, its deliciousness, its sublimity, its deification." In uttering such sentiments, Father Hyacinthe is borne aloft by the fervor of his own feeling; with upturned eyes, unconscious of himself or his hearers, he seems to be conversing with God in the lofty, fiery strains of Isaiah, or rapt in contemplation with the mystic beauty of Fra Angelico. De Pressensé had caught this impression when he wrote, "The imagination of Father Hyacinthe is beautiful and grand; he seems even to be lifted by the movement of his own thought and heart, and at his best moments he has a power of fascination which is absolutely incomparable." Such an orator is one that the world will not suffer to be silent, and if the Church of Rome has no more use for him, he will yet find a pulpit broad enough for both Christianity and man.

FRANCE.—BISHOP DUPANLOUP AND M. VEUILLOT.

PARIS, November 26.

THIS is a fortnight of "sensations," and what the French call *events*. The Ollivier Ministry and the Dupanloup Letter—these are, in truth, "*évênements*" in Parisian parlance. As the latter of the two is by far the most important, and that whereof the importance will be longest felt, I will begin by it. Every American reader will still have in his mind the fiery protestation of the great Carmelite, Father Hyacinthe, three months since. Scarcely a few days after, came a short but curious appeal to him from the Bishop of Orleans, imploring of him not to be implacable in his resolve, but to re-enter the bosom of the church.

For those who know Monseigneur of Orleans, this letter, some weeks back, meant simply that he felt uncertain as to the issue of the Œcumenical Council, was inclined to believe the Jesuits would have the best of it, did not intend in that case to oppose them, but was sorely grieved at finding such a theologian and such a celebrity arrayed against him as the Père Hyacinthe. Things have marched since then; and, by dint of examining closely into the actual position of matters, the ambitious Felix of Orleans has discovered that probably the Ultramontane party may suffer a defeat before the assembled church at Rome. Accordingly, to the stupor of the ultra devout, out came the active and talented Bishop, ten days since, with a pastoral letter, which took all France by surprise. He therein exposed doctrines which, *in fact*, are merely those which lie at the root of Father Hyacinthe's terrible protest—doctrines which are one and the same with those of the German episcopal manifesto, and re-echo all that the so bitterly disliked Archbishop of Paris had put forth in his valedictory letter to his clergy.

In very dutiful and circumspect language, the Bishop of Orleans treated as heterodox and "impossible" any attempt to proclaim the infallibility of the Pope. He distinctly asserted the infallibility of the *assembled church*, and the primacy of the Pope. He distinctly stated that the sovereign Pontiff is "*primus inter pares*," and absolutely nothing more. He reverted straight to the doctrine of St. Augustine, and of all the fathers of the church, and above all (and worst of all, in Jesuit eyes!) he declared the church and the episcopacy of France to have always been, and still to be, the truest, best guardian of Christian tradition and doctrinal truths. This is true—but this implies "Gallicanism," the word so abhorred of all Jesuits—the word in which such men as Bossuet, upon whom it has been the delight of the Ultramontanes of our day to throw odium of every kind, conquered. The camp of the devout was in pain and vexation extreme, sorely put to it, and really knowing not which way to turn. "*On ne sait à quel saint se vouer*" became a plain truth, for Monseigneur of Orleans had, through his violence and intolerance, become the "saint" of all the ranting old women and canting young priests in France. And lo! here was this paragon of piety, this doctor, this surest and severest of spiritual guides, backsliding, and slipping about neither more nor less than the old serpent himself, or Father Hyacinthe, which is all one. Who to believe in now, since this prop had given way! "Believe in no one," cry the Jesuits; "there is no belief in science, or in truth, or in man, or even in the Gospel! There is but the Pope only! Believe

in him—once make him *infallible*, and the whole thing is easy enough." Granted; but these very Ultramontane brawlers had affirmed Felix of Orleans to be next to infallible himself! What was to be done? Pending this, there came worse. Of course, the mouthpiece of the perplexed and discomfited had been M. Veuillot in the *Univers*. Of course, no sooner was the Orleans manifesto published, than he prepared his cudgels, and set to work right lustily to belabor M. Dupanloup, as he had already belabored M. Mazet, the learned and pious Bishop of Suza. But this time Tartuffe-Veuillot had met with infinitely more than his match, and he brought down upon his head, to the very last drop of the vials, wrath that had been gradually filling at the source of the public indignation. Mgr. d'Orleans turned round, doubled his fists, set to with a will, and—there is no Veuillot left! There is an ugly, shapeless, unclean mass, better to contemplate from afar than to touch—and that was Veuillot! and that is what the deadly blows and cutting stripes of the most idolized of intolerant bishops have made of him! I doubt whether anywhere in literature, prose or verse, from Juvenal to Junius, there exists anything so ferocious as this episcopal onslaught. But rarely, if ever, has anything been so well deserved.

The effect is tremendous; it is as if the roof of Notre Dame had fallen in, and crushed the entire congregation. People shake themselves, get rid of the dust and rubbish of a great demolition, and look around to see where they are and what has become of their neighbors. I have lived nearly all my life in France, and for fifteen or twenty years seen many things happen, but such a sensation as the Bishop of Orleans has created I have *not* seen since the *coup d'état* of '51. It *is* a *coup d'état* in the realm of conscience, and not perhaps to be duly appreciated by foreigners; not to be appreciated by any one who had not made a study of the moral and religious situation of this country for the last ten or twelve years.

Just after Father Hyacinthe's letter a very devout (but enlightened) Catholic said in my hearing: "We are lost, for they will make a second Spain of France, and all true faith will be trodden down by gross, impious idolatry." *This* is the situation which, it is probable, M. Dupanloup's two recent publications will help to modify; and for whosoever thinks the religious condition of a nation worthy his attention, it is certainly one of the most important events that could occur. But I again repeat that, for those who know M. Dupanloup, there is more importance in *his* having been the executioner in this case than if any other member of the French episcopacy had been so. If the cause of the Ultramontanes and Jesuits had not been a *losing* one, Hotspur-Felix of Orleans would never have asserted himself as he has done; consequently, his conduct implies even more than an individual act, and gives hopes to all true and intelligent Christians that good and not evil may yet come of the Roman Council.

A few words may not be thrown away in describing some of the various phases of the official life of the Bishop of Orleans. As a young man, he distinguished himself chiefly by his friendship with the group of liberal Catholics, such as Lacordaire, Montalembert, Cochin, the Broglies, and others; and he remained several years curé of St. Roch without being particularly famed, even for his eloquence. There were orators in the pulpit, as Ravignan, Lacordaire, and others, so much more eloquent than himself that it was not until they were no more that his celebrity began. He based its origin upon his liberalism, and in 1853 made himself a candidate for the Académie Française. Though the public was much surprised thereat, he was elected, and for several months the cry of "*A liberal prelate!*" was raised and echoed through the world of letters. Until the current of Ultramontanism set in with such sudden and unexpected strength (chiefly after Castelfidardo), the Bishop of Orleans did nothing to forfeit the reputation he had gained, but about six years ago he gave signs of an intemperance of zeal and an intolerance that plunged his friends into despair, and caused the Jesuits to exult. This phase endured till a few days since, and then came the pastoral letter to his clergy, which took people of every shade of opinion aback. Above all, the friends of Father Hyacinthe are full of rejoicing, and say, "Now you see how, in the main, he was right in all he said; for here is the champion of Rome, and of the Syllabus even, taking his stand in reality upon the same ground, and resisting all attempts at encroachment on the part of the Pope." The one word is spoken, the one step taken, by the Bishop of Orleans, from which he can never recede. He has thrown in his lot with the "church" instead of with the Pope's person; and it is to be hoped that the majority of the episcopacy of all nations will follow him. If so, greater benefits may ensue upon the convocation of the Council than are generally expected.

Now, to turn to politics. The notion of a ministry formed by a minister, and not imposed upon a certain number of ministers by the Emperor's will or caprice, is also an event which makes the public open its eyes in wonderment at the progress made by liberal ideas within the last six months. If Émile Ollivier remains firm and does not give in, he will have done as much for political as the Bishop of Orleans for religious freedom. If he yields one iota of what he demands, he will have lost the finest position any man has occupied in France since Casimir Perier. There is less importance in the objection made by people generally to M. Ollivier than you would suppose. They say, "He is incapable of being an efficient minister—he is not a politician—not a statesman." That may be; nay, I am disposed to think that *is* so; but his capacity or incapacity for politics *as a minister* is not at present what he is called upon to prove. The part he is called upon to play is that of an independent, honest man, who will *not* be a minister save on the conditions which *he* thinks right, and save on the *one* condition of responsibility for the evil or the good he may achieve. Should Émile Ollivier obtain power on the conditions of forming a cabinet and being responsible for its policy, he may, after he has obtained it, wield it with more or less capability. That is of small consequence. Should he prove a capable minister, so much the better; should he prove an incapable one, *his* work will be done all the same, for no other after that will consent to be a mere nominee of Napoleon's; and the *fact* of ministerial responsibility will be established, and self-government have virtually gained the victory over personal rule. You see I was not wrong in telling you that this fortnight has been rich in "events." Every day that passes by now may bring modifications that no one has looked for or deemed possible. Paris and Rome may, each in its way, afford great lessons.

Correspondence.

MR. JAMES AND THE SWEDENBORGIANS.

To the Editor of the Nation:

"A Swedenborgian" quibbles. I have nowhere said that he and his fellow-sectarians claim any special divine sanctity in their "personal" capacity, but only in their corporate or ecclesiastical aspect. The *soi-disant* New Jerusalem possesses, in the judgment of its members, a superior sacredness to any other church, a diviner warrant to exist: such is not only the implicit logic of their position, but its overt dogmatic precept as well. Else why should they exclude every previously baptized person from their communion who refuses to undergo *re-baptism* at the hands of their priesthood? Is your correspondent's disclaimer of any force against such a fact as this?

Your correspondent would fain construe me, also, into a self-constituted light-house. His sarcasm stultifies itself, for I have no pretension to that immodest designation, being at most an inspector of the article, and this purely *en amateur*. Thus the obvious function of a light-house being to warn, not to invite, whenever I discover one passionately wooing the anxious mariner to its embrace, or saying to him, "Come boldly on," in place of saying, "Be off as fast as your trembling legs will carry you," I am sure that this is no honest light-house at all, but a mere *habitaculum* of wreckers living by the plunder of the innocent. It is exactly this judgment of mine that your correspondent complains of, in reference to the light-house set up, as he says, by his sect. For seeing, as I do, how fatal a thing it must be to the voyager in search of that holy city, the New Jerusalem, whose spiritual itinerary is broadly traced by Swedenborg, to get stranded upon the heartless rocks, and barren sands, which here and there usurp that sacred name, and profess to constitute a visible anchorage and embodiment of its spotless doctrine, I cannot help lifting my voice through the fog to any bewildered wretch who seems exposed to such a catastrophe, and advertising him of the skulking peril that besets him. It is a mere affair of spiritual temperament in me, and disclaims any official or even officious significance. No one in fact can be more willing than I to see every one who frankly chooses his fate undergo spiritual shipwreck. I am, Mr. Editor, yours truly,

Henry James.

Cambridge, Mass., Dec. 11, 1869.

[The "Swedenborgian" has called upon us, "the light of battle in his eye," and expressed a wish to prosecute these hostilities still further in our columns; but we have firmly informed him that, as far as we are concerned, the controversy ends here.—Ed. Nation.]

A WOMAN'S COMMENTS ON THE McFARLAND CASE.

To the Editor of the Nation:

Sir: Concerning the McFarland-Richardson tragedy new testimony, of course, may yet come to light vindicating the parties whose action led to the commission of the crime. But from such evidence of facts as yet appears I hardly understand the degree of blamelessness which seems accorded to the wife of McFarland and the murdered man. I totally condemn this arbitrating by powder and shot whatever questions concern the honor of women, and think that this particular class of qarrels has had the monopoly of assassination quite long enough. But I yet fail to see how this especial case, as some newspapers argue, is one peculiarly adapted to rouse public sentiment against murderers of this order. That the life of the late victim was a useful one, that he was a man, as it seems, of amiable qualities and much beloved by his friends, that the woman who "drew him to his doom" is also reported as an estimable person, gifted and attractive—these are certainly reasons for lamenting a tragedy involving such characters; they are motives to pity, but are they arguments for justification? When our involuntary sympathy with the untimely death of the one and the harrowing desolation of the other of these two sufferers gives place to our calm judgment, does that also find these parties interesting above others, blameless above others who have been similarly undone?

Extraordinary circumstances, as I have said, may yet be shown (and I trust they may) to have justified the very extraordinary facts openly admitted in that long-ago published letter of Mr. Richardson, which so curiously combined something manly in its style with something very confounding in its acknowledgments. That a gentleman and lady should exchange love-letters and be betrothed within three weeks after the latter had separated from her husband was, in short, a state of things which would not be countenanced save in those who had very immense arrears of virtue and honor to draw upon. And just here lies the point which moves me to take up my unwilling pen on this subject. Is there or is there not a most fatal weakness in our moral judgment when we pardon in the better man what we should infallibly condemn in the worse? Natural this may be. Is it just?

Thus run such defensive arguments of the press as I have seen: Mr. Richardson and Mrs. McFarland were not vulgar people—they were educated, high-toned, honorable—*therefore* what they did was right. Now bring up some uneducated, low-toned man and woman—some pair down in the obscurer strata, where life's complications press just as painfully and more darkly—let such be convicted of nothing more than that premature relation which these openly avowed, and with what derision would their claims to virtue and honor be received! I would say this with all due reserve. I know that the upright, even when they fall, are not as those who go prone by nature; but the question is, Has an immoral position an absolute quality, or is it only relative to the previous character of the individuals concerned? If it is a grave question how bloody revenges like those of McFarland are to be stayed, it seems to me of equal moment that right should be established as right, and wrong as wrong, in relations whose disturbed balance vibrates from the top to the bottom of society.

You say in the *Nation* of last week, justly condemning McFarland's crime, that "the country swarms with half-crazed husbands and lovers, who read the law reports, and see that no outrage is punished, provided a man can show that his feelings about some woman led him to commit it."

True. And I say also that "the country swarms," the whole world swarms from the beginning, with sore-tried men and women, women not matrons in their thirties, not fortified by years or culture, having no impersonal outlooks of thought or literature, to whom personal relations mean all of happiness or misery—beings struggling in ties more or less unfortunate, and crying wildly against conscience, "Shall we not break free ourselves, no matter for the wreck we leave behind us?" Among these are multitudes who do not read the *Nation* or aught else, but to whom surely filters down whatever the *Nation*, whatever all papers and books and tongues of men everywhere say, as to whether one's selfish good shall be set first or second in the conduct of life.

I am no admirer of that type of women who continue to worship and adore utterly unworthy men, be they husbands or otherwise. The love of a rational being is the heart's spontaneous tribute to lovable qualities. But in the majority of all close human relations, even when love lies dead, fidelity has yet a noble office. There are outrages, it is true, before which even this last minister must fly; but when such climax has been reached, it would be more fortunate if it could be proved this side of the State of Indiana.

I have seen reported a discussion of this tragedy in a woman's rights club of New York, which has the more induced me to say what I have. I am too ignorant of the various New York societies for advocating these interests to know the relative rank of the club referred to; it may not be representative, but its ideas lean in precisely this direction which I deplore—a bias that, whether justly or unjustly, is still so much suspected of marking the new reform, that, despite the weakness of Bushnell and the strength of Mill, thoughtful women still hesitate to join it. The lady orators of this club declaim indignantly against "the right of property in women;" they declare of Mrs. McFarland, "There was a woman mentally formed to outgrow her husband, he was not her proper mate," etc., etc. Which premises being freely granted, what follows? That she should take her proper mate forthwith? Certainly, according to the club. With what decency may be, but at all events take him, otherwise her "development" will be thwarted. Ah rash orators! Our development goes on in strange ways. Through thwartings many, over the wrecks of passion and of hope, ofttimes goes on God's best development in us, and who shall hinder it? Does anybody doubt that ill-assorted marriages are in the majority? What multitudes of husbands and wives we all see to whom Somebody Else would be more congenial. Heaven and earth speed the day, all angels above and clubs below help it on, when men and women shall come to such insight and the seasons shall so conspire that the Somebody Else shall be more generally discovered and secured in the *first* place. But while human nature is rash, and human beings live their deeply related lives, there will ever be paths unwisely entered on, from which nevertheless it is all *but* forbidden to look back.

Some coarse and domineering notions are doubtless still extant in the male mind, but "the right of property in women" need not be so jeeringly flung back on them. Men and women alike, we are all owned somewhere—morality, civilization, the world has a right of property in us. No man liveth unto himself, and if women seem to be yet more straitly held, is it all "a relic of barbarism?" Undoubtedly some of it is, but since the Lord Almighty has made woman the very keystone of home's arch, so that the wider wreck inevitably ensues from her displacement, the stubborn race, observant of consequences, will be likely to criticise most sharply whatever new architectures may seem to make her place vacillating.

Among the Hills.

Notes.

LITERARY.

Messrs. Lippincott & Co. announce as nearly ready a new edition of the Rev. Howard Malcom's "Index to Religious Literature," with addenda; we hope also with manifold corrections, for which there was room. Nearly ready, too, is Mr. John Humphrey Noyes's "History of American Socialisms," from an inside point of view, the author being the head of that most singular of all our socialistic experiments, the Oneida Community. Those who have read Mr. Hepworth Dixon's account of this body, or its organ, the *Circular*, from time to time, will expect from Mr. Noyes at least able treatment of the subject he has proposed to himself. It can be only a sketch, however, that is contained in one duodecimo volume, "with tinted paper;" but this will doubtless answer Mr. Noyes's purpose to point a moral withal. The real service has yet to be performed, by some one who will give himself up to it, of writing a detailed history of communism in this country, with names, dates, and incidents, and without philosophizing. There could be but one compilation more curious, and that would be the history of the great number of foreign settlements which have remained almost as homogeneous as when they were planted here, with a power of resistance against assimilation of which the so-called Pennsylvania Dutch furnish a near and striking illustration.

—In reading Mr. W. Thompson's admirable work on the "Parks, Promenades, and Gardens of Paris"—of which we shall make fuller mention hereafter—we have been impressed with the desirability of popularizing what experience has taught to be the principles of landscape gardening for public purposes. Some recent pamphlets on the proposed Chicago parks have done good service in this way, and Mr. Thompson's book, if it could be sold any cheaper, would do still greater. As it is, it might well be presented by any city to its park commissioners. Philadelphia, for one, would not find it a bad investment, seeing what different views are said to exist among its trustees or commissioners in regard to its park, which has by good chance greater natural advantages than most parks have possibilities. Boston, also, seems to stand in similar need of instruction,

though it has as yet only got to talking about a park; but its landscape gardening on a small scale, such as the Common and Public Garden call for, has been of a sort indicative of rather small capacity and limited culture. The city, however, does not, we believe, lack experts; and one of these—Mr. Robert Morris Copeland, if we may judge from the initials—communicates to the Boston *Advertiser* of the 2d inst. a plan which merits attention, both from the writer's experience in such matters and from its obvious adaptation to the topography of Boston and its suburbs, and to the not remote absorption of the latter by the former. It would be out of place here to say more than that Mr. Copeland advises a number of parks, connected by a boulevard encircling the entire city, and making access to one or other or all of the parks easy and pleasant from any point within the circle. Could this be accomplished, it would certainly follow, as the writer remarks, that "another generation would see Boston the most beautiful city in America."

—There is said to be extant—unprinted, we are sorry to say—an antediluvian romance, invented by a resident of Boston, in which a principal personage is Methusaleh. In the only passage of this work which has come to our knowledge, the patriarch is represented as taking a little walk on a breezy morning in one of the latest of his nine hundred and sixty-nine years. He is met by a friend and neighbor, and a short conversation ensues, which, if it could be depended upon as authentic, would almost incline one to the belief that Miss Jean Ingelow's conception of the "oldest man" is closer to the facts of his life and character than the one which Dr. Hedge has very recently given to the world. As we understand him, Dr. Hedge doubts if the word "Methusaleh" be not incorrectly referred to any one person, and if it may not really be the name of some Asiatic tribe or people, which in the course of about one thousand of our calendar years rose up, made war and peace, flourished and prosecuted the arts, and then decayed into luxury, and at last disappeared, just as kingdoms and empires are for ever flourishing and fading. Miss Ingelow, on the other hand—in some one of her poems—makes out the patriarch to have been in his old age a wicked old man, who in process of years had lost nearly all knowledge of God and good things and given himself up to heathenish practices. Our Boston romancer is with Miss Ingelow rather than with Dr. Hedge. In his hands the patriarch is not a tribe at all, but a person of a sufficiently distinct and forcible individuality, and of character not so much too good either. "How do you find yourself to-day?" says the friend, in the Boston romance, as Methusaleh approaches, taking his constitutional walk. "Well enough," says the old gentleman, with an energy not to be expected in a man bent over "two double"—into the shape of a horseshoe—"I'm well enough; if this cursed wind would leave off blowing my shoe-strings into my eyes." In support of this chronicler and Miss Ingelow—so far at least as concerns their opinion of Methusaleh's moral character—we cite the substance of some remarks published in the last number of the *Christian Union*. When Methusaleh was 187 years old, says the writer, he begot Lamech; and when Lamech was 182 years old Noah was begotten; so when Noah was born Methusaleh was 369 years of age. Now it was when Noah was 599 years old, and a small fraction of a year, that the flood came; or, as is stated in Genesis, "in the six hundredth year of Noah's life, in the second month, the seventeenth day of the month." So then, when the first day of the deluge dawned, Methusaleh had not completed his 969 years. Yet he was 969 years old when he died. And certainly he did not die in the ark. And as certainly he did not survive the deluge. It is probable, therefore, that he was drowned, and perished with the wicked. But may it not be that when Lamech's age at the birth of Noah is given, and Methusaleh's age at the birth of Lamech, the statement is made as we now often make similar statements? May it not be that the *completed* years are mentioned, and no mention is made of how far we may have gone into the *current* year? If that be conceded, why then, says the *Union*, we may freely suppose that Methusaleh's 969 years had run out before the beginning of the deluge, and that the oldest man that ever lived was not also one of the wickedest—too wicked to be spared with his grandson. We see little or no reason why the concession should not be made. Nor, on the other hand—if the *Union* will pardon us—why it should be. To say nothing on some other points which suggested themselves as we read "An Inquirer's" article, it could not have been a very strange thing to people of that generation that men of six, and seven, and eight hundred years old should be persons of no character. In fact, as the *Union* knows, it is because of the badness of the men and women favored with the extreme longevity of Methusaleh and his contemporaries that we of the present are not ourselves living out our term of centuries, instead of putting up with threescore-and-ten years.

—The New York *Tribune* some time ago proposed to present the *Herald* with a map. The idea appeared at first strange, but upon reflection it seems, indeed, as if it would be rather a good idea to furnish some of our "great dailies" with a full set of elementary school-books. The *Tribune* was undoubtedly induced to make this noble and disinterested suggestion by a more or less lively consciousness of its own shortcomings. To the map for the *Herald* ought to be added a hand-book of universal history for the *Tribune*, to serve the editor of this highly esteemed paper as a compass if his evil genius ever tempts him to again embark upon the wild sea of œcumenical councils. A copy of the "Conciliengeschichte," by Dr. Hefele, the bishop-elect of Rottenburg (whom Professor Schem justly calls probably the most learned among all the bishops), would perhaps prevent the *Tribune* a second time calling this world-renowned scholar "Fesele of Rattenburg." Such a hand-book of geography would be needed also to prevent the learned foreign editor from again degrading the Asturias by calling them "a city." If he had had an historical handbook, he never would have written, or would have written very differently, the article on the Œcumenical Council in the *Tribune* of December 8 (we refer, of course, to the article on the fourth page, and not to that under the same heading on the first page, which is evidently written by the well-known scholar, Professor A. T. Schem). The *Tribune* believes every one of the œcumenical councils has been held "in the basin of the Mediterranean." But, then, Basle and Constance are not situated in the basin of the Mediterranean, are they? (See the hand-book of geography.) Councils have hitherto been held in various cities of Asia and Europe, "*but none at Rome till now.*" Really? But what about the first Lateran Council, convened 1123 by Calixtus II., under the Emperor Henry V., to settle the all-important question of investiture? and what about the second Lateran Council, convened by Innocent II., 1139, under the Emperor Conrad III., which condemned the heresies of Arnold of Brescia? and what about the third Lateran Council, convened by Alexander III., 1179, under Frederick I., which condemned the errors of the Albigenses and Waldenses? and what about the fourth Lateran Council, as held under Innocent III., 1215, which confirmed the dogma of transubstantiation? The fifth Lateran Council we shall pass by, since it is not universally recognized by the Catholics. At all events, the fact that four Councils have been held at Rome will save us the trouble of animadverting upon the ingenious reasons the *Tribune* puts forth to explain why there has been *none*. After this, the present council can of course expect little mercy. We accordingly find that, according to the *Tribune*, a special notice to attend was served on the Greek and Armenian patriarchs residing *in or near Constantinople*. The *Tribune*, as the German proverb says, heard the bells ring, but did not know where they were hanging. *All* the so-called Eastern Churches were honored with an invitation to attend, but the invitation served on the Armenian patriarch of Constantinople has been especially talked of on account of the highly interesting consequences it has had. Patriarch Boghos forbore to give a definite answer ere he had received the advice of his superior, Kebork IV., the Catholicos of the Armenian Church, residing at Eschmiazin. Kebork having refused his permission to accept the invitation, Boghos, with four other prominent members of the "Medjlis," who leaned towards Rome, tendered their resignations, which, upon the instance of the opposing party, were accepted by the Grand Vizier. This will do for the present, though the article in question furnishes many most tempting points.

—Among the best appliances for studying geography must be reckoned the raised maps in imitation of the surface of a country, which have long been in use abroad. They ought to form part of the equipment of every grammar-school at least, but so far as our experience goes this is never the case among us. Rev. W. L. Gage, of Hartford, has had manufactured in Germany a map of Palestine on this principle, showing the mountains, valleys, plains, and water-courses of that diversified land, and the principal places and districts—in the selection of which last his services as editor have chiefly consisted. It measures about eleven inches by nine, including the narrow wooden frame, and contains a separate representation of Jerusalem and its environs. We notice a few literal errors, such as Gaulanitis (for *o*); and Gath, as one of the five cities of the Philistines, might have been expected to appear on the map. But on the whole we can say that any one sending Mr. Gage one dollar will get not only the map postage free, but also his money's worth.

—We do not remember a journal which was ever started with so favorable a staff of contributors as Messrs. Macmillan & Co.'s *Nature*, of which the third number is now before us. Of American names it presents those of Agassiz, Cooke, and Wolcott Gibbs, of Harvard; Mr. S. H. Scudder,

of Boston; Professor H. Morton, of Philadelphia; and Professors Dana, Brush, and Johnson, of Yale. Berthelot, J. B. Dumas, Feruet, and Quetelet are among the contributors. Of the German scientists who will write for the new paper are Wöhler, of Göttingen; Streng, of Giessen; Oppenheim and Magnus, of Berlin; Kékulé, of Bonn; Fehling, of Stuttgart; and Hauer, of Vienna; and to these may be added the name of Dr. C. Le Neve Foster, of some Piedmontese institution. As for Englishmen of eminence in science, or the "popularization of science," there is hardly one who is not under promise to Messrs. Macmillan & Co. There are Darwin, Huxley, Tyndall, Jevons, Haughton, Galton, Lewes, Charles Kingsley, Hooker, Murchison, Forbes, Lubbock, Bruce Jones, Brodie, F. W. Farrar, Rolleston, Hirst, Odling, Clement Markham, and a hundred or more of others. Popularizers of science will be needed as much, or nearly as much, as scientists worthy of the honor of the name, in order to carry out the intentions of the publishers of *Nature*, for the journal has in view a twofold object. It is intended—perhaps primarily intended—to place before the general public the broad results of scientific work and discovery, and to urge the claims of science to a more general recognition in education and daily life; and it is also intended to aid scientific men themselves by giving early information of every advance in the field of the natural sciences throughout the world, and to give them an opportunity of discussing such questions, arising from time to time, as they may be interested in. Abstracts of papers now before European and American scientific societies and reports of scientific meetings will be furnished for the benefit of scientific experts. For the general public there are to be full reviews of scientific books; full accounts (illustrated when necessary) of scientific discoveries of general interest; records of the efforts, now everywhere more frequently making, to give to science a prominent place in institutions of learning; and, finally, articles in praise of science, and articles on subjects connected with the various points of contact of scientific knowledge with practical affairs. "For the general public," we have said, will this last-mentioned work be done; but, as we have said on other occasions, and as we now and then feel inclined to repeat—so much do the men of science permit themselves to prowl and bite at the "sensual caterwauling" of the poets and novelists and essayists—the experts also in this and that science will, doubtless, get benefit and assistance from the "popularizing of science," to which a great part of *Nature* will be devoted. The scientist most eager to exalt science, and most disposed to condemn the imperfectness of the culture of which scientific knowledge is not an ingredient, and most apt to despise smatterings of knowledge, ought to find it easier and easier every day to make the confession that for him, too, a vast portion of science in general must be "popularized;" that no more than the merest "sensual caterwauler" who troubles Professor Huxley's repose, can he or the Professor himself lay claim to the title of expert in all the branches of science. But however its contents may be divided and shared out, it is evident already that they are going to be valuable and interesting to a wide circle of readers; and the paper's price puts it within easy reach, for it is sold for fourpence in England, and in this country for twelve cents, although it is a handsome and well-printed quarto of some thirty pages. It can be had in monthly parts if the reader should prefer it in that shape, and the price of each part would then be about half-a-dollar, exclusive of postage.

—In the second number of *Nature* there is an article on cuckoos' eggs, by Professor Alfred Newton, which has an interest as dealing with a sort of feathered land-pirate, who, thanks to Shakespeare and Wordsworth, occupies a high place in poetic literature, and who also cuts a great figure in the idle folklore of more countries than one. The article has, too, a special interest for many readers because it seems to furnish some corroborative evidence of the theory of natural selection so dear to Mr. Darwin—or rather suggested by Mr. Darwin, and so dear to Darwinians. Everybody knows how the cuckoo lays her eggs in the nests of other birds, confiding in the ability of her broad-backed young to shoulder out of their homes the natural possessors. There has long been a theory that to secure the safety of her offspring while yet the shell is unchipped, the mother cuckoo colors and marks her eggs so that they resemble to a greater or less degree those of the bird in whose nest they are deposited. Mr. Newton, after having examined several good-sized collections—gathered in Africa, France, and England—of the eggs of cuckoos and other birds, is more than half ready to believe that the old, vulgar notion is correct, and that there is a "law of nature" in obedience to which the cuckoo's egg is in a great many cases, though not always, colored like the egg of the victim of her imposition. For example, in Sologne, a district which lies just south of Orleans, in France, the cuckoo's eggs are almost all blue, and almost always found in the nest of the stone-chat, a bird whose eggs are always blue. Again, in 1858, a Mr. Tristram sent to Mr. Newton, from Algeria, a collection of eggs, among which were some of the cuckoo. But Mr. Newton found two more cuckoos' eggs than Mr. Tristram had led him to expect. The fact was, that these two were so nearly like the eggs of a certain North African magpie, on which the young cuckoo is often billeted, that, skilful an oölogist as Mr. Tristram was, he had been deceived into thinking them laid by the magpie. And again, Mr. Newton finds that the birds which most frequently act as foster-parents to the English cuckoo are the titlark, the pied-wagtail, and the reed-wren, and to the eggs of these birds that of the cuckoo bears a sufficiently close resemblance. It is proper to say, on the other hand, that the English hedge-sparrow is often pressed into service by the English cuckoo, and that there is seldom—perhaps never—any similarity at all between the eggs of the dupe and the deceiver. But so many are the cases to be cited on the other side, that this exception rather suggests a question as to the perspicacity of the hedge-sparrow than supplies a weighty objection to the existence of the law above mentioned. Now, how are these facts to be accounted for? It will hardly be believed, Mr. Newton thinks, that the cuckoo can in each particular case voluntarily influence the color of her egg so that it shall deceive the particular pair that she intends to victimize. That hypothesis he rejects, and rejecting it he makes or finds the loophole through which comes in the theory of natural selection. Every person who knows about the habits of animals, knows very well, says he, that certain of these habits tend to become hereditary. There is then nothing very unreasonable in supposing that each cuckoo, most cunningly placing her egg in the nest of the same species of birds, transmits this habit of hers to her posterity. It is not attributing marvellous sagacity to the cuckoo to believe of her that when she has found she has once fooled the titlark or the reed-wren she should seek out their nests a second or a third or a sixth time. Every year we see migratory birds come back and build their nests in the spots they occupied the preceding year; and that a bird should steal a nest in the place and in the way that she stole it before is not more wonderful than that she should honestly build herself one in an accustomed locality. That her young might probably do the like after her Mr. Newton believes well enough ascertained, and he mentions in corroboration of the other testimony to that effect the case of a pair of golden eagles of whom he knew. One of them was celebrated for the beauty of her eggs, which could readily be distinguished from those of any other bird of her kind. The other was the daughter of this one, and when she came to maturity her eggs were found to have the same remarkable brilliancy and beauty of coloring which had marked those of her mother. So, then, says Mr. Newton (following up his argument), we need not be much afraid to say that a cuckoo may form a habit of laying a particular style of egg as well as a habit of laying it in a particular place. Now, admitting this, we may proceed to apply the doctrine of the "survival of the fittest," and applying it, we come to the conclusion that the particular *gens* of cuckoo which inherited and transmitted the habit of laying in the nests of any species of birds' eggs having a resemblance to the eggs of that species, would prosper most in such members of the *gens* as had the trick of laying eggs most closely resembling the eggs of the species to be imposed upon; and, *cæteris paribus*, the other less skilful or fortunate members of the *gens* would in time disappear. A good test of the operation of this kind of natural selection would be to see if in the cases of birds not easily duped the cuckoo of to-day is compelled to get up a close imitation of the eggs of the rightful owners of the nest—the "birds not easily duped" being, of course, the birds which, as observation shows, the cuckoo of to-day least frequently deceives—the birds in whose nests her intruded eggs are least often found. Such, says our author, are the red-backed shrike and the bunting lark, and it is in the nests of just these birds that the cuckoo's eggs, when they are found at all, are found to be most like the eggs that belong there.

—In the *Nation* of October 7 we mentioned an unsavory fashion of damping linen, practised by Chinese servants. A correspondent calls our attention to the following passage in a letter of Southey's from Portugal (6th June, 1800):

"We have often heard a noise below which puzzled us; it was like damping linen, but so often that all the linen in Lisbon could not have supplied the sound. At last, when Maria was cleaning the adjoining room, we heard it; she was laying the dust, and in the same way as she damps the clothes in ironing—by taking a great mouthful of water and then spirting it out: this is the Portuguese way, and the mouth makes a very good watering-pot."

It is not very clear whether by "this is the Portuguese way," Southey means to speak of laying the dust merely, or both of that and the damp-

ing of linen. From the way in which he alludes to the latter at the beginning of the extract, we should be almost led to infer that the sound was one with which he was familiar in England. Lecturers willing to take a little of the conceit out of us moderns are apt to twit us with the prediscoveries of the Chinese. Did the Portuguese learn the use of this providentially furnished squirt among the pig-tails? Or did they teach this occidental secret of housewifery to the children of the East? By the way, sculptors find this the handiest method of keeping their clay moist—we mean no *double-entendre*.

—The Chicago *Skandinaven*, of Dec. 1, informs its readers that, according to private advices from Christiania, Björnstjerne Björnson, the well-known tale-writer, intends coming to America in the course of next summer, when he will visit the large Scandinavian settlements in the West, and also the chief cities, much as he has been doing in Norway, reading his own stories and poems. His presence here will remind us how large and respectable a body of his countrymen we have among us. Other distinguished visitors from the Continent are promised. It was rumored recently that we might shortly expect the eminent Prof. Dr. von Holtzendorff, of the University of Berlin; but we believe his journey is postponed, while Büchner's is talked of more seriously. M. Prévost-Paradol has also been announced as designing to deliver a course of lectures in this country, which his command of the language makes quite feasible. Whether he would succeed in "drawing" in any other but the lecture season, may be doubted, though principally because he is less famous in the United States than he ought to be. It would be a rare privilege to listen to lectures like those which he recently delivered to the members of the Edinburgh Philosophical Institution, on the "Social State of France;" and we believe they would greatly interest our best audiences.

—M. Prévost-Paradol alluded in his second lecture to the great and obvious distinction between the French family and the British one—the small number of children in the former, and the French mode of contracting marriages. However much the one characteristic seems a reproach and the other repugnant to our notion of the true relation of man and wife, both, the lecturer observed, were due to the same cause, "the excessive love for children." For an Englishman to understand this paradox, he continued, it must be borne in mind "that all French inheritance, of real or personal estate, is constantly divided in equal portions among the children, that they have no India or Australia to go to, and that emigration is generally considered as a kind of penalty or desperate remedy for great faults:"

"A curious fact is that the apprehension about bringing up children keeps pace among us with the acquisition and increase of property. Our peasant, as a landowner, does not like to see his lot dwindling to nothing after him, and dreads a large family; and the same feeling pervades all classes. As to our marriage customs, they must be also attributed in a great measure to the constant wish of securing, as far as possible, the future state of the children against the results of equal partition. It is with such a view that money is so much taken into account for our marriages, which are most often settled like a business matter by the parents or legal advisers of the family."

We have, then—and a book might more easily be written upon the subject than a lecture—the singular phenomenon of real virtue in a people leading directly to immorality and physical degeneration, of which the French physicians have endless instances to relate; while a law framed in the interest of all children equally is the immediate cause of the deliberate suppression of offspring, and a stationary instead of an advancing population. For society as it now is in France, the Second Empire is evidently not wholly nor first to blame.

ILLUSTRATED HOLIDAY BOOKS.*

SOME of the works of Kaulbach are well known in this country, none of them better known, however, than the drawings of Charlotte, from "The Sorrows of Werther;" Orestes and his sister, from the "Iphigenia," and two or three scenes from "Faust." These and other designs are for sale and often sold in the form of large photographs from the drawings. These designs and some twenty more are contained in this large volume of the female characters of Goethe, where they are given in line and stipple engraving by Mandel and others. Mr. Lewes adds to the volume an introduction and a brief description and discussion of each picture, with quotations from the poem illustrated and translations. But, unless the reader knows the poem pretty well, he will find, in almost every case, Mr. Lewes's comments insufficient. For instance, as we have not by us in any form and have never read the drama in which figures *Clœrchen*, we fail to extract from the extracts here given any intelligent idea of the story; half as much space used in relating it would be worth more than the disconnected dialogue given. The book, it will be perceived, is a gift book on a rather large scale, and similar to the many books made up of engravings and remarks upon them which the exigencies of Christmas, birthday, and saint's-day gift-giving produce. Its chief value lies in the possibility that some may be led by it to the study of the works of Goethe. If one person is led to read Hermann and Dorothea or Faust, or even the little ballad, "Röslein auf der Haiden," from a desire to understand these pictures, or in any other way by the influence of this book, it will have served a good purpose.

For the pictures themselves little enthusiasm can be excited. As engravings they are not admirable—no collector so unsophisticated that he would think them worthy of room in his portfolio; indeed, they have little pretension that way, and beyond being laborious and elaborate, and carefully close to the original drawings, probably lay claim to no distinctive excellence. There are differences of merit among them, however, and the worst of them comes much nearer to being admirable than, for instance, such work as that used to set off the Tennyson designs of Gustave Doré, just now so popular. For the artistic character of the pictures, considered as compositions, this may be said: that there is something of that unity of the masses and simple harmony of line which is so hard to describe or even explain, which can only be pointed out, which never appears in an artist's work unless he has been gifted with the natural, unteachable faculty of composition. Kaulbach's power in this way, though not of a very rare or elevated kind, is probably his greatest gift, and the one gift that has enabled some German princes and professors to make of him that which they were determined to have—a great Protestant painter. Of course, the best he can do in the way of composition is not to be seen in the pictures of this series, containing, at most, half-a-dozen figures each. On the other hand, the fault of his composition—that which separates it from the design of the really great composers, namely, its obviousness and forced balance of part with part—can be seen here nearly as well as in the "Battle of the Huns" or the "Destruction of Jerusalem." The best composed picture in this book is probably the "Margaret kneeling before the Mater Dolorosa;" that composition, at least, is simple and natural, suggested by the subject and not doing violence to it, not inharmonious in line, and helped by a chord of light and shade much less harsh than is common in this set of designs.

In regard to light and shade, the pictures as they lie before us, the combined work of designer and engravers, are excessively disagreeable, owing in great part to an almost total disregard of local color, that is to say, of the colors of different things. Consider, for instance, one of the most varied in detail, "Adelheid;" in this the dresses and the various parts of dress of Adelheid, the bishop, the minstrel, the page, and the monk, are all represented as of the same color, from which the carved table, the books, the flagons, the curtain, the carpet, the lute, the cat, and the faces do not vary. The amount of light upon each surface is all that is allowed to give it more or less force of shade, three or four black things only excepted, as the bishop's skull-cap, and Adelheid's hat and fan. There is nothing that hurts engraving more than this vice; nothing that removes it so completely from the domain of natural and universal art into the world of technicalities and connoisseurship. Sky-blue is of a higher tone of light than dark indigo-blue. If it is your purpose to make a pen-and-ink drawing of a United States soldier in uniform, you should represent his coat many shades darker in its general effect than his trousers; the first and most important thing to get is that which the eye first perceives, that the soldier has a very dark and a much lighter garment. The contrary practice deprives black and white work of all force and intensity. The engraving before us is one pale simulacrum, without depth, without brilliancy, and yet it is not just to ascribe this fault wholly to Kaulbach without careful examination of the originals, or of photographs from them (if the originals are, as we have assumed, cartoons not in color), because the German engravers have rather taken up this fashion of disregarding local color. We had to complain of that not long ago in the case of a work otherwise very noble—the engraving of Holman Hunt's "Christ in the Temple." It is probable that examination would show that Kaulbach's own work with the chalk has been as regardless of color as that of his engravers, but these engravings in themselves do not prove it.

Consider this Adelheid picture somewhat further. It is from the play of Goetz von Berlichingen—Goetz with the Iron Hand. Mr. Lewes's account of it amounts to nothing, but Sir Walter Scott's translation of the play is

* "Female Characters of Goethe, illustrated by W. von Kaulbach. Text by G. H. Lewes." New York: Theodore Stroefer. 1869.

within everybody's reach. In the picture before us the story is fairly well told; the five personages are less like dolls and more alive than in many of the designs; but let every one who knows what expression is, and when it is well rendered, form his own opinion of the expressional qualities of this design. How obvious it all is; how staring; how the leer of Adelheid, the gloomy reverie of the page, and the loose vulgarity of the monk are forced into sight; how that sidelong triumph of Adelheid, which the bishop is supposed not to see, resembles a stage whisper, which the actors are supposed not to hear. The whole feebleness of the design finds its culmination in the cat. What is the cat leering about? Is she Adelheid's familiar spirit? Mr. Lewes calls her a "voluptuous and cunning cat," whatever that may mean. The effect on the spectator is nearly that produced by the first appearance of the Cheshire cat, in "Alice's Adventures in Wonderland."

That is a bad instance; but take Gretchen going into church, Faust and Mephistopheles looking on; or Hermann and Dorothea descending the mountain; or any picture where strong emotion should be expressed, and observe how poor and expressionless are the faces. Even the children in the Lotte and the Ottilie have stolid faces and immovable bodies, modelled in wax, one would think; there have been painters who have modelled their groups in the solid before painting them; is Kaulbach one of those? and do his expressionless faces come of clay? The children are made to get bread and butter on their faces, and laugh and cry and scream, open their eyes wide, make mouths, and all the rest; and they are puppets when all is done. There are many artists who are not called great historical painters, who—not able to paint allegories and histories on a colossal scale—are content to make wood-cuts for *Punch* and *Charivari*. Try Leech and Gavarni, if you want to play with children, not Kaulbach. But can we get Furies, either, from Kaulbach? There are the Furies pursuing Orestes; they are ugly, and coiled around with snakes, and they all set their lips and frown, and are as absurd as they are ugly.

Action and gesture come as hard to our designer as expression of face. Dorothea is not stumbling and receiving support from Hermann; Faust is not expressing any admiration of Gretchen; the children are not trying to escape from the witches in the wood; Goethe's muse does not float in the air, nor is he at all disturbed at her very corporeal presence, neither is he skating with any success and speed at Frankfort. This last, however, is a well-recognized fault of the painter's, that he has never been able to draw motion. In the great Nibelungen frescoes at Munich the arms do not move, the swords do not pierce; in the great Destruction of Jerusalem nothing is going forward, even the trumpets do not get blown; it is as if a *tableau vivant* had suddenly died. Clœrchen in this book comes near to being in movement, but she is almost the only figure that is not petrified. The movelessness of the figures was not, however, what we were speaking of, but the want of imaginative conception of a scene. A good instance of that is the Leonore. In that scene all is quiet; there was no violent action to try to draw and fail in drawing. All that was needed was to see the possible group, their expressions of face and positions of body. All! It is all, indeed; all greatness of art comes of just that *seeing* what does not exist to the bodily eye; a greatness to which no one of these designs has the least pretension.

Of the many painters who were forced into a painful prominence by the desire of King Ludwig and his surrounders to have at all hazards a great national school of painting, Kaulbach is not the worst, but none were more unsuited than he for a grand rôle as historical, religious, and metaphysical painter. Stately design, grandiose composition, the rendering of the most impressive poetical, religious, symbolical, and historical subjects, these he has been forced to strive for, and at these he works in a hopeless, patient sort of way, with mock-heroic result. He is better and nearly at his best in the confessed mock-heroic of Reineke Fuchs, spirited and real, but disagreeable on account of the ascription to animals of only the bad passions of man, and yet more offensive on account of wanton foulness in many of the designs. Unfortunately he is as able and as natural in other designs, suppressed but handed about pretty freely in Germany and elsewhere, and of unparalleled obscenity. These excesses may be accounted for charitably by setting them down to the working of an unrestrained fancy. While true imagination does not appear in any work, a fanciful thought sometimes does, as the mole in the Reineke Fuchs who appears emerging from his hole, spade in fist, to do honor to the conquering fox, or the cat in the "Lotte" who turns to see the toy-horse beside her.

Illustrations as bad as Kaulbach's are to be found in the new "Lady Geraldine;"* but fortunately they "obscure" a lesser poem than the least of those we have named above. After all, and in spite of the reminiscences of our sweet youth, and in spite of a good, strong line or two, what rubbish this "Lady Geraldine" is! What a difference between the excellent intention and the feeble result! For though *Blackwood* found it very ridiculous to approve and commend marriages between people of widely different social positions, it was yet with excellent intention that the poem was written. Its one thought is that the modern world forgets spiritual and moral greatness in the pursuit of mere physical triumphs.

> ——"the age culls simples,
> With a broad clown's back turned broadly to the glory of the stars."

Let the world beware of the worship of science, mastery of physical nature, and external prosperity. If we should gain all the power over nature of which we can dream, yet

> "'Twere but power within our *tether*, no new spirit power conferring,
> And in life we were not better men nor bolder men in death."

Those two lines well represent the poem. The evident intensity of the writer's feelings as she set down the words, compared with the prosaic result, is the same in the whole read together as in a part. It was all written to say just that, and if anything else has been said, it is by accident. But let us not forget that some of the accidents are happy ones. "Tennyson's enchanted reverie" is a happy thought, and it becomes us to forget that it read in the early editions "Tennyson's God-vocal reverie." And that is n't bad about teaching "the hillside echo some sweet Tuscan in a song." Good bits, and a general result of nothing; that, alas! is the record of all the poets but a few great ones and a few less, as poets, but strong and simple as men.

But to return to the illustrations of this volume: they are the combined work of Mr. W. J. Hennessy and Mr. W. J. Linton as designer and wood-engraver. It is hard to be compelled to criticise this kind of work. It does not pretend to have any artistic merit, or to help the poem in any way, or to give pleasure to anybody. The pictures are not even what the poem is, a few good thoughts unpoetically expressed; they are only parts of a Christmas gift-book, and as such their existence should be mentioned, and no more. But unfortunately so much praise is forced upon even unpretending pictures like these—we have seen warm commendation even of the unorganized blot at foot of page 16, "The deer half in the glimmer"—that they must be characterized. We are very sure that Mr. Hennessy knows how slight this work is, and how little any judicious person will judge of him by it.

A very much better book, in every way, is the "New England Ballads,"† Mr. Fenn's little landscape-portraits, to coin an appellative, are as effective as (*teste* Mr. Whittier in the preliminary note) they are accurate. It is a pity, by the way, that Mr. Whittier has shaken popular faith in his judgment on such matters by good-natured commendation in "letters to the publisher" of various chromos and portraits. This time, however, we believe him as devoutly as if he were Ruskin himself. And we wish that artists who have books to illustrate would try this same portraying process, and see if it is not generally more efficacious than trying to make the fancy work when it is not in a working humor. The little picture at the head of the volume, page 3, "Right over the hill runs the path I took," is as good as any of these little landscapes, and very good. To be admired and enjoyed are also "Sailed away from a sinking wreck" on page 22, and "Sweetly along the Salem road" on page 26, "The hamlet's buried idler's sleep" on page 51, and "At set of harvest day" on page 85. But indeed, except for some rather meaningless heavy shading of rocks, as if the engraver was put to it to make them look heavy and hard, the combined work of Mr. Fenn and Mr. Anthony in these little landscapes is capable of giving really enduring pleasure. We are glad, too, to find Mr. Hennessy here, perhaps at his best, and certainly not at his worse than worst, as in the unfortunate book spoken of above. The group of mother and child on page 89 is sincere, purposeful, downright drawing, and the picture on page 46, though it seems as if we had seen that young woman before, we can bear to see again. They are both well engraved; and indeed that one on page 89 is a very excellent piece of wood-cutting of the kind. Mr. Homer's two pictures, on pages 18 and 19, are simple and natural, and show his power, almost unequalled among our painters, as a draughtsman of expression. In Mr. Frederick's design, on page 23, there is to be seen what is rare in art, a busily and naturally engaged crowd. We have the pleasure of finding in this book, taken together, something

* "Lady Geraldine's Courtship. By Elizabeth Barrett Browning. Illustrated by W. J. Hennessy. Engraved by W. J. Linton." New York: Scribner & Co. 1870.

† "Ballads of New England. By John Greenleaf Whittier. With illustrations." Boston: Fields, Osgood & Co. 1870.

better than a gift-book, pleasant and well-known ballad-poetry with pictures that help the reader and gratify the lover of nature.

"Songs of Life"* is a reprint, on a smaller page, of a part of the well-known "Folk-Songs" published some years ago. The selection of poems is a good one, there are illustrations of varying merit, and the fac-similes of handwriting, of which there are five in this volume and more to come in the subsequent ones, are interesting. The four volumes which Scribner & Co. propose to make out of the rather unwieldy "Folk-Songs" will form a very handy collection of short poems, the more so as there are many pieces in it which are not often found in such collections.

Several books of colored illustrations† are before us, the first of which is rather a portfolio of prints than a book. "The Illuminated Christian Year" is a series of nine texts, with symbolical borders and ornaments, for Advent, Christmas, Epiphany, Ascension, Good Friday, Lent, Easter, Trinity Sunday, and Whit Sunday. We notice a curious slip in the symbol of the Trinity, the well-known triangle, "Pater non est Filius," etc., the affirmative being wanting; but except for this the usual emblems are properly employed. The designs present nothing remarkable.

"The Parables of Our Lord"‡ is a much more elaborate and carefully made series of colored prints, presenting, on opposite pages, pictures illustrating the parables, and texts taken from the parables surrounded by ornamental borders. These borders are announced as from the famous Grimani Breviary, kept in the Library of Saint Mark at Venice. But the charm of that splendid volume is in its unequalled miniatures; the borders, however varied and rich and however splendid in color, belong to a degenerate art—to an era that had forgotten the true art of illumination for picture-painting, and could not even make good borders for its pictures. These borders, translated into color-printing not of the finest, and associated with poorly designed ornamental texts, would hardly be recognized by the Cardinal Grimani or his librarian. The pictures seem to be faithful studies of costume. Every one is mounted in a sort of *passe-partout* of stout board, and the whole book is very carefully made up.

A better book than these, and showing us what the boasted art of chromo-lithography really is good for, is Mr. Walton's "Alpine Flowers."§ The larger work, containing this artist's excellent drawings of the "Peaks and Passes" of the Alps, will be remembered, as well as the merit of the drawings as given. It is rare to see work so sincere and so successful in the form of published pictures. This book is in some respects better, because more limited in range. The representation of the flowers comes nearer absolute truth than the pictures of glaciers and distant peaks. But the mountain flowers are as characteristic of Switzerland and Savoy, and as clear to the memories of travellers, as the great mountains themselves. Any one who sees the Alps as he ought to, on foot, and when he ought to, in spring and early summer, wades ankle deep in blossoming herbage to which the field flowers of the lowlands are poor. The variety seems infinite; the strangeness is like that of another planet. Even the flowers we knew in the valley seem different and more beautiful, and the Alpenrose (Rhododendron) and Edelweiss and Mountain Gentian are glorified beings unknown out of this Paradise. We press them and bring them home, and some lose their colors at once, and some keep them longer, but none are very lovely except to memory and by association. Mr. Walton's drawings are the sort of thing we should all be glad to bring home with us if we could.

CHILDREN'S BOOKS.

It is not such a number of years since the first "Juveniles" were sent from the English press; and then they were little more than the talk of the nursery put into print. Next came the adaptations of old tales that in other generations, and perhaps in other countries, and in somewhat different forms, had done duty in pleasing children of a larger growth; and at the same time with these adaptations and corruptions came some new inventions, seemingly of the same character, though in fact without the kernel of deeper significance which is contained in much of the genuine fable lore, however degraded it may in process of time have become. Thus, probably, Goldsmith may have been making up "Goody Two Shoes" out of the whole cloth, not so very far from the time when somebody else was making over the really historical tragedy of the French country gentleman and his many wives into the "Bluebeard" of the nursery story; and while a certain venerable tale, ancient in many languages, was going into the English of "Whittington and his Cat." But wherever the "Juveniles" came from, they were not at the beginning very numerous; and there was hardly such a thing as a regular "juvenile business." That there is such a business now every book-store bears witness every winter, and that it is a business which is getting too big there will not be many people to deny. Every religious sect wants a regular supply of denominational story books; there must be stories on the collects and on the catechism, and on the church feasts and fasts for the Episcopalians. Many a Sunday-school library has had a book about the Quakers, and their deficiency in the matter of belief in an atonement. Anti-Popish books and anti-Protestant books for the young are legion. We know of dozens, we dare say, of "Juveniles" which attack various forms of paganism; and one or two books we have which are pro-Chinamen, while the books which teach small boys and girls the wretched state of the infidels, both here and hereafter, are almost without number. So, too, every "cause" has or has had its youthful literature, and there is no end of the sixteenmos in behalf of temperance, aggressive against slavery, opposed to the use of tobacco in all its forms, in favor of newsboys' homes, condemnatory of the treatment of the sailors of our commercial marine, and, in general, relating to this kind of sociological subjects. Then, again, there are hardly two of the ten commandments which have not been inculcated by scores of ethical works, supposed to be well adapted to the comprehension of boys and girls. Besides all these, there are also the hundreds on hundreds of books of travel and adventure, and country, and city, and boarding-school life; and the thousands of books of life in fairyland—and in the fairy-land of a dozen countries; for the translator, also, has been set at work to cater to the needs of the children, and we now purvey to our young food as far brought as from Russia, and Kafir Land, and India, and are still ransacking remote lands for new fables and tales. Old stories, too, we are breaking up for children's use; we have Sir John Mandeville, for instance, and Froissart, and Bunyan, done over into something which—whether or not it is Bunyan, or Froissart, or Mandeville—the youngest reader may read and partly understand; and there are at least two writers of "Juveniles" who have given us a "Life of Christ" for small readers, and one who has given us an expurgated Bible, heavily illustrated. And what child, from four years old, is without his one or two monthly magazines?

Is this demand for children's reading more or less factitious—created by men who supply it—the work of the publishers? There are people who say so, and we do not deny that we have at times inclined to take that view of the case. But the publishers are not the first sinners—if any sinners there be. The various sects and societies are responsible for a vast number of the books which are stuffed into the children's heads every year. Parents buy them, to be sure; but not as parents supplying a natural demand of their young folks, but as parents who are superintendents of Sunday-schools or secretaries of Lodges of Good Templars, and who have something to preach to their children. The publishers, however, are not backward in pushing on the ball, and what with them and the rest of us we certainly have got to a point in the production of literature for the young at which forbearance becomes a virtue. A good many other things might be said on this head; but to say but one will save our space, and will, perhaps, sufficiently call attention to the fact that the "juvenile publishing business" is too merely a business, and will very likely raise the presumption that it is a business which might be considerably diminished with advantage to young America, and to American literature as well. Everybody has noticed, we suppose, that now for some years hardly any one has made a success in writing well for his contemporaries—in saying in the best way he could the things that he knew—in really making a contribution to literature—who has not been at once seized on, and set to making books for children—books more or less bad, or books more or less good, but in any case evidently made for money, and from the start likely to be bad rather than good.

Take now this "Trotty Book,"* of Miss E. S. Phelps's. As we have borne witness, on more than one occasion, Miss Phelps is a writer of merit. Sickly, overstrained, self-conscious—and morbid New Englandish, with almost the worst sort of New Englandism—as much of her work is, and inadequate as is her theory of life as well as her knowledge of life, she nevertheless has valuable gifts, and has given promises of good things to come if her strength holds out. She certainly has a hopeful gift of humor, and a heart that is in the right place whenever she can keep her eyes off it for

* "Songs of Life. Selected from many Sources," etc. New York: Charles Scribner & Co. 1870.

† "The Illuminated Christian Year." Jean Lee, designer. Philadelphia: Duffield Ashmead.

‡ "The Parables of Our Lord Illustrated and Illuminated." London and New York: Macmillan & Co. 1870.

§ "Flowers from the Upper Alps, with Glimpses of their Homes. By Elijah Walton, F.G.S. The Descriptive Text by T. G. Bonney, M.A., F.G.S." London: Thompson. Imported by Scribner, Welford & Co.

* "The Trotty Book. By Elizabeth Stuart Phelps." Boston: Fields, Osgood & Co. 1870.

a few minutes. But who but a publisher would have put her to writing "juveniles," because she had sold many thousand copies of "The Gates Ajar"? Then in this "Trotty Book" there is humor—very forced, too, a deal of it—and there is plenty of truth of details; and of course there is kindheartedness; and there is also, or the story would not be Miss Phelps's, a dead set at our heart-strings, with intent to wring them. The first chapter contains a picture of a little child, lost in the woods in a snow-storm—a boy of two or three years old who cries miserably for help. So boys of equal age have cried before in other books; but in this one we, of course, have with our boy a little girl, his sister, who might well enough have brought her brother out of the snow, but who selfishly runs away and leaves him—for she has an evening's amusement before her—and who, after making him suffer all but death, herself suffers a good deal of that luxury of woe of which so many of her creator's bigger personages have already suffered greater quantities. Is this sort of thing worth doing, we wonder? We have not thought so when our author was doing it, in the unpleasant beginning of her "Gates Ajar," and the unpleasanter "Pemberton Mills" story, and the still unpleasanter "Calico," which was made for people of mature years; and we do not see how it is much better when done for younger readers. We mention it, however, rather for the reason that Miss Phelps seems to be all wrong in this matter always, than that the example of her fault, which happens to be now before us for comment, is a particularly glaring or pernicious one. Luckily, children cannot reject much; and if they will read almost anything, as "juvenile" writers well know, so, too—let us be thankful—they will forget almost any bad or poor thing. At all events, one really good book—one book fit for them, which addresses what in them is best worth addressing, and does it skilfully—is always able to banish from their minds the greater part of the worthless stuff that incapable writers have put into them. "Robinson Crusoe," or "Two Years Before the Mast," or "The Arabian Nights," or "Cook's Voyages," or "Sandford and Merton"—any one of them is more than a match for whole libraries of "Memoirs" of the early dead, and whole shelves full of warning against drunkenness, profligacy, and theft. Miss Phelps's book the adult reader will find not unamusing. He may, perhaps, have his doubts whether some of the sayings and doings of the hero are reproduced without any embellishment at all; but still he will often be reminded of the doings of little boys and girls. Whether the childish reader will be amused by it we do not know. Some children are quite capable of liking it. We confess we have known a few children—some of whom are still living—who listened with eagerness to tales which only just before we had heard intelligent critics condemning with severity; but we may assert, too, that we never knew the tales so condemned to become established favorites; and we are well persuaded that there is something bad—nothing good enough, at all events—about every book for children which the children do not repeatedly turn to, and con, and almost learn by heart. Who ever told a boy or girl a story really good for him or her that he did not have to tell over and over again? And, on the other hand, who ever told a child any story that was not sure of attention on the first if not on the second telling? It is a fallacious test, often as it is tried and triumphantly cited, to apply to "juveniles" that "the children liked it." Good "juveniles" are liked to-day, and to-morrow, and for ever, and the child becomes a father or mother, and perennially tells them over to new children, while year by year generations of annual literature flourish, and fade, and disappear.

And now draws near a certain Pharisee by the name of Walter Murray, with his phylacteries made broad and his hands folded on his bosom. Walter Murray is the chief personage of a story called "The Apthorp Farm," one of "The Woodbine Series,"* which, if we remember, we have already more than once had occasion to condemn without reserve. It is unnatural, full of mistaken notions as to what it is possible or desirable for boys to do, and fit only to spoil the boy who is so unfortunate as not to be repelled by it. It opens with a scene in which the personages are three—the hero, his mother, and the subsidiary hero. The hero, who is in high health, allows himself to say, at the sight of a certain pony—"O mamma! how I do wish I were rich." Thereupon, his mamma immediately shows him that the rider of the pony, a boy of Walter's age, is very pale and thin and peevish-looking, and that, although he wears gloves, his hand is semi-transparent, or nearly so. In this kind of books, by the way, one never has wealth and health together, so parents may take notice that the "Woodbine" and similar series are not intended for the large class of cases in which the young Lazarus of real life cannot blink the fact that young Dives not only has better skates and a faster sled than himself, but also has the use of both legs and enjoys as good digestion as the hungriest and healthiest boy in the parish. To impress upon Walter's mind that he is far better off than the rich Frank Apthorp, whom he envies and whose pony he very naturally covets, Walter's mother takes him up to Squire Apthorp's, whose wife is an old schoolmate of hers and is still a friend, though Mrs. Murray is no longer wealthy, and there he makes Frank's acquaintance. Frank is, of course, a miserably spoiled child, whom nobody can please; who is selfish and cross, and has a way of telling his indulgent father and mother that of course nobody cares for him because he is a poor cripple. The two boys are left alone, and Frank expresses himself with so much bitterness on the question of sticking in the house all day and every day, that Walter overcomes the diffidence and delicacy for which boys in "Woodbine Series" are justly notorious, and reveals to his friend a character made up of nearly every Christian grace—every single one, except, perhaps, long-suffering. He admits that his temper is hasty, though his disposition is magnanimous and generous, but confides to Frank that he is struggling with this fault; that he never answers back if he can help it; that if he cannot help it he seeks his closet, and then begs pardon of the person offended. He suggests that the sick boy might try devoting himself to the service of others as a means of overcoming the tediousness of his life. Moreover, he declines to go to the tea-table—little used to dainties as he is—because the crippled boy cannot very well go, and when tea is sent up to the two of them he says grace. This surprises Frank, who is asked in astonishment if his father does not do so at every meal. Thus it is that in a "Woodbine Series" they inculcate the observance of the Fifth Commandment. Another sample of how the duty of honoring fathers and mothers is impressed on the young reader of such books is the chapter which recounts Mrs. Apthorp's heartless neglect of her son—"leaving him to hirelings," as her husband says, "till he is down with hip complaint." After—or before—Walter has said grace and the boys have eaten, some cut flowers are brought in, and Frank and Walter set about making bouquets, with the understanding that Mrs. Apthorp shall decide which is the prettier. They are made, and the lady hesitates to pronounce; but Walter, taking the flowers, changes them rapidly from one hand to the other, remarking that he perfectly understands Mrs. Apthorp's hesitation, and, after shifting them about sufficiently, he calls for judgment. It is given, and at once Walter begins jumping up and down. A frown darkens Mr. Apthorp's brow. "So young and so untender!" he feels like quoting; "so pleased with a victory over an invalid!" The reader versed in the "Woodbine Series" class of tales knows well, however, that their heroes are not caught napping in that manner. Of course the generous boy was jumping up and down because Frank's refined taste had led him to put the dark myrtle in juxtaposition with the delicate orange blossoms, and thus produce an effect which made his bouquet the superior of the other.

Needless to say, Squire Apthorp by-and-by wishes to adopt Walter, and that he is successful in getting Mr. and Mrs. Murray's consent. Needless to say, either, that after some slight misunderstanding between Walter and Mr. and Mrs. Apthorp—consequent on the machinations of Eugene, a designing though polished lad, who wishes to become his uncle's heir, but who is disgraced at last—the adopted son becomes the means of converting the squire, and is the more than friend and brother of Frank, whose character, under Walter's forming hand, daily grows more beautiful. Needless, too, to say that Walter's real father is aided by his second father to go into business again, and recovers all the wealth out of which, just before our tale opens, his rascally partner had defrauded him. All this happens, and more; for, at the end of the book, do not both the boys, now come of age, fall desperately in love with the same young lady? and does not Walter, perceiving Frank's passion, give her up freely, though with a bitter pang? and does not Frank by-and-by pass away, with his love-tale hidden in his heart? and does not Walter—the artist by nature, the noble Christian merchant, the canting little prig, the impossible boy, the man that never existed, the youth whom all healthy boys would infallibly hate if they could see him, and whom no one who had ever been anything like a boy would once think of holding up to boys as a model for imitation or a creature to be believed in—is it not written in this combination of Sunday-school book and sensational novel that Walter wooed and won Miss Julia Ward, who long had secretly loved him? It is so written; and not in this one volume alone, but in a hundred similar volumes which each Christmas calls into being; and worse reading for the young than these same volumes it would not be easy to find. It is almost incredible that the writers who make such books do not understand that, so far as they get any attention

* "The Woodbine Series." "Walter and Frank; or, The Apthorp Farm. By Mrs. Madeline Leslie." Boston: Andrew F. Graves. 1870.

from boys and girls, they do great harm. They poison the sources of healthy life in the child's moral nature; they pervert his natural instincts; they set him upon acting a part, or else, which is nearly as bad, they discourage him into thinking that, because he is not as white and glistering as the young lepers who are held up to him as examples of more than human cleanliness, it is therefore useless for him to try to be good. Hypocrites such books infallibly make, if they make anything, or else unhappy, struggling little creatures, taught superfluous misery; and it would be a good day if, *in reverentia pro pueris*, we could have a censor and a bonfire for the "juvenile market."

Perhaps M. Paul Du Chaillu is not the one man of all men for a companion of youth, but he is Hyperion to a Satyr in comparison with the author last mentioned. He is a little sanguinary in his dealings with the brutes which he comes upon in his travels, and kills and skins with a single-eyed ardor for the advancement of science which leads him to recount fearlessly a deal of butchery. But we incline to think that his descriptions of his hunting adventures—his account of the shooting of the beautiful gazelle for its hide, and of his capturing the young gorilla which he had orphaned for the sake of the museum—will tend to excite as much pity and sympathy in the young reader as bloodthirstiness. And the courage and hardihood, energy and love of adventure, commended to admiration in "Lost in the Jungle"*—to say nothing of the information which it very pleasantly conveys—make it a book we should be willing to give to all boys old enough to read its easy English. According to M. Du Chaillu, the boys and girls themselves are of our mind, and they have tried him long enough to feel sure of their opinions. "When he asked the boys and girls of New York if he should write more books for them, the tremendous cheers and hurrahs they gave him in reply told him," he says, "that he had better go to work." His esteemed publishers endorsed that opinion. "Certainly," they said; "by all means, friend Paul. Write a new book, for 'Stories of the Gorilla Country' and 'Wild Life under the Equator' are in great demand." So to work Friend Paul went, and in this well-illustrated volume we have wild beasts, wild men, strange insects, monstrous reptiles, and whatever else M. Du Chaillu deals in—not forgetting the gorilla who beats his breast as much as ever, gnashes his teeth, advances as bravely as of old to attack the hunter, and displays all the gigantic strength and semi-human sagacity with which M. du Chaillu's gorillas have made us familiar. At one time we thought we were to be treated to a white gorilla, an aged, hoary one, but our author contented himself with giving us the ordinary dark kind, though of these he has some which are fearfully wrinkled and a little gray, though none (that he kills) are of diminished vigor or ferocity so far as we have observed.

Miss Nellie Eyster is the author of "Chincapin Charlie," a merry, unpretending little book for young people which we remember to have read and liked some two years ago, and her "Tom Harding and His Friends"† has the same good qualities which made its predecessor a commendable book. There is no pretense or nonsense in it; there is a very good understanding—for a woman's book—of the nature and habits of boys; and if there is perhaps a little more "vital religion" than it is very well to give boys in the books which after all do their best when they abstain from point-blank inculcation of truths, still, hers is neither a pharisaical nor a mawkish religiosity, but is unaffected and honest, and will at least not repel the young men to whom it is offered. And Miss Eyster, with her frankness, and heartiness, and liking for boyish fun and activity, digs about the roots of all those good plants in the human nature for her readers, and will do them ten times or a thousand times the benefit that she could do by preaching. She makes boys acquainted with real boys, who are not perfect indeed, but who are actually existent, and in many ways admirable, and thus she gets a hold of her hearers which, dealing in abstractions—though they were abstractions approved of by every convocation of every church—she would not get in a hundred years. She is not the cleverest woman who writes for children in this country; here, as elsewhere, the "juvenile market" often affords us the spectacle of blocks being cut with razors; but there are few writers in this field who ever clearly see what to write and what not to write to their peculiar audience. She does not waste high imaginative poetry on them; nor give them fine-spun fancies, and allegories as head-strong, and as hard to get into, as any alligator on the banks of the Nile; nor vulgarize them with razeed novels; nor fill their heads, as with sawdust, with a conglomeration of so-called facts in this and that science. But she gives them personages of boyish age and tastes and pursuits, and getting them interested in these she proceeds with entertainment and instruction, and will leave any of her readers the better for her help—if, that is to say, it is the business of boy literature primarily to make the boys manlier in spirit; and, secondly, to give them pleasure and the profit—more tangible than the spiritually elevating—which is got from the exercise of the mind, the access of new knowledge, and the more or less indirect instilling of precepts of sound morality. Tom Harding, we may say to intending purchasers, is a Pennsylvania boy who pays a winter visit to New Orleans, and afterwards to a cotton region of Georgia, and the book is useful geographically and, so to speak, politically. It will be well liked by boys from ten to fourteen years of age, not to speak of older people.

What to say about the temperance books—or rather the total abstinence books, for there are no temperance books—which come in such numbers at the time of the holidays, it is a little difficult to decide. No one can deny that the evils of intemperance can hardly be exaggerated; and it is not pleasant to withhold praise from persons who are eagerly working to abolish drunkenness. Yet we very seldom find a book exhorting to total abstinence which is not repulsively or, at the least, foolishly and laughably bad. A flood of "wet damnation" is overflowing the land, sure enough, one says to one's self; but why should it wash away all logic, and even endanger every shape of truth? And supposing it admitted that we are to do all that we can by word and deed to banish intoxicating drinks from society, need we therefore fling ourselves headlong against chewing tobacco and tobacco-chewers, and then on cigars and pipes, thirdly on coffee and tea, and finally on cayenne pepper, and catsup and picalilli, as constituting a first step in "that downward road from the caster to the gutter" which numbers of our reformers are denouncing? And even granting that this is to be done—that from pepper-sauce to plantation bitters every stimulant is to be abhorred—still, do we do well to put our views in their fulness into books that the smallest boys are to read and criticise—for all readers are critics? Here, now, at the present moment of writing is a well-meaning story, by Miss Chellis, called "Aunt Dinah's Pledge,"* and, besides its good intentions, portions of it are not so ill written either, for though the story is trivial and absurd in all essentials and in most of the details, there is a figure of an old black nurse which is so drawn as to give a hint that the author had laid bodily eyes on the original, and in depicting it had not quite got out of sight of nature and truth. Miss Chellis undertakes to set forth, which everybody believes, that the excessive drinking of intoxicating liquors is a frightfully bad habit, ruinous to body and mind. Further, she seeks to show, what not so many will believe, that there is no safety, or no certainty of safety, for the man who drinks at all, unless he decides on totally abstaining from everything intoxicating. Still further, she teaches, what many people will disbelieve, that in the signing of a written pledge there is a peculiar protective virtue, and that everybody would do well for his neighbors' sake, if not for his own, to sign some such paper at once. But her way of enforcing her conclusions on other people is as wise as this: She includes in her invective the loathsome pipe and the offensive cigar, and to refrain from smoking is as vigorously ordered by her pledge as to abstain from unrectified whiskey. Tobacco leads to dram-drinking, and the smoker is in her eyes a sinner. The youthful reader who is to be saturated with abhorrence of inebriety, and to learn the danger of tampering with spirituous liquors, is to look at his Cousin Tom, say, who smokes, and his grandfather, who takes snuff, and his friend the old salt who makes him boats, and who likewise chews plug-tobacco, and to pronounce them violators of God's law, enemies of the rising generation, bad men, and filthy fellows. He knows better; and even he has his doubts if Miss Chellis may not be wrong about the rum and water. Perhaps our author does no immediate evil—beyond leading our young friend into making two or three impertinent speeches to his elders, and getting him a pair of boxed ears as a consequence. But, by-and-by, such is the venturesomeness of youth, and such the certainty that the boy is yet far from being born who shall be without spot—by-and-by the youthful reader just mentioned, having grown up a bit, betakes himself to the use of tobacco in some one of its forms. He finds that it is a pleasure and a comfort, and soon he begins to suspect that, man's life being no longer than threescore-and-ten years, he may very probably die of some ordinary disease before he drops dead from the effects of nicotine. He discovers, too, that his sister Mira is so far different from Miss Chellis's "Mira" that she does not retire shedding tears of sorrow and disgust when he returns to their once happy home with the smell of cigars upon him, but that, on

* "Lost in the Jungle. By P. Du Chaillu." New York: Harper & Bros. 1870.
† "Tom Harding and his Friends. By Nellie Eyster." Philadelphia: Duffield Ashmead & Co. 1870.

* "Aunt Dinah's Pledge. By Miss Mary D. Chellis." New York: National Temperance Society. 1870.

the contrary, she is not above filling a pipe for him herself; that, indeed, she goes further, and assures his intimate friend, when he calls, that she is very fond of the smell of tobacco. What, then, does the young man say of Miss Chellis and others like her? Doubtless that as they were so far out in the matter of smoking, and cried "Wolf" so hard when but a small mole was in sight, there may be some mistake in regard to the liquor question, at least as regards cider and ale; that it may be as well to make trial of the inebriating cup. Then comes the drunkard's bowl—though we may remark to Miss Chellis that the drunkard's bowl, and the worm of the still, and the poisoned chalice, and other things which they attack so persistently, are not the vessels which the more practical tempter offers the giddy youth who trusts himself in his power at commercial lunches and billiard saloons, and other such unmetaphoric places. Then, we repeat—after the discovery of the mistake about the smoking—comes the drunkard's bowl, or a bottle and tumblers, and, in brief, the upshot of the matter is, that the well-meaning but not too sagacious enemy of stimulating drinks has done something to diminish the Cold Water Army and to swell the bloated hosts of King Alcohol.

So much for the direct evil which is done by over-eager and exaggerated preaching, even if we admit that the subject chosen by the total abstinence writers is a very good or a fit subject on which to address childish readers. But we think no such admission should be made. It is a depressing, brutalizing theme, and no treatment of it can make its presentation very well worthy the attention of children at their most impressible age, and when they should be as much as may be surrounded by what is elevating and purifying—when they should be lifted up by all influences that can be employed, and when it is of less consequence to preach at particular faults than to ennoble the tone of the whole character. Then, again, this matter does not concern children, but their fathers and mothers; and to offer it to their notice is merely to arouse their curiosity, and to run into danger of doing them harm without securing any corresponding chance of doing them good. All temperance literature for the young might well be abolished, we think; and in almost every special case it might justly be condemned for particular faults and follies as well as for its general tone. This is the verdict that we for our own part should pass on "John and the Demijohn"*—a rather clever book—and "Dr. Willoughby's Wine"†—two volumes, of the same character as "Aunt Dinah's Pledge," which we read at the same time.

A very cheering sign that we are getting on in the art of teaching, and that our posterity will learn more and more exactly and more easily than we were permitted to, is Mr. Freeman's solid, conscientious, and entertaining history of England to the Conquest.‡ It is a book which the parent of a growing child—say of twelve and upwards—can hardly excuse himself for not purchasing if able; and it is as fit for a Christmas gift as a book of tales. The style, in fact, would alone recommend it—English history told in simple and colloquial English, that, without being in the least constrained, is almost monosyllabic. Witness these sentences:

"They tried to land both at Watchet and at Porlock, but they were driven off at both places, and most of them were killed, except those who could swim to their ships. These few went and 'sat' on one of the Holms, the islands at the mouth of the Severn, either the Steep Holm or the Flat; but they could get nothing to eat, so many of them died, and the rest sailed away, first to Dyfed, or Pembrokeshire, and thence to Ireland."

The steady, chronological march of the narrative is relieved here and there by episodes which the author will not admit as trustworthy history, nor yet omit wholly, because a grain of truth may be in them. These, with warning duly prefixed, he casts in a form akin to the Bible-English. He gives also occasionally a ballad, and in other ways keeps up the young reader's interest to the end. The notes are for grown people—parents or teachers—and so is the preface, which we should greatly like to quote entire. Here is the opening only:

"This little volume is an experiment, but it is an experiment which I may say has already succeeded. Its object is to show that clear, accurate, and scientific views of history, or indeed of any subject, may be easily given to children from the very first. In truth, the more rigidly accurate and scientific a statement is, the more easy it is for a child to take it in. The difficulty does not lie with the child, who has simply to learn, but with the teacher, who often has to unlearn."

Further on, he states that this work was begun, for his own children, before his "History of the Norman Conquest" was undertaken, and that his investigations for the larger work have served to perfect the smaller, while each remains independent of the other in form and purpose. Then follow some remarks on Old-English words and names, their spelling and pronunciation, and a chronological table for the period studied. In the body of the work are five historical maps of Great Britain, such as children are never, and grown folks seldom, provided with; and finally there is an index, which completes the numerous excellences of this really masterly text-book.

Mr. Neal's little book* consists of three parts: an essay, if it can be so called, on "Children—What are they good for?" written forty years ago, at least; a child's story, "Goody Gracious! and the Forget-me-not," written "for the purpose of showing—and *proving*—that fairy stories need not be crowded with extravagant impossibilities, to engage the attention of our little folks;" and 293 short anecdotes of children and their sayings, old and new, gathered from all sources, and accompanied by comments—this part called "Pickings and Stealings." But for the middle of this sandwich, we should not have guessed it to be made up for children, or classed it under juvenile literature. Children certainly should be kept clear of it, even if they have to be deprived of a story which writes "This was all a dream," after the usual narrative of "extravagant impossibilities." Their elders may read the selections with some enjoyment, unless liable to be shocked by the large number which bear on theology and religion, and of which there is none better than the story of the boy who said, "O dear! I'd rather go to two circuses than one meeting." To give some idea of the way Mr. Neal has cooked over the more or less fully narrated incidents he has come upon, we present two (accidental) versions of the same story. First we have the comment at full length:

"No. 75. A gentlewoman—I hate ladies—belonging to Gardiner, Maine, paid a visit to the graveyard with her little daughter. Seeing the effigy of a horse on one of the upright slabs, she stooped down to read the inscription, but nothing did she find to explain the mystery; whereupon the child whispered that 'maybe the poor man died of *nightmare*.' A very plausible conjecture, was it not, for a region where so many live and die of the same ailment, now under the name of apoplexy, and now under that of the heart disease, or plethora?"

And then we have the comment in a sub-title, a change of sex in the deceased, and one or two other variations:

"No. 186. *Inferential.*—A mother, who had with her a little daughter, was examining the figure of a horse on a tombstone, and wondering what on earth it was an emblem of. There was nothing to explain it in the inscription. 'Mamma,' said the little one, as they moved away, 'I should n't wonder if she died of the *nightmare*.'"

To expand Mother Goose's hints and fragments of stories into complete ones, with beginning and end, plot, incidents, and all—such was the idea born of the "Fairy Egg."† Its success here is rather equivocal. We do not know the child that would prefer these elaborated products to the raw material. Have our three friends found that the infant whom Mother Goose pleases is generally curious to know more than the verses tell of Bo-peep, or Richard and Robin, or the old woman who sweeps the cobwebs from the sky? or why the cow jumped over the moon? And does the infant's imagination go for nothing? Such has not been our experience in the nursery, nor Miss Gibbons's either, we dare say, since her "Little Bachelor" alone, of all the stories amplified, always keeps the original text in sight. To her also was entrusted the pictorial illustrations, which exhibit a good deal of originality and skill in designing, especially where young folks are to be represented. Some of her letter-pieces are exceedingly clever.

An instructive book may be written for children by one who consults for the history of Paris "Henri Martin's 'Histoire de France,' Thierry's 'Récit des Temps Mérovingiens,' Gilbert's 'Description historique de la Basilique métropolitaine de Paris,' Smiles's 'History of the Huguenots,' White's 'Massacre of St. Bartholomew,' Mme. Campan's 'Memoirs of Marie Antoinette,' and the best modern guide-books," but a thousand to one it will be anything but entertaining. The author of "An American Family in Paris,"‡ has indeed made several visits to that city, but we believe there are many persons who have never left the United States who could describe the French capital more vividly and attractively from books alone. There is, too, something essentially unreal in these family excursions, with the learned papa, or tutor, or governess, eager to be pumped and never nonplussed, and precocious youngsters who cry "jolly!" whenever they extract a new date or fact, and always suck a subject dry before leaving

* "John and the Demijohn. By Mrs. Julia McNair Wright." Boston: H. Hoyt. 1870.

† "Rev. Dr. Willoughby's Wine. By Mary S. Walker." New York: National Temperance Society. 1870.

‡ "Old English History for Children. By Edward A. Freeman, M.A." With Maps. New York: Macmillan & Co. 1869.

* "Great Mysteries and Little Plagues. By John Neal." Boston: Roberts Bros. 1870.

† "The Fairy Egg, and what it Held. By Three Friends. With illustrations by Lucy Gibbons." Boston: Fields, Osgood & Co. 1870.

‡ "An American Family in Paris. With fifty-eight illustrations of historical movements and familiar scenes." New York: Hurd & Houghton. 1869.

it. And just so far as this is a departure from reality, we fear it is unprofitable for the young. The illustrations would count on the other side, of course, but then a few stereoscopic views would outweigh them all.

Miss McKeever has, no doubt, a genuine fondness for children,* but she has also an undeniable weakness for verse, which quite swallows up the good which might result from the former. In this latest production of her muse, where verse and prose alternate in a curious manner, she shows her utter incapacity as a versifier—*e. g.*:

> "The bride is a pigeon, *so* white and *so* pure,
> The groom, dressed in dove-color, looks *so* demure;
> Blue jays for the groomsmen, with heads perched *so* high,
> And red-birds for bridesmaids, *so* gay and *so* spry."

And *so* on, almost without end. We question, too, whether Miss McKeever can write a hundred consecutive verses without such false rhyming as in these two lines:

> "In their travels, they met with some very strange birds,
> But the shy little pigeons so seldom had stirred, etc."

There is much to forgive, however, if these stanzas were evoked by the colored prints—which is quite likely.

* "Jack and Florie; or, The Pigeon's Wedding. By Harriet B. McKeever." Philadelphia: Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger. 1870.

*** Publishers will confer a favor by always marking the price of their books upon the wrapper.*

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Authors.—Titles.	*Publishers.—Prices.*
Alexander (H. C.), Life of Joseph Addison Alexander, D.D., 2 vols	(Chas. Scribner & Co.)
Christmas Day: a Poem for Children, swd	(Turner & Bros.) $0 50
Colange (L.), Zell's Popular Encyclopœdia, No. 15, swd	(T. Elwood Zell) 0 50
Ffoulkes (E. S.), Second Letter to Archbishop Manning, swd	(Pott & Amery) 0 25
Hentz (Mrs. C. L.), Rena: a Tale	(T. B. Peterson & Bros.) 1 75
Hill (G.), Titania's Banquet, and Other Poems	(D. Appleton & Co.)
Kroeger (A. E.), Fichte's New Exposition of the Science of Knowledge, swd	(John Wiley & Son)
Lea (H. C.), Studies in Church History	(Henry C. Lea)
McKeever (Miss H, B.), Jack and Florie; or, The Pigeons' Wedding	(Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger) 0 75
Nanny's Christmas: a Story for Children	(Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger) 0 80
Nauman (M. D.), Twisted Threads: a Tale	(Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger) 1 50
Pummill (J.), Russet Leaves	(J. B. Lippincott & Co.)
Smith (Rev. S. F.), Rock of Ages: Poems	(D. Lothrop & Co.)
Thackeray (W. M.), Four Georges and English Humorists	(Fields, Osgood & Co.) 1 25
The Fairy Egg, and What it Held: a Child's Story	(Fields, Osgood & Co.) 1 50
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The Week.

THE Senate has, during the week, discussed and passed the bill to reconstruct Georgia. It directs, first, that the Governor of the State shall convene by proclamation all the persons declared elected by Gen. Meade's proclamation of June 25, 1868, who shall then proceed to organize themselves as the General Assembly, "in conformity with the Constitution of the United States, according to the provisions of this act." Each member must then take oath that he never, after having held any public office, lent aid to the rebellion, "except in consequence of direct physical force." The Circuit Court of the United States for the District of Georgia will take cognizance, and shall have sole and exclusive jurisdiction, of perjury, and the Circuit or District Court of attempts to prevent the taking of the oath, or participation in the proceedings of either House after the oath has been taken. The exclusion, on account of race, color, or previous enslavement, of any one thus duly constituted a member, is next declared to be "illegal and revolutionary," and is prohibited. Upon application of the Governor, the President shall employ the military and naval forces to enforce the provisions of the act. And, finally, the Legislature shall ratify the Fifteenth Amendment before Senators and Representatives are admitted to seats in Congress. On Tuesday, the bill was carried through the House by General Butler.

Other noticeable proceedings in the Senate were the passage between Messrs. Carpenter and Sumner over the Spanish gunboats, on Wednesday week; an elaborate and well-considered argument against the eight-hour law by Mr. Morrill, of Vermont, who pronounced it a failure in the Government's experience, and an injustice to artisans and other laborers everywhere; and, on Monday, Mr. Schurz's bill to reform the Civil Service. This bill is for several sections copied almost verbatim after Mr. Jenckes's, but contains very important differences, on which we have not time to dwell this week. The House passed the Census Bill on Thursday, rejecting, finally, Mr. Jenckes's amendment; it has been postponed, but still saved, by the Senate. It was on Thursday, also, that Mr. Mungen, of Ohio, rose into obscurity on the subject of repudiation, and that, under the lead of Mr. Garfield, Republicans and Democrats embraced in defence of the national honor, and wondered who had ever thought of tarnishing it.

Astonishing as the Georgia Reconstruction Bill is by itself, it becomes more so when one reads the arguments by which it is defended. Georgia has been already admitted to the Union, under a solemn act of Congress, or, in other words, under a pledge of the nation, after having formally fulfilled all the conditions exacted of her by the original Reconstruction Acts. What the supporters of the present bill say in support of the theory that she is not in the Union, is, that her Senators had not been admitted to their places in the Senate, the majority of the Senate pronouncing them disqualified—something which might happen to New York to-morrow—and this is gravely given now as a reason why the General Government may overturn the State Government, and put the people under martial law, and impose *fresh* conditions of reconstruction. The expulsion of the negro members of the Legislature was a great outrage, but the constitutionality of it was very sensibly, on President Grant's recommendation, submitted to the Court of the State. The Supreme Court has accordingly decided that it was unconstitutional, and it now remains for the Legislature to abide by the judicial decision, which it is generally believed it will do when it meets in January. But the promoters of the present measure, apparently having a horror of the slow and regular processes of American jurisprudence, and being enamored of imperial ways of settling things, refuse to wait, and have accordingly passed an act repudiating the legislation of last winter, over which the country toiled and sweated so much, breaking the public faith, and setting a shocking example of contempt for law. The worst of it is that one of the excuses put forward in defence of this high-handed violence is, that it is done for the protection of negroes and loyal men against the violence of their neighbors, as if the way to provide for their protection was to keep them before the eyes of their fellow-citizens as the cause of the subversion of the State Government; and as if the respect of juries and magistrates for the law of the land could be promoted by exhibitions of Congressional disregard of it; and as if, in case the public opinion of Georgia cannot, or ought not, be trusted to for the protection of Georgian citizens, we ought not at once to provide permanent gendarmerie and Federal magistrates, armed with summary processes, instead of cheating the negro and the loyal whites with airy nothings called a "provisional government" or "martial law," things which have just enough substance to irritate, and not enough to afford the smallest protection either for life, or limb, or property. Mr. Bingham made a strong and able protest against the farce, but in vain.

Repudiation may be said to have received a *coup de grace*, during the week, by the passage, on General Garfield's motion, of a resolution condemning it in every shape and for all possible reasons, the occasion which called for the motion being some wild talk in favor of a national swindling by Mr. Mungen, of Ohio. All the Democrats present voted for the motion, some supporting it in strong language. The Philadelphia *Age* calls attention to the fact that the Democratic members voted in a body for a somewhat similar resolution in 1865, and seeks thereby to show that repudiation has never been a Democratic doctrine. It is quite true that in 1865 there was no talk or thought of cheating the public creditor; the movement began in 1866, the originator being Mr. Andrew Johnson, and the Democratic press very generally joined in, all over the country, not exactly in demanding, that the debt should not be paid, but in calling for its payment in greenbacks, and urging fresh issues of greenbacks for the purpose, or in holding up the bondholders to public odium as usurers, bloated aristocrats, blood-suckers, and so forth—which was neither more nor less than preparing the way for repudiation. Indeed, the best thing they can say for themselves is, that the Republican party

tolerated in its own ranks talk fully as bad in quality, and more mischievous because coming from Republicans, as any which came from Democrats. But, then, the gist of the whole matter is, that certain politicians on both sides did what politicians are everlastingly doing—underestimated the popular virtue.

Our old friend, Mr. J. M. Ashley, has been removed at last. We felt satisfied, since we heard of his declaration of his willingness to "bow to the popular will" in the Territory on the subject of a white man's government, that trouble was in store for him, and that this would damage him, as his corrupt partnership with Case, as revealed in his correspondence, did not do. Indeed, the Case correspondence does not seem to have damaged him at all, or very little. Leading Republican Senators canvassed and voted for him, and everybody he asked signed his recommendation. The President, we believe, knew little about him. Since his removal, some difficulty in the way of his successor, General Potts, of Ohio, taking his place, makes it not improbable that he may be allowed to linger a little longer, but we presume his doom is sealed. If General Grant will now bring home Daniel E. Sickles, he will have removed the two great blots on his Administration. If Senators will stand firm against Sickles's confirmation, we feel satisfied they will receive the hearty commendation of all that is best in the Republican party.

The President's nominations for the new circuit judgeships have been in the main very good, but one of them, that of Mr. George H. Yeaman, a Kentuckian, now minister to Copenhagen, who would have made an excellent judge, has been withdrawn, and that of Mr. Withers, of Michigan, substituted. The cause of Mr. Yeaman's failure was the disinterment of certain speeches of his in 1862–'63 against the exercise of the war power, and especially the exercise of it for the emancipation of slaves. His "war record," for a Kentuckian, we believe, was excellent, and his rejection is simply an additional and striking illustration of the tenacity with which the North laid hold of the anti-slavery idea when once it had been brought to see that it was the fundamental idea of the struggle. Mr. Hoar, the Attorney-General, has been nominated for one of the vacancies on the supreme bench, and Mr. Edwin M. Stanton the other, caused by the resignation of Judge Grier. Mr. Stanton, who probably has as little of the judicial temper as any man who ever mounted the bench, has been at once confirmed without the customary reference, and by a large majority—46 to 11—by way of recognizing and rewarding his services during the war, in which he sacrificed both health and fortune. The nomination of Mr. Hoar, on the other hand, hangs fire, owing to his personal unpopularity with Senators, and it is curious to watch how the newspaper correspondents catch the senatorial tone and telegraph "little digs" at him to their respective journals. The causes of this unpopularity are his want of familiarity with, and what is of more importance, patience with; the ways of politicians; his undisguised contempt for "claims," and his tendency to stick pins into wind-bags. Considering his reputation as a judge and his high character, the hesitation of the Senate over his nomination is a curious piece of childishness. The country would, however, gain for the present by his total rejection, as he makes a rare Attorney-General, and helps to supply the Cabinet with that foundation of all statesmanship—good sense.

There is trouble between the Administration and the Senate about the new Judges, the Judiciary Committee making the extraordinary request that the President should furnish them not only with the letters of recommendation of the persons he had nominated, but of those he had rejected. This he declines to do, and there appears to be enough tartness of feeling existing on both sides to make it desirable that the quarrel should stop here. The Senate got into bad habits during the Johnson administration, which, it is to be hoped, it will try to lay aside. Its performances over Mr. Hoar give evidence of a very undignified state of mind.

There has been a good deal of magnanimous eloquence expended over Mr. Fessenden's memory by some of his old political adversaries, from which it appears that he was as pure and upright a man, and as sound a lawyer and politician, as the country has ever had. This is all true; but it was just as true last spring during the impeachment trial, when hundreds of curs were barking at his heels, and he was as nearly overwhelmed by insult and vile insinuation as such a man could be. That was the time, therefore, for a political adversary, who knew his worth and integrity, to have got up and said at least some of what was said in the Senate last week. Uttered then, it would have honored the speaker, and consoled and supported a brave and faithful public servant in the discharge of his sworn duty, and saved the party from some disgrace. Uttered now, though of course creditable and decent, it has somewhat of the character of an empty form. We mention it by way of preparation for the next attempt to hunt some honest man into baseness.

We think we see some symptoms of shame on the part of the people of Indiana with regard to the state of their divorce laws, and we hope there are signs of the same thing—though as yet we fail to see them—on the part of the Indiana bar with regard to the mode in which they are administered. The *ex-parte* account of the McFarland case lately furnished to the *Cincinnati Commercial* has called forth replies from some of the Indiana papers, from which it appears that the copies of the *Martinsville Gazette* in which the editor swore the notice to McFarland was published, do not appear on any existing files of that widely-circulated paper; and one journal says that its belief is that the practice was resorted to in this case which has been not uncommon in similar cases, of publishing an extra edition of three or four copies, which, and none others, contained the notice—the plaintiff's attorney paying the cost. A more ingenious contrivance for debauching the bench, the bar, the press, and society at large than is to be found in Indiana legislation on this question, a civilized community has not often hit on. People are, however, beginning to ask themselves in every direction how much longer we ought to go on with the property and morals of one nation exposed to the conflicting action of thirty-seven different laws of marriage and divorce.

The Spanish gun-boats have sailed, amidst fierce protests from the Cuban partisans and the showers of stones and other missiles from a mob which collected on the wharf, and had to be held in check by a detachment of marines. Accounts from Cuba, too, represent Grant's message and the release of the gun-boats, combined with the cool weather and improved health of the Spanish troops, as having a very depressing effect on the fortunes of the insurgents, who have recently been driven from at least one entrenched position—but who suffered most in the encounter, it would take a seer to say. At Washington, the Cuban interest is decidedly on the decline, Cuban bonds being rather too plentiful, and the Cuban lobby importunate enough to bore even Congressmen, who are probably better used to bores than any other class of created beings.

Mr. Wells's report is out, but we regret to say reaches us too late for extended notice this week. It is longer, we believe, and more elaborate, and takes stronger ground against the tariff than any of his preceding reports, the evidence on the subject of course accumulating with each revolving year. He makes at the opening the startling statement, or perhaps we should rather say understatement, that the war cost the country nine thousand million dollars, to say nothing of the lives expended. Those who remember the period before the war, when the value of the slaves, about two hundred million dollars, was mentioned as sufficient to cover with ridicule the proposal to emancipate them by purchase from their owners, will read Mr. Wells's report with a deeper sense than ever of the mystery of the future and the feebleness of human foresight. Mr. Wells, while drawing a gloomy future of the material progress of the country, gives a very doleful account of the manner in which its wealth is distributed amongst the people, and of the effect of the tariff upon its productive power, and, above all, its effect in excluding American commodities, even grain, from foreign markets. The storm the report will raise against him amongst the high-tariff men

will be tremendous, and there is little doubt a vigorous attempt will be made to prevent the renewal of his office, which expires by limitation in June. We trust Congress, however, will have more sense than to heed it, as Mr. Wells's work is really one of the most valuable results of the war, and is playing a most important part in the economical education of the people.

We believe we have at last come to an understanding of the nature and objects of the "Woman's Parliament." It has been formally organized in this city, with Mrs. Peirce, of Cambridge, as its president, within the last week, the earlier movement on which we commented having been merely preliminary, and the "Woman's Councils" and other gatherings which have intervened having been mere meetings for desultory debate. The word "parliament," we understand, does not contain the germ of any pretensions to the character of a legislature, but is used in the primitive and literal sense of a conference, or council, for discussion. The body has nothing to do with the suffrage movement, of which, indeed, it speaks disrespectfully, holding that until women are able to maintain their ground with men in all walks of life the ballot will be of no use to them, and that, in order to hold their own, they need to be trained to work of all sorts, to learn the art of transacting business, and of managing their own affairs without male help. It proposes, therefore, to occupy itself with such questions as women's education, work, wages, dress, amusements, health, clothing, vices, temptations, legal disabilities, and so forth—a tremendous programme, but full of interest. "Harmonies" and "affinities" it refuses to discuss, and refuses to say what particular act of Congress will, in its opinion, finally establish the reign of truth, justice, and purity on earth, and drive the male rascals into the great alkaline desert.

If we may be allowed a word of criticism, however, we will say that we think the Parliament is in error in refusing to discuss female suffrage, or advocate it at all. The subject is now engaging the attention of great numbers of persons, and there is an immense deal to be said for it, and it is suffering grievously, as it seems to us, from the rant of some of its supporters. They are beginning to indulge in extravagant prophecies about the result of female voting, to believe which one would have to believe first of all either that women are angels already, or that the ballot would make angels of them; and tpe consequence is, that great numbers of sensible men and women refuse to listen any longer, and begin to treat the whole subject with contempt. Now, if the "Parliament" be composed of women who are able to keep their heads cool while talking of woman's condition, they would do well to discuss her political rights among other things, and give sober consideration to the question of her probable influence on politics, or, rather, to the probable influence of her sex on her political action.

A controversy, marked by a good deal of bitterness, has been raging during the week between Benjamin F. Butler and Horace Greeley. It arose out of a personal appeal—one of a kind which Mr. Greeley now frequently makes in the columns of the *Tribune*—to General Butler to throw his weight into the scales in favor of a general amnesty for the South. One remark of Mr. Greeley's, at the very outset, that though he heard many things said against General Butler, he never heard him accused of being a fool—being a covert insinuation that the General's reputation was that of a knave—satisfied us that the discussion would be marked by great ferocity; and we were not mistaken. It took at once, in General Butler's hands, the shape of a comparison between the amount of popular confidence enjoyed by each disputant, and in this the member for the Fifth District achieved an easy victory, as he had been returned to Congress in spite of his peculiar financial views and the opposition of an able Republican, while Mr. Greeley, in his late attempt to achieve similar distinction, had run behind his ticket in the best Republican districts, and only received a handsome vote in the wards most notorious for electoral frauds in this city; the conclusion was, therefore, that Mr. Greeley's opinions on this subject were not worth listening to. We are bound to say, however, that in history and moral philosophy Mr. Greeley beats his opponent all to nothing, and would stand on a very lofty moral eminence if it were not for a cutting allusion to Jeff. Davis having been the General's favorite candidate for the Presidency in 1860, which, of course, brought him down at once to the Butler level, and will probably lead to bloody reprisals within the next few days.

The effect of the Emperor's speech at the opening of the Chambers does not seem to have been very favorable. Émile Girardin reports in the *Liberté* that he had asked all his Liberal friends what they thought of it, and the only thing in which they agreed was in considering it "incoherent." He calls attention to one phrase in it—"As to order, I will answer for that"—which was also used by President Louis Napoleon, in a speech on a similar occasion, a week before the *coup d'état* in 1851. Some surprise is expressed, too, that the Emperor should have ventured to rejoice over the abolition of slavery in the United States, seeing that, if his Mexican project had been successful, and the Confederacy through his indirect aid had been established, slavery would not have been abolished. In the meantime, however, the Emperor's health is said to be excellent; and Dr. Ricord is cited as an authority for the statement that his recent illness has done him a deal of good, which will be sad news for "Dr. X.," the dissolute physician who used to prophesy his approaching decease in the *Reveil*. The Liberals are preparing for a vigorous campaign in the Corps Législatif—the notices of "interpellation" given by Jules Favre being so radical as to promise even to satisfy Raspail, the aged Red, who is with Rochefort the principal representative of the pure and unadulterated democracy. Moreover, M. Favre has for the first time exercised "the right of initiative," or, in plain English, the right of bringing in bills accorded to the lower house by the late Senatus Consultum, by bringing in one of exceeding brevity, but of exceeding importance, viz.: "The constituent power shall belong henceforth exclusively to the Corps Législatif." The "constituent power" means, in the political phraseology of continental Europe, the power of making or modifying the organic law, which the Emperor now keeps for the Senate and himself, but which Jules Favre and the Liberals insist must be transferred to the representatives of the people. This is, therefore, an attempt to put an end in form as well as in fact to personal government, and strikes so directly at the very roots of the Empire that it is feared by many that, if the Emperor cannot successfully resist it in any other way, he will resist by a *coup d'état;* but he is rather too old for another enterprise of this sort, and, what is of more consequence, the men who made the last one successful have vanished, and there is nobody to take their places. They were lucky dogs, for the France out of which they made their fortunes exists no longer.

There is a good deal of agitation in a small way in Europe over the ferocious attitude taken up by the Sultan towards the Khedive—the former calling on the latter to cease contracting foreign loans, lay down his fleet, and submit himself to the imperial grace, or be deposed, and Mustapha Fazyl Pasha put in his place. The Turk is said to be greatly set up by the success of his late loan, and considerably chagrined by the *éclat* which his vassal has derived from the opening of the Suez Canal, and is, consequently, not sorry to have somebody to kick, just to show the world that there is still some of the old fire left in him. The European press generally treat his course as rank folly; some feel satisfied, and with reason, that the quarrel will come to nothing, as France and England will interfere to keep the peace; while others recommend that a ring be formed, and the parties left to fight it out. What does more to make the Sultan's course seem ridiculous is, as we mentioned some weeks ago, the strong probability that he would get the worst of it if he came to blows, the Egyptian troops being able to give a good account of three times their number of Turks. If nobody interfered, too, the war would hardly be confined to the Turks and Egyptians; Greeks and Bulgarians would lend a hand, and the Levant would become a scene of such strife as has not been witnessed for a long while—which makes it probable that somebody *will* interfere, even if the Sultan does not grow wiser.

MR. TRUMBULL'S SUPREME COURT BILL.

PERHAPS the strongest argument for Mr. Trumbull's bill cutting off the right of appeal to the Supreme Court in certain cases, and obliging the court to derive from Congress its official knowledge of political facts, is to be found in the question, What should Congress have done if the Supreme Court had declared the war unconstitutional by denying the right of the Federal Government to coerce a State? Of course the answer of ninety-nine men out of every hundred would have been, Disregard it. In other words, people would have said, There are some issues too grave to be submitted, in the present state of human nature, to any legal tribunal, which never have been and probably never will be submitted to any legal tribunal; and one of them is the right of twenty millions of people to exist as a nation. This is a question which has never yet been laid before any less arbiter than the Lord of Hosts. There never yet has been a man, and never will be a man, it is safe to say, in the present stage of human development, competent to give judgment on it. The proofs in such a controversy could be carried into no earthly chamber nor comprised within any written or spoken pleading, for they consist in the readiness of vast numbers of men to lay down all that makes life dear, and life itself, in pursuit of an ideal good. When men enough agree to do this to make all material resistance to their will useless, all argument on their right to do it becomes child's play. Nations may yet submit to legal arbitrament questions of more or less, of this meaning or that meaning, of true or false, of honorable or dishonorable; but the question to be or not to be will, it is safe to say, be for ever reserved to the sword.

The right to fight in defence of the national existence would, however, be of little use without the right of deciding when the danger to avert which the fighting was begun is over. Anybody who is authorized to tell us when to lay down our arms might as well also be authorized to tell us when to take them up, because he can with a word render our taking them up vain. In other words, if we conceded to the Supreme Court the right of saying when an insurrection was fully suppressed, we might as well concede to it also the right of saying whether it should be suppressed at all or not. Therefore, that Congress should have charge, and exclusive charge, of the work of reconstruction, is the logical result of its having exclusive charge of the work of putting down the rebellion. The elements which enter into the question whether the rebellion is extinct or only smouldering are of a nature to prevent them being properly placed before any legal tribunal, and to incapacitate any legal tribunal from forming a correct judgment on them.

Having said this much, we may safely add that it is needless to attach any importance to Mr. Trumbull's bill—much less to Mr. Drake's bill depriving the Supreme Court of the power of declaring any Act of Congress unconstitutional—on the ground that something is needed to check the tendency of the Court to usurp power over the coordinate branches of the Government, or to assume predominance in the Government. The argument is made still less respectable, too, by the attempts made to fortify it by citations from the prophecies and protests of the democratic fathers. The dangers which these worthies, without any experience to guide them, thought they foresaw, we, with a good deal of experience, perceive that they did not foresee at all. The fear that the court would lord it over Congress and the President has been proved not to have a particle of foundation. Indeed, the judiciary is the branch of the Government, and the only one, which has been steadily declining in influence and authority during the last fifty years. The other two have found means to compensate themselves in one direction for what they lost in another; but whatever the judiciary has lost, it has lost outright. Nearly every tendency of the day has told against the increase of its power, while there is hardly one which has not helped to increase the power of the executive and the legislature. The growth of wealth, combined with the possession by Congress of the public purse, has lessened the influence of the bench by condemning it to poverty and making it less attractive to able lawyers. The increasing influence of numbers on the conduct of public affairs has added enormously to the force of the representative branch of the Government, and proportionably diminished the force of the branch which has no constituency to back it up. In an age when the number of men who dare to speak their own sentiments *as such* is greatly diminished, of course judges' opinions count for less than they did in the age when individual statesmen were a political power. Moreover, the prevailing taste for political and moral speculation, the decline of authority, the weakened force of habit, the dislike of walking by landmarks or on beaten tracks, have all tended to bring into disrepute the function of comparison and interpretation, which in our jurisprudence is the only one left to the judges.

It has been shown, too, by actual experience, what one would think might have been predicted *à priori* even by Jefferson, that the revisory power over legislation of a tribunal which can never be called on to pass judgment on the validity of a law at all except on the demand of a suitor in a *boná-fide* controversy, can rarely be a source of danger or even of inconvenience. It is a remarkable fact, too, that, the one occasion on which the court could be fairly charged with attempting to settle a political controversy by a judicial decision, the attempt was made not for the honor and aggrandizement of the court itself, but for the benefit of one of the great political parties of the day; thus revealing its greatest danger, and that which those who legislate about it are bound to give most heed to—the danger of its being used as a tool by a party in power to give a kind of moral sanction to measures not otherwise justifiable.

There are many signs, some of which we mentioned a fortnight ago, that the Supreme Court is recovering from the temporary loss of influence and dignity inflicted on it by the Dred-Scott decision and the events of the war. The general excellence of the President's appointments to the new circuit judgeships, capped by the bestowal of the vacant seats in the Supreme Court itself on Judge Hoar and Mr. Stanton, and the increase of salaries which is now pending in Congress, are all signs of a healthy reaction in the public mind as to the inestimable value of an upright, independent, and honored judiciary. The jurisprudence of a country is neither more nor less than what we may call its morality applied to its affairs, or, in other words, its morality formulated and committed to the custody of men trained to the faithful and efficient discharge of the duty. A people which, emancipated from the rule of authority, is left without a jurisprudence so preserved and extended, and without more exact tests of the value of its resolves than the winds of doctrine blowing from platforms, and debating clubs, and newspapers, may be said to occupy in the moral world a place somewhat analogous to that which nomad tribes occupy in the political world—running from one well or oasis to another, without aims, or aspirations, or progress. The art of judging and the habit of honoring judges are acquisitions which the Anglo-Saxon race only among modern nations can be said to possess; and there is none of its riches it should more carefully cherish. The judge as an independent institution, and not a Government functionary, is something of which other peoples only dream or sing. We have it: let us keep it.

MINORITY REPRESENTATION IN ILLINOIS.

THE people of the State of Illinois are much interested just now in the discussion of Personal, or, as some of them call it, Proportional Representation; and there seems every likelihood that the Constitutional Convention which has just met will take this subject into serious consideration. It is much to be desired that an experiment should be made in good earnest, in at least one branch of the Legislature; and it is equally to be desired that it should be made so judiciously and cautiously as to be a test of the merits of the principle itself, and not merely a trial of some favorite method of applying the principle in practice. A failure now would probably be fatal to all hope of seeing any speedy reform in this important matter; and a failure is quite as likely to be the result of unessential details as of any fault in the principle itself.

There are three plans of Personal Representation which are well known and widely discussed. First, there is Mr. Hare's plan, of allowing each voter to endorse upon his ballot any number of names in the order of his preference, only one of which is to be in any case counted —each person elected to have a fixed quota of votes, and all ballots be-

yond this bearing his name to be counted for other candidates following these endorsements. This most complete and equitable system is tacitly set aside in our discussion as being too complicated for our community.

Second, there is the plan of the New York Personal Representation Society, which pays no regard to quota, recognizes the principle of plurality choice, and gives each member as many votes in the Legislature as he has received at the polls. The third plan is that reported to the United States Senate by Mr. Buckalew, of Pennsylvania, according to which each elector has as many votes as there are members to be chosen, but may *cumulate* them, if he likes, upon one, two, or more candidates. The New York plan is especially designed for a State Legislature, and it is hard to see how it could be conveniently applied to the election of members of Congress; for, even if the rule for suffrage were the same all over the Union, there will always be a disparity among the different States in the proportion of votes to population. Mr. Buckalew's plan is intended especially for Congress; for a State Legislature it would probably be necessary to subdivide the State into two or three sub-districts; indeed, this would seem desirable even for members of Congress in the case of the largest States.

Most of the Chicago papers are advocating a modification of the New York plan, on the ground that this gives a perfectly fair and equal representation of the whole community. The method proposed by the Chicago *Republican* provides for an absolute equality of *members* of the two parties, by dividing the State into districts, each choosing two members, but no elector voting for more than one. Even this would not result in an equality, for in districts where there is an immense preponderance of one party, that party would get both members; and besides, it wholly leaves out of sight the possibility of a *third* party, or the representation of persons who are dissatisfied with both parties. Further, it leaves the inhabitants of each district just as absolutely subject to King Caucus as at present. It answers one purpose—*the representation of minorities*, that is, of *a* minority; but the no less needed reform in the representation of *the majority* it leaves wholly out of sight.

These objections lie to this special plan; but the objections to the general principle followed by the New York Society are no less weighty. It rests upon the theory of delegation, that the representative is to be only a mouthpiece of his constituents—a theory which is no doubt correct in so far as he is chosen upon a special issue, but no further. In not one case of ten do representatives divide upon questions that were distinctly before their constituents when they were elected; and even when this is the case, the question may have shifted in such a way as to appear now in a wholly new light. For instance, the present Congress was chosen on the issue of Reconstruction. The questions of Finance and Civil Service Reform were clearly before the country. Everybody knew that they would be the leading ones before the Congress; yet few persons considered this in their voting, because it was properly felt that the work of Reconstruction was not clinched until it had been approved by a popular verdict, and that that was the work of the hour. So that on this plan the power of members of Congress upon the great questions of to-day would be proportioned to their position upon the dead issues of two years ago.

We do not, therefore, approve of the New York plan, because it is based upon the false principle of delegation of power, and because even this principle it carries out but lamely. When we consider further the complications of the voting in a large legislative assembly, where each member should cast several thousand votes, it is surprising that so impracticable a scheme should meet so much favor. It should at least be modified by cutting off the two right hand figures of each sum, and letting the members vote only the round hundreds.

Another point in which we differ from the Chicago papers is in regard to the district system, the establishment of which is a chief ground of complaint against Mr. Buckalew's plan. Now, this is to us one of the best features in his plan. What do we want of these cumbersome, artificial, electoral districts, when we already have towns and counties? We agree that it is desirable to pay some regard to locality, and have no objection to districts large enough for each to choose half a dozen members or more, provided these are not chosen exclusively by the majority; but it is in these petty districts, where local politicians and local interests reign supreme, that half the mischief of the present order of things lies. Adopt the New York plan, with the modification suggested above, but with its original feature of *no districts;* let the votes be untrammelled by "shrieks of locality," and cast their ballots for the best man, wherever he may happen to live, and we may be sure that the best men in the various sections of the State will be recognized and gladly chosen by their neighbors.

The Chicago *Times*, indeed, while joining its Republican neighbors in favoring the reform in question, inclines to advocate Mr. Buckalew's plan, and at any rate avoids schemes so impracticable as that before described. It makes, for instance, the very judicious suggestion that if districts be retained at all, they be identical with the counties—the number of members to vary with the population of the county, and the voting to be done either by cumulation or by limiting the vote of each elector, so that the minority might be sure of at least one member in all counties where more than one was chosen.

The New York plan, if modified as suggested above, by confining the votes of the members to the round hundreds, and further restricting this method of voting to questions where the ayes and noes are called, might work well—although even then it would give unrivalled opportunities for filibustering. But it would, we confess, have one advantage over Mr. Buckalew's plan, as well as over the plan that we ourselves proposed two years ago: that no disadvantage would reside in the disparity of votes received by different candidates. Our proposition was like Mr. Buckalew's, except that it did not allow the cumulating of votes—each elector was to cast only one, and a plurality would elect; both plans would leave it as a healthy and legitimate work for party organization so to district and control their parties in the several sections as to prevent much waste of votes. At any rate, the difference in the number of votes received by different members would not be any greater than at present, and either plan would allow electors to scratch a bad nomination without voting against disparity.

One thing we wish to insist upon again. It is not wholly in the interests of the minority, that is, of any specific minority, that we favor this principle, but quite as much for the protection of the majority itself, and the elevation of the character of legislative bodies. This object can be reached only by destroying the excessive power of the Caucus, and for this we believe any of these plans—except that criticised above—would be efficient. The people of the whole Union are looking hopefully to Illinois, and it would be worthy of this noble State to inaugurate a reform from which so much good may result. We trust that no difference of opinion on unessential details will prevent honest men of different parties who are laboring for great public ends from agreeing upon some method, which, if not theoretically perfect, will ensure at least a measure of reform.

THE SITUATION IN IRELAND.

The Irish difficulty may be said, during the last few weeks, to have entered on a new and extraordinary phase, plunging the Gladstone ministry into a sea of trouble, of which no man can see the end. The disestablishment of the Irish Church was an excellent measure in al respects but one. It came at a most unfortunate time; it were better done sooner or done later; that is, if an act of justice ever admits of postponement. It resembled every preceding English concession to Ireland in being apparently the result of intimidation. The arguments against the maintenance of the Irish Church were as strong in 1865 as they were in 1868, yet anybody who talked of its abolition in the former year was set down as an impracticable visionary, while those who proposed it in the latter year were hailed as enlightened statesmen. Now the only thing which had occurred in this brief interval to bring about this sudden change in English sentiment was the discovery that the close of the war in the United States had left a large body of Irish military adventurers without employment, and with more or less military skill and experience; that they had succeeded in organizing an immense association on American soil, and raising large sums of money for the avowed object of stirring up rebellion in Ireland and making armed attacks on British territory, and that the American public had been so irritated by the course of the

English Government during the war as to be disposed to wink at and even encourage Fenian enterprises; nay, that it was not impossible that the weight of the Irish element in American politics might precipitate a bloody solution of the *Alabama* difficulty. Moreover, the nature of the Fenian operations in both England and Ireland was such as to spread terror through society. The leaders were apparently troubled with no scruples, and were faithfully served by adherents who swarmed in every English town. If ever there was a moment when the ordinary rules of the lower worldly prudence prescribed standing firm and yielding nothing, it was the moment when Mr. Gladstone proposed the surrender of the church. And yet the moral situation was one from which there was no other possible outlet.

The natural result followed. The English liberals have received no credit whatever for having undergone any intellectual conversion, or made any moral advance as to the mode of dealing with Ireland. There is probably not an Irish Catholic who does not ascribe the change of policy to pure, unadulterated fear; and the minute the land question was mentioned as the one next to be dealt with, the Fenians set to work to apply the stimuli they found, or thought they found, so successful in the case of the church. Not that the Fenians proper desired or enjoyed the settlement of the church question, or take any interest in the land question, either. They are probably perfectly sincere in saying that nothing but total independence will satisfy them. But the result in the case of the church has enabled them to convince those who do not belong to their ranks that peaceful agitation, or "moral force," in which O'Connell had taught them to place a certain reliance, was of no value whatever, and that Fenian tactics were the only ones to force from England quick and ample concessions—whether the object in view was religious equality, or tenant right, or total independence, mattered not.

Accordingly, Fenians, or people of a Fenian turn, now have it all their own way. There is no longer much taste for discussions of the land question, and, indeed, as far as the Irish are concerned, little or no discussion. That is carried on in the main by Englishmen, and at all events in the English papers, and the only Irishmen who take part in it are landlords or men of the landlord class. The tenants "help along the cause," as our agitators say, by killing landlords, robbing houses of arms, and serving notices of an early death on persons interfering with actual possessors of farms. They no longer, as a priest remarked, the other day, in a speech in Waterford, take the trouble to form organizations for the commission of outrages; each individual, when he finds himself in the vein for it, without communicating his purpose to anybody, "takes his revolver and tumbles his landlord" without more ado. Nobody sees him, or, if anybody does, he knows better than to swear against him, and juries know better than to convict him.

Along with the demand for the settlement of the land question came a demand for an amnesty for the Fenian prisoners convicted last year. If the Fenians had believed the government to be strong or brave, an amnesty would have been possible. In the presence, however, of the popular impression of its state of mind, Mr. Gladstone felt, and he was confirmed in his opinion by the representations of Irish property holders, that an amnesty at that juncture would result almost in a break-up of the social organization, and deadly peril for every landholder, if not for the entire Protestant population. He accordingly refused. One of the convicted Fenians, O'Donovan Rossa, a man apparently of very violent temper and great bodily strength, continued, during his confinement, to testify against British rule by hostile operations against his keepers. Four or five powerful men were found necessary to remove him from one cell to another, and one of his morning salutations to the warden was the emptying of his slop bucket in that functionary's face. This policy of his so delighted his friends out of doors that they nominated him as a candidate for the representation of the county of Tipperary in Parliament, in opposition to a thoroughgoing Liberal barrister, Mr. Heron, who had the hearty support of the priests; and such was the terror they inspired that, out of a registered constituency of nearly 10,000, only about 2500 went to the polls, and Rossa was elected by a little over 1200 votes, his supporters, of course, knowing well that as a convicted felon he cannot serve, and being apparently impelled into voting for him, partly as a defiance to the government, and partly for what they would call the "divilmint" of the thing. Moreover, the priests who supported Mr. Heron had to have a guard of police on their way home, to protect them from a thrashing at the hands of enraged Christians of their own flocks. In like manner, a meeting in Dundalk, presided over by a Catholic nobleman, and taking what may be fairly called extreme ground in favor of fixity of tenure, has been broken up by a furious mob, who refused to allow of any speaking, and, as far as could be ascertained, were opposed to any settlement of the land question which did not include a house and an acre of land in fee simple for every laborer.

In another district a Fenian or Ribbon lodge or committee is issuing orders of a peculiarly restrictive character; one, for instance, forbidding the Catholics, on pain of death, to have their corn ground by a certain Protestant miller. And the spirit of disorder and defiance to the law is spreading everywhere. Juries have had to be escorted from the court-houses; an old man of seventy has been shot down at the plough, in a cool and deliberate manner, for serving a notice on a tenant; and landlords are "tumbled" a few yards from their houses, while taking a morning walk, much in the fashion in which Mr. Pumpelly describes the Apaches as settling their differences in Arizona with the employés of the mining companies. The military force on the island now amounts to 24,000 men, and Mr. Gladstone is said to talk of calling Parliament together to suspend the Habeas Corpus Act.

The result is, that the Irish land question—one of the most complicated and delicate ever submitted to a legislature, and which bears not only upon landed property in England, but, it may be said, on all property—instead of being settled by calm discussion, and after a patient hearing of all parties and interests, will probably find a solution in the midst of the wildest excitement and exasperation, which will satisfy nobody after it has been reached, and ten chances to one will not be final. There is in the agitation, as far as it has yet gone, abundant evidence of the truth of what we have frequently said in these columns, and the English press now begins to acknowledge—that European radicalism, of which Fenianism is only a branch modified by more or less reverence for the church which Continental radicals do not feel, no longer stops short at the assertion of political equality. Property itself is now up for question, and will, if it is to stand, have to go through an ordeal such as it has never before been exposed to. A more striking illustration, too, than the state of things in Ireland affords of the folly of what is called "tardy justice"—that is, of denying people what on general principles they are entitled to, in the hope that they will at last give up calling for it—and of the imminent danger to which crass-headed conservatives of our day are exposing the great rule of prescription which plays so important a part in modern society, by trying to make it a cover for flagrant abuses of all sorts, it would be difficult to produce.

THE TALE OF THE "RIPE SCHOLAR."

Not many years ago, a certain traditional prestige, independent of all considerations of practical utility, attached to the scholastic character, at least in New England, where the clergy long held a monopoly of what passed for learning. New England colleges were once little more than schools for making ministers. As the clergyman has lost in influence, so the scholar has lost in repute, and the reasons are not hard to find. The really good scholars were exceptions, and very rare ones. In the matter of theology some notable results were produced, but secular scholarship was simply an exotic and a sickly one. It never recovered from its transplantation and drew no vital juices from the soil. The climate was hostile to it. All the vigor of the country drifted into practical pursuits, and the New England man of letters, when he happened not to be a minister, was usually some person whom constitutional defects, bodily or mental, had unfitted for politics or business. He was apt to be a recluse, ignorant of the world, bleached by a close room and an iron stove, never breathing the outer air when he could help it, and resembling a mediæval monk in his scorn of the body, or rather in his utter disregard of it. Sometimes he was reputed a scholar merely because he was nothing else. The products of his mind were as pallid as the hue of his face, and, like their parent, void of blood, bone, sinew, muscle, and marrow. That he should

be provincial was, for a long time, inevitable, but that he was emasculate was chiefly his own fault. As his scholarship was not fruitful of any very valuable results, as it did not make itself felt in the living world that ranged around it, as, in short, it showed no vital force, it began at length to be regarded as a superfluous excrescence. Nevertheless, like the monkish learning of the middle ages, it served a good purpose in keeping alive the tradition of liberal culture against a future renaissance. We shall be told that we exaggerate, and, in one sense, this is true, for we describe not an individual, but a type, from which, however, the reality was rarely very remote, and with which it was sometimes identified. The most finished and altogether favorable example of this devitalized scholarship, with many graceful additions, was Edward Everett, and its echoes may still be heard in the halls of Congress, perplexing Western members with Latin quotations, profuse, if not always correct.

As the nation grew in importance and in sensitiveness, the want of intellectual productiveness began to trouble the popular pride, and an impatient public called on its authors to be "original." Spasmodic efforts were made to respond, and the results were such as may be supposed. The mountain went into convulsions of labor and produced a mouse, of something as ridiculous. After an analogous fashion some of the successors of our pallid, clerical scholars raise the cry, "Let us be strong," and fall into the moral and physical gymnastics of muscular Christianity. This, certainly, is no bad sign, in so far as it indicates the consciousness of a want; but neither originality nor force can be got up to order. They must spring from a deeper root and grow by laws of their own. Happily our soil has begun to put forth such a growth, promising in quality, but as yet, in quantity and in maturity, wholly inadequate to the exigent need.

In times of agitation, alive with engrossing questions of pressing moment, when all is astir with pursuit and controversy, when some are mad for gold, and some are earnest and some rabid for this cause or for that, the scholarship of the past is naturally pronounced not up with the times. Despite his manifold failings, "the self-made man," with his palatial mansion, his exploits in the gold-room, in the caucus, on the stump, in Congress, and in the presidential chair, flatters popular self-love and fills the public eye. Only a slight reason is wanted for depreciating the scholar, and a strong one is offered. Because the culture which our colleges supplied, and which too many of them still supply, was weak, thin, and unsuitable, it was easy to depreciate all culture. By culture we mean development, not polish or adornment, though these are its natural and by no means useless belongings. Using the word, then, in this sense, culture is with us a supreme necessity, not for the profit of a few but of all. The presence of minds highly and vigorously developed is the most powerful aid to popular education, and the necessary condition of its best success. In a country where the ruling power is public opinion, it is above all things necessary that the best and maturest thought should have a fair share in forming it. Such thought cannot exist in any force in the community without propagating its own image, and a class of strong thinkers is the palladium of democracy. They are the natural enemies of ignorant, ostentatious, and aggressive wealth, and the natural friends of all that is best in the popular heart. They are sure of the hatred of charlatans, demagogues, and political sharpers. They are the only hope of our civilization; without them it is a failure, a mere platitude of mediocrity, stagnant or turbid, as the case may be. The vastest aggregate of average intelligences can do nothing to supply their place, and even material growth is impeded by an ignorance of its conditions and laws. If we may be forgiven the metaphor, our civilization is at present a creature with a small and feeble head, a large, muscular, and active body, and a tail growing at such a rate that it threatens to become unmanageable and shake the balance of the vital powers.

The tendency of a partial education, such as the best popular education must of necessity be, is to produce an excess of self-confidence; and one of its results in this country is a prodigious number of persons who think, and persuade others to think, that they know everything necessary to be known, and are fully competent to form opinions and make speeches upon all questions whatever. As these are precisely the persons who make the most noise on the most momentous questions of the day, who have the most listeners and admirers, and who hold each other up as shining examples for imitation, their incompetency becomes a public evil of the first magnitude. If rash and ignorant theorizing, impulsive outcries, and social and political charlatanry of all sorts are to have the guiding of our craft, then farewell to the hope that her voyage will be a success. The remedy is to infuse into the disordered system the sedative and tonic of a broad knowledge and a vigorous reason. This means to invigorate and extend the higher education; to substitute for the effete and futile scholasticism which the popular mind justly holds in slight account, an energetic and manly development, trained to grapple with the vast questions of the present, and strong enough in numbers as well as quality to temper with its mature thought the rashness of popular speculation. Our best colleges are moving hopefully in this direction; none of them with more life and vigor than the oldest of them all. The present generation will see an increase in the number of our really efficient thinkers, but it is a positive, not a relative increase, and is far behind the fast increasing need. Powerful causes are at work against it, and we will try to explain what, to our thinking, some of these causes are.

Perhaps the most obvious of them is the ascendency of material interests among us. To the great mass of our population, the clearing of lands, the acquiring of new territory, the building of cities, the multiplication of railroads, steamboats, and telegraph lines, the growth of trade and manufactures, the opening of mines, with the resulting fine houses, fine clothes, and sumptuous fare, constitute the real sum and substance of progress and civilization. Art, literature, philosophy, and science—so far as science has no direct bearing on material interests—are regarded as decorations, agreeable and creditable, but not essential. In other words, the material basis of civilization is accepted for the entire structure. A prodigious number of persons think that money-making is the only serious business of life, and there is no corresponding number who hold a different faith. There are not a few among us who would "improve" our colleges into schools of technology, where young men may be trained with a view mainly to the production of more steamboats, railroads, and telegraphs; more breadstuffs; more iron, copper, silver, and gold; more cottons and woollens; and, consequently, more fine houses and fine clothes. All this is very well, but it does not answer the great and crying need of the time. The truth is, our material growth so greatly exceeds our other growth that the body politic suffers from diseases of repletion. A patient bloated with generous living, and marked already with the eruptions of a perverted, diseased blood, is not to be cured solely by providing him with more food.

The drift towards material activity is so powerful among us that it is very difficult for a young man to resist it; and the difficulty increases in proportion as his nature is active and energetic. Patient and devoted study is rarely long continued in the vortex of American life. The dusty arena of competition and strife has fascinations almost irresistible to one conscious of his own vigor. Intellectual tastes may, however, make a compromise. Journalism and the lecture-room offer them a field midway between the solitude of the study and the bustle of the world of business; but the journal and the lecture-room have influences powerfully adverse to solid, mature, and independent thinking. There, too, is the pulpit, for those who have a vocation that way; but in this, also, a mighty and increasing temptation besets the conscientious student. As for politics, they have fallen to such a pass that the men are rare who can mingle in them without deteriorating.

Paradoxical as it may seem, the diffusion of education and intelligence is at present acting against the free development of the highest education and intelligence. Many have hoped and still hope that by giving a partial teaching to great numbers of persons, a stimulus would be applied to the best minds among them, and a thirst for knowledge awakened which would lead to high results; but thus far these results have not equalled the expectation. There has been a vast expenditure of brick and mortar for educational purposes, and, what is more to the purpose, many excellent and faithful teachers of both sexes have labored diligently in their vocation; but the system of competitive cramming in our public schools has not borne fruits on which we have much cause to congratulate ourselves. It has produced an immense number of readers; but what thinkers are to be found may be said to exist in spite of it. The public school has put money in abundance into the pockets of the dealers in sensation stories, sensation illustrated papers, and all the swarm of trivial, sickly, and rascally literature. From this and cheap newspapers thousands—nay, millions—draw all their mental improvement, and pamper their mental stomachs with adulterated, not to say poisoned, sweetmeats, till they have neither desire nor digestion for strong and wholesome food. But we would speak rather of that truly intelligent and respectable public which forms the auditories of popular preachers and popular lecturers, which is the lavish patron of popular periodical literature, which interests itself in the questions of the day, and has keen mental appetites of a certain kind. This public is strong in numbers and very strong in collective wealth. Its voice can confer celebrity, if not reputation; and it can enrich those who win its favor. In truth, it is the American people. Now, what does this

great public want? It is, in the main, busied with the active work of life, and though it thinks a little and feels a great deal on matters which ought to engage the attention of every self-governing people, yet it is impatient of continuous and cool attention to anything but its daily business, and sometimes even to that. Indeed, the exciting events of the last ten years, joined to the morbid stimulus applied to all departments of business, have greatly increased this tendency; and to-day there are fewer serious and thoughtful readers than in the last decade. More than ever before, the public demands elocution rather than reason of those who address it; something to excite the feelings and captivate the fancy rather than something to instruct the understanding. It rejoices in sweeping statements, confident assertions, bright lights and black shadows alternating with something funny. Neither does it care much for a terse, idiomatic, and pointed diction, but generally prefers the flatulent periods of the ready writers. On matters of the greatest interest it craves to be excited or amused. Lectures professing to instruct are turned to a tissue of jokes, and the pulpit itself is sometimes enlivened after a similar fashion. The pill must be sugared and the food highly seasoned, for the public mind is in a state of laxity and needs a tonic. But the public taste is very exacting, and it offers great and tempting rewards to those who please it.

That which pleases it pays so much better in money and notoriety, and is so much cheaper of production, than the better article which does not please it, that the temptation to accept light work and high wages in place of hard work and low wages is difficult to resist. Nothing but a deep love of truth or of art can stand unmoved against it. In our literary markets, educated tastes are completely outridden by uneducated or half-educated tastes, and the commodity is debased accordingly. Thus, the editor of a magazine may be a man of taste and talents; but his interests as a man of letters and his interests as a man of business are not the same. "Why don't you make your magazine what it ought to be?" we once asked of a well-known editor. "Because," he replied, "if we did, we should lose four-fifths of our circulation." A noted preacher not long ago confessed to us that the temptation to give his audience the sort of preaching which they liked to hear, instead of that which it was best that they should hear, was almost irresistible.

The amount of what we have been saying is, that the public which demands a second-rate article is so enormously large in comparison with the public which demands a first-rate article that it impairs the quality of literary production, and exercises an influence adverse to the growth of intellectual eminence. Now, what is the remedy? It seems to us to be twofold. First, to direct popular education, not to stuffing the mind with crude aggregations of imperfect knowledge, but rather to the development of its powers of observation, comparison, analysis, and reasoning; to strengthening and instructing its moral sense, and leading it to self-knowledge and consequent modesty. All this, no doubt, is vastly more difficult and far less showy in its results than the present system of competitive cramming, and requires in its teachers a high degree of good sense and sound instruction. The other remedy consists in a powerful re-enforcement of the higher education, and the consequent development of a class of persons, whether rich or poor, so well instructed and so numerous as to hold their ground against charlatanry, and propagate sound and healthy thought through the community. He who gives or bequeaths money to a well-established and wisely-conducted university confers a blessing which radiates through all the ranks of society. He does a service eminently practical, and constitutes himself the patron of the highest and best utilitarianism.

ENGLAND—THE TWELVE DAYS' MISSION.

London, December 3, 1869.

I had the curiosity, a few days ago, to pay a visit to one of the churches devoted to the "twelve days' mission," or, as some people called it, the "combined assault upon Satan." If, as I presume, others somewhat similar to that which I witnessed have been enacted in some seventy other churches in London, the phenomenon is certainly remarkable. How much Satan may be the worse for it, I will not presume to say; nor even, which is a very different thing, how much the Church of England may be the better. But certainly it is an indication of remarkable changes, upon the value of which every one may pronounce for himself. What I saw was a most gorgeously decorated church, in which an attempt seems to have been made to gain beauty by sheer lavishness of expenditure; a ceremonial indistinguishable from that of the Roman Catholic; and a crowded and attentive audience. My visits to churches of this kind are rare, and I am always struck by the rate of their progress during my absence. The men who were the leaders of the party some five or six years ago are already falling into the rear. Ceremonies which would then have been startling are now commonplace, and those who were then esteemed daring innovators seem to have sunk into old fogies. How much further things can go, I know not; but they cannot be long in reaching the furthest conceivable limits. What I heard was perhaps more remarkable than what I saw. I had been attracted to the church by a glowing description in the *Times* of the preacher's eloquence, and of the tears and sobs which burst from his audience. So far I was completely disappointed. The preacher belonged to the commonplace order of orators, which fancies that eloquence consists in roaring loud enough, and gesticulating with sufficient emphasis. He unluckily took the too common line of assaulting the conventional infidel; the infidel does not go to church, and when he does is little likely to be impressed by imperfect recollection of scholastic treatises basted with a great deal of aimless rhetoric. I saw no tears and no emotion, except that caused by the length of the sermon.

Yet it was, as I have said, a singular performance. In the first place, it is curious to see the extreme high-church party imitating the tactics of dissenters, and trying the ranting style of rhetoric, which they are so apt to despise in dissenting preachers. But the difference of ends is as marked as the similarity of means. The object of the dissenter is to produce that spiritual crisis which he calls conversion. The object of the high-churchman is to bring the sinner on his knees to the church, and especially to induce him to submit to confession. The Articles of the Church of England impose certain difficulties upon the open announcement that confession and absolution are to be adopted by its clergy in the same sense as by Roman Catholic priests. It has, however, been proved very frequently that articles and theological tests generally are of a singularly elastic nature, when they are systematically handled in the view to straining them to their utmost limits. At any rate, it is apparent that the great object of the ritualistic clergy in this revival is to extend the practice of confession. A great deal has been said in the papers about the duty of welcoming any party who will stir up our sense of religion, and the supposed success of the revival in attracting congregations of workingmen has been stated as an unanswerable reason for demanding our sympathies. I have some doubts as to the facts. The congregation which I saw was of the eminently respectable kind which might have been seen any time these fifty years in any London church. I believe, however, that there have been cases where churches have been filled with a really poor congregation. Every effort has been made to attract such persons. Processions have in some cases passed through the streets; there has been out-of-door preaching, and grand dramatic scenes have been got up. A congregation is collected to renew, as it is called, their baptismal vows; every man lights a taper whilst he repeats the words given out by the priest, and the whole body then perambulate the church in solemn procession; afterwards the candles are blown out, and they are recommended to take home the ends carefully and preserve them in memory of the day. Curiosity naturally attracts some even of the poorer classes to places where such sights are to be seen; and many of them receive a more permanent impression from the eloquence and undeniable earnestness of many of the preachers.

I do not, however, quite think with a very ecstatic gentleman in one of the church papers, that the result proved that the Church of England can solve the problem of democracy—whatever that problem may precisely be. Perhaps, on a liberal calculation, one man out of a thousand of the London poor has been attracted inside the church doors and been more or less impressed for the time. So far it may very likely be that good has been done. If two or three thousand men are induced to go to church occasionally instead of the public-house, they are, *pro tanto*, more civilized beings. If, however, this is to be done at the price of entirely altering the whole spirit of the Church of England, it may be doubted whether the transitory effect is to be compared in importance with the permanent result. It is difficult to say what would be the effect upon the country if the clergy, as a body, undergo so enormous a revolution as would be implied in their systematically practising confession. That is the point at which the most energetic and active party in the church are seeking to arrive. Although I am bound to add that their noise is, in my opinion, more than proportional to their real power, and that there is not only a strong low-church and a respectable broad-church party in the church, but also a vast mass of humdrum commonplace clergymen upon whose stolid indifference no new-fangled zeal makes much impression; yet the greatest ardor, if not the largest share of brains, in the church is plainly in the ritualist party, and from that con-

sideration the consequences of some of their present efforts may have important results. Meanwhile, the symptoms of a precisely opposite kind are neither few nor doubtful. The most respectable and least daring members of the liberal party at Cambridge have held a meeting, at which they agreed to demand from Government a far more decisive measure than has hitherto been thought possible for the removal of all religious tests from the universities. One cause prompting to this action, although it is not openly avowed, is the rapidly increasing number of distinguished young graduates who refuse to take the tests, and in some instances have resigned the posts for which they had previously had to sign declarations of conformity to the Church of England. It is becoming clear that before long there will be an almost total divorce between the church and the universities. At the other end of the scale, the hold of the clergy upon education is equally threatened. The education league, which proposes a system of compulsory secular education, is a very powerful body, and is apparently likely to get the command of public opinion, although it is proper and usual to say that all these measures are really meant in favor of the church, and intended to relieve it from State bondage. I observe that people who are farthest removed from orthodoxy generally advocate them most strenuously; and I think it cannot be denied that along with the rapid growth of the ritualist party there is an equally rapid growth in the direction of strong hostility to all theological parties.

I may just notice the fact that the Archbishop of York has actually succeeded so far in a legal process for turning out a heretic. As a rule, every attempt to expel anybody is apt to fail in the courts of law; and we have such contrasts as Drs. Colenso, Pusey, and Temple, all in one church. Mr. Voysey, however, has at last found out how to commit a really punishable heresy. He has said very frequently and with great emphasis, that the doctrines of the atonement, of the incarnation, and others, as ordinarily understood, are not only wrong but horribly blasphemous; further, that though he does not deny the truth of the doctrines in some sense or other, he denies, and has a right to deny, any sense that anybody has ever put upon them; and, finally, that much of the Bible is false and immoral, and that in particular St. John's Gospel is so bad in its immorality and inaccuracy that it cannot be genuine. For these opinions he has been suspended from his vicarage, subject to a further appeal; but then Mr. Voysey has been rather plain-spoken. Other people can reconcile their opinions and their preferments with more skill.

The election of a Fenian convict to represent Tipperary is a very serious matter. The English papers generally seem to be in much perplexity as to the proper view to take of it. Various excuses are made, of the validity of which I am unable to judge; but it certainly seems to imply that the disaffection in Ireland is deeper and more determined than is at all pleasant to contemplate.

Correspondence.

WOMAN'S WORK.

To the Editor of the Nation:

Sir: Preceding Herbert Spencer's very good chapter on the rights of children is one on the rights of women, upon which I doubt not you have bestowed the attention of which it is worthy. I would urge all mothers who still take care of their children, and all fathers who care for them and for future civilization, to read carefully Spencer's admirable little book on education, from which one can learn much both of the rights of children and of the duties of parents.

While I think that it is more important at this time to devise * some way by which those who are now entitled to vote may be enabled to vote with some effect, and really be represented, than to extend to the other sex our crude form of voting, it seems to me that your article in the *Nation* of December 9, entitled "The Rights of Children," does not sufficiently allow for two important facts in the woman question. First, hundreds of thousands of women are *now* pursuing avocations that take ten hours or more a day of continuous toil; they are occupied away from home, in factories and workshops, in the same way that men are, and they are doing many kinds of work which those who oppose the entire freedom of occupation for women would certainly not consider to be *à priori* their appropriate sphere. I think I have seen women collecting manure in the streets of Liverpool. I have certainly seen them spreading it in Switzerland; and thousands are employed in labor in cotton factories, which obliges them to be as much away from home as any man of business in town. Some of these are mule-spinners, and very good ones. I believe some men, who would not allow themselves to be in favor of "women's rights," were very glad to get women to take up this rather laborious branch of cotton-spinning (to which it had almost been considered that men had an exclusive right) when the male spinners struck.

I adduce the above examples of occupation not as equally attractive and fit, but as illustrating what men suffer in this way without remonstrance when it is something they are used to or which is for their interest. I admit it has no conclusive bearing as to what occupations are fit for women. I think if they are left free to choose, they will be the best judges of that; but certainly it would not seem that the recent extension of employment for women had been of injury either to them or to civilization.

Secondly, there are vast numbers of women who have no families or children to take care of, and of these very, very many need to work for their support. A young woman of character, who may be one of several unmarried daughters dependent solely upon their father's labor, is in an uncomfortable and rather mortifying position if all that the custom of society allows her to do is to stay at home in idleness or try to get married. In old times, she might have spun or woven, but this is impracticable now, and it does not require three or four grown women to keep the house. It is very important, then, for her and for society that occupation should be freely open to her. After a time, perhaps, she may marry; but perhaps she may not, and many do not. If she does, she will have at least lost nothing; and if a young man who is a travelling salesman marries, he very properly tries to change his business for a more stationary one. At all events, if she has an occupation that gives her a support, she will not be obliged to marry for a living; and if she has been a book-keeper or a carpenter, she will be no worse a wife than many most excellent women who have worked at a loom or a spinning-frame till they were married. And if she is not married, it will surely be well that when her father dies there should not be left three or four helpless women without means of support.

L.

[We are not opposed in any way—but the contrary—to women's seeking out and engaging in any calling for which they conceive themselves, or can show themselves, to be fitted. The enforced idleness of so many of them is, as we have often said, a great curse. The article on the rights of children was meant to be a protest against the disgraceful and dangerous doctrine which has already made its appearance on woman's rights platforms, that the care of "puling, whining children" is an inferior occupation, unworthy of woman's powers, and to which she ought not to be expected to devote herself if she can find anything else to do. It is, on the contrary, the highest occupation in which she can engage, and all others are and ought to be considered and held subsidiary and subordinate to it. Of course, the Creator has provided against the spread of this doctrine by decreeing that the race or community which embraces it shall perish off the earth; but then a great deal of mischief may be done before the penalty begins to be felt. There is no future in this world for breeds that are not satisfied with one wife or one husband, and to whom marriage is not the most sacred of contracts, the rearing of children the highest of pleasures and duties, and home the most delightful of retreats. There is no field in which they are not sure in the long run to be worsted. Hardier and purer races will supplant them, till their fields, sit by their hearths, inherit their riches, and laugh with derision over the memory of their preambles and resolutions, their "harmonies" and "affinities."—Ed. Nation.]

* Or, rather, to put in practice, for Mr. Thomas Hare has stated in his work on "Representation" a scheme which is at least of good promise.

Notes.

LITERARY.

We are glad to infer from the early appearance in print of the report of Hon. Samuel B. Ruggles, the delegate of the United States Government to the late International Statistical Congress, that the instructive proceedings of that body will in future become sooner available to the general public than in the past. Mr. Ruggles's report we consider a most valuable contribution to statistical science. It consists mainly of comparative tabu-

lar statements, accompanied by appropriate comments, of the cereal production of the United States and the other grain-growing countries of the world. The collection of the proper data was commenced by Mr. Ruggles during the Paris Exposition, which he attended as one of the United States Commissioners, and completed and brought up to the present year during the past summer by means of special reports on the subject from the American Ministers and Consuls, for which the State Department called at his instance. Without asserting the absolute correctness of the figures embodied in his report, Mr. Ruggles claims for them as much accuracy as can be reasonably expected from so difficult and in some measure novel an enquiry. According to his exhibit, the total cereal product of Europe in 1868 (including wheat, rye, barley, oats, buckwheat and millet, Indian corn, and rice) was 4,784,516,604 bushels, while that of the United States in the same year amounted to 1,405,449,000 bushels. The population of Europe being, according to the best authorities, 296,123,293, and that of the United States, according to current estimates, 39,000,000 in 1868, the average product per inhabitant appears to have been 16 bushels for Europe and 36 bushels for the United States. The relatively larger production of our country, compared with the Old World as a whole, Mr. Ruggles thinks is in a great degree due to the very general adoption of labor-saving machines and implements. First among the other grain-growing countries ranks Russia, whose cereal product in 1868 was 1,484,437,500 bushels. The united product, in the year named, of the "broad and fertile flanks of civilization," as Mr. Ruggles calls the two mighty empires of the eastern and western hemispheres, was nearly one-half of the aggregate yield of the countries tabulated in the report, thus showing their joint mission as the granaries of the world, which will become even more distinct as time goes on. The report contains, in addition to grain statistics, an interesting exhibit of the relative wealth of the United States and Europe in domestic animals, which proves the preponderance of the former also as regards this source of national prosperity. The latest statistics of the international commerce in cereals are also given by Mr. Ruggles, whose praiseworthy labors at once bore fruit in the form of the passage of a resolution, on his motion, by the Statistical Congress, requesting the delegates to report at the next session, three years hence, comprehensive statistics of the agricultural products of the countries which they represent.

—A large portion of the elaborate argument in favor of additional railroad facilities from the West to the East, made by Hon. John A. Poor, of Portland, Me., in an address delivered at Rutland, Vt., last summer, and now printed in pamphlet form, is devoted to the same question of the future of the United States as a grain-growing country. Taking the agricultural and commercial statistics of this and foreign countries for a basis, Mr. Poor maintains that the production of grain in the United States will not only continue greatly to outstrip the demand for home consumption, but be largely in excess of the entire importations or necessities of Europe at large, and especially of those of Great Britain, as the largest grain importer of the Old World. Mr. Poor, in order to prove the danger of a chronic glut of cereals from our surplus production, refers to the smallness of our grain exports during the last four years, which amounted to but an aggregate of 26,835,869 bushels. Considering the variableness of the foreign demand for our surplus crops, according to the character of the harvests, from year to year, on the Continent of Europe, and the deranging effect of our inflated currency upon the prices of agricultural products, it will, perhaps, not be safe to predicate the prospect of this country as a grain exporter upon the experience of the period referred to. At the same time, no one familiar with the subject will be disposed to dispute what Mr. Poor says relative to the urgent necessity, if the profitableness of agriculture is to be maintained in the United States, of providing additional facilities for transporting the enormous surplus product of the West to the Atlantic coast and beyond. The problem of lessening the cost of carrying grain to the sea-board is inferior in importance to no other economic question now before our public. Whether this can best be done by the construction of the Transcontinental Railway, of which Mr. Poor is so able and zealous an advocate, or by increasing the capacities of the existing highways of traffic, and by compelling the great railroad combinations of the present day to reduce their freight charges, we will not venture to decide. At all events, it seems to us that the extraordinarily low prices of staple products now ruling in the West will stimulate the millions of producers to remove, in one way or another, the partial cause of the present depreciation of the fruits of their labor—the excessive cost of transporting grain from the place of growth to the Eastern markets.

—A correspondent thinks that if Mr. Gage had attempted to locate Gath on his map of Palestine (described in our last number), he would have found some difficulty in doing so, since the site of that town is not yet agreed upon as identified. If this was Mr. Gage's reason, it was a good one, and we have nothing further to say. Most respectable maps generally insert Gath, along with many other places whose site is more or less conjectural.

—The reproduction in fac-simile, by means of the carbon photograph, of the studies of the old masters, has been often mentioned in the *Nation*. Random specimens of these imitations have been from time to time exposed for sale in this city, and, if we are rightly informed, the agency for the remarkable series published by Braun, of Dornach on the Rhine, was offered Mr. Knoedler, but for some reason declined. It is now held by Mr. Hazeltine, of Philadelphia, and the sample-books at his print-shop contain some ten thousand specimens, or about half the entire number. They are taken in part from the cartoons preserved in the museums of London, Paris, Milan, Florence, Rome, Venice, Basle, Weimar, Vienna, etc., and in part consist of photographs of Swiss landscapes, costumes, and game-pieces, which, for made-up pictures, sell readily, at twelve dollars apiece. The agent is now engaged upon a stereotyped priced catalogue. The Library of Congress has ordered a complete set, mounted, bound, and lettered, with a full description attached to each print. We must content ourselves for the loss of this agency by praising the enterprise of Messrs. Ball, Black & Co. in being first to exhibit copies of the famous silverware unearthed a year ago at Hildesheim. Unfortunately they are not distinctly separated from other specimens in the same case, and we can only guess that there are nine or ten pieces in all, generally duplicated, and in two or three styles. They are not large, and perhaps are a trifle disappointing, especially as we miss the *crater* which covered the "find," and which crumbled to pieces soon after a cast had been made of it. This was the most beautiful of the lot. The second best piece is here—the Minerva Platter, and also the best of the drinking-cups. An egg-dish, with but little ornament, is as likely as any to be bought for actual use, and is well adapted for its purpose.

—Mr. J. W. Bouton has on sale a large and valuable collection of illustrated works, which it would require much time to examine even cursorily. The catalogue of it mentions nearly a dozen volumes on vellum, generally illuminated, and ranging from ten to upwards of three hundred dollars in price. There is a Bible, of the "extended" kind, in three volumes folio, having inserted plates, title-pages, etc., and valued at four hundred and fifty dollars. There are pretty full collections of the "Dance of Death," and of Cruikshankiana—the latter numbering forty-two titles, of which the first alone, a private selection, is set down at one hundred and twenty-five dollars. Besides books of this nature, there are several gems, reliquaries, bits of sculpture, and one oil-painting. Mr. Bouton's own collection is also an interesting one, but it is too extensive to be more than mentioned here.

—One of the editors of the *Revue de Droit International* has given in the last number a very instructive survey of the progress of public sentiment in Europe concerning patents. Neither in England nor among the Continental nations is the mode of procedure in granting patents the same as our own; and whenever attempts have been made to reform any given system, the American practice has been referred to with respect, as at least, if not perfect, an example of something better that might be adopted to advantage. No state, however, has been satisfied with its own provisions. Switzerland, for more than half a century, has had no patent laws, and has repeatedly refused to enact them. As a result, the Swiss are declared to be no whit behind their neighbors in inventiveness, but even to be eminent among them. Statesmen and other interested observers are satisfied that the protection afforded by patents is purely illusory, that the original inventor seldom reaps the fruit of his labors, and that patented inventions become "atrophied" because not allowed to attain perfection. Industry is fettered, and competition easily thwarted. Patents are bought up simply to prevent the use of them. And on the side of the government granting them, there is the difficulty of securing the profits of the patent to the person who deserves them, the impossibility of proportioning these profits to the service rendered, the inevitable inconvenience and injustice to which third parties are subjected, and, in the American system, the chances of corruption in the Patent Office, favorable to the owners of successful patents as against small inventors and less powerful capitalists. There is, besides, and before all, the question whether ideas can be regarded as absolute property; and the negative has been held by persons who fully admit the distinction between patent right and copyright. For twenty years past protests have been raised against the principle and effects of patents, in all parts of Europe, with the general verdict (not embodied as yet in legislation) that patents

are injurious to the growth of public prosperity. Such was the explicit affirmation of the Economic Congress at Dresden, in September, 1863, and only a year ago Count Bismarck, as federal chancellor, presented a memorial to the federal council in which he asserted that the Prussian Government had reached a conclusion adverse to patents on three grounds: (1) that the exceptional monopoly accorded by patent could be justified only by demonstrating it to be a social necessity—which could not be done; (2) that priority of application, even if secrecy could not be preserved, would generally suffice to remunerate the inventor; (3) that, in practice, no patent legislation has succeeded in producing more good than evil results. The chancellor desired an investigation of the subject by the committee on commerce, and a report; but none appears to have been made.

—Historical studies have met, in Germany, a sort of revival, evinced by the interest in the annual gathering in Munich and by the publishers' lists. During the past year have appeared three great volumes of the "Monumenta Germaniæ Historica;" four volumes, replete with important historical documents, and also called "Monumenta," by Professor Jaffé, the industrious editor of "Regesta Pontificum;" and the second volume of the "Corpus Inscriptionum Latinarum," published by the Berlin Academy, a great folio, containing a hundred sheets and two maps, bearing witness throughout, but especially in the introduction, to the industry, learning, and ingenuity of the editor, Dr. Emil Hübner. Professor Sybel, of Bonn, publishes the second volume of his "Kleinere historische Schriften" (Minor Historical Essays), entitled "Portions of Prussian History," "Germany and Denmark in the XIIIth Century," "Letters of Queen Marie Antoinette," "Emperor Leopold II.," "Austria and Prussia in the War of the Revolution," "Prussia and the Rhine Country," and "Foundation of the Bonn University." Interesting documents relating to the history of the institution accompany the latter—the rector's oration at its recent jubilee, and decidedly the best of the collection, particularly excelling a similar attempt by Professor Köpke, of Berlin, in taking the political importance of the establishment of the seminary into account. Von Ranke's "Wallenstein" has been reprinted with scarce an alteration; but the thirteenth volume of his complete works, containing materials and authorities for Prussian history, has been subjected to a thorough revision since its first appearance in 1860, and is now especially rich in long missing documents concerning the history of the Fronde. A paper read by the same author before the Berlin Academy respecting William (IV.) of Orange and Frederick the Great affords remarkable glimpses into the politics and life of the last century. Professor Eyssenhardt has re-edited the collection of minor historians of the empire known as "Historia Miscella," left without re-edition since the seventeenth century, collating anew the best manuscripts, and bringing to light hitherto inedited fragments, so that one can now follow the imperial reigns since Constantine almost without interruption. Wilhelm Parthey has published the ancient description of Rome, called "Mirabilia Urbis Romæ," according to Italian manuscripts. No copy of the earlier edition (1510) of this work was believed to be extant after the inexplicable disappearance of the one belonging to the Prussian archæological institute in Rome, but shortly after the issue of Parthey's book another was found at Naples, which shows such important differences that a new edition is desirable and will be given in the *Mittheilungen* of S. Calvary & Co. "Zur Topographie von Athen" (Concerning the Topography of Athens), by Ernst Curtius, gives entirely new explanations of the situation of the city and public buildings, illustrating the whole with numerous maps. Professor Bähr, of Heidelberg, has been able, by incorporating the many appendices of former editions with the text, to make a new edition of his "Geschichte der römischen Literatur" (History of Roman Literature), at once more easy of survey and a better portrait of the Roman culture. Of Teuffel's "Geschichte der lateinischen Literatur," another part has been published, embracing the poetry of the "golden age," and giving in brief compass the best picture of this epoch we know. Though merely elementary, the work is valuable as treating Roman lyric poetry from an entirely new standpoint; the two preceding parts have already been translated into Dutch and Italian.

—Our readers have already had some information concerning the Chaucer Society, which was formed in England in 1868, and which has an American secretary in the person of Professor F. J. Child. That there was great need of an effort to do justice to the poet, everybody knows who knows the condition of the published texts of those works which are his beyond a doubt, and who knows how very doubtfully his are many of the lesser works which go under his name without adding anything at all to his reputation. This effort the Society we have mentioned is making, and, so far as it has proceeded with its labor, is meeting with very gratifying success. Already we have some nine or ten publications over which lovers of Chaucer may well rejoice, for one would rather say that they make a thorough, satisfactory study of the poet now for the first time possible than that they shed merely some additional light on materials previously within reach. Indeed, much more than this can be said. Whatever humanity is going to be hereafter, it is certain that in these times the special admirers, the lovers of any poet, however great—the enthusiastic students of Chaucer, of Dante, of Homer, of Shakespeare himself—are a comparatively small class, whose pursuits interest but a few among the tribes of men. But the class of men who, in this country of ours, are now just awaking to the necessity of studying in its schools the sources of our English language, is a large one, and one that grows with rapidity. Perhaps for every two or three new universities that are provided in the West, there appears at least one man who is persuaded that a university library in an English-speaking country should afford the means of making a thorough study of the works that stand as the beginnings of our literature, past, present, and to come. Now, to this study the books of the Chaucer Society are an efficient help. Take, for example, this title-page of a book by Mr. Alexander J. Ellis, the volume before us being the second of the Society's publications: "On Early English Pronunciation, with Especial Reference to Shakespere and Chaucer; containing an investigation of the correspondence of writing with speech in England, from the Anglo Saxon Period to the present day; preceded by a systematic notation of all spoken sounds by means of the ordinary printing types. Including a rearrangement of Professor Child's memoirs on the language of Chaucer and Gower, and reprints of the rarer tracts by Galesbury on English (1547) and Welch (1567), and by Barclay on French (1521)." This surely seems to promise a book that no teacher of English grammar in the larger sense and of the use of English in writing can in anywise afford to neglect. The first in time of the society's publications is "A Six-Text Print" of the "General Prologue" to the "Canterbury Tales," and of the "Knight's Tale." It is a volume to which—as regards its size and shape—we are unable to give the right technical name; but it is oblong in shape, and is shorter from top to bottom than from the back margin of the page to the front. On each page are printed in three parallel columns about forty lines of the poetry, so that as the book lies open before the student he has under his eye at the same moment, in beautiful type and on fine paper, forty lines of Chaucer according to the Ellesmere manuscript, forty according to the Hengwrt, and the same number according to the Cambridge, Corpus, Petworth, and Lansdowne manuscripts. In course of time will follow all the other tales, printed in the same admirably beautiful and useful manner, and we shall at last have a "Chaucer" such as no Chaucerian scholar has yet had, and in a dress worthy the superiority. All those of the Society's publications arranged under the general title of "First Series" will be texts. The related literary, critical, and philological works will go into the so-called "Second Series," and it is these that the student of English who cares little for Chaucer, or who cannot afford to buy all the books he needs, may find it preferable to procure. Some few of them may be purchased separately, we believe; Mr. Ellis's certainly may. But the cost of a year's subscription is not great. Doubtless some of our readers know by experience the many small vexatious troubles of importing books, through our custom-houses or post-offices, from a country unpossessed of the fluctuating currency—and the Wall-street men who riot upon its waves—with which we here are blessed. We are glad to say that the person who decides to have dealings with the Chaucer Society will be spared all the bother and uncertainty which probably may have beset him in his dealings with similar bodies in times past. American subscriptions for 1868, 1869, and 1870 will be received on these terms: A guinea in gold shall be estimated as worth six dollars in currency, and the expenses of transportation from London to the subscriber's local post-office shall be set down at one dollar. For thirteen dollars, then, one has the books of a year; and the American subscriber may, if he chooses, transmit his money to the Society through Mr. Child, at Cambridge. Thus he gets his books a little cheaper—or, at all events, fully as cheap as if he were resident in England—and with as little personal trouble. At the risk of reminding people of the professor who, on the last page of his work upon the Athenian tragic drama, suddenly said that "the conclusion of the whole matter is that the theatre is the bane of Harvard College," we feel moved to say that one bane of American youth, wherever throughout the country they are gathered together in colleges, is the temptation that besets them to the oratorical, and ornate, and frothy, and noisy, and pinchbeck in literature, whether that of others' making or their own attempting; and we seldom have occasion to speak of the ancient wells of English without wishing that we could prevail on all educators of young men to lead thither all their flocks.

"ACROSS AMERICA AND ASIA."*

PROFESSOR RAPHAEL PUMPELLY has given us one of the most interesting books of travels we have ever read—full of graphic and lively sketches of a large portion of our earth, and of our fellow-beings who live on it. In the autumn of 1860 he started for the wilderness of Arizona, where he spent many months in mining operations, and where he encountered numerous adventures with the savage Apaches, and equally savage border-ruffians who infest that country, and from whom he often narrowly escaped with life. At length he wisely abandoned that worse than heathen land, and proceeded to California, where he heard of his appointment as a mining engineer to the Government of Japan. In November, 1861, he sailed from San Francisco across the Pacific, stopping at the Sandwich Islands long enough to make some fine sketches, and thence to Japan. He spent about a year in that country, being occupied most of the time in mining explorations, when his engagement with the Government was brought to an end by the influence of the conservative party, who were jealous of foreign employees, especially of their spying out the land. The author's sketches of Japan—the physical features of the country, the character and habits of the people, their politics and religion, and their historic antecedents—are exceedingly interesting and well drawn. From Japan he crossed over to the shores of the great continent, arriving at Shanghae in February, 1863. After passing a few weeks at this port, he went up the river Yang-tse as far as Han-kow in a steamer, and from thence to a considerable distance beyond, in a Chinese boat. His description of the magnificent scenery, and the various adventures he met with, is very fine. In the fall of this year he proceeded to Peking, and there, at the suggestion of the foreign ministers, he was employed by the Imperial Government to explore the coal mines in the north of China, but in a few months his services were dispensed with on the plea that the steamers for whose use the coal was specially designed were to be sold off. He then spent several months in travelling about the country in the neighborhood of the capital and along the Great Wall. Finally, he arranged with two other gentlemen to travel together through Tartary and Siberia to Europe, and they started on their adventurous journey on the 12th November, 1864. Each of the party was provided with a separate rude cart covered with a housing of felt, mounted on a pair of wheels without springs, and drawn by Bactrian camels, while a number of the same animals carried the baggage. In this way they journeyed over the plateau of Tartary, and across the great desert of Gobi to the frontier town of Kiakhta, which they reached in safety on the 21st December. During the journey they encountered several severe storms, and nearly perished from cold. From Kiakhta they travelled by post, and were well provided with all those appliances which Russian experience has proved to be best adapted to secure the comfort of the traveller in that country. In the middle of January they crossed Lake Baikal, driving rapidly for thirty miles over its surface of glittering ice, and arrived safely at Irkutsk, and thence onward in midwinter through the principal Siberian towns, and over the Ural Mountains to Moscow and St. Petersburg. In this journey Mr. Pumpelly sometimes found the thermometer as low as 70 degrees below zero. His narrative of what he saw and encountered from the time of leaving Peking until he crossed the Ural Mountains, although fine, is rendered tantalizing by its rapidity and brevity.

A large portion of the book is devoted to China and the Chinese, and as it is dedicated to Anson Burlingame, we may infer that Mr. Pumpelly considers this portion to be of prime importance. While we have great admiration of the book, and feel great respect for the author for his intelligence, humanity, manliness, and philosophic spirit, which are conspicuous throughout his writings, we think perhaps some exceptions should here be made, although most of it meets our hearty approval. The author says that his first impressions of the Chinese were exceedingly unfavorable, and that it was only from the time of his arrival in Peking and intercourse with Mr. Burlingame that he dates his real study of the people, and "learned to free himself from the prejudices which every traveller is apt to contract upon the China coast;" hence, he subsequently "looked upon the Chinese from an entirely different standpoint."

Now, though independence and fairness are amongst the author's most prominent characteristics, we cannot help feeling, that looking at the Chinese from some one stand-point, whether favorable or unfavorable, has exercised a warping influence on his judgment; and in trying to avoid doing the Chinese injustice, he has made their portrait a little too favorable. Mr. Pumpelly will excuse us if we recall to his notice the words of Crom well to the courtly artist. Has he not left out a spot or a wrinkle? Many, we are inclined to think; not only that, his generous advocacy has impelled him to follow the example of certain advocates at the bar who think to help the cause of their client by "attacking plaintiff's attorney"—by assaulting his opponents—for such appears to be the foreigner in relation to the Chinese. His description of the foreign residents in Shanghae is one of the most severe we have ever seen. In describing them he puts them all together and makes an *average*, and says that the "average foreigner in China" is wholly ignorant of everything connected with the history, social organization, and true character of the people, and that he looks down upon them as a mere swarm of chattering animals, though useful as producers of tea and consumers of opium; that however ignorant and superstitious he may be himself, he looks with disdain upon the woful superstition of the Chinese; and, for all these reasons, with a consciousness of his own superiority, he "makes the life and rights of a Chinaman subordinate to his own convenience." And then the author says, "I will here give one of the many instances which I saw illustrative of this line of conduct;" and he then describes a pleasure excursion which he took on the Wu-sung river on board a steamboat, "which was crowded with most of the leading foreigners of Shanghae," and that on approaching a narrow part of the river they met a large scow so heavily laden with brick that she was almost unmanageable by the four Chinamen who were in her, but who were straining every muscle to get out of the way, and were uttering cries for a few instants' grace, yet the captain refused to slow his speed, and cried out to the hesitating pilot to "Go ahead!" and the steamer crashed into the scow. There was a shriek—a shock—a staggering motion of the vessel—and she then steamed up the channel, leaving the crushed boat and the drowning men to their fate. No one on board but himself—and he was horrified—showed the slightest concern; and he adds, "It has long been the practice of foreign vessels to run into and sink any junk or boat that might be in their way, no matter how crowded with passengers they may be; and probably scarcely a day passed without a boat being thus sunk in Chinese waters!" And, also: "After such an occurrence I was not surprised to see foreigners walking through crowded streets and *incessantly* belaboring the heads of men, women, and children with heavy walking-sticks to open a path," etc. Now, what a frightful picture is this of the character and conduct of the foreigners in Shanghae. And if "most of the *leading* foreigners" of this place have such cold-blooded, criminal indifference to human life as they evinced on board the steamer, how awful must be the *average* man, let alone the lowest. We hope and believe that Mr. Pumpelly's imagination and feelings blinded his judgment when he was writing the above reports. Even his salvo of "many noble exceptions" weigh but little against his charges upon "most of the leading foreigners."

We will here say that most of the steamers which run on the inner waters of China are managed by Americans, and the commanders are strictly enjoined to exercise the utmost care to avoid all collision with native craft, large or small; that accidents now rarely occur, and whenever they do, the injured parties appeal to the consular court, where damages are always allowed, except in cases where the negligence has been so culpable as to prove a bar. It is the same under English management. This story of the steamer and the scow has been paraded in one of our leading journals as an instance of "*British* brutality in China;" but Mr. Pumpelly does not intimate that she was British. She was probably one of the American lines. That there are some bad specimens of Western civilization in the open ports of China, there is no doubt; but we are confident that they do not form so large a portion of the foreign community as the above charges imply.

Mr. Pumpelly is inclined to consider the Chinese naturally civil and kindly disposed, and that when they appear to the contrary it is owing to the brutal conduct of the foreigner. Although there are some instances in favor of this view, there are yet many more against it—his own experience in the town of Yan-ngan, in the far north of China, is one of them. Neither is it worth while to speculate on the honesty of the Chinese compared with other peoples, for Mr. Pumpelly shows that the honesty of the little ragged boy of Peking was counterbalanced by the attempt to rob him of his money at the village of Tan-li-chuen at the north. In truth, the Chinese are by nature but little better or worse than other people. The thieves and vagabonds which infest all their large cities, and which fly at all game, have not been created by the conduct of the outside barbarian, but they are the indigenous and natural product of the country, and they would flourish just as much as they do now if no "red-haired devil" had ever appeared among them. With these excep-

* "Across America and Asia. Notes of a Five Years' Journey around the World, and a Residence in Arizona, Japan, and China. By Raphael Pumpelly, Professor in Harvard University, and some time mining engineer in the employ of the Chinese and Japanese Governments." Second edition. New York: Leypoldt & Holt. 1869.

tions, we think that Mr. Pumpelly's sketches of the Chinese are very correct, and well drawn. We believe that the Chinese are capable of as high a civilization as any other portion of the human family, and that the principal reason why they have not made greater advance in their long career has been their almost complete isolation, which has deprived them of that wholesome friction with other peoples and other ideas which are so necessary to a vigorous development. Their slavish veneration for antiquity, and their isolation, are still the great obstacles in the way of their improvement, and we long to see them removed; but they will never be removed if a thoroughly "let-alone policy" should be fully carried out. The Western governments should be just and generous in their dealings with China, of course, and demand nothing from her which is not as much for her interest to yield as for us to receive, or which is adverse to her independence and prosperity; but, always bearing these views in mind, they may justly exercise a steady moral pressure to assist her forward motion in the path of progress.

The question of Chinese immigration into our own country is one of the gravest importance. Mr. Pumpelly's remarks upon it are entitled to much consideration, but time and experience alone will determine the great problem. The evils of class legislation on the one side, and those of universal manhood suffrage on the other, can only be avoided by the establishment of an organic law which would make the franchise dependent upon certain educational qualifications, alike applicable to all men, native or foreign born, of any race or complexion. Then all men would have a fair chance in the struggle for higher advancement, and the question of the homogeneity of races might be determined.

In writing of the fine arts of Japan in former numbers of the *Nation*, we have expressed regret for the almost total disregard and apparently wilful ignorance of this most interesting subject which the books of travellers display. Among the dozen or more records of travel and residence in the land of the Rising Sun, we find no hint that there is anything curious or valuable to be got out of Japanese art, whether as explanatory of the life of the people, or as historically instructive, or as faithfully representing the birds and plants and scenery of the lovely country, or, for its own sake, as a complete, harmonized, and independent school of fine art, of unexampled character, and unmatched in modern times for universal and even merit. A Frenchman voyaging in the United States may be excused for not treating of most of the specimens of the fine arts that he sees, because little of our art expresses in any way our national character or represents our life and habits. But in Japan, where, as Mr. Pumpelly tells us, confirming what we all feel, the religion and the literature are alike unknown to foreigners, and the everyday life of the people little observed, where, moreover, a very well-organized school of art does exist, every one would be supposed impatient to learn what he might by watching that account of the Japanese which their own artists have made in the only language legible to men of all tongues.

Mr. Pumpelly, it is little to say, is a traveller of another sort. Things meant to be seen and worth seeing, he has seen and remembered. The pages he gives to Japan are full of instances of close observation, and of a power of reading the language of art. The few words here and there about the peculiar features of the landscape in Japan, and the description of the Japanese houses and temples, including Daibutz, the great statue-temple at Kanagawa, are all to the point, and instructive. Serious discussion of the Japanese fine arts, in a technical way, he has left to Mr. John La Farge, the painter, who furnishes to the book one of its most valuable chapters.

If we call that chapter the most complete and intelligent essay upon Japanese art that we have read, we shall not wrong Mr. Rossetti's papers nor Mr. Feydeau's—all valuable but limited in their range—nor Mr. Leighton's pamphlet, written at a time when little knowledge of the subject was within his reach. England and France are not so hopelessly ahead of America in opportunities to study this art as they are in all that relates to European art. For study, from the artist's rather than the collector's point of view, of Japanese decoration and picture-making, Mr. La Farge has, in his own possession and Mr. Pumpelly's gatherings, as good opportunities as all the treasures of South Kensington would give him. That he has used his opportunities, that he is one of the few painters who can write, and that Mr. Pumpelly is to be thanked for having obtained this artist's exposition of a curious art, every one will feel who reads this chapter with any attention.

The many interesting questions about the dates of different kinds of lacquer and bronze-work, the processes employed for the production of strange effects in metal and wood, lacquer and enamel, processes unknown to Europe, Mr. Lafarge has not considered. He has devoted his eight pages to a close analysis of the peculiar merits of the Japanese artists considered as students of nature and designers of decoration. To satisfy one's self with quoting would be to reprint the eight pages; but we must quote this on color:

——"the very crown of that power over color always an heirloom of the East, and a separate gift from ours. To Eastern directness, fulness, and splendor, the Japanese add a sobriety, a simplicity, a love of subdued harmonies and imperceptible gradations, and what may be called an intellectual refinement akin to something in the Western mind."

And again, take this note, suggesting a thought which must occur to every student of the art in question, but to others needs to be suggested:

"I remember a print in which a silvered sickle of a moon shone through the most delicate gray fog-clouds, as correctly edged as if by the [instantaneous] photograph, and melting into the very texture of the paper. Over this were faint lines of falling rain, and an inscription, perfectly distinct, but as pale as the faintest wash of india ink. If we admire this refinement, what are we to think of that which it addresses in Japan?"

But the best part of this paper in which all is good we take to be the remarks upon the fabulous creatures in the Hoksai drawings, the bird-like men and the satyr-like demons. To the completeness of the designer's conception of these monsters, their probable appearance, as if they lived somewhere not farther away than the Antipodes, the freedom with which they are drawn in any attitude and engaged in any pursuit, we have called attention in former numbers of the *Nation*. Mr. La Farge, speaking with the authority of a painter of the figure and of character, comments upon the great merit of these designs considered as imaginative conceptions. Without quoting further, we refer the reader to page 199, the fac-simile engraving opposite, and the note at the foot of the page. The key-note of Japanese representative art is struck. The critic has done his duty, of pointing out the essence of the thing criticised.

DR. JOHN LORD'S ANCIENT HISTORY.*

Dr. Lord's new history contains, in some respects, even more than its plain title and brief preface promise us. It is to be a history of states and empires only, and yet it tells us all about the "Garden of Eden," "Adam and Eve," "Primeval Paradise," the "Situation of Eden," the "Glory of Eden," "The Temptation," and even "The Devil;" for, "the tempter was the devil—the antagonist of God—the evil power of the world—the principle of evil—a Satanic agency which Scripture and all nations, in some form, have recognized." It is to form "a connected narrative, without theories or comments," and yet it gives us not only speculations like that just quoted, but also suppositions and inferences of all kinds. Thus, we are told that "we may reasonably suppose" the said tempter to have been "not merely subtle, but attractive, graceful, beautiful, bewitching;" and that "it is not unreasonable to infer, though we cannot know with certainty, that the antediluvian world was more splendid and luxurious than the world in the time of Solomon and Homer—the era of the Pyramids of Egypt." The "great movements to which the Scriptures refer" are to be "briefly presented," and yet they occupy in the book about a hundred times as much space as the history of China, Hindostan, Bactria, Meroë, Egypt under the early Ptolemies, Parthia, and Neo-Persia, all put together—some of which, it is true, are only alluded to in a line or two, and others unmentioned.

Dr. Lord is, however, much less modest when he speaks of having "simplified, abridged, and condensed" "the last standard authorities," such as "Rawlinson, Grote, Thirlwall, Niebuhr, Mommsen, and Merivale"—for his work, far from being a simplification, abridgment, or condensation of standard authorities, is—we must speak it out plainly—a compilation of the poorest kind, swarming with stupid repetitions, contradictions, and inaccuracies, the number and grossness of which can only be explained on the supposition that in his haste to compile he never looked back to compare and harmonize. A few quotations, all drawn from two short chapters, will suffice to prove our assertion. On page 90 we read of "a great movement among the Turanian races (Cimmerians) living north of the Danube, which, according to Herodotus, made a great irruption into Asia Minor . . . while the Scythians, from Central Asia, overran Media." On the following page the same movement is spoken of thus: "Asia Minor was devastated by the Cimmerians—a people who came from the regions north of the Black Sea, between the Danube and the Sea of Azov, being driven away by an inundation of Scythians, like that which afterward desolated Media. These Cimmerians . . . burned the great

* "Ancient States and Empires; for Colleges and Schools. By John Lord, LL.D., author of the 'Old Roman World,' 'Modern History,' etc." New York: Charles Scribner & Co. 1869.

Temple of Diana, at Ephesus, and destroyed the capital city of Sardis." Again, on page 103, we read that "the inroad of the Scythians in Media took place about the same time that the Cimmerians invaded Lydia, a nomad race which probably inhabited the Tauric Chersonesus (Crimea)," and "may have been urged forward into Asia Minor by an invasion of the Scythians themselves. . . . The Cimmerians fled before this more warlike race, abandoned their country on the northern coast of the Euxine, and invaded Asia Minor. They occupied Sardis, and threatened Ephesus." Page 90 tells us that those "nomads of Tartary, or Scythian tribes, which overran Western Asia," subsequently, "under the new names of Huns, Avari, Bulgarians, Magyars, Turks, Mongols, devastated Europe and Asia for fifteen successive centuries." Page 103 repeats it thus: "These nomadic tribes from Tartary were the precursors of Huns, Avars, Bulgarians, Magyars, Turks, Mongols, and Tartars, who, at different periods, invaded the civilized portions of Asia and Europe." That these Scythian invaders were finally vanquished by Cyaxares, we hear a number of times. That with him "the great Median kingdom really began" we read on page 90, but on page 102 we are informed that already his father, "Phraortes, son of Deioces, who [referring to Deioces] built the city of Ecbatana . . . greatly extended the empire of the Medes." That he reigned forty years, from B.C. 633 to B.C. 593, we learn on pp. 90, 91; but page 102 tells us that he reigned from B.C. 636 to B.C. 595. That "before" he made war against Alyattes of Lydia, the father of Crœsus, "he probably captured Nineveh and destroyed it," is stated on page 90; but on page 103 we hear that "shortly after" the "war between these two powers was terminated" he "laid siege to Nineveh." According to page 103, that war "was terminated by the marriage of the daughter of the Lydian king with the son of the Median monarch, Cyaxares," which is—whatever the grammar of both sentences may be—but a paraphrase of what, on page 91, we have read thus: "On the conclusion of peace, the son of the Median king, Astyages, married the daughter of the Lydian monarch, Alyattes"—Cyaxares and Alyattes denoting fathers and monarchs, and Astyages the son of both versions. This marriage made Astyages and Crœsus, the son of Alyattes, brothers-in-law, but on page 94 the former is designated the father-in-law of the latter. This Crœsus is mentioned on page 92 as "the first of the Asiatic kings who commenced hostile aggressions on the Greeks," while on the preceding page we read that it was "Gyges . . . who began those aggressions on the Grecian colonies which were consummated by Crœsus," a statement repeated on page 102, thus: "With this king [Gyges] commenced the aggressions from Sardis on the Asiatic Greeks, which ended in their subjection." According to page 91, Gyges founded his dynasty in Lydia "B.C. 724," but according to page 102 "about the year 715 B.C." Of the neighbors of Lydia in Asia Minor we read in one paragraph, pp. 100, 101, the following geographical notices: "Along the western shores of this great peninsula were Pelasgians . . . Phrygians;" "Further eastward were Lycians . . . Phrygians;" "The Phrygians, Mysians, and Teucrians were on the northwest;" "In the region of Mount Ida were the Teucrians and Mysians." And there is much more of the same kind on the few pages quoted from.

The revision of the book is quite worthy of the scholarship displayed in its composition. For illustration's sake we pick out a few of its numberless misprints: Gesen*e*us, Usshur, Amrapher, Lepides, Sotor, Eupater (repeatedly given), Sila*m*us, Gætæ, By*th*inians (repeatedly), Par*n*isus (for Pamisus), Byza*n*tium (for Byzacium, in Africa), Ta*n*agona (for Tarragona, properly Tarraco), Ta*n*aconeusis (for Tarraconensis), Peireus (for Piræus), Athenæ (as name of Minerva), Moevis (for Mœris), Rame*n*es and Rames*i*s (repeatedly, for Rameses), *T*adyattes (for Sadyattes), Urumi*z*u (for Urumieh), *T*agros (repeatedly, for Zagros), *S*ykia (for Lycia), Ahenobar*d*us (nine times, on page 590 and the annexed Genealogical Table, for Ahenobarbus, which is not once correctly given.) We presume it is not the compositor and proof-reader alone who are responsible for all these and similar mistakes, even if we are to relieve the author of a book "designed chiefly for educational purposes" of the duty of carefully revising it himself, or having it revised by a man more competent than himself. To do the latter would, in this case, certainly have been the safer, if the general impression produced on our mind by the works of Dr. Lord be correct. For we consider his competency to revise a historical proof—even of his own—to be as low as his ability to write a history. A compiler by profession, but apparently devoid of that degree of knowledge without which no one can produce even a useful compilation, he is certainly able to write out properly from a book before him such names as Sadyattes, Zagros, or Byzacium; but when his compositor changes these names into Tadyattes, Tagros, and Byzantium, his historical and geographical knowledge seems not to be sufficient to make him remember that no Tadyattes ever reigned in Lydia, that there was no mountain range called Tagros on the confines of Assyria and Media, and no Byzantium in the Roman province of Africa. No name ever strikes him as suspiciously unfamiliar, no date or statement of fact as conflicting with others given. Names, dates, facts—he has forgotten them as soon as copied.

GENERAL LIPPITT ON FIELD SERVICE.*

More than a year ago, in the *Nation* of June 18, 1868, we spoke with commendation of the earlier works of General Lippitt; and what we said in praise of them might be repeated in behalf of the book now before us, in which the author has condensed in an admirable manner the well-established principles which should govern field service in war. In a style peculiarly clear and intelligible, and with a crisp completeness, he has compressed into his handy volume the fundamental rules for the conduct of marches, camps and cantonments, outposts, convoys, reconnoissances, foraging, and for furnishing supplies to an army in the field. More than this, he has found room for instances taken from various campaigns to illustrate how important it is to be guided by these rules, and has given the student of war new suggestions of his own, evidently criticisms on what he has himself seen in the field.

We quote one or two instances in which we believe that the late experience of our armies has proved the wisdom of the author's advice: "Most of the employés connected with transportation teams in our service have hitherto been civilians hired by the Quartermaster's Department. It would be a great improvement to require them all to be enlisted soldiers, and to give to this branch of the service *a military organization* like the others." In some cases these civilian teamsters drew considerably more pay than the soldiers had, besides being fed at the Government charge, and of course this led to invidious comparisons. We have heard a story told of a soldier that he had applied to be *breveted* a teamster, and assigned to duty with his brevet rank. Add greater expense to the many other disadvantages urged by General Lippitt of employing civilians in the army, and there seems to be overwhelming cause why his suggestion should be adopted. And here is a recommendation which every one will echo who is fond of a horse, and hates to see him abused: "It is very unwise, as was repeatedly shown in our late war, to exhaust cavalry horses by requiring of them more picket duty than is absolutely necessary. Cavalry has enough to do in picketing for itself and for the artillery. Infantry should do its own picketing, except where special emergencies call for cavalry." We hope that before we have another war this suggestion will have grown to have the force of a law, like a good many others of our author's suggestions. We remember that through the winter of 1863–64 one of our cavalry corps—not above 10,000 horses, all told—picketed more than sixty miles of country, day and night, in rain, mud, snow, and ice, with an army of infantry behind it, mostly snug in tents; though any respectable infantryman would willingly go on picket if he knew that he would thereby help to make a good cavalry which might some day help him out of a worse scrape than having to take an occasional "turn" on post.

To some of the author's rules the merest civilian would say, "Why, of course!" and wonder that to men of sense there should be need of stating such bare-faced truisms as this, for example: "If the march of a column must be immediately reversed in order to get into battle, it must be done by a simple *facing about*, and not by a countermarch, which would cause an unnecessary loss of time." But this is followed by an illustration which shows its point: "At the battle of Shiloh, General Lew Wallace's division was only five miles in the rear of our right, where the fight was raging fiercest, and where it was sorely needed. It had been ordered up early in the morning, but, from mistaking the road, it was marching in the wrong direction until one o'clock P.M., when it was set right. Instead of simply facing the column about, its commander ordered a countermarch, which caused such a loss of time that the division did not arrive on the ground till seven o'clock, when its services were no longer needed."

Such incidents as these, which are freely given by way of illustration, are generally very apt and specific, giving to the book a color of history; and when names and dates are furnished we find a strong satisfaction in

* "Field Service in War: Comprising Marches, Camps and Cantonments, Outposts, Convoys, Reconnoissances, Foraging, and Notes on Logistics. By Francis J. Lippitt, late Colonel 2d California Infantry, Brevet-Brigadier General U. S. Volunteers; author of 'Tactical Use of the Three Arms,' 'Intrenchments,' and 'The Special Operations of War.'" New York: D. Van Nostrand. 1869.

them; it is well to have them as warnings, costly and shameful as many of them were. The military student will recognize in Banks's expedition to Shreveport, for instance, a shining example of how a march in the enemy's country ought not to be conducted, and even in its details it will fix itself in his memory by its incomparable negative excellence. We have no doubt that the author has been generally careful to take authentic examples for his purpose; but in one case he makes a very vague charge which we cannot accept without proof. He says: "The repeated hesitations, delays, and failures of the Army of the Potomac in 1863 after the battle of Gettysburg appear to have been caused mainly by our corps commanders not going personally to the front, and contenting themselves with mere reports of the enemy being in force at particular points." It is not stated where or when the corps commanders failed to go personally to the front, and we are left to wonder if the pursuit of Lee from Gettysburg is meant, or the hesitation to attack him afterward in his position on the Potomac. In our opinion this charge has no good foundation. As General Meade, in his report on the battle of Gettysburg, distinctly says so, there is no reason to doubt that he deliberately determined to follow the enemy by a flank movement on hearing from General Sedgwick, in the advance, that the Fairfield pass by which Lee's troops had retreated through the mountains was "very strong, and one in which a small force of the enemy could hold in check and delay for a considerable time any pursuing forces." Very few will believe that General Sedgwick sent such a report without first seeing for himself. It is true that General A. P. Howe, commanding a division of the sixth corps, testified before the Congressional Committee on the Conduct of the War that he notified General Sedgwick that the Fairfield pass "was a place in which we could easily attack the enemy with advantage;" but as General Sedgwick does not seem to have thought so, this is hardly proof that he contented himself with the report of his subordinate. The hesitation to attack Lee at Williamsport, on the Potomac, a few days later, could not possibly have arisen from the cause which General Lippitt alleges, the enemy's lines being plain to see from our line of battle. These being the facts, so far as we are aware of them, we think that the author should be more particular to state who were the men whose negligence is so notorious as to point a moral.

The book ends with the "Notes on Logistics" (the art of supplying and moving an army in the field), a subject "second in importance only to strategy itself." Living on the enemy's country, when practicable, is the author's mode of meeting the difficulties of this problem, "making war support war." Our Western armies furnish the proofs how well this mode may succeed; but while the author does not preach tenderness towards an enemy's larder and corn-bin even in civil war, he reprobates strongly such loose foraging as Sherman's "bummers" indulged in. With his strong views on the propriety of levying on the enemy for supplies, we commend General Lippitt for his condemnation of those rascals. General Kilpatrick had, we remember, what seemed to him an amusing story of the "bummers." One of them, far in advance of the army, went into a house and asked for tobacco, then for molasses; then he put a quid of the tobacco into the molasses jar, in hopes that some other "bummer" would come along soon, and finding the molasses bitter would suppose it was poisoned, and would thereupon set fire to the house. The tenderness of the first "bummer" in not setting it on fire himself is almost equalled by a merciful suggestion of General Lippitt's: "Even when it is not supposed that any compensation will ever be paid, it is well to offer to the owners certificates of their property having been taken for the use of the army." The second "bummer" might not come along, and the owner with the certificate might get paid. The true solution of the problem of logistics appears to be *to cut down transportation*, a seeming paradox, but capable of demonstration with determined effort and good example on the part of all officers.

We have skimmed over this book, touching lightly on prominent points, but leaving much unnoticed which is well worthy of attention. As a literary work, it has the merit of condensation and clearness in a high degree. For military readers the book will have a permanent value, and for the many readers to whom our own war has given an interest in military works it will be an excellent guide in judging of the merits of some of our own campaigns. We think that every reader, when he shuts the book, will agree with us that for field service in war there is one quality without which energy and bravery are as nothing; he will hope that all generals in a good cause may have it; and he will feel that most successes are due to it, as most failures are due to the want of it. We mean the homely quality of common sense.

ILLUSTRATED GIFT-BOOKS AGAIN.

THE illustrations to the "Midsummer Night's Dream," designed by Mr. Konewka,* are of a kind almost wholly new in serious art. They are full silhouettes, and represent the persons of the drama as if by their shadows on a white wall. Pictures of this kind are better known in comic journals than elsewhere, *Punch* having much affected them before 1850, and Cruikshank's *Comic Almanac* as well, though to a less extent, and although the great humorist himself did not design them, so far as we know. Those were generally on a small scale; these are larger—that is, the erect figure of a man comes out three and a half inches high. *Old Egeus* telling of his troubles, a single figure, very cleverly imagined; *Hermia* and *Lysander* vowing eternal faithfulness; *Bottom*, in 'Ercles' vein, the best design in the book; *Puck* and the *Fairy*; *Oberon* and *Titania* beginning their little quarrel. These are the first five pictures, and there are twenty more like these. Every figure has to be in profile, of course, excepting one, *Demetrius*, whose head only is; but in spite of this, and in spite of the very narrow limits of the style of design, there is sufficient variety and action, and the characters are well distinguished. The book affords a delightful copy of the drama, in ample pages and beautiful type, just the form in which to read it under the study-lamp and *aloud*; and the pictures are not unsatisfactory as illustrations.

It should be said, though, to correct some misapprehensions which were to be observed when the English edition was before the public a year ago, that drawing in this way is not more difficult, but more easy, than drawing in full light and shade. That is to say, the very limited result possible to obtain in this way is soon and simply obtained; the artist has one thing only to do, to draw such outline of features and of gesture as will express the character he imagines. If we were to take away the solid black that fills up the figure, and call upon the artist to complete the design, that would be quite another task. A hundred artists can arrive at such success as is seen here, for one who can make drawings in full light and shade that will be as successful in their way. Every one will remember the portraits of himself and friends cut out of black paper, which he has submitted to have made at fairs and the like. The victim does not suppose that the clever scissor-man who "cuts him out" in this way, however like the portrait may be, is necessarily a first-rate artist. Very probably he could not draw a mouth or an ear rightly; one thing only he had grown skilful in—catching the character of the profile of the face. A painter would rather have the credit of the engraved head on the title-page than of all the silhouettes; to have drawn that head, and still more, to have imagined it, is to have given proof of considerable strength. The other designs, slight to make and inexpensive to engrave, are just the thing for a holiday-book.

We know not how else to characterize the "Bryant Homestead Book"† than as simply preposterous. Mr. Bryant cannot be made ridiculous, certainly not by what others can do, but no man's dignity can be wholly uninjured by having such stuff put into print apropos of him and his busy and useful life. We shall quote a few lines, that every reader may take warning, and, his curiosity as to the possible badness of a book once satisfied, may keep away from this one:

"Pause: we want breath to fix this scenarium in our mind. Here is nascent drama. This climax is a duality; an antithesis. [Thanatopsis is being quoted in bits.] Will the sleep of the grave put a stop to soul progression? . . . And how many THOUSAND 'thousand years' prophecy of Dante' will roll over Bryant's earth-tomb? His grand Anthropological Cairn for ALL of mortal clay!

"Who can tell? What is DIES IRÆ? Do elements need rest? Is DIES IRÆ the final examination, and will the soul, the Life-Pupil, be put back or forward, according to progression in Life Apprenticeship? Put back to Primal Nonentity at final Revision?"

The illustrations consist of a badly focussed photographic portrait; of a clever etching by Mr. Nast; and of a number of landscape illustrations, not very unlike those which Mr. Hows often publishes. One essential part of the book is the following:

"PUBLISHERS' NOTICE.

"In a volume intended to do honor to our Veteran Poet, and to gratify his hosts of friends and admirers with sketches of his home-life, in connection with themes from his works, any publisher might take pride in placing his imprint. For the plan, the matter, and the manner of this work we cannot claim credit, as they belong alone to its author, *our* responsibility being limited to that of our own vocation."

We sympathize with Mr. Putnam, and commend the step he takes in

* "Shakespeare's Midsummer Night's Dream. The designs by P. Konewka; engraved by W. H. Morse. Vignette by H. W. Smith." Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1870.

† "The Bryant Homestead Book. By The Idle Scholar." Illustrated. New York: G. P. Putnam & Son. 1870.

haking off a responsibility which would be grave even for his long-estab lished publishing-house.

Among the English books imported by our booksellers is an admirable new one, the "Fairy Land" of Mr. Doyle and Mr. Allingham.* Mr. Allingham's charming poems have been allied before this with excellent art. His little book, published some years ago, "The Music-Master, and other Poems," contained a noble design by Dante Rossetti, one by Millais, and a number by Arthur Hughes, among which was that exquisite little picture of the elves dancing in a ring under the rising moon, all reflected in still water. This picture is as sure to be remembered as the little poem of Allingham's:

"Up the airy mountain,
Down the rushy glen,
We daren't go a-milking
For fear of little men:
Wee folk, good folk,
Trooping all together,
Green jacket, red cap,
And white owl's feather."

In this volume we have our poet doing fairy work again, and with all his old gracefulness and all his old charm. As for Richard Doyle's illustrations, we have often expressed our admiration of his talent and our enjoyment of his work. The present is a subject wholly suited to his peculiar power. The engraving has been done delicately and well by Mr. Evans, and the coloring has evidently been directed by the designer. The pictures altogether are perfectly fairy-like, and wholly delightful.

Another good imported book is the "Dickens Christmas Stories," with the original illustrations,† of which the admirable etchings by Leech, illustrating the "Christmas Carol," are the best, and among Leech's best work.

A new edition has appeared of one of the best illustrated books ever published, the octavo "Tennyson," first published by Moxons in 1859.‡ It is well known, but cannot be in too many homes, nor become dear to too many young lovers of pictures. The "St. Cecilia" by Dante Rossetti, the "Godiva" by Holman Hunt, and the "Poisoned Wound of King Edward" by Millais, are among the most truly imaginative illustrations that exist, and Mulready's "Life and Thought are Gone Away" is worthy of their company. There are a dozen more designs by the same artists, all entirely above the common standard, all works of independent value and first-rate importance.

MORE CHILDREN'S BOOKS.

THERE is much to commend in the plan of Mrs. Miller's anecdotes of animals.§ They were designed to have a scientific unity which is usually wanting in similar collections, and to convey to the young some idea of the relations of species in the animal kingdom. A secondary, and still scarcely secondary, object was to draw moral inferences from the creature to the Creator, and to fortify children against that spirit which doubts the existence or goodness of God because of the evil and dangerous attributes of certain beasts. A twofold interest had therefore to be excited, and a union of two styles attempted, with manifest chance of failure. Failure is not the word we should apply to this work, neither should we call it a success, the author herself admitting that she has not written exactly to suit readers of any age, and cannot expect her narrative to be fully useful without the assistance of older persons. Her dialogues are of an unreal kind, which might or might not be detected by children, who would certainly be apt to find her style too elevated. It is sound doctrine, however, that she gives her readers when she tells them: "We must first learn to look at things *exactly as they are*. . . . . All that those have to do at first who study in the great book of nature is to *be sure that they see right*." As helps to this there are numerous engravings scattered through the text, and most of them well drawn.

A book which shows much greater aptitude for interesting and instructing the young is Saintine's "Dame Nature,"‖ as the translator dubs it. No parent need be at hand when his bright boy or girl is reading it, for it expounds itself and holds fast the reader, who thinks he is told the most charming stories when he is really listening to lectures on the origin of common things, like cotton-thread, silk, sugar, pasteboard, etc., all which is evolved out of a dispute in the game of guessing—arising from that very important first question, "Is it animal? Is it vegetable? Is it mineral?" Grandpapa's conversation abounds in humor and tender sentiment, and the little folks' responses are wonderfully natural. His audience, mixed of dolls and dolls' owners, should be indefinitely enlarged for all good children.

At the end of the third or fourth volume which Miss Warner has devoted to a story* in which spiritual exercises and tolerably carnal experiences are curiously commingled, in a way which we find entirely peculiar to this author, Daisy has come to her twenty-first year only, and in the ordinary course of things might be expected to do duty as the heroine for two or three novels more. But her lover, having been hopefully converted, is now dead, and Daisy's available life is now ended; or, as she says, it is "begun on a new basis." Miss Warner's readers, then, are probably done with her; and, considering that she has been from the first the most wearisome and self-complacent little bore that even Miss Warner ever invented, we suppose no one who has followed her progress thus far will be sorry to see her put finally on the shelf.

So far as fiction aims to assist by example in the formation of character, a tale of any one people or place is good for any other, and "Filling up the Chinks"† may profitably be read by American boys, as we doubt not it has been by English. It is a painful story, that ends brightly, but it is of a sort of life—in a large manufacturing town—which is not familiar to us in this country, and whose awful sadness consists in the hopelessness of its victims, and in the want of means of escape to a change of scene and occupation; in the fixedness of horizon, in short, which is the lot of the laboring poor in England. Whether the contrast between this state of things and the opportunities for employment and social advancement which abound among us will strike young American readers, we cannot determine; but we feel sure that, if they could choose, they would prefer a less doleful illustration of a most excellent text.

As a contributor to the *Riverside Magazine*, we presume "Vieux Moustache" to have written in this instance‡ rather for boys than for grown people. In either case, we consider the writing of the story the best part of it, as it is the most original. In spite of the very free use of "local color," we think we discern Oliver Twist in Robert Trulyn, and Nancy Sykes in Bella, and Jupe or Joey Grimaldi in Rolly Gray, and even Mr. Sleary in Dan Mace. Here is the author's epitome of his hero's career: "A little gentleman—a burglar's boy—a Randall's Island boy—then on a Kentucky horsery—champion rider in the circus—and last a gentleman"—last of all a cavalry officer in the Federal army. The book derives its title from the well-known physiological fact that an accident to the brain may temporarily or for ever destroy the memory of past events, and thus cut off the previous life from that which begins immediately after the accident. The author backs this up with the proper authorities in his text and in a foot-note, and appears to think that he has thus accounted for the most improbable incident of his invention. The boy's adventures, however, before he tumbles into the quarry are an unlikelihood not so easily explainable. When once that is got over, there is a good deal to interest, and nothing to offend in the narrative, much as it deals with "low down" people; and it is, as already remarked, well written.

"Nanny's Christmas"§ is a nondescript fragment, without beginning or end—without a bad boy or girl, or a moral of any kind, and with supernaturally bright children (age not stated, and only inferable from the wood-cuts), who have plenty of sleigh-riding, and coasting, and play-games, and make each other lots of presents, with inspired mottoes, like—

"Nanny gives to Cousin Will this book,
And hopes in it he will often look;"

or this—

"Lucy gives you an arrow and a bow,
And hopes you will not shoot at dear Fido."

On the whole, we cannot liken this performance to anything else than fitting out a Christmas show-window, and inviting all the little penniless boys and girls of the neighborhood to come and look at it from the outside—as long as they please.

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* "In Fairy Land. A series of pictures from the Elf-World. By Richard Doyle, with a poem by William Allingham." New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1870.

† "Christmas Books. By Charles Dickens. With illustrations." Fields, Osgood & Co. 1869.

‡ "Tennyson's Poems Illustrated by T. Creswick and others. A new edition." London and New York: Geo. Routledge & Sons.

§ "Cats and Dogs; or, Notes and Anecdotes of Two Great Families of the Animal Kingdom. By Mrs. Hugh Miller." Boston: D. Lothrop & Co. 1869.

‖ "Dame Nature and her Three Daughters. A Grandpapa's Talks and Stories about Natural History and Things of Daily Use. Translated from the French of X. B. Saintine," New York: Hurd & Houghton. 1869.

* "Daisy. Second Series. Continued from 'Melbourne House.' By the author of 'Wide, Wide World,' 'Walks from Eden,' 'House of Israel,' etc." Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1869.

† "Filling up the Chinks. By the Hon. Mrs. J. R. Greene." New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1869.

‡ "Two Lives in One. By Vieux Moustache." New York: Hurd & Houghton. 1870.

§ "Nanny's Christmas. A Story for Children." Philadelphia: Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger. 1870.

"Nidworth"* is an allegory. The three wands are Riches, Knowledge, and Love—the last being Charity in its broadest sense. The hero tries each in turn, and finds that Riches bring disgust, Knowledge discontent, but Love alone happiness. This story is one of the best of its class, being absolutely pure and high-toned, without cant of any kind. But the form in which it is cast is one to make it appeal to those young people whose consciences and imaginations are already active—and they are chiefly girls—rather than to boys, for whom we suppose it was written, and whose benevolence is the weakest part of them. Any boy who is old enough to understand the language of the book, to "analyze his feelings," to comprehend "legitimate results," or the "idea of the negative grace of self-renunciation," would be old enough to object to the magic introduced as one of the circumstances in a boy's struggle through life, and be able to point out the weaknesses which its use begets in the subject. Only one side of riches and knowledge is permitted to be shown, falsifying them, therefore, to that extent, and falsifying their effect on human character by making the hero obtain them through supernatural means and in supernatural quantities. Still, it would be too much to say that such books as "Nidworth" are without good result. They affect the religious imagination, and make the practice of virtue seem beautiful. And if they cannot convince selfish boys that it is "lots of fun" to go through a forest in the night to feed soup to a sick old hag, they will at least create a moral glow in the bosoms of all those children who are already in practice of similar goodness.

"Ting-a-ling"† is the name of the fairy-hero of this rollicking set of stories. He is the smallest kind of a fairy, as one may guess by knowing that his sweetheart, Ling-a-ting, was drowned in a lady's tear. He is the intimate friend of the largest and most amiable of giants, and the two together confound the machination of the most deformed of dwarfs, in aid of the loveliest of princesses and the most gallant of princes. The regular fairy story machinery is all put in requisition, especially that of the Arabian Nights. But as no person capable of inventing so good stories as those of the Thousand and One Nights will ever do so with the earnestness that gives those immortal tales their chief fascination, so the author of "Ting-a-ling," though he relates with an ingenuity which will claim the youthful attention, does so in such an evident spirit of burlesque that he must draw forth the protestations of all but the very youngest of his readers—or the oldest. A good deal of enjoyment, we should think, could be got out of it when the oldest read it to the youngest, especially from the account of the five magicians, and their offering to the dwarf. The pictures are notably commendable, being full of humor; and the book is altogether attractively got up.

The Pictorial Field-book of the War of 1812; *or, Illustrations, by Pen and Pencil, of the History, Biography, Scenery, Relics, and Traditions of the Last War for American Independence.* By Benson J. Lossing. (New York: Harper & Brothers.)—This is a noteworthy work, partaking of the nature of what the French call *mêmoires pour servir à l'histoire,* and a rich archæological collection, with its profuse and handsome illustrations in sketches, views, plans, monuments, portraits, caricatures, autographs, medals, arms, remarkable houses, and scraps of contemporaneous poetry. Not only is the history of the campaigning of 1812–14 attempted, but also that of the civil administration and leading political events of the period extending from the Revolution to the treaty of Ghent. To these are added personal sketches and biographies not only of prominent public characters, but of officers, soldiers, sailors, and scouts, ambassadors, writers, and editors, and of people not connected with either the civil or military events of the period. Note-book and pencil in hand, the author has travelled more than ten thousand miles between the great Lakes and the Gulf of Mexico, visiting nearly all the scenes of the incidents recorded, receiving accounts from survivors, and sketching scenery, battle-fields, and notable localities. The result is a handsome volume of more than one thousand pages, which one may open anywhere at random and find interesting.

Criticism of the book as a history of the War of 1812, or of the civil and political events of the period, is disarmed by its title. So much diversified material enters into its composition that the unity and sequence of a strictly historical narrative must necessarily suffer. Omissions, contradictions, and confusion of detail necessarily occur. Here is one instance: Jefferson's conduct in the matter of the attacks on Washington and his administration in Freneau's paper, is an important point in the history of the political events of 1792–3. In a note (p. 71), Mr. Lossing tells us that it would be both ungenerous and unjust to believe that the bitter attacks made upon all the measures of the administration were approved by Mr. Jefferson. But in another note (p. 78) he fully convicts Mr. Jefferson of the offence by saying that his conduct was not manly; that although he had always denied complicity with Freneau, the very minutes made by Jefferson himself and printed in his *Anas* sufficiently indicate his relative position at that time. And to this Mr. Lossing adds testimony of the almost dying declaration of Freneau that the paper the *National Gazette* was entirely under the control of Jefferson, who *dictated* or *wrote* the most violent attacks on Washington. And now comes confusion of details. The text of page 71 tells us the *National Gazette* was Fenno's paper, "the supporter of the Government policy," made spicy by "Hamilton's vigorous retorts;" and that Freneau's *United States Gazette* "was believed to be under the control of" Jefferson. And yet a note appended to this very text speaks of the *National Gazette* as Mr. Jefferson's organ, edited by Freneau; and says that "Fenno published the *United States Gazette,* the supporter of the measures of the administration." Errors so glaring should be corrected; and a careful revision would cause many less glaring to disappear.

The military operations are well described for popular reading, and many of the battles, particularly the naval engagements, are admirably painted in words. A peculiar interest is thrown about many of them by the reminiscences of many who took part in them. It strikes us that Mr. Lossing disposes in somewhat too summary a manner of the "Beauty and Booty" and "Cotton-bale" features of the battle of New Orleans. They are large and distinct in the general popular belief, and should be treated in such a manner as to settle them satisfactorily as true or false. To say that the first is "doubtless wholly untrue" is perhaps rather a strong statement. The definite historical charge is that, on the 8th of January, 1815, "Beauty and Booty" were the parole and countersign of the British army. The belief in its truth at the period of the battle was founded on the concurrent report of a large number of British prisoners and deserters. That so many men, brought in from different parts of the field, and at various stages of the battle, should concur in the one statement is, to say the least, singular. The belief that General Jackson had saved New Orleans from the fate threatened by the British countersign was in good part the cause of the immense reward of gratitude which the country conceived was due him. It has been treated in the United States as a historical fact for fifty years; and having thus reached the dignity of a national accusation, it was not beneath the notice of the nation accused. If, as is claimed for England, it is a calumny, it could easily be refuted by the simple statement of the true parole and countersign which, as a matter of course, were borne on the orderly books of every corps in the army. It was correctly remarked at the time that the fame of General Pakenham and his officers, the character of the British military—strongly implicated by a charge of this nature—and the honor of the British Government, all demanded that the charge be refuted if capable of refutation. In the light of the expressed anxiety for plunder by the officers of Pakenham's army, as found in intercepted letters, the charge becomes by no means improbable. Colonel Malcolm, writing to the rear-admiral of that name, is chagrined that his share of the prize-money at St. Mary's "did not exceed five hundred pounds." Sir Thomas Cochrane laments that "if they clear *thirty thousand pounds, it will be as much* as they will do." Admiral Cockburn speaks of being "fortunate here *in our small way.*" Another officer writes, "We have had some *fine fun and plenty of plunder* at St. Mary's. How are you off for tables and chests of drawers, etc.?" Captain Westful of the *Anaconda* is informed by another that "*after ransacking St. Mary's we brought away property to the amount of fifty thousand pounds.*" From such communications as these, we can imagine the "fine fun and plenty of plunder" these gentlemen had promised themselves at New Orleans.

As to the cotton-bales, Mr. Lossing is not clear. His general proposition that "the common impression that Jackson's breastworks were constructed chiefly of cotton-bales is an erroneous one" is correct. But the further statement that "a few were used at the end next the river, but they were not useful and were rejected," is not so satisfactory. The fact appears to be, from the best authorities, that some bales of cotton were taken to form the cheeks of the embrasures—a purpose for which their size and form would make them look quite tempting; but the enemy's balls struck the bales, scattered them in all directions, and set them on fire.

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*"Nidworth, and his Three Magic Wands. By E. Prentiss." Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1870.

†"Ting-a-ling. By Frank R. Stockton." New York: Hurd & Houghton. 1870.

On the Edge of the Storm. By the author of "Mademoiselle Mori," "Sydonie's Dowry." (New York: G. P. Putnam & Son. 1869.)—Without any especial merits beyond its good taste and cleverness, which, however, are qualities rare enough to be noteworthy whenever they are found, this story is still very pleasant reading. Its scene is laid in France, and the time is the beginning of the Revolution. What has pleased us most in it is the even-handedness with which the author deals with both parties in the contest, neither making the aristocrats all angels nor the republicans all fiends, but describing both with impartiality. The same evenness is found in other respects throughout her work, her characters being all well and carefully drawn, and her style somewhat monotonously pure. Another pleasant thing about it is the care with which painful scenes and incidents are avoided, while, at the same time, one is made to see the possible ease with which the reader's feelings might have been harrowed. Altogether, we find the book to be the most agreeable addition Mr. Putnam has yet made to his library of European literature.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Authors.—Titles.	*Publishers.—Prices.*
Abbott (Rev. L.), Old Testament Shadows of New Testament Truths, illustrated	(Harper & Bros.)
Beecher (Rev. H. W.), The Overture of Angels	(J. B. Ford & Co.)
Sermons, Mar.–Sept., 1869	" "
Bound to Join Company: a Tale, swd	(Harper & Bros.) $0 75
Colange (L.), Zell's Popular Encyclopedia, Part 16, swd	(T. Ellwood Zell) 0 50
Embury (Emma C.), Poems	(Hurd & Houghton) 2 50
Frost (S. A.), The Laws and By-laws of American Society, swd	(Dick & Fitzgerald) 0 30
How to Amuse an Evening Party, swd	" " 0 30
How to Cook Potatoes, Apples, Eggs, Fish, 400 ways, swd	" " 0 30
Howard (C. J.), Book of Conundrums and Riddles, swd	" " 0 30
Hopper (E.), Old Horse Gray: a Poem	(Hurd & Houghton)
"Janus," The Pope and the Council	(Roberts Bros.) 1 50
Ketchum (Mrs. A. C.), Benney: a Christmas Ballad	(S. R. Wells) 1 50
Lytton (Sir E. B.), Odes and Epodes of Horace	(Harper & Bros.)
Lowell (J. R.), The Cathedral: a Poem	(Fields, Osgood & Co.) 1 25
Massey (G.), A Tale of Eternity, and Other Poems	(Fields, Osgood & Co.) 2 00
"Ouida," Puck: a Tale	(J. B. Lippincott & Co.)
Packard (Dr. A. S., jr.), Guide to the Study of Insects, Part 10 and last, swd	(Salem) 0 50
Rolfe (W. J.), Craik's English of Shakespeare	(Edwin Ginn)
Stockton (F. R.), Ting-a-Ling: a Fairy Story	(Hurd & Houghton)
Shakespeare's Midsummer-Night's Dream, Silhouette illustrations	(Roberts Bros.) 5 00
"Vieux Moustache," Two Lives in One: a Child's Story	(Hurd & Houghton)
White (C.), Ecce Femina	(Carlos White) 1 50
Wilson (W.), Poems	(Hurd & Houghton) 1 50

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The Week.

CONGRESS has, of course, not sat during the week, and does not meet again till Jan. 10. The principal Washington news, therefore, and the one subject of Washington conversation, has been Mr. Stanton's sudden death. It appears that he has left no property, and would never during his lifetime accept anything in the nature of pecuniary compensation for the services he had rendered the country. A movement is therefore now on foot to present his family with a New Year's gift of $100,000. Perhaps one of the most pleasing results of the war has been the production of a class of men who seem in the popular eye worthy objects of this sort of testimonial. Before the war it would have been hard to find a man in public life for whom anybody would have been willing to subscribe anything after all further service had ceased to be expected of him.

Mr. Stanton occupied a more prominent place in the public eye, in connection with the late war, than any other civilian except Mr. Lincoln, and his sudden death, when just grasping a long-coveted reward, has produced a correspondingly profound sensation. He can hardly be said to have been popular. His official demeanor was anything but urbane, and he was violent in his prejudices, and inexorable in acting them out. A man in the service he took a dislike to he generally managed to ruin before he had done with him, and was not always very scrupulous in the choice of means. There are few men who had much to do with him who have not sad stories to tell on these points, and under ordinary circumstances his weaknesses of temper would perhaps have lost him the public confidence. But the circumstances of his career were not ordinary, and this fact, while it brought out his defects of character, brought out also certain great traits of it which will probably hand down his name to posterity as one of the foremost men of his time. When people saw the confusion out of which he had to evoke order; the horde of scoundrels eager for public plunder, between whom and the army and the Treasury he stood for four weary years, the principal, indeed one might almost say the only barrier, they readily forgave his imperfections; they would have forgiven them had they been twice as great. And then, as the French say, "he paid with his person." He flinched from no toil or sacrifice of personal comfort; and, indeed, may be as truly said to have laid down his life in the service as any man who died on the field. Moreover, he was one of the few men who, having had control over vast sums of money almost without check during the war, came out of it poor. This is, in our age, a fine thing to say of any man, and it should never be forgotten of any man of whom it may be said.

What perhaps did more, however, than either his self-sacrifice or his integrity to win for him the popular devotion, was the fact that he represented to perfection the popular temper during the whole struggle. He never doubted and he was never downcast, or, at all events, never showed signs of either; and to estimate this at its full value, it must be remembered that he was one of the two or three men at Washington who could derive no consolation from the newspapers, as the rest of us did day by day. He always knew the truth, and it was generally tolerably depressing truth till the last year. He knew, too, and showed he knew, as few politicians did, what war meant, and war he waged accordingly, hitting as hard as he could, never taking "counsel's opinion," showing no bowels of compassion, sparing neither life nor treasure; indefatigable, insatiable, relentless, as, in truth, a man of war has to be. He furnished oftener than was supposed the steel head to Mr. Lincoln's tough lance, and has had the good fortune to die with the memory of his services still fresh in the public mind, and the generation who watched and labored with him still standing around him. He was a respectable lawyer, but of his powers as a politician, in the best sense of the word, there is little to be said. It is not unfair to presume that he would have made little mark in the political field in peaceful times. He had one qualification for the judicial bench which, in the present condition of the bench, may safely be set down among the highest, and led us, in spite of his faults of temper, to hear of his appointment with pleasure: he was not afraid of anybody or subservient to anybody. In other words, he was a brave man; and bravery enters largely into the stuff out of which good judges under our system of government have to be made.

We have discussed the recently published correspondence on the *Alabama* question elsewhere. Mr. Fish's despatch, which constitutes the bulk of it, simply rehearses the causes of American dissatisfaction, but recedes from the extreme ground taken by Mr. Seward about belligerent rights. Lord Clarendon contents himself almost with a statement that he has nothing more to say. Judging from this and from the tone of the English press, it seems unlikely that any further move about the matter will be made by the English Government, and if ours means to reopen the negotiations, it must certainly make a demand for specific redress. It is not dignified or expedient to keep perpetually repeating to a listening world the story of our wrongs. Everybody now knows all about them. Everybody knows, too, that mere pecuniary damages are not considered sufficient. The Administration is now bound to say what else it wants, or let the affair drop. The United States is the plaintiff in the case, and must state the nature of the remedy it seeks. The apparent concurrence of both parties as to the propriety of transferring the negotiations to Washington, whenever they are resumed, is a step in the right direction.

The publication of the Spanish correspondence puts the United States Government in an excellent position in all that relates to Cuba. It shows that Mr. Fish has confined himself strictly to the task of keeping Spain within the limits prescribed by international law. He has successfully resisted several rather monstrous Spanish pretensions; one, an attempt to treat as pirates persons found carrying arms or munitions of war to the island, which, as long as Spain refuses to acknowledge there is formal war raging in the island, is a perfectly harmless enterprise, and which, even if she had acknowledged war to be raging,

would simply be an illicit trading venture, subjecting the vessel and cargo to condemnation; another was an attempt to extract a proclamation against giving material aid to the insurgents, but without recognizing their belligerency; another was an attempt to exercise the right of search on the high seas, without conceding belligerent rights. Every one of these was abandoned on Mr. Fish's protest, and the government at Madrid has acknowledged, in very handsome terms, the good faith and fair dealing of the United States in the whole matter.

The latest "news" about Cuba appearing in the New York papers is that the Administration has undergone a great change of mind about the rebellion since the President's message was written, and is now half inclined to acknowledge the belligerency of the insurgents. What has worked this conversion does not appear. Moreover, the same chronicler says Mr. Sumner is disposed to support the recognition if it can be shown to him that the rebels have emancipated the slaves, than which nothing is easier, as Cespedes's proclamation is in everybody's hands. The news about Mr. Sumner, however, is, we are bound to presume, the composition either of a wag or a simpleton. To recognize belligerency in return for an attempt at emancipation would leave every nation free to select anything it pleased as a title to belligerency, and we should see belligerent rights conceded to "peoples, districts, and colonies" "struggling to be free," in consideration of their reading the Bible, or abstinence from intoxicating liquors, or humane treatment of the insane, or devotion to the Pope, or belief in the Immaculate Conception.

Mr. Schenck must have felt comfortable after his attempts in the House last week to prevent any participation on the part of the Government in ceremonies in honor of Mr. Peabody's memory. There has been a great deal said, and we think we have read or heard most of it, about Mr. Peabody's hostility to the cause of the Union during the war; but nothing has ever been proved against him under this head, except that he avowed throughout his affection and sorrow for the South, in which he had lived for many years. Before condemning for this atrocity a man who has devoted the proceeds of a life's labor to the promotion of the good of his kind, it would be well for some of our Congressmen to ask themselves whether they are quite sure that a hatred of the South, in addition to support of the Union, and in addition to a life of well-doing, is called for in the courts of Heaven as strictly as in the halls of the Capitol, and whether there would not be something a little ridiculous in President Grant's Administration turning the cold shoulder on a great American philanthropist for a weakness which the Ruler of the universe will, unless the world is all wrong about His code of morality, set down as a virtue.

The annual celebration in this city of the landing of the Pilgrims is now regularly marked by one little incident, which we think were better omitted, and that is a "set to" between the Mayor, as the representative of the Irish Democracy, and some descendant of the Puritans. The New England orators usually make some allusion, which the place of meeting not unnaturally suggests, to the rascalities of the New York Democracy, and to the aggressive spirit—to use no stronger term—of its principal constituent, the Irish population. Whereupon the Mayor, as in duty bound, takes up the cudgels for the city, and being *ex vi termini* the principal offender himself, carries the war into New England, and makes various unpleasant allusions to Yankee peculiarities. On the surface, the whole thing is a joke, or, as the reporters say, an interchange of "amenities;" but in reality there is bitterness at the bottom of it, and there ought to be, but it is hard on the Forefathers to give vent to it over their memory. If the Mayor has to be invited to these gatherings, it would, we think, best serve the cause of morality to preserve a solemn silence about the weaknesses of his supporters, or else speak about them in solemn earnest.

The troubles in the Hudson's Bay Territory, caused by the handing over of the population to the Dominion of Canada by the Home Government without asking their consent, are gradually assuming a more serious as well as more ludicrous aspect. Mr. McDougall, the governor, sent out from Canada to rule over the new acquisition, is installed ingloriously at Pembina, on the American side of the line, waiting for better days, and apparently unable to hold even a foot of ground within his legal jurisdiction. His last reported exploit appears to have been the despatch of a member of his staff to endeavor to raise a force of Indians for the Government service, but the attempt, it does not appear for what reason, failed miserably, the emissary narrowly escaping from the enraged insurgents, with whom this piece of folly will of course render all accommodation more difficult than ever, if not impossible. We see, however, that Mr. McDougall disclaims all responsibility for it. The close business and topographical relations of the rebels to Minnesota, the sympathy which the Minnesotans naturally feel for them, and cannot long avoid showing, promise to convert the movement into an international question of considerable difficulty. Moreover, pending the troubles, the Government refuses to pay over to the unfortunate Hudson's Bay Company its $1,500,000. The French and half-breeds who compose the insurrectionary force are showing unexpected talent for organization, but the English settlers have not yet declared themselves. Correspondents of the Western papers begin publishing descriptions of the insurgent chiefs which show that for personal beauty and accomplishments they have probably never been matched, unless perhaps by some of the heroes of Ossian. Eyes, teeth, muscles, figure, brow, and literary acquirements and athletic capabilities are of the first order.

There have been several stories about Mr. Burlingame, of one sort or another, afloat during the last two or three months, the first of which, that the Imperial Government had refused to ratify the treaty he had concluded with this country, was plainly untrue, because China has nothing whatever to gain by not ratifying it. She loses nothing by it; and, although it cannot be said she acquires anything either which she did not possess by other treaties already existing, except a more formal acknowledgment of her equality, the treaty has since undoubtedly been ratified. Another story is that Mr. Burlingame's commission, properly translated, accredits him to "lesser nations," or, in other words, asserts once more the ancient Chinese doctrine of the inferiority of foreign powers. This has not been contradicted, so far as we know, or explained away; and the evidence in support of it seems to accumulate. But it really makes no difference, even if true, in the relations of China with the outer world. Its importance is due to the light it throws on the intention of the Chinese in sending out the embassy. It does not, if true, raise or lower the foreigners, but it perhaps shows that the Chinese do not accept our theory of international relations with the frankness which has been ascribed to them. In the meantime, Mr. Burlingame is making good progress with his negotiations in Europe.

Mr. Fish has addressed a circular to American representatives abroad, enclosing a draft of a convention regulating the laying of cables between different countries, and urging its adoption. Its leading features are—provisions for the protection of such lines in time of peace and war; for the encouragement of the laying of them; and for the protection of messages from official scrutiny—a point which France will find it hard to yield. He has also urged, in his despatch on the *Alabama* matter, the settlement of the general question of neutral rights and duties, and has received, as might naturally be expected, a hearty expression of concurrence from England, which is just now in a most philosophic frame of mind. So that it would seem as if the time was propitious for a congress of the great powers to deal with a large number of problems which the growth of trade and commerce, of discovery and invention, are forcing on the attention of all governments, but for which the existing code of international law makes no provision.

The Oneida Community are engaged in a controversy with the Government which raises some interesting questions. The Commissioner of Internal Revenue says, as they are one family, they are only entitled to one deduction of $1,000 on their income-tax; they say that they are an unincorporated co-operative association, in which each

adult member is entitled to any legal rights he might have if he did not belong to it, and therefore each one is entitled to the $1,000 deduction; and to prove that they have no desire to shirk their due proportion of the public liabilities, they show by their tax receipts that, had the rest of the nation contributed as much to the Treasury as they have, the National Debt would by this time be wiped out, and a surplus of two billions of dollars left. The weak point in their case is that the property on which they claim exemption does not belong to each member in the sense in which it belongs to individuals in the world without, whom the statute had in view in making the exemption. No member of the community can take an equal share of the common property, as of right, and retire. Nevertheless, as Congress did not contemplate the case of these communities, and as it is clearly unjust to treat them as *simply* collections of individuals, there ought to be a special clause inserted for their benefit when the act comes under consideration this winter.

The *New York Times* informed its readers on Monday morning "that there was little doubt that the Sultan had settled his little differences with the Khedive," and that there will be no fight. This looks as if the *Times* had not seen the announcement in the *Tribune* of Dec. 21, "that private and trustworthy information" (we think we know "the reliable gentleman" who furnished it) "had reached it that war between Turkey and Egypt was almost inevitable." "We forbear," adds the cautious editor, "to state our views with the emphasis with which it has been imparted, but," etc., etc.; and then follow some paragraphs of cold-blooded speculation on the Sultan's means of offence, including 700,000 troops, of which 400,000 on a moderate calculation must be in very tight quarters in the top story of the *Tribune* office; that the Sultan knows nothing of them, or ever will, is certain. This being the third bloody European war which the *Tribune* has set agoing within the last two short years, the question arises, whether humanity does not call for interference on the part of our Government with this sanguinary newsmonger, this implacable waster of his own species. The *Springfield Republican*, not having the enterprise to get up "a triple alliance" of its own, tried to go shares in the *Tribune's* last summer, by exclaiming, in a small, meek voice, "that it had information to the same effect itself" (*i.e.*, to the effect that France, England, and Spain were entering into an alliance against the United States). It now announces that "the danger" of said alliance is over. Thank Heaven, is all *we* can say; but when did it pass away, brethren? About what hour of what blessed day was that particular load taken off the breast of humanity?

The Suez Canal is going through the trials which seem to attend all the great enterprises of our time in their opening days—witness the first railroad, the first ocean steamer, the Atlantic Cable. Since the opening the public has been disposed to settle down on two conclusions—one, that the canal will not pay; and the other, that it is not now, and will never be, navigable for vessels of a large size. The first point is one which primarily concerns the stockholders, of whom the Khedive is the principal one. The total capital sunk thus far is $82,000,000, of which the French public has supplied little more than half; and it is now discovered that it will cost $10,000,000 more to make the canal what it ought to be. It needs widening and deepening at various points; there is a good deal of blasting to be done at one; and the harbor at Port Said needs extensive improvements. The maintenance of the canal will cost, it is estimated, $200,000 a year; but, all things considered, the shrewdest business heads are now of opinion that, in spite of all these burdens, it will pay a fair interest, at the present tariff of two dollars a ton, to its shareholders. The present depression about it seems to be mainly due to over-haste in opening it. The English in India are greatly excited about it, and preparations are being made at Bombay on a great scale for the navigation of it. In Liverpool a large number of the old blockade-runners are being drawn from the seclusion in which they have reposed since the close of the war, and made ready for the canal trade. An international commercial congress, which is reported to be sitting at Cairo—though how composed we do not know—has adopted a memorial in favor of the neutralization of the canal, and has also recommended the restriction of the belligerent right of blockade to fortified ports.

The controversy which has been raging about the Duke of Genoa's candidature for the Spanish throne is a curious one. The Duke is a boy at school at Harrow, and does not want to be King of Spain. His mother and his morganatic father—if that be a proper phrase—the Marquis of Rapallo, are opposed to his acceptance of the crown, and he is largely under their influence; but they are both in bad odor at the Italian court, and the King is desirous of having him accept if elected, and appears to have made an arrangement to that effect with Prim. The result has been a rather scandalous bandying of contradictions between the Marquis of Rapallo and the Spanish Government; but the difficulty seems in a fair way of being solved by the failure of the Cortes to supply the requisite majority in the Duke's favor, and it is now said that the Provisional Government intends to fix a time after which it will not urge his election.

The latest report from Italy was that the King had invited General Cialdini to form a new Cabinet in place of that of Menabrea, who has been Premier since 1867. On the 19th of November the Chamber of Deputies met to elect a President, and did so in the person of Lanza, a rigid Conservative of the Piedmontese faction, who held the same office fifteen months before, and resigned it in order to join the bitter opposition to the action of Government in regard to the tobacco monopoly. He was re-elected by 169 votes against 129 cast for the administration candidate, receiving the entire support of the Radical Left (less than a hundred strong), the Permanente, a fraction of the Right, and the Third Party. The ministry had given warning, wisely or unwisely, that they would regard the vote for President as one of confidence, and it was no sooner announced than they resigned. Days passed before the King would accept, and again before Lanza was summoned to form a ministry, he having insisted that Counts Menabrea and Cambray-Digny, with the Marquis Gualterio, should be banished from court. But even with this extraordinary concession, and after appealing to every party in the House, he could accomplish nothing. The coalition had created a majority which could not be counted on except for personal hostility to the late ministry, and the only party which has gained by it has been the Left. All the Vice-Presidents, the Secretaries and minor officers, with one or two exceptions, were appointed from the Left, which has also insisted on continuing in session during the ministerial crisis, and has even gone so far as to take the case of one of its members, Major Lobbia—convicted of simulating crime for political purposes—from the Court of Appeals in order to revise it before letting it proceed further. To this unfortunate state of things many causes, dating from Mentana and still further back, have contributed; and the prospect is that, even with fresh elections, things will grow worse in Italy before they grow better. But under the shadow of this political confusion there is going on an extraordinary revival of material enterprise and prosperity. Commerce, manufactures, arts, all feel the pulses of a new life. Real estate is rising rapidly, railroads are spreading, and, in fact, the old Italy is passing away, and a new, ten per cent., Americanized, go-ahead, and, to the artist and poet, very repulsive Italy is growing up in its stead.

The latest news from France, which has been foreshadowed by our correspondent, is, perhaps, the most important which has come from that quarter since 1851. It is neither more nor less than that the Emperor has formally surrendered personal government by requesting M. Ollivier to form a Ministry representing the majority of the Lower Chamber, thus re-establishing parliamentary government in France after eighteen years' interruption. The effect of this on the fortunes of the Orleans family, which have been steadily rising during the past year, is serious—that is, if the Emperor lives long enough to get his son ready to succeed him. The weak point in the Imperial régime is that the Liberals are loth to believe the Emperor, and doubt the permanence of all his concessions. This difficulty time alone can remove.

THE "ALABAMA" CASE AGAIN.

It was somewhat difficult to make out from the President's message what the position of the new Administration on the *Alabama* case was, as it contained nothing beyond an expression of dissatisfaction with the Clarendon-Johnson treaty, and of a desire for full satisfaction from England for the injuries done by the English Government and English subjects during the war. No intimation was given in it of the sentiments of the Cabinet regarding the nature or extent of this satisfaction, or the rule by which the damage suffered by the United States should be measured.

We therefore read Mr. Fish's despatch, published last week, with a good deal of curiosity, confidently expecting to find in it not simply a reiteration of the charges against England, but a frank and explicit description of the thing, whatever it is, which will have to be done in order to put the relations of the two countries once more on an amicable footing. We need not say we were disappointed. The despatch is a simple rehearsal of the reasons why Americans complain of the belligerency proclamation as premature, and of the subsequent course of the English Government as unlawful and unfriendly, and with which everybody is now familiar. We must add, however, that Mr. Fish, up to a certain point, puts that proclamation, as has never been done before, in its true place amongst the *res gestæ* out of which the controversy between the two countries has sprung. He takes the ground which General Grant takes in his message with regard to the duties of the United States towards Cuba, which President Woolsey took in his lectures on the *Alabama* case last summer, and which, we may be permitted to add, the *Nation* has taken from the beginning—that what is called the "concession of belligerent rights," being neither more nor less than a notice given by a government to its own citizens that it understands war to be raging in a certain place, between certain specified parties, that it intends to remain neutral between them, and that its citizens must abstain from certain acts which would be construed as violations of that neutrality, or suffer certain penalties, some emanating from the belligerents, others from the neutral government itself—it is in its very nature a discretionary act. All writers acknowledge it to be so. President Grant has proclaimed it to be so. Each nation is the sole and sovereign judge of the time and circumstances which call for it; therefore no nation owes an account to any other for issuing it. You might as well call a man to account for bolting his door and closing his shutters when he sees or thinks he sees a fight beginning in the street in front of his house.

Of course, however, an exercise of discretion may be friendly or unfriendly, or neither. It may be unfriendly in respect to the time at which it was done or the circumstances under which it was done. If I am in the fight in the street, and the owner of the house is my intimate friend, it would be a sign of unfriendliness in him to withdraw and close his doors and his windows; if he was the intimate friend of the other party, it would be unfriendly in him to me to keep them open. Moreover, if, after having closed his doors, in the exercise of his undeniable right, when the fray was beginning, he placed himself at an upper window during its progress, and occupied himself in cheering on my adversary, it would be idle for him to tell me afterwards that his sole object in shutting up was to protect his own property. But then, for the unfriendliness of a discretionary act, there is no legal remedy as between either nations or individuals. If a man does not like the moral attitude another has assumed towards him during a period of great trial and difficulty, he may take an early opportunity of punching his head, but he cannot bring him into court in an action for damages. And if a nation is not satisfied with the time at which another nation has chosen to announce its neutrality in a pending quarrel, it may go to war by way of vengeance; but there is no rule in international law defining all the *casus belli*. There are some wars which may be justified by precedent, but there are others which find their justification simply in national feeling. Of these latter it is useless and, indeed, childish to argue in the legal forum; they belong exclusively to the jurisdiction of conscience, and have to have their causes weighed not by lawyers but by moralists.

The English proclamation of belligerency, therefore, unfriendly as we may feel it to have been, so far from being, as has been maintained with so much rhetorical exaggeration, a wrong in itself, capable of submission to a legal tribunal, or a source of wrongs, is of no value or importance in the present controversy, except as a piece of evidence useful in fixing the animus of subsequent acts. "It was," to use Mr. Fish's language, "of itself, and by its inherent nature, of a neutral color, which, however we might condemn it in a particular case, we could not deny to be of the competency of a sovereign state." But he unfortunately goes on to say, "Other governments did the same thing, but Great Britain alone had translated a measure indefinite of itself into one of definite wrong to the United States, as evinced by the constant and effectual aid, in ships and munitions of war, which she furnished to the Confederates. . . . Thus, what in France and Spain, as their subsequent conduct showed, had been an untimely and ill-judged act of political manifestation, had in England, as her subsequent conduct showed, been a virtual act of war."

It is difficult, on reading this, to avoid a feeling of despair about the whole matter. It must be remembered that our Government has all along held that under the law of nations England was bound to have prevented the sailing of the *Alabama* and all other Confederate cruisers which left her ports; that the plea that her municipal law did not provide machinery for the purpose had no value, inasmuch as it is the duty of each nation to provide the machinery for the proper execution of its international obligations; that the refusal of the Palmerston Government to make good the defects in English law was a plain and shameless evasion of their duty; and that the existence of those defects aggravated instead of lessening their responsibility. Now, this rule, *the existence of which nobody now denies*, exists entirely independent of the proclamation of belligerency. Under it England would have been bound to prevent the sailing of the *Alabama* if she had never issued the proclamation; she was equally bound to prevent it after having issued the proclamation: the single fact which fixes her responsibility is that *the Alabama was to be used against a power with which she was at peace*. The issue of the proclamation of belligerency in reality (this may seem to some persons an extraordinary statement, but it is literally true) has in either law or morals no more influence on England's obligation than on the ebb and flow of the tide. The relation of cause and effect between the issue of the proclamation and English liability for the damage done by belligerent cruisers is a figment of the imagination of some gentlemen who have brought to this discussion a somewhat more plentiful supply of rhetoric than of brains. Had England never issued the proclamation, she would have been bound to have prevented the issue from her ports of armed vessels to prey on the commerce of a friendly power; had her municipal law provided no machinery for the purpose, she would have been bound to supply it; had the vessels sailed through the culpable negligence of her officials, she would have been bound to punish them and make good the damage. In short, we should have had her just where we have her now. The premature issue of the proclamation is of no use to us except as proof of *animus*. Mr. Fish's assertion that she "translated" the proclamation, the issue of which he acknowledges to have been of itself an act of legal discretion, though "an ill-judged act of political manifestation," "into a virtual act of war," has a vagueness and mistiness about it which, we are sorry to say, is well calculated to excite apprehension as to the fate of the controversy in his hands. An "ill-judged political manifestation" cannot be "translated" into an act of war. "An act of war" is an act of war *by itself*, and, if committed against a friendly power, has to be atoned for just as it stands. Trying to extract its guilt from a not unlawful act which went before is like trying to prove that a man's responsibility for a murder lay not so much in his having killed somebody as in his having some time before cut his acquaintance, thus "translating" simple discourtesy into wilful homicide.

If it be asked why we protest so strongly against the importance attached in this matter to the belligerency proclamation, we reply, Because it burdens the case with extraneous matter; because it forces us to get satisfaction from England for an act which we acknowledge to be within her discretion, and which no power therefore can apologize or pay damages for without humiliation; because every time we seek to connect the proclamation with the damage done by the *Alabama*, in

the relation of cause and effect, we virtually admit that, had the proclamation not been issued, the sailing of the *Alabama*, other things remaining the same, would not have entailed any responsibility on England, which is not only unsound in law, but a piece of unprecedented self-stultification; and, lastly, because it diffuses through the public mind a fog which, while it lasts, makes a satisfactory settlement of the question almost impossible, serves nobody's purpose but those of that large class of political porpoises to whom international law and international relations serve simply as an elastic medium in which to spout and tumble.

THE COUNCIL: WHY IT WAS CALLED, AND WHAT IT MAY DO.

The great Councils of the Church from Nice to Trent reflect the history of theological and ecclesiastical controversies. Each of them was called into existence by some emergency of dogma or discipline, and each has left its particular mark upon the creed or the canons. The first seven Councils (from Nice A.D. 325 to Nice A.D. 787), which alone are acknowledged as Œcumenical, were largely occupied with definitions in Christology; and although such questions as the consubstantiality of the Son with the Father, and the procession of the Holy Ghost, are now remanded to the text-books of theology, they once distracted the Church with fierce disputes, and threatened the peace of the Roman Empire. Since the eighth century the great Councils have followed the line of the Latin Church, and, though universal in respect of that Church and its dependencies, have had no acknowledged relation of authority to the universal Church. The last of these, that of Trent in the sixteenth century, was summoned to confront the heresies of the Reformation; to heal, as far as possible, the breach of that great schism, and repair the waning authority of the Papal See; and the doctrine and discipline of the Church as formulated in the catechism and the canons of that Council have been regarded as final upon the issues between the Church of Rome and the Reformed churches. It has been the boast of Trent that within her sanctuary "*postremum Spiritus Sanctus oracula effudit.*" The calling of another Council, therefore, argues the existence of some new differences within the Church, or of new questions between the Church and the world without. And yet the roots of the questions that are now to be determined at Rome as questions of the nineteenth century lie back in the sixteenth.

The order of Jesuits set up papal absolutism against the popular tendencies of the Reform, and, seizing the potent engines of education and diplomacy, sought to control the policy of Europe in the interest of Rome. In this it was inspired by the principle of unreserved submission to the papal will, making dogma, sacraments, practice, discipline, all secondary to the notion of the infallible supremacy of the Pope in the Church and over peoples and states. Said Gretser, in the seventeenth century, "When we speak of the Church, we mean the Pope." But the Reformation, which summoned into existence this reactionary propagandism of the Jesuits, spread to some extent the leaven of Liberalism within the bosom of the Church. Of this the Jansenists and the school of Port Royal, led by Pascal, Arnauld, Nicole, and Quesnel, were a notable example. The one party has aimed at the centralization of power at Rome—the concentration of authority in one personal will; the other at a measure of organic independence and of individual freedom within the Church in harmony with the progress of modern society; and since intensity of devotion to the Pope has marked the Italian clergy, while Liberalism has been more characteristic of the French, the former school has come to be known as the Ultramontane, and the latter as the Gallican. There have been, of course, fluctuations between these two schools, according to the temper of the popes and of the times, and so long as no direct issue was raised between them the Church could hold them both; but it was reserved for Pius IX. to bring these opposite principles to an issue, first in his own person, and next in the Council convened by his authority, and already so largely subject to his dictation. Scared by the ghost of Democracy that he had raised in 1848, the Pope threw himself into the hands of the Jesuits—whom the popular belief charged with instigating the assassination of the liberal Rossi—and under the lead of Antonelli he struck for the opposite extreme of absolutism and infallibility. From that day Pius IX. has grown bolder in his usurpations of prerogative within the Church, and more arrogant in his denunciations of powers, peoples, and opinions without the Church, until the former culminated in the proclamation of the Immaculate Conception of the Virgin as a dogma of the Church, without the authorization of a Council, and the latter in the famous Syllabus of 1864 against the errors of modern society.

The reactionary movement at Rome, while it carried with it such French prelates as were ambitious of promotion or were wedded to ecclesiastical unity, revived in French Liberals the old free spirit of the Gallican Church. This spirit found vent in a Congress of Catholic Liberals, held at Malines in August, 1863, at which Count Montalembert made his noble declaration for liberty of conscience:

> "Of all the liberties which I have undertaken to defend, the most precious, in my view, the most sacred, the most legitimate, the most necessary, is liberty of conscience; . . . liberty for truth and liberty for error; liberty for ourselves and liberty for those who differ from us. . . . I feel an invincible horror at all punishments and all violences inflicted on mankind under pretence of serving or defending religion. The fagots lighted by the hands of Catholics are as horrible to me as the scaffolds on which Protestants have immolated so many martyrs. The gag in the mouth of any sincere preacher of his own faith I feel as if it were between my own lips, and it makes me shudder with distress."

Such sentiments, uttered with applause in an assembly of Catholics, were, in fact, a public protest against the encroachments of papal absolutism; and in the Papal Encyclical of the following year, the opinion that "liberty of conscience and of worship is the right of every man" was condemned as an error "very hurtful to the safety of the Catholic Church and of souls;" and the opinion that "the law of the Church does not demand that violations of sacred laws should be punished by temporal penalties" was also denounced as contrary to the truth. The Syllabus appended to this Encyclical, after enumerating various religious and philosophical errors for the animadversion of the faithful, denounces also the doctrine that "the Church has not the power of availing herself of force;" the doctrine that "the direction of public schools in which the youth of Christian states are educated must appertain to the civil power;" the doctrine that "marriage may be a civil contract;" and the notion "that the Roman Pontiff can and ought to reconcile himself to and agree with progress, liberalism, and modern civilization." All these opinions were condemned as damnable, and the Pope set himself resolutely against freedom of conscience, of worship, of opinion, of the press—in a word, against whatever characterizes the onward movement of modern society.

It was the foresight of the consequences of such infatuation to the Roman Catholic Church, especially in view of the progress of liberalism in France, that led Father Hyacinthe to lift up the voice of warning; and it was for this that he was required to submit his own conscience to the gag of the hierarchy at Rome. Other voices, especially in Germany, have been raised against this tendency to papal absolutism. Frohschammer, of Munich, one of the ablest scholars of the Latin Church, has published a powerful essay on the right of private judgment (*Das Recht der eigenen Ueberzeugung*), in which he protests against the recent attempt to restore the power of the Church to absolute dominion—a measure sought to be accomplished by the apotheosis of the Pope, by the concentration of absolutism at Rome, by Romanizing the clergy, by the churchly manipulation of the higher classes, and by the acquisition of worldly in place of spiritual goods. He demonstrates the incompatibility of the absolutism of the Catholic hierarchy with the sovereignty and autonomy of states, and concludes with the warning that the triumph of the Jesuitical hierarchy would be a calamity for the people of Europe. Similar views are expressed in that remarkable book, "The Pope and the Council," the joint production of several Catholic scholars, under the pseudonym of *Janus*. This book declares that "the effort at Rome is to bring the whole Catholic world to the clerico-Italian manner of thinking and feeling;" that "this reactionary movement is preparing, like an advancing flood-tide, to take possession of the whole organic life of the Church by means of this Council;" that "the Jesuits have been active for some

time past in founding confraternities which bind themselves to hold and propagate papal infallibility as an article of faith;" and that "they and their Roman allies hope that the majority of the bishops present, who have been already primed for the occasion, will accede by acclamation to this suggestion, and the Holy Father will gladly yield to the pressure coming on him spontaneously and, as it were, through a sudden and irresistible inspiration from on high, and so the new dogma will be settled at one sitting, without further examination, as by the stroke of a magician's wand."

If this were really contemplated, the opportunity for such a surprise has been lost by the recess of the Council; and if the unanswerable arguments of *Janus* against papal infallibility, drawn from history and the reason of the case, have any influence, the whole scheme may be abandoned. It may well be doubted, however, whether the Pope would have risked the calling of the Council had he not felt sure of the endorsement of a dogma which is the logical crown of the hierarchical system of government; and so enormous is the pressure of that system that few in the Council will be able to stand before it. The rules prescribed for the introduction of matters before the Council, and the Ultramontane preponderance in its committees, will render impossible any freedom of debate. It is worthy of note that, if we are to trust the *Catholic World*, the American prelates are committed to the papal cause, the January number of that periodical assuring us that "the Ultramontane doctrine has been universally held and taught in the Catholic Church in the United States," and that "the clergy and laity of the United States will welcome with the greatest joy" a decision elevating the Pope's infallibility out of the rank of "a pious opinion" into that of a dogma. We think we may add that American Protestants would receive such a decision with rejoicing also. If the Council shall declare the Pope infallible and shall endorse the Syllabus, there will no longer be a Roman Catholic Church, in the sense of a communion, but a *hierarchy* centralized in Rome, and arrayed against the free spirit of Christianity, against the spirit of scientific enquiry, and against all the forces and tendencies of modern society. In that event, the Council will have enabled Christendom to understand the position and aims of Rome, and to define its own position towards a power so audacious in its pretensions and so portentous of evil. But though the Council should put on the appearance of unity in a result which can be reached only through a strong moral coercion, the fact of internal dissensions bordering upon schism has already been exposed; the eloquent appeal of Father Hyacinthe for "a Council really representing the Church universal, not the silence of some and the constraint of others," has rung in the ear of two continents his protest "against those doctrines and practices which call themselves Roman, but are not Christian," and "against the divorce, not less impious than mad, between the Church and the society of the nineteenth century;" and the hierarchy that shall dare this outrage stands already arraigned by *Janus* at the bar of history for the long series of abuses and crimes by which this culmination has been reached, and at the bar of conscience upon the indictment that "a great and searching reformation of the Church is necessary and inevitable, however long it may be evaded."

WHY JUDGE HOAR WAS NOT CONFIRMED.

It is a curious fact that what the various hostile senators were pleased to allege as their reasons for voting against Judge Hoar's appointment all turn out, when impartially examined, to be most cogent arguments in favor of it. In the first place, there were the "claims of locality," undoubtedly the most plausible objection brought forward. What an outrage, it was said, to assign to a Southern circuit a Massachusetts man! How contrary to precedent! how dangerous an example! All the Southern senators are said to have opposed the nomination on these grounds, and they are grounds which would *primâ facie* be entitled to the first consideration. But facts which must have been well known to every Southern senator made the objection frivolous. The real reason why the customary course of nominating a native of the circuit was not followed was unquestionably this: that there were few, if any, natives fit for the place. What with the war and reconstruction and the disqualifying acts of Congress, it may be safely said that Grant would have been puzzled to find a suitable Southern lawyer who could have taken the oath of office. He had, therefore, no choice. A Northern man must be nominated. The Southern senators, then, who opposed the President's selection must be held either to have desired the appointment of an unfit man, or else they must have had some further reason which they did not choose to avow. The former alternative is of course the most probable. The truth must be told, however, that, beneficial as reconstruction has been in other respects, the class of Southern politicians whom it has brought to the surface, and into whose hands it has given the reins of government, are as poor a race of men as ever manipulated caucuses or called conventions. They form, in fact, one of the most gigantic "rings" at present existent in the country, organized in the most careful manner throughout the South, solely for the purpose of perpetuating their own rule. This ring it is which in the main elects every Southern senator, and it is, of course, in the interest of the ring that the Southern senators vote. What they wanted at this time was, not a wise judge, nor a learned judge, nor an upright judge, but a judge of their own kind; and we have no hesitation in saying that they would have cheerfully supported the nomination of a native of Alaska, if they could have had assurances that he would have decided cases in the "carpet-bag" interest. The "shriek of locality" coming from these men is indeed one of the most amusing that was ever shrieked in the political world, because they owe their own seats to a party which has attained power by disregarding every claim of the sort. So much for locality. We think it is evident, from what we have already said, that the first objection against Judge Hoar was not weak, but was really an argument in his favor.

The other objections were, first, that he was an "enemy of Cuba"—an objection which, being interpreted, means that he has declined to advise the President to acknowledge the existence of a fact which he knew did not exist; that, as Attorney-General, he has lent all the weight of his character and intellect against infractions of law; in the second place, that his Texas opinion was not such a document as would have been written by the Hon. Fernando Wood; in the third place, that his views of politico-legal questions do not entirely coincide with those of Mr. Wade or Mr. B. F. Butler—in other words, that to the Radicals he seems a Conservative, and to Conservatives a Radical. To sum up all these various objections in one—he was objected to as having a judicial mind. This was his fault; he was not a rabid partisan. If he had been, he would have been confirmed. So far, we have considered solely the avowed reasons for the rejection of the nomination. There was probably another one, not avowed, and which is hardly capable of being put into words, but which "the average American" would probably describe by saying that there was "too much Boston" about him. "Boston," to the ordinary citizen in other parts of the country, does not mean the collection of houses, streets, and persons designated in geographies by that term, but an impalpable, subtle essence pervading men's manners, and their way of looking at men and things, and conveying the impression to the beholder that, in the opinion of Bostonians, other Americans are also God's creatures, and have been endowed by him with many fine qualities, and will probably, with time and care, come out all right in the end. But then this was not an objection which it was possible to produce in the Senate. The Westerner and Southerner reserve it for the cloak-room and the bar-room and the railroad car.

To look at the question from another point of view, it may be said, and has been said, that the real reason was the unpopularity of the nominee. This, it must be admitted, is a subject of no small delicacy, and we approach it with great caution, because we are well aware that with a certain class of people the reputation of being unpopular is the one sin never to be forgiven. Highway robbery, arson, murder—all these may be repented of, and being after all, it is said, at the most merely the results of a subjective tendency—of an affection of the mind—may be forgiven when repentance is followed by sincere exertions in the right direction; but with the unpopular man the case is different. This is no subjective difficulty which a subjective effort may remove. The stigma upon his fame is objective, visited upon him from outside; indelible, perennial, damning. The people have set their brand upon his brow, and it is a brand which the people rarely, if ever, remove.

With the class we have in view (and we mean chiefly the political class), to be unpopular is to have been formally excommunicated and outlawed for the nameless sin. To illustrate what we mean, let us select an instance from the recent history of this city. The fate of Marshal Barlow probably serves in many a politician's mind as an awful warning to himself and his descendants against the sin of unpopularity. "My son," we seem to hear such a one say, "if by any evil chance you should ever be tempted to wander from the straight path marked out for you by the voice of the people, as recorded in the great daily journals of this broad land, recollect that there was once a marshal of the city of New York who attempted the same thing. Forgetting the favors he had received at their hands, he turned upon them, and, like a thief in the night, he made himself unpopular. But mark his fate. His paltry excuses were unheeded, and in less than six months the people passed him by, and his own conscience—such is the effect of remorse—drove him into a retirement from the office which his unpopularity had disgraced."

Will the politician of the future render the same verdict in the case of the Attorney-General that the politician of to-day renders in the case of his subordinate? To say he is unpopular is the first step; to oust him from office is the next. The main question, at present, is, whether he is actually unpopular. To say he is so throughout the country at large is, of course, absurd, because he is hardly known at all throughout the country at large. To say that he is so among the office-seeking and office-dividing rings of Washington is no doubt true; but what is the precise meaning of this unpopularity? It means precisely this: that he has refused to degrade the Government by rendering dishonest opinions; that he has refused to degrade the public service by placing incompetent men in office; that he has avoided both extremes of partisan zeal, and not allowed the whisperings of malice to divert him from the path which his convictions pointed out; that he has performed the duties of his office with a keen intelligence and steady integrity that ought to make him a model for all his successors. And this it is which has made him unpopular with the time-servers who seek to make political capital out of what they choose to call the badness of Grant's nominations. For six months we have heard their virtuous outcries, and were at first inclined to trust their professions. But now we have had an opportunity of testing the real value of their homilies, and gauging the precise amount of their interest in the public service. In Hoar's case they had an excellent nomination to act upon, and no public clamor to terrify them, yet they have had the hardihood to reject the nomination, and the only ground the rejection can find to stand upon is the unpopularity of high character in a public man. Now let them confirm Sickles, and nothing will be wanting to complete the farce of the "reform movement" in the Senate.

"PENNSYLVANIA DUTCH."

It is an acknowledged fact that children of German immigrants cease to speak German properly if left to themselves, or to the mere practice afforded in the intercourse with their parents, and that the second generation, under the same conditions, almost wholly loses, if not the knowledge, at least the faculty of speaking the native tongue of their grandparents. The language hardly forms even a connecting link between the different decades of immigration. In 1819 the Germans of Philadelphia, then the most German city of this country, were no longer able to keep the records of their "society" in German, immigration having all but ceased in consequence of the great continental wars. In New York, where immigration was smaller still, the Germans were in 1794 already unable to write German. A child born here naturally receives impressions from its surroundings only. The air it breathes, the language it hears, the commonwealth in which it grows up—in short, all its relations to the outward world, are American. What a child hears about Germany from its parents, and what it afterwards learns from books about it, are acquirements, ideas, and conceptions, but no living views, no immanent reality. Thus, America, to those born here, is the native country, the home; Germany, naturally well-nigh as foreign as any other European country.

The exceptions to the rule that the grandchildren of immigrated Germans never speak German are to be found only in families of a higher culture or in some out-of-the-way rural districts. The process of forgetting the mother-tongue and acquiring the new is constantly going on, and will continue as long as immigration lasts. It is the same with the descendants of all other aliens who come here, but it is most conspicuous in the case of the Germans on account of their larger numbers. If immigration from Germany were to cease—which it is far from doing at present—we should see but few German papers published in this country, while the Germans in political or in social life would as little form a separate class as they now do in business.

The majority of German-born citizens, however, have a vague notion that they can stop this inevitable tendency by having their children taught the German language, and hence their anxiety to get instruction in German introduced into the public schools. But, just as one may learn a foreign language without denationalizing himself, so he may adhere to the language of his forefathers and yet denationalize himself. The Pennsylvania-German native-born farmers were, at the time of the native American movement, the most pronounced Know-Nothings, and many of them are still so, as every "German" settling among them soon finds out; and yet they not only speak a German dialect, mixed with words Germanized from the English, but this, their ordinary language, is also spoken by their fellow-citizens and neighbors of Celtic, Anglo-Saxon, and African descent. Indeed, the writer of these lines has seldom been more surprised and at the same time moved to hearty laughter than at being addressed by a venerable negro in a Pennsylvanian village in the most approved Pennsylvania-German dialect, and with all the *nuances* with which that dialect is spoken by immigrants from the Palatinate or their descendants in Pennsylvania, this very day, to the sixth generation. The idea of an African acquiring, not the German language, but a dialect of it, and that thoroughly—connecting, by the association of ideas, African barbarism with the particularism of a small German territory—seemed at first highly ludicrous. It was contrary to all experience in regard to the capacity of that race to acquire foreign idioms, while it proved, besides, the tenacity with which the dialect has taken root in that section, and thus outlived the language itself—the "Hochdeutsch" or High German originally spoken by German immigrants and lost by the second generation.

The importance of dialects has at times been undervalued by scholars; but it is now perceived that they are the roots out of which a language grows, and from which it constantly draws new nourishment. From them only arises the language of letters, or, as Max Müller expresses it, the "Hochsprache." Jacob Grimm, in his history of language, compares them to a comfortable morning-gown, in which you feel at ease, but in which you do not venture to go out. In them the greatest wealth of a language lies hidden, and it may be conceded that for the German they have been of more importance than for other languages, on account of the greater number of tribes composing the nationality. Grammars of Low-German as well as of High-German dialects have of late been published in Germany, and the success which works written in dialects have met with there shows a strong scientific and popular movement in their favor. Nor can we wonder that it be so. Fritz Reuter, the Low-German poet, owes his success not less to the poetical merit and unsurpassed humor of his works than to the happy idea of writing them in a dialect. At first it might seem as if readers not yet acquainted with it might be repulsed rather than attracted, most of them being obliged to take pains to read it; but Germans are apt to overlook that difficulty for the enjoyment they find in being reminded of "home." As to the vitality of dialects, it may be mentioned that in the provinces of Alsace and Lorraine, wrested from Germany by France centuries ago, the Alsatian-German dialect is still the language of the peasants, and that only recently have the inhabitants of the latter province petitioned the Emperor to have the German language introduced into the public schools.

The Pennsylvania German is a South German dialect, composed of dialects of Franconia, the Rhenish Palatinate, and Swabian and Allemanian districts, more or less interspersed with Germanized English words, according to the settlements in certain counties, while in some places there are no foreign additions at all observable. It took root with the first settlers in the State of Pennsylvania. Germans joined the expedition of Sir William Penn in 1682, and settled in the colony, together with the Quakers from England. At about that time Zinzendorf, the German count, who founded the religious sect of the Mennonites, removed hither from Moravia with a large number of his coreligionists, who settled in and west of the Lehigh Valley. The religious denomination of the "Dunkers," which originated in Southern Germany in the year 1708, also emigrated and settled here. The name "Dunkers," from the German dialectic word

dunken (*High German* tauchen, *Engl.* to dip) was originally given them as a nickname to distinguish them from the Mennonites. They are also called German-Baptists, while they call themselves Brethren. The early presence of these religious sects, who gave biblical names to their settlements, such as Lebanon, Bethlehem, Emmaus, Nazareth, Jordan, is clearly manifested, while more recent settlements mostly bear the names of their founders. Emigrants from Würtemberg and the Palatinate settled under Conrad Weiser, "the Indian interpreter," west of Reading, as far as to the Susquehanna River, and near the Blue Mountains, at that time called the "Far West." Thus it will be seen that in Berks, Lebanon, Lehigh, and Northampton counties the Germans formed a majority of settlers, while in others of Eastern Pennsylvania they were at least equal in number to the English settlers. While divine service among the Pennsylvania Germans is held in High German, and the Bible as well as the hymn-book read in the same idiom by the people, the dialect is used in everyday life. Many Pennsylvania Germans of higher culture not only understand but also speak High German, but nevertheless they use the dialect in their intercourse with others, and among themselves, just as is the custom in Northern and Southern Germany.

The Pennsylvania German is about a medium between the soft Allemanian or Swabian and the hard, glib Low German. It has greater fluency than the High German because of its tendency to shorten words, thus: *heiern* (*heire*), *H. G.* heirathen, *E.* to marry; *Bu* (pl. *Buwa*), *H. G.* Bube, boy; *hen*, *H. G.* haben, to have; *gange*, *H. G.* gegangen, gone. Further, all words ending in High German in *en* lose the final *n*, as, *ruhe* for ruhen, to rest; with perhaps other alterations, as *gesehne* for gesehen, seen. In the inflection of the German verbs wollen (will) and sollen (shall), the ending *lst* is changed whenever it occurs, in Pennsylvania German, into *tt*, thus: "*Was witt?*" for "Was willst du?" *sott*, for sollst; and frequently also *lt* is changed into *tt*. Diphthongs are converted by doubling the first vowel, as *Beene*, *H. G.* Beine, legs; *Aage*, *H. G.* Auge, eye. Long *a* in German words becomes *o* in the Pennsylvanian dialect—*e.g.*, *Johr* from Jahr, year; *Hoor*, from Haar, hair; while short *o* becomes *u*, as in *kumme* from komme, come; *genumme* from genommen, taken; *schun* from schon, already; and *i* becomes *e*—*e.g.*, *Hert* from Hirt, shepherd; *Werth* from Wirth, landlord. This applies chiefly to monosyllables.

The past tense of verbs is used to the almost entire exclusion of the preterite. "Veni, vidi, vici," for instance, would be translated by a Pennsylvania German: "Ich bin gekumme, ich hab' gesehne, ich hab' gesiegt (*H. G.* Ich kam, sah, und siegte). There is an aversion to the genitive, instead of which the dative is used. Thus: "*Dem* Mann sei' Buch," the man's book. Constructions are seldom borrowed from the English. A rare instance is the phrase, "Er geht auf sei' Freund' zurück," he *goes back on* his friends.

Intermixtures from the English are of course numerous. Nouns are mostly appropriated and used without changing their pronunciation, thus: Store, Bill, Poorhouse, Barrel, "Dady," and Kepers (capers). In the case of verbs the root only is taken from the English, while the termination and pronunciation are Germanized. For example: travele (three syllables), organize, sparke, fixe, fighte, smoke, settle, obsarve, desarve, skippe, etc. This sort of assimilation is constantly taking place, largely assisted by the younger generation; and it depends on the amount of fresh immigration whether the dialect in a given county shall be more or less Anglicized. Of single words we may instance: *nied*, *H. G.* nett, neat; *law-frei*, *H. G.* vogelfrei, law-free. The latter word is used between would-be combatants, when one asks the other, "Consider'scht de dich law-frei?"—meaning if his adversary, in accepting the fight, will forego the benefit of the law in case he gets worsted. *Nau*, *H. G.* jetzt, now; *gelischt*, *H. G.* angeworben, enlisted; *sinter*, *H. G.* seither, since; *sehm*, *H. G.* derselbe, same.

But we shall do best to offer a sample of this curious dialect as printed, and, therefore, append an apothecary's placard, from the *Father Abraham* print in Reading. This, as may be guessed, is the name of a paper, founded in the interest of the late President Lincoln, and which really gave its candidate, at both elections, very effective support where it was much needed. It now regularly publishes a column in the dialect under consideration. The poster can be readily interpreted by one familiar with German, save, perhaps, in a few places. The head-line means "Just look here once!" (*amohl* = einmal), reminding us of what we used to hear in '63, in the Cotton Factory Hospital at Harrisburg: "Doctor, won't you look at me once?" from patients who had been attended to forty times at least. *Prowiers* stands for *H. G.* probiere es, try it. And finally, we may note the the mongrel *g'used*:

GOOK YUSHT AMOHL DOH!
Monsleit un Weibsleit!!
BUWA UN MÆD—YUNGY UN OLTY,
ATTENTION!!
DER EAGLE DRUG SHTORE!
Der Besht un der Wholfealsht!
WM. S. SEAGER, OBBADEAKER.
In der Dritt Shtrose, Sued Bethlehem.

Olsfort uf hond, olly sorta fun de beshty Drugs un Meditziena, un on de wholfealshty prices. Also, Paint, Oehl, Glaws, Varnish, &c. Mer hen aw an neier article dos gor net gebutta konn wærra; es is de bareemt

"SALTED SODA"

un wærd g'used for seaf kocha. Prowiers amohl—de directions we mers braucht geana mit. Om Eagle Drug Shtore is aw der plotz for

PATENT MEDITZIENA, BITTERS, &c., &c., &c.,

Fun olly ort, un on de wholfealshty prices. Also, Coal-Oehl, Lompa, Waugashmeer, &c., &c.

Now mind was mer sawya; mer hen olles uf hond was mer denka konn in unser line of bisness. We g'sawt, unser prices sin wholfealer dos in ennichem onnera Drug Shtore im County. Ferges't net der platz,

IN DER DRITT SHTROSE UNNICH DER LOCUST, SUED BETHLEHEM.

Now is de tseit; macht eich bei, un judg'd for eich selwer; kummt in foor weasa, uf horse back, uf em Railroad odder tsu foos—mer sin gor net particular wie, yusht so dos der kummt on

DER EAGLE OBBADEAK IN SUED BETHLEHEM.

Un bringt eier greenbacks mit. Wholfeal for Cash—sell is unser style.

WILLIAM S. SEAGER,
August 28, 1869. OBBADEAKER.

This dialect used to be heard a good deal in Philadelphia, among the market-people from Berks, Lancaster, and Lehigh; but it has been crowded out by the public schools, and has met the disfavor of those who consider it a debased and degenerate speech. An effort is now making to resuscitate it, and there are two parties disputing as to the proper spelling of it. Many Pennsylvania Germans speak English and High German correctly, but prefer speaking the dialect. Its literature, however, is very limited as yet, consisting of a few works of fiction, and of lyric poems and sketches, which have occasionally appeared in the German press of the State. A collection of these has lately been published by L. A. Wollenweber. The fact that the High German is gaining ground through recent immigration will tend to clear the dialect of the English adulterations, and the former will at the same time itself profit by the adoption of numerous old and vigorous words which the dialect has stored away. The Pennsylvania German Press Association, which meets this week in Philadelphia, purposes to aid in this purification by urging that instruction in High-German be made part of the teaching of the public schools throughout the State, whereas it is now taught only in certain counties. In the cities, however, the English is fast superseding the dialect as the language of business.

FRANCE.—THE NEW MINISTRY—THE THEATRE.

PARIS, December 10.

THERE is no doubt of the effect produced by M. de Forcade's extraordinary speech. What will come of it in the end is quite another question; but, for the moment, it is the event of the day, and the curiosity to know its real meaning is intense. The larger number of persons take it to mean the maintenance of the present ministry as it is now constituted; some, who pass for both wise and well informed, say: "No! it is not the sign of the maintenance of the actual ministry, but merely of the possible working together of M. de Forcade and Émile Ollivier." As the source whence I derive what I am now telling you is a reliable one, I will repeat what is the conviction of persons who ought to know:

When first Ollivier was summoned by the Emperor at the opening of the session, he declared that it was impossible for him to act with M. de Forcade, and that he would accept the formation of a Cabinet, but not the co-operation of M. de Forcade in a Cabinet which he, Ollivier, had not formed. There was but one opinion amongst all impartial people, and that was, that Ollivier was thoroughly right, and that the one impossible element in a so-called Liberal Ministry was M. de Forcade. The elections had been made by him; all corruption and all despotism which had been exercised during the electoral period were traceable directly to M. de Forcade. He was the head and chief of the system, to reform if not to overthrow which M. Ollivier was about to be called in.

It was plain, with M. de Forcade Émile Ollivier could not act. It remained, therefore, a discussion whether the genuinely Liberal Cabinet was to be established or not—for, if it was to be so, Émile Ollivier was to be its head, and no other; and above all, no sign was to subsist of M. de Forcade or his principles. So matters lasted for some days, and the various evolutions of the different parliamentary factions of the Chamber succeeded each other, and the Right joined with the Centre, and the Left Centre gave signs of conciliation, and a very Liberal majority was on the eve of formation, when all

at once M. de Forcade took his place at the tribune, and the entire aspect of affairs was altered. "What!" cries the Absolutist Minister of the late elections, "you ask for liberty? but we mean to give you more liberty than you have ever dreamt of! We are Ultra-Liberals! You were told the other day that 'order' could be answered for—well, order is safe; and now we mean to grant every liberty that France desires! We are all completely converted—all resolved that the country shall have no freedom left to ask for; and, as you have wished to see me at the tribune, here I am, and these are my declarations!" To be sure this is an epoch of "surprises," and the astonishment created by the Bishop of Orleans's sudden reversion to Gallicanism was not stronger than that effected by M. de Forcade's speech. Both were, to use a vulgar expression, "stunners."

Well, now for the explanation: the best informed pretend that this move of the Minister of the Interior is not an attempt to maintain the existing Cabinet in power (which every one thinks is impossible), but that it is simply the act whereby he, M. de Forcade, renders himself personally possible as Émile Ollivier's colleague. There is no doubt that Émile Ollivier is placed by M. de Forcade's new attitude in a very perplexing position; for a plain, downright opposition to the Minister is no longer so easy as it was; and if Ollivier consents to work with him he does not gain his great point—namely, the achievement of ministerial responsibility for France. M. Rouher, who was got rid of in the Chamber of Deputies, and embalmed in the Senate, has more than come to life again. M. de Forcade has more oratorical talent, as he has just proved, than M. Rouher, besides a boldness that M. Rouher wholly wanted. He possesses to the highest degree the oratorical attributes; his voice is extremely fine, and he knows how to use it; his gestures are few and imposing; he is as unscrupulous as M. Rouher, but far more political. His speech of the other day was more than an oratorical display; it was an oratorical act, and a successful one. All this combines to make of the present Minister of the Interior a very dangerous man; for no one believes that his Liberalism is sincere, yet he has made it difficult now to unseat him.

Another surprise, but of a different kind, has been produced by Rochefort. Casting the skin of the popular declaimer of Belleville and the socialist clubs, and of the satirist of the *Figaro*, Rochefort, irreproachably dressed, well-combed (and driven to the House in an austerely elegant *coupé*), distinguishes himself by the quiet appearance of his manners and the good sense of what he says. As yet he is quite unobtrusive, and, by extreme firmness and quietness, gets a hearing for all he says. The ladies who daily frequent the Chamber have all decided that "il est très-bien." The Emperor may have indulged in a laugh at the mention of M. Rochefort's name on the occasion of the opening of the Legislature (the Emperor was at the Louvre that day and had it all his own way); but the Comte de Rochefort de Luçay took his revenge amply, two days ago there, where he as a deputy was "at home." When the assembly was perfectly quiet, and there was a lull in the general excitement, Rochefort alluded with a graceful kind of irony to what had passed, and said: "It is stated the chief of the state held me to be a fit subject for ridicule. Well, all I can say is that I never paraded myself anywhere with a tame eagle on my wrist!" The effect was irresistible. The tone was so calm and inoffensive, and the image evoked was so true and ludicrous, that "Monsieur le Comte de Rochefort" had "les rieurs de son côté" against his imperial adversary.

To turn from politics to the drama and to literature, there are two things which have produced a great sensation: one, the tremendous success of a new actress; the other, the failure of an old author. The piece at the Gymnase, "Frou-Frou," and Mlle. Desclée as the heroine, is the evening occupation of all Paris. Everybody who is anybody must have seen "Frou-Frou," or be ranked as nobody. It is, as I remarked in one of my late letters, another attack upon *la cocodetterie*, another attempt to vindicate honesty and morality, and to throw odium upon the fast clique which has brought so much disgrace socially upon France. In the play itself, and the manner in which it is written, there is but little talent, but the subject and, above all, the tendency are thoroughly congenial to the present temper of the public mind, and Mlle. Desclée is a dramatic genius—a "revelation," as they style it here! There is, consequently, more than enough to account for the vogue of "Frou-Frou," and the vogue is immense.

What is perhaps less explicable is the total failure of M. Augier's new piece. "Lions et Renards" is not very inferior to some of Émile Augier's creations which have had a great success; but it would seem not to square precisely with the humor of the public, and it is (as so many of Augier's productions are) entirely without elevation or ideal. It was extremely well acted by the *élite* of the Théâtre Français—by Brepaut, Delaunay, and Mlle. Favart; but of its complete failure there can be no doubt: and so much so that many of Augier's friends advise him to withdraw it from the stage.

The movement here in the way of literature and art is well worth studying just now. There is a fierce reaction against the so-called "école réaliste," and it is declared that the Théâtre Français has not done its duty in favoring as it has done all the dramas founded on adultery and crime and assize-court proceedings. The failure of Augier's play, however, puts the director of the Théâtre Français into a serious dilemma, for he had counted on "Lions et Renards" as a bridge over which to pass from the realistic drama to something more artistic. Augier's new piece is not precisely immoral, but it is uninteresting and commonplace, and has the one crowning fault that it does not suit the public. But, then, what will? The director of the first theatre in France had thought of reviving Victor Hugo's plays; but the Government absolutely refused its permission. This permission is now granted; but it is asked, will "Marion Delorme" and others of its kind achieve the success of "Hernani"? There is the question, and the director of the Théâtre Français is putting it anxiously to himself.

Another course is open to him, and he is strongly urged to resort to it. This is no other than to revive some of the genuine classical dramas of the old répertoire. The two suggested are "The Cid" and "Bérénice"—the former Corneille's, the latter Racine's. Delaunay and, above all, Mlle. Favart are exceedingly anxious to appear before the Parisian public in the characters of the classic stage, and it is asserted that the essay will be made. Of "The Cid" I think it would be unsafe to predict anything; but "Bérénice" might possibly have a very great success. It is the least known of Racine's plays abroad, and perhaps the most beautiful, certainly the most touching. It is essentially modern and sentimental, and in no novel of George Sand's is there a more close and affecting analysis of the human heart. It runs entirely on the separation of Titus from Queen Bérénice, whom in the end he sacrifices to Rome and to his public duty. It is a thorough home-drama, and I have no doubt that, played by Delaunay and Mlle. Favart, it would for a time captivate the public.

Notes.

LITERARY.

THE *Graphic*, a new illustrated paper, published in London, and intended to beat the *Illustrated London News*, will call out some new designers for the press, and will cause increased activity among those artists already known in journalism. Messrs. Fields, Osgood & Co., whether moved by the solicitation of the projectors of the new paper or obeying the spirit of enterprise which latterly has carried them so far into various fields, have decided on taking advantage of the opportunity offered them by this accession to the forces of pictorial journalism, and the eclectic reading-matter of *Every Saturday* will henceforth be supplemented by eclectic engravings. The pictures in the *Graphic*—as bad a name, by the by, as any one need desire—will be engraved on duplicate blocks, and will be printed almost simultaneously in the English paper and the American. The latter has been transformed into a sixteen page imperial folio, and is printed on paper peculiarly adapted to the display of highly-finished engravings. Du Maurier, say the publishers, Frith, Faed, Marcus Stone, Sir Francis Grant, Le Jeune, Harrison Weir, and a score or two more, are among "the distinguished artists who will be represented"—by which somewhat ambiguous words it is perhaps meant that all the men named will work for the paper or, perhaps, some of them will only figure in it as being painters of pictures of which *Every Saturday* and the *Graphic* will give engravings. Whether our native artists are to expect any direct good from the new projects we do not know, but we see no mention made of any intention to employ them, and suppose that all the pictures as well as all the rest of the paper are to be borrowed from abroad. Indirect good they may probably get, for the familiarity of our public with well-executed engravings, after designs by the best English draughtsmen for the press, will, by and by, bear fruit in better work by American designers. *Every Saturday* will still give its accustomed quantity of selected reading. We may add that Messrs. Fields, Osgood & Co. intend making their Quarterly somewhat smaller. The *North American Review* for April next will contain two hundred pages, and thereafter that will be the regular number of pages. Rumors to the effect that the Social Science Association's proceedings will form a part of the contents of the *Review* are without foundation—figments of the brain, inventions of Boston correspondents of country papers.

—Nearly as much as Cambridge, Concord has celebrity among American towns as being the home of men of genius and literary culture. We do not ourselves feel any thrill when we think of the works of Mr. Channing, resident in Concord, whom Mr. Emerson is said to have called "the poets' poet;" nor should we grieve if we never tasted the books of Mr. Thoreau again, fresh a taste as they leave on the palate; nor is the perusal of Mr. Bronson Alcott's works, nor the listening to his discourses, among our desires; neither are we attracted by Margaret Fuller much more than by the half a dozen American women whom the countess would have talked deaf, dumb, and blind in the less æsthetic half of a short evening. That all these authors live or lived beautiful lives we concede, for it is often said by people who know; but we find ourselves willing and, indeed, not unanxious to live our own beautiful life at a convenient distance from most of them. As the bad Democrat would not go to Mr. Lincoln's house, fearing that if he did he should like him too much, and should afterwards be ashamed to abuse him and to "filibuster" in the House, so we find ourselves turning our back upon Concord, and professing to be bored when its name is mentioned. In this habit we are greatly strengthened and confirmed, we may add, by the noise about Concord things kept up by the second and third-rate luminaries of that place, and by some of the more intelligible among the many scatterbrained pilgrims to the shrine—by the excessive Concordism of those flowers which are not the rose but which have lived near it, and which smell of it as hard as they can. There are plenty such. Did it not much amuse Miss Bremer when she was in this country to find in the parts adjacent to Concord many delicate, æsthetic persons who took in daily some three or four pounds of transcendental ice, and thereupon behaved as if the eternal snows of the highest Concord peaks were theirs in fee? Still, "there *is* Concord," as Webster said; and the American lover of literature must say it in his capacity of lover of literature no less gratefully and respectfully than in his capacity of lover of his country. Hawthorne lived there, and Emerson lives there; thence proceeded and proceeds the best work yet done in American literature, and the most fruitful native influence that has yet reached the scholarly mind of the country. At all events, it is with Concord that Hawthorne is associated in the popular mind; and as for Emerson, it may be said that his home has always been there. Many persons, then, both here and abroad, will be pleased to hear of the new book of Concord Sketches which Messrs. Ticknor & Fields are about to publish—or, rather, of which they are selling at private sale a small edition. It is a large folio volume, containing twelve photographs from sketches made by Miss May Alcott. Each one represents some scene in the village and its environs which has found mention in the books of Hawthorne, Emerson, Alcott, and Thoreau. "The rude bridge that arched the flood"—

> "Where once the embattled farmers stood
> And fired the shot heard round the world;"—

the Old Manse; the hut of Walden Pond, where the conceited and perverse Thoreau played hermit in so curious a fashion; Emerson's house; Hawthorne's wayside bench; and half a dozen more spots—some of them known to the admirers of the poet and the romancer, and none of them without interest—have given Miss Alcott her subjects. The sketches are not pretentious at all, but they answer their purpose very well indeed. That is, they do if they are as truthful as we suppose—a point we cannot settle. Thinking of the bad mess of it which an Idle Scholar has just made in her memorial volume of Bryant's honor, we do not know whether or not to say that the book would have been better if there had been more letter-press. There is a very little; enough to serve as the titles of the pictures.

—There are few tracts on the Atlantic seaboard, of equal size, which, physically or politically, surpass in historic interest the outlying fragment of New England known as Long Island. For thorough study, too, it offers peculiar advantages, and any one tolerably acquainted with it must have been glad to hear of the founding of the "Long Island Historical Society" in 1863, and to know of its brilliant development since that date. The striking facts of its growth are: that it now reckons 300 life members, 958 annual members, and 59 honorary and corresponding members; that its library contains more than 17,000 bound volumes, and about 20,000 unbound volumes and pamphlets, "especially rich in the departments of American History and Biography, French History, the History of Fine Art, of the Natural Sciences, and of the Science and Art of Medicine;" that its library fund is $70,000; and that it now has a building fund which promises soon to secure for the Society suitable and permanent accommodations, with increased usefulness. History and natural history are the principal fields of its activity, and the latter is illustrated by a museum rich in collections pertaining to the island, but also in portraits, busts, bronzes, medals, and curiosities from all parts of the world. These two departments are also the occasion of lectures for members and their families, to whom the reading-room is always open. And, finally, the Society has a publishing fund, well bestowed, which enables it to publish "Memoirs" as rapidly as they are disposed of—a condition which is to some extent, and was probably meant to be, a measure of the Society's vitality. The general public, however, are directly interested in the two volumes thus far issued—the "Journal of a Voyage to New York and a Tour in several of the American Colonies in 1679–80, by Jasper Dankers and Peter Sluyter" (1867), and "The Battle of Long Island," just issued. The former described the adventures of a couple of Dutch Labadists, precursors in this country of a religious colony afterwards established in Maryland, and which survived the parent society in Friesland. Their testimony of what they saw is remarkably minute and altogether trustworthy; and the maps and drawings which accompany the original manuscript and are here reproduced in fac-simile, portraying the size, condition, and surroundings of New York City at the time they visited it, have, we presume, a very high value. In Cambridge, Mass., their expectations of the college and printing-office there were greatly disappointed; in Boston they found the ministers' prayers too long, but they were well pleased with the Apostle Eliot, whom they called on in Roxbury. The present volume was prepared by Mr. Thomas W. Field, and is the work of a specialist. The battle which it traces by means of maps and contemporary documents was a national event, and on this account should find a wide circle of readers outside of the Society, while at the same time it will peculiarly attract attention in Brooklyn. Both memoirs confirm the good judgment of the publishing committee, of which the Rev. Dr. Storrs is chairman; and to say that he has been foremost in promoting the progress of the Society is to speak only a portion of the praise due him. The men whom he has gathered to his support are of a kind that give liberally during their lives, and in their wills do not forget the objects which have been dear to them.

—A list of the benefactors of the Brooklyn Mercantile Library would agree in large part with that of the Historical Society. That is to say, there is no lack of public spirit on the other side of the river. Of the two the Library answers best the popular need, of course; and since it has been removed to its present quarters, its capacity has been much enlarged, and its rate of increase correspondingly quickened. In the first *Bulletin* just issued by the librarian, the number of volumes is set at 24,000, and it is estimated that four years hence they will be doubled. The collection will still not be large, when compared with other city libraries; but it will more than meet the ordinary demand upon it—that of a circulating library. Meantime, any book not already on its shelves will be procured at the instance of any member, unless for some good reason to the contrary. In respect to current periodical literature, the reading-rooms are unusually well supplied. The *Bulletin* has a classified catalogue of the books added during the first ten months of the present year, the author's name being prefixed to each title, except under the head of novels. It should not be forgotten that after the closer connection with Brooklyn promised us by the bridge, this and the Historical Society's library will be in a sense annexed to New York; and by day it will probably be easier to consult either of them than the Mercantile or Astor Library up town. The *Bulletins* might, therefore, well be preserved for reference.

—The University Lectures on philosophy and literature at Harvard College have had better success than was at first expected, and are not only to be continued, but are to be enlarged. Next year there will be a greater number of lecturers and a larger variety of subjects; and each lecturer will deliver more lectures. It is understood that the future pupil, who may wish to hear some one particular lecturer or to pursue some particular branch of study, will not be required to pay the price of admission to all the lectures of the philosophical course or the literary, as the case may be, but will be permitted to choose what lectures he will hear and what decline to hear; and will be asked to pay only for what he chooses. Thus, a man or woman who is anxious to hear what some one man has to say about logic will not be obliged, in order to do so, to pay for the lectures on metaphysics of half a dozen men from whom he does not care to learn. And the courses will be so arranged that closely-connected subjects will be treated of at about the same time, and thus no long period of residence will be necessary for attending on the instruction of the three or four or five men whom the student of a given subject may wish to hear. The names of the new lecturers are not yet fully decided upon.

—A valuable work which has been till now appearing in parts is just concluded—Dr. A. S. Packard, jr.'s "Guide to the Study of Insects, and a treatise on those injurious and beneficial to crops: for the use of colleges, farm-schools, and agriculturists" (Salem). It is one of the fruits of the

Peabody Academy of Science, and in every particular of text, illustrations, and manufacture, is thoroughly well done. We are glad to learn through the *American Naturalist* that the first edition has been exhausted, and that the "Guide" is already in use as a text-book. The practical side of it will in time ensure its purchase by most intelligent farmers and gardeners, for whom an entomological calendar is affixed that should prove a useful warning against insect pests.

THE LAST OF THE CHILDREN'S BOOKS.

"Erling the Bold"* breathes a spirit which perhaps meets with more favor in England and with English school-boys than here, where athletics, and personal daring for the sake of gratifying the Berserker spirit and not for the attainment of any definite object, are not held in the highest esteem. "To do" something—that is, to have a business and follow it closely—is so much the rule in this country that there is hardly one of the American men who are most nearly boys' heroes who has not performed his exploits as means to a tangible and mercantile end. If he has shot rapids and lived in snow-drifts, it has been as a peltry hunter; if he has fought grizzlies, it has been as a route-explorer or gold-digger; if he has stood sieges by Indians or taken the war-path himself, it has been in the interest of stock-raising or the clearing of his "quarter-section." Still, a boy is a boy, whether or not he is going to be a Yankee afterwards; and this story, taken from the Icelandic sagas—a record of fierce fighting and bold sailing, of the prowess of the vikings and their sea-kings, of the treacheries skilfully planned and skilfully thwarted and bloodily punished—is so full of energy, and courage, and excitement, that it will be a favorite on this side of the water as well as in the native home of the brutal young Muscular Christian. And perhaps our young Nervous Pagan, as some one has abusively called the æsthetical but rather thin young Unitarian and eclectic philosopher who is not uncommon in parts of the old thirteen colonies, may have more need than we think to read books like this of Mr. Ballantyne's; and its effect here may be more purely good than in its own country. We must not forget to say that "Erling the Bold" is not without historical value, and is all the more to be put into the hands of young readers because, interesting as is the history of the Norsemen, it has yet to be put into a readable form in English. There is, indeed, a little volume of Scandinavian history by Professor Sinding; but that it is generally readable is rather more than we would undertake to say.

For a thousand years, we suppose, we shall have books like Mr. Alger's "Rough and Ready,"† and, as they say in the South, for our own part "we have no use for them." From the South, by the way, has recently come something that may be taken as a good enough criticism of all the sort of literature to which "Rough and Ready" belongs. For years Mr. Parker Pillsbury was a praiser of the negro. Old farmers still walk among us who have many a time put their dinners into little tin pails, and, driving away from home in the morning of a Sunday, have hitched their horses to the fence around some remote district school-house, and listened by the hour together, forenoon and afternoon, while Mr. Pillsbury denounced slavery, banned the slaveholder, and held up the negro to admiration. He seemed to think that "Uncle Tom" was a fair average type of the Southern agricultural laborer; and as he had not himself had any very large personal knowledge of the negro's nature and habits, there is little doubt that he had formed his opinion from the writings and the talk of men and women who habitually overstated the excellences of the slave's character, and habitually understated or concealed his grave defects. But now, within the year, Mr. Pillsbury has paid a visit to some parts of the South, and, hearing his present talk about the negro, one is forced to think that he is experiencing the full force of the reaction caused by the sudden confronting of the ideal negro in his own mind with the actual negro of South Carolina. He is almost as inaccurate and unjust and unwisely despondent to-day as ten or fifteen years ago he was unwisely and unjustifiably hopeful and confident. We do not know if he is feeling any resentment against himself and others for having misled him; but it would be natural if he should; and, as everybody knows who knows of Adam's fall, and of the conflict with slavery, there is a good deal of human nature in Mr. Pillsbury. There is more or less of it in us too, and we confess to some dislike of master "Rough and Ready;" for, clearly, he is going to deceive many who believe in him. He is a most noble, generous, just newsboy—full as he can hold of good thoughts and good works. But will Mr. Alger figure to himself, now, some nice little boy, with a clean collar on, and his hair neatly brushed, and with fists not quite so hard as brass knuckles, and a face unmarked by war-paint, and a hat somewhere near the size of his head? And now, next, will he please figure this pride of his mamma undertaking a half-hour's stay in Printing House Square when the young gentlemen who sell extras are congregated there? Or the City Hall Park will do, and the array of boot-blacks will answer the purpose as well as their friends the newsboys; they are equal in attainments and character. And, having obliged us so far, will Mr. Alger maintain that either of them would not certainly, in a very brief time, cause a temporarily complete and painful change in our clean young wayfarer's views of life? So far as we have the pleasure of his acquaintance, the newsboy indulges but very few of the softer emotions. He smokes ends of cigars which he picks up in the street; he much prefers lemonade from the street stalls to the performance of good actions; he would far rather see virtue defended up in the Bowery Theatre than rescue little girls from cellars in which their stepmothers ill-use them; it has been doubted, indeed, if he has ever conceived of virtue without a basket-hilted sword and a white dress presenting themselves to his imagination at the same time. That he ever volunteered to wake up a drunken gentleman who had fallen asleep in a ferry-boat, no one will believe who is in the habit of crossing the North or East Rivers. In short, he is not pious, and does not order his life well; and there is a certainty that whoever bases his notions of the newsboy's character on a belief in the truthfulness of Mr. Alger's romance will get false notions of the character of the average newsboy, and most probably will not get true notions of the character of any newsboy, average or otherwise, who has ever with free foot trod the foot-stool. And, next, perhaps the real newsboy will reveal himself to this deceived reader of "Rough and Ready;" and from that day out we have in him an enemy of the Newsboy's Home, and a man who peremptorily declines to contribute anything towards giving the young gentlemen their Thanksgiving dinner. As it happens, Mr. Alger has no excuse that we hear of for doing as he has done. The newsboy is not a Christian of the first two centuries; but he has his good points, too; and at any rate he is an interesting figure as he stands. He is affable, a good comrade, shrewdly intelligent, very enterprising, laborious, frequently civil, good-natured in all weathers, not seldom witty, and, although intolerant if his preserves are poached upon, capable of charity and generosity. Under temptation, and in the way of business, he will tell falsehoods. His idea of a joke is, that, logically developed and carried out fully, the person on whom the jest is broken would suffer pain of body, acute and prolonged, as well as anguish of mind. He is ready at giving the lie to his young companions, and very ready with his fists, though he shows almost unerring judgment in the selection of the person on whom to exercise them. Profanity—and this often vociferously—is a vice that he practises. But after all is said, there is no need of depicting him in any imaginary aspect to make him both respectable and interesting. The newsboys who read "Rough and Ready," however they may approve it as a work of fiction, will say "my eye" when asked to lay it to heart and make it a practical guide. So, them the author has not benefited. And the layman will, as we have said, form false notions of the being which it is intended to depict; and that is never well.

"Joe and the Howards"* is a sensible, pleasant book that it will do most boys and girls good to read. "I think," says its author in the preface—for they have prefaces in children's books too—"I am right in supposing that a child's book should be at once instructive, entertaining, and true to nature." So she goes on to make a book by using what she herself has learned in some of her open-air study of natural history, choosing for presentation facts that the children may themselves observe any day that they like to look for them. But, facts being dry things, our author puts them into a story; and this she does so well—not making the story servile to the facts, as do most writers who make her attempt, and not giving us impossible personages, but personages really well drawn—that she fairly earns the praise she hoped for, of being both entertaining and true to nature. "Joe and the Howards" is primarily instructive, to be sure, but it is not so very obtrusively so, and its author is a writer whom the buyers of "juveniles" may very properly encourage.

"Stories from My Attic"† is a volume of graceful and gracefully written sketches and short stories—more or less fanciful, most of them—by the author of "Dream Children." There is just the least suggestion of undue delicacy and nicety in much of this author's writing, and he is perhaps more in sympathy with the pensive shade of his own youth than with the actual living youth incarnate in the boys and girls around him. It is as if a man of more refinement of feeling than strength of feeling,

* "Erling the Bold. By R. M. Ballantyne." Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1870.
† "Rough and Ready. By H. Alger, jr." Boston: Loring. 1870.

* "Joe and the Howards. By 'Carl.'" Boston: Andrew F. Graves. 1870.
† "Stories from my Attic. By the Author of 'Dream Children.'" New York: Hurd & Houghton. 1870.

and more tendency to reverie than to thinking, had set himself to writing for the young in the manner in which, some twenty years ago, Mr. Ik Marvel was writing for the callow. But this fault—for we call it so—is not nearly so manifest in "Stories from My Attic" as it seemed to us to be in "Dream Children." This year's book is as well finished in style as last year's, and that is saying a good deal, for the author of "Dream Children" is a writer who very sedulously elaborates his work. And in matter it is to our mind superior to its predecessor; for while it shows its author's grace of fancy and his gentle sympathies quite as well as that book does, it is, as we have said, decidedly less mild, and gentle, and pretty, and is more robust. Then, too, it is less subjective and more objective, although still the writer is often a little over the heads of the probable reader. What, for instance, will a small youth or maid do with the very pretty little piece called the "Rocket"? It would be worthy of Andersen if its significance had been a little more effectually clothed with the flesh and blood of probable, apprehensible incident. As it is, we have the moral for the man, but we hardly have the story for the child. Andersen gives the boy and girl his homely stories, and when the boy and girl are man and woman they discern that these things were a mystery, simple as they were; that the nut they used to play with has meat within; that the ugly duck is not always of the feathered kind. But it is hard thinking and not pleasing reverie which takes pretty suggestions and so works with them as to make of them parables and proverbs adapted to all men's use and all children's pleasure.

Krilof, the Russian fabulist, who flourished some hundred years ago, was one of the natural-born makers of parables, and the collection of his fables, in the manner of Æsop's, which Mr. W. R. S. Ralston has translated, is all good reading.* Several of the fables will be found to be new and the translation is tolerably easy English, though in this respect it might, without very much trouble, be bettered. In a prefatory note, in Russian, Mr. Ralston requests the Russians who may read the book not to hold him responsible for the pictures; but though they may, perhaps, be not very faithful to Russian life, they are certainly not bad as illustrating the fables. Apart from its general interest—or, we may say, its universal interest, for, usually, it deals with primary social facts, and often with facts of human nature wherever found—Krilof's book has some slight value for the light it throws on the ways of the Russian peasant and office-holder.

Mr. T. B. Aldrich's "Story of a Bad Boy"† they have rather stupidly re-christened in England, and there it is the story of "a not very bad boy." He was indeed about as bad—our young hero who went to school at Rivermouth—as the boys usually are who get the name he got, and his English godfathers were not far out of the way. He is certainly an amusing and interesting person, and the narrative of his various adventures is such as boys will recognize as possible and probable, while the older reader will find in it a humorous and clever record of the impressions made upon them by boyish performances—whether their own as they recollect them, or those of boys who are living under their observant eyes. This is perhaps hinting pretty strongly that Mr. Aldrich's book produces a slightly confused impression, and that we have boy and man mingled in its pages in a way not possible out of literature, and in perfect literature not possible either. But perfect books are a little scarce, and so are pleasant books; and among the not many pleasant books for boys which this year has given us, the "Story of a Bad Boy" takes a high place. It is healthy reading, and may be safely commended to all buyers of holiday wares.

"Glimpses of Pleasant Homes"‡ any Roman Catholic boy or girl who is old enough to be somewhat thoughtful, will find enjoyable and profitable. It is well written, it is not controversial, and we have found it agreeable reading, because of its unaffected and unobtrusive piety and morality. The volume is exceedingly well printed, and as pretty in every way as needs be.

What to say about "The Mystic Bell"§ we do not very well know It is an incoherent fairy story; and the cold, ungenial Reviewer, in presence of such productions, usually endeavors to shirk the performance of his duty—confesses that he is a creature of the mere understanding; that airy beauty knocks him speechless; that the higher reason and the imagination are wanting in him; that he has formed a habit of measuring the most impalpable soul-essences by rule of thumb; that, in short, he does not know what on earth to say. He may have his doubts, however; as we have in this instance. We doubt if we should buy the "Mystic Bell" for our own offspring. Because, whatever good there may be hidden in it, there certainly is patent and staring a most violent tale of the wicked love which an Asiatic magician bore to a ravishing girl whom he destined to add to the one hundred and fifty maids whom, after pretending to marry them, he had by-and-by shut up in subterranean dungeons. And we find nothing among the wild improbabilities of the story—to call it so—which seems likely to dilute this potion to the degree suitable to untried stomachs. The illustrations by Mr. E. L. Kuntze are a trifle better than the text.

Everybody knows how the author of "Mary Powell" writes, and the book which she offers her friends for this holiday season is "a story of the Bible in Spain," under the title of "The Spanish Barber."* Just how true it all is we cannot say, and perhaps that same thing it might puzzle our author herself to tell; but it reads very well, and we may safely declare that there is nothing in it to offend the most confirmed Protestant. We are glad to mention it if only to praise George Borrow's very singular and excellent "Bible in Spain," which is so remarkably good, that how anybody but a professed book-maker could follow in his track we do not see. It is a pity that there is no complete edition of the works of an author who, besides being *sui generis*, is so instructive, so fresh and surprising, and so admirable a writer as Borrow almost always is. The novelists are very few who are so readable, the travellers are very few who have so much that is new to tell us, the historians are few who have given us more vivid pictures of the people whose story they have attempted to tell, and, as we have said, he adds to these merits, as a worker in literature, a singular charm of personality—or rather a spell compounded of curiosity as to such a mystery of a man, and of willing admiration for a person of such resource, intelligence, courage, and earnestness. He is a man too little known. It is, perhaps, in his "Bible in Spain" that he is best seen; but all that he has done is worth some attention.

One more book that we can cheerfully commend to the favorable attention of young readers is Mrs. H. C. Weeks's "White and Red"†—a record of a stay at Red Lake, in Minnesota, among the Indians. It is done realistically, is apparently truthful, and is instructive, we take it, as well as much to be desired for its sledding, and shooting, and fishing, and wandering in the big pine forest of the North-west.

THE MAGAZINES FOR JANUARY.

The *Atlantic* is true to our recently established American custom—a custom that seems not to be everywhere rooting itself vigorously—and gives us as contributors to this January number many very well known and some distinguished names. How entirely this is a stroke of publishers' business, and how little it can be said to be done in the interest of readers, and what it is that it tells us of the average magazine reader or of the publisher's estimate of him, any one may see who will take the trouble of looking back at the last few New Year's numbers of most of our magazines. The articles of distinguished merit he will find by no means so numerous as the distinguished contributors. And if he does not find some articles that have no merit whatever as reading matter, and whose whole value is value to the publisher, and whose value to the publisher lies in the names appended to them, he will be much luckier than we have thought ourselves—in our capacity of devourers of magazines—during these last three or four Januaries. It would be as well for the reader if the distinguished name merely were sold as in the old times in England, and nowadays, once in a while, in France, and if the real work were left to be done by some journeyman needing to turn a penny. And we were going to say it would be as well for the author; but the case is not altogether so bad as that, though nothing is surer than that the habit into which many men of distinction, both here and in England, have fallen—the habit of yielding to the solicitations of publishers and selling their signatures with comparatively worthless things attached, has cheapened many reputations, and has done serious hurt to literature in two ways—by fooling inexperienced readers and inexperienced writers into thinking poor or bad work good work, and also by inducing in able writers, who should be examples to others and strict masters of themselves, a disregard of the sound, profitable, only safe rule to do always their best.

* "Krilof. Translated by W. R. S. Ralston." New York: Geo. Routledge & Sons. 1869.

† "The Story of a Bad Boy. By T. B. Aldrich." Boston: Fields, Osgood & Co. 1870.

‡ "Glimpses of Pleasant Homes. By a Member of the Order of Mercy." New York: Catholic Publication Society. 1870.

§ "The Mystic Bell." New York: G. P. Putnam & Son. 1870.

* "The Spanish Barber. By the Author of 'Mary Powell.'" New York: M. W. Dodd. 1870.

† "White and Red. By Mrs. Helen C. Weeks." New York: Hurd & Houghton. 1870.

From a publisher's point of view the matter is, of course, different, and there is no doubt that, temporarily at least, he makes a pecuniary success by filling his table of contents with well-known names. The long run may be in this respect another affair. But the average reader of magazines cannot nerve his timorous poor soul into resisting—at least not into openly resisting—the index of contributors, whatever he may in his secret heart have been thinking of the relative merits of the anonymous system and the system of signatures; and however he may, when among his familiar friends and in his inner chamber, flout the name and fame of some of "our most cultivated and *recherché* essayists," nevertheless, when the publisher gives him a little jog by means of one of those printed sheets of extracts which all the publishers now send to all the papers, at once he prepares his first class notice, and the distinguished names are published in the paper he controls or to which he has access. The newspapers are hundreds, no doubt, which within the last fortnight have been telling their subscribers that "the *Atlantic* for January is a rare treat, an unsurpassed number of this splendid magazine"—not because of Mr. Lowell's poem, and the sketch of life among the Isles of Shoals, and Mr. Howells's charming essay about the Boston and Cambridge horse-cars and they that go down therein, and the seasonable, instructive, and forcible article entitled "What to do with the Surplus," but because "in its list of contributors we recognize the names of Colonel T. W. Higginson, one of our most scholarly and finished writers; of Bayard Taylor; of John G. Whittier, the Quaker poet; of William Cullen Bryant; of O. W. Holmes, who furnishes a charming sonnet, which our readers will find in another column; of W. D. Howells, a clever writer, whose style reminds us of that of the delightful author of 'Dream Children;' of Doctor Hayes, the successor of the heroic E. K. Kane; of J. R. Lowell, and of Professor Goldwin Smith, who knows more, we guess, about 'The Study of History' than he does about our institutions. This is a roll of names that it would be hard to beat, and which speaks volumes for the enterprise of the publishers. There is also the usual variety of other interesting matter."

Mr. Lowell's fine poem, "The Cathedral," is already out, somewhat altered, in the form of a book, and we shall hereafter give to a notice of it greater space than we can give to it here. It is longer in the book than in the magazine. Mr. Whittier's "Nauhaught" is in what we think the author's best style; and if it were not, it could not be read without pleasure. Nauhaught is a convert from heathenism, who has been made a deacon of the church. In a time of distress, his wife being ill, and his boy starving, for there is neither bread nor medicine in his house, he walks out to examine the traps he has set, and goes into the woods with a heavy heart, although not without some hope, for he has dreamed of an angel from God, who, as it seems, met him, and gave him a bright piece of gold. Suddenly, as he is thinking of his troubles, for his traps he finds empty, he comes upon a purse with ten gold pieces. One needs not to have been born a savage and to have doubts about the superiority of one's fellow-deacons, who grow rich by selling fire-water to the Indians, to feel, under the circumstances, a temptation to appropriate such windfalls. But the old man resists; and returning to the village he seeks the loser of the purse, and finds him, at the tavern, in the shape of a sea-captain, who puts into his hands one of the ten coins. There is a touch of Mr. Whittier's peculiar unescapable dominating morality in the finding of the angel under the familiar pea-jacket and glazed hat of the Wellfleet skipper; but not the less is the piece very likable. It breathes of old New England; it is touching in its sympathy and benignity, and, like most of Mr. Whittier's work in blank verse, it is free from all his obvious minor faults. Doctor Holmes's and Doctor Parsons's poems are both sonnets, and Doctor Parsons's will please everybody who likes Guido's "Aurora." Most of Doctor Parsons's poetry is of a kind to be called "occasional," though perhaps hardly to be so called if we give that word its strict sense as applied to verses, and it would be, we suppose, impossible to find among American poets any one who has done so many so good occasional pieces. He is not, however, as are nine in ten of the occasionalists, a poet whose inspiration is all in the occasion; and in poetry, as in other things, it is requisite if one would fill a place well that he should be too big for it, and better than able merely to fill it. Mr. Bryant's lines are a part of his translation of the Iliad, and will confirm the reader in the impression he doubtless had since extracts from the new version began to appear—that Homer's weary waiting for a translator is not done yet. He always nods now, and was nearer waking a couple of hundred years ago than since rendering him into English has become another solace of English and American age.

"What to do with the Surplus" is a paper which will no doubt do much good, for it is written in such a way that it will attract perusal, and that no one however unfamiliar with finance can fail to understand its author's meaning. "The Woman Thou gavest with me," by Mr. Henry James, will be to many persons agreeable reading. For one thing, it proves that both parties to the woman's rights dispute are all wrong, or nearly so. Mr. Epes Sargent, and Mr. Mill, and Dr. Bushnell, and Mr. Fulton, and Dr. Todd, and G. F. Train, and the women of the *Revolution*—none of them has the rights of the matter; and none of them will, nor any more will any of the rest of us, till he or she comes to look on man and woman as "two contrasted terms of a great creative allegory in which man stands for what we call the World, meaning thereby human nature in moral or voluntary revolt from God; and woman, for what we call the Church, meaning thereby human nature in spiritual or spontaneous accord with its divine source." Meantime, as in the days of Noah, the world, if it takes our advice, or even if it doesn't, will go on marrying and giving in marriage, and until the flood comes a certain number of the wedded, and a certain larger number of the unwedded, will have various notions as to what great moral allegory the estate of marriage illustrates.

Mr. Taylor's "Joseph and his Friend" we have not begun to read. "Was he Dead?" by an anonymous writer, is a story of a very unsatisfactory kind, but is not without some clever—too clever—conversation. "Among the Isles of Shoals," by Celia Thaxter, is very good indeed. It is realistic in its description of the strange inhabitants of the very strangest part of New England—the part where the original stock has grown wild and borne the queerest and gnarliest fruit on the eastern coast of Massachusetts and New Hampshire, and the weather-beaten islands which lie adjacent.

Mr. Smith's "Study of History" is a lecture delivered at Cornell, and will not be found to contain much that is new by those who are acquainted with his published lectures. The opening remarks, however, on the uses of history as a study in educational courses, are profitable, whether new or old. We do not know, we may say, that the typical "man of science" would assent to Mr. Smith's remarks in the first half of the fifty-first page. As a man of science, pure and simple, he is apt to think that he has no business at all with the question of the existence of God. What would the "man of science" as such say to Mr. Smith's proposition that the basis of science is, that the intelligence of God is what shows itself in the uniformity of law throughout the creation? If we know him, he would not say yes; but would either say no, that it is not, or else would decline to discuss the question. Mr. Higginson's notion of "Americanism" in literature is "an attitude of hopefulness"—"an attitude not necessarily connected with culture, but with the consciousness of a new impulse given to all human progress," and much more of the same sort, which may be true or may be not. The question itself, we confess, is not much to our taste, and we vote for its being left to the foreign critics and other outsiders. Of one thing we may all feel assured—and meantime let us trust that the weary may soon cease from troubling, and the feeble may be at rest—that we may as well go on and get our literature without concerning ourselves beforehand about whether or not it is going to be American. Beyond a doubt it will be as American as the writers of it; and it will not be the more American for any man's sitting down and seeking inside and outside and feeling after Americanism, if haply he may find out what it is, and then getting up and putting some of the same into his writing. That would be the way to be a person who should make, more or less well, writings of a given kind—the way, for instance, for an Englishman of our day to write "great dramas" of our day. But it is not so that any true great dramas were written. They, like other things in literature that live, were the genuine thought of thinking souls; and always the soul is to be got first. Otherwise, flowers are to be had without the preliminary germinating seed. What is true of literature in general is true of any desired variety, however slightly different from other varieties. The different man must first be had, and then, if he is much worth hearing, there is but the slightest danger that when he expresses himself, it will not be himself that he expresses. We observe that Mr. Higginson seems to be not wholly free from the old delusion that, to be American, our writers must use strictly American properties. He warmly praises Emerson's "Humblebee" for "stooping to be familiar"—as was then disparagingly said—and for being first to break the spell under the influence of which our poets had gone on singing, to the neglect of the bobolink, the nightingale, and skylark, and otherwise imitating foreigners. But the American cataract of Niagara, and picturesque autumn foliage, and the noble savage, and boundless prairie have received poetical attentions that they have never got over since before Mr. Emerson began writing poetry. Long ago there were men who thought to assert their independence by doing everything when they

got free in a manner precisely contrary to that which they had used when dependent; who, in liberty's name, reversed the law of liberty, and were slaves to "that freedom which is perfect servitude." However, this is not a matter that it is necessary to dwell upon.

Mr. Howells's essay is very delicately humorous—so delicately humorous, for example, that, in a certain place where the humor is satirical, one fancies for a minute that the polite essayist is seriously praising the civility of ladies, one to another, as they ride together in the horse-cars. He makes some startling revelations in regard to the behavior of the young Bostonians to the young women of Athens, and seems to corroborate the testimony of the philosophizing Frenchman, who says that the American man's politeness to women was owing to the fact that when our ancestors came over here first, women were scarce, and in consequence prized above their intrinsic value—which error had become worked into the blood, the Frenchman thought. But such things can be worked out of the blood; and now for some years there have been from twenty to thirty-odd thousand superfluous women in Massachusetts.

The *Galaxy* begins its promised course of articles, called "Ten Years in Rome," the author of which is a clergyman, formerly of the Romish Church, but now a convert to Protestantism His proof-reader has done him sad injustice, or else his stay in Italy was not of all the service it should have been to his Italian, which is defective. We can see no reason for advising our readers to expect from him anything very important, and we think that in this article, and that about the Cardinal D'Andrea in the last *Galaxy*, we saw more than one indication that what he says may be taken with a grain or two of allowance.

In "Brother of All with Generous Hand" the late Mr. Peabody comes into monthly literature under the auspices of Mr. Whitman, and worse auspices he could not very easily have. Since Mr. Whitman has ceased to pour out the sort of transcendentalism which he had just discovered and seemed to think he had invented, and which in him was not only unreasoning, but seemed to be unintellectual also, and an expression of the animal senses; and since he has left off the indecencies he used to indulge in—for indecencies also occur to the man and brother, and, occurring to him, shall he not blurt them out?—he has made several attempts at expressing himself in human fashion. Those who have seen the first edition of his "Leaves of Grass" know that in the preface to that work the author shook from his neck the tyranny of the comma and of the semi-colon, and of the colon, and of the point of interrogation, and of all points. We forget whether "the child of Libertad" did not free himself from the use of capital letters, but we think not. Afterwards, in the second edition, he became less amorphous, if we remember; and in the war-time he was bound with several of the chains of form, such as metre, rhyme, and the like. The little volume of "Drum Taps" was articulate speech, at least, and had not many typographical oddities in the printing of it. But, from the day of the punctuated "Leaves of Grass," the discerning could see that the distinctive Walt Whitman was in the way of disappearing. What is the wild man of the woods, though he never put on good clothes, if he consents to come out of the forest, scrape the hair off him, sleep in the outhouses, wear an old silk hat, and earn and eat the bread of civilization? He has lost his distinctive character, and is a very inferior man in place of being a monster of more or less superiority; so it was with Mr. Whitman, who has lost most of his physical transcendentalism, and condescends to be particular about his proofs, and talks clearly, and who keeps little or nothing of his old sense but his incoherency. This piece before us is a meaningless, tedious page or two, suggesting that Mr. Peabody gave away much money, and gave it with good intent. It is as truly poetry or literature in any reasonably good sense of the word as would be the talk of a child who should look out of a Broadway stage-window, and read the signs aloud, and tell of some of the things that passed before her eyes on the cobblestones and the sidewalk.

Mr. Grant White's second article on journalism deals with the writer of "personals," and is very good. Very good, too, is Mr. A. S. Evans's account of a journey that he made in the alkaline desert—New Mexico, as we make out. There is a sad and strange thing to associate in one's mind hereafter with the mistletoe. The Coahuila Indians get the greater part of their food from the pods of the mesquite tree, which grows in small thickets in the one river-valley which they possess, and out of which these poor people dare not wander from fear of their murderous enemies. And now the mistletoe has fastened with fatal tenacity upon the mesquite trees, and as fruit-bearers they are nearly ruined. As Mr. Evans, after a terrible journey through the salt desert, in which he steered his course by a smoke-cloud in the distance, reached the huts of the Coahuilas, he found that the smoke was that of the burning mesquite, the Indians having resolved to destroy the worst-infected clumps, and hoping to save the others.

A new feature of the *Galaxy* is a review of current French and German literature, more critical and far more readable and instructive to him who reads than the scrappy bits of bald information which it has been the habit of our magazine editors to deal out to their readers. For the rest, the *Galaxy* has a poem by Dr. Parsons; a sketch of Mr. A. T. Stewart and his retail store; more of "Put Yourself in his Place," which continues to be exciting; a chapter by Dr. J. C. Draper on "Poisoned Air;" a lively article on "Science and Orthodoxy in England," including judicious remarks on Tyndall, Huxley, and others, by Mr. Justin McCarthy; "Driftwood" in good quantity; and a poem by Mr. Stedman in honor of Admiral Stewart. Why admirals and other sea-fighters should be praised in so irregular metres we see no good reason. They are, though, ever since Campbell did it.

Lippincott's is livelier this month than for some time, and contains one or two clever short stories. One is of a young lover who, going to a party in Boston with his sweetheart, was sent back to the house they had just left to bring an emerald bracelet which had been left behind. He was a doctor. On his way back to Tremont Street a train of cars stopped, and a maniac was about to be put off the cars, had he not undertaken to quiet him. This adventure led him out of town, for the train started while he was on it; and then come a series of mishaps, all plausibly connected and interdependent, which finally takes him all over the world and into all sorts of scrapes. If the author had only had the experiences he pretends to, he might write a novel of adventure of the "Anastatius" kind which would live long. Another good thing—for its comparative freshness, to say nothing of other good qualities—is "Sue and I," and still another is an essay, neither unphilosophical nor unreadable, on "The Philosophy of Self-Interest." The heavy article is an essay on "International Coinage," and the *pièce de résistance* is an instalment of Mr. Trollope's novel.

Hours at Home comes out as an illustrated magazine this month, its pictures being taken from "The Infinitely Great and the Infinitely Little," a work which Messrs. Scribner & Co. have recently published. "The Coming Chinaman" contains hopeful prognostications of the effect which the influx of Chinese will have upon our political and social future, and is as neatly and pleasantly written as most of what the Rev. George Bacon writes. He is worth hearing, too, what is more than can be said for many of the magazine writers who have snapped up the new immigrant and utilized him as magazine padding, for Mr. Bacon has seen him in many parts of the world, and knows him not only as native, but as colonist also. He calls attention to the fact that the Chinaman is by no means a person who necessarily believes that he must go home or be sent home to be buried, but that he can, without horror, rock his cradles, and dig his graves, and rear his children in many barbarian lands. Mr. Bacon expects to live long enough to see Yellow John, as they call him in California, a regular resident, and looks forward, not without equanimity, to see him in common councils, side by side with gentlemen who so well illustrate "six hundred years of wrong" in the past, to say nothing of some odd years passed in this country. "The Bedouin Arabs" is another article worth reading, but is too sketchy to be so useful as it should have been. "Real Christmas"—that is to say, the children's, the Christmas fully believed in—is a pleasant piece by Mary E. Dodge, and the spirit of Christmas-time is present in a Christmas story called "St. Ephrem." But it is present in a much exaggerated shape, and the story goes into the treacly class of Christmas fiction. Not thus is the hard-hearted stock-broker softened, we can tell H. F. E. Still, if the tale does "slop over," it is a little puddle of good-heartedness and kindness that it makes, and perhaps some other season of the year would be a better time for finding fault with our artist.

"Leisure Moments" tells three or four good stories of the Abbé Correa du Serra, who, years ago, was the Portuguese Minister at Washington; there are some readable remarks on Sir William Hamilton's life and character; there is another chapter of Professor Noah Porter's "Books and Reading," in which the odd statement is made that books of biography are generally disliked; there is poetry, much below her usual level of cleverness, by "H. H."; there are some four reviews in Literature of the Day; there are instalments of novels by Georgiana M. Craik and by "The Author of Mary Powell"; and so the magazine is filled with matter generally good and worth reading.

Putnam's does well to present its readers with Mr. John Bigelow's careful article on Father Hyacinthe, and with an article not so careful—but still the best thing that the sympathizers with Cuba have yet offered the public—on the affairs of Cuba. "A French Salon" is a clever little

story of Parisian life, and is worth a thousand of such stories as "Concerning Charlotte," and fifteen or sixteen hundred of "A Woman's Right," both of which novels begin in this number of *Putnam's*. The former of the two last, however, is in some places bright, and has a crisp kind of smartness; but it gives no promise of anything really good. "American Hotels," by "A Cosmopolitan," is a prize essay, and might have been done by a gentleman whose travels had led him through some half-dozen magazines and newspapers, for there is nothing in it in any way new.

From the *Catholic World* for January, any one who will may learn that there is at present no diminution in the birth-rate of young women who modestly but firmly tell the savants of their acquaintance that for their part they look on "science" as a child's game of playing with colored balls; who smile an amused smile when their new friend, meeting them at half-past six in the morning coming from the cathedral, asks them if they really are Catholics—*Roman* Catholics—and not merely Catholics in the *true* sense of the word; who say with clear, low voices, in the ball-room where they alone are cool, that they "never dance round dances"—while flushed Protestant girls, with eyes less serene and hair more frizzed, whirl in the waltz; who by all these arts stun and captivate, and lead into marriage the young man of brilliant abilities, but sceptical and indifferent; the ship of whose life, for want of being beached on the Rock of Peter, goes sailing about as if it were not the business of a ship to run ashore. There are not less than two or three such ladies in this month's *Catholic World*, and let us hope that they may go on increasing in numbers till some of us also get a chance to see them.

For the rest, this magazine as good as predicts that the Œcumenical Council will declare the Pope infallible; gives a good account of poor Vansleb, the Oriental traveller and scholar of two centuries ago, whose much-damaged reputation has recently been so well restored by the labors of M. Champollion Figeac; is bitter upon Gallicanism; makes replication to the rejoinder in *Putnam's* to a contradiction in a former *Catholic World* of *Putnam's* statement that in this State the Romish Church is as good as established; translates a weak Italian lecture on St. Augustine's Philosophy; and, generally, is very Romanist and not very literary.

In *Harper's* the "Easy Chair" makes some good talk about prohibitory laws, and also engages itself in the task of "making it pleasant all round" for the gentlemen who have lost control and the gentlemen who have gained control of the National Academy. These latter will no doubt be amenable to reason, as they seem tolerably happy just now. Mr. M. D. Conway tells of Leigh Hunt and the memorial monument; and, besides, there are tales of love and Christmas, and illustrated popularized science, and summaries of news enough to fill the magazine, which apparently is above the need of getting out "a New Year's number."

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Authors.—Titles.	*Publishers.—Prices.*
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Brewster (Miss A. M. H.), Compensation: a Tale, 2d ed.	(J. B. Lippincott & Co.)
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Courtney (Mrs. E. L.), Twice Tried	(Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger) 0 80
De Vere (Prof. M. S.), The Great Empress	(J. B. Lippincott & Co.)
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Knatchbull-Hugessen (E. H.), Stories for my Children	(Macmillan & Co.) 2 00
Lange (Rev. J. P.), Commentary, Vol. X., Proverbs, Ecclesiastes, Song of Solomon	(Chas Scribner & Co.) 5 00
Monnier (M.), Wonders of Pompeii	(Chas. Scribner & Co.) 1 50
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